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THE AVE MARIA

A CATHOLIC FAMILY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

EDITED BY

PRIESTS OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE HOLY CROSS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

ENLARGED SERIES
VOLUME FORTY-THIRD
JULY DECEMBER
MDCCCXCVI

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA:
U. S. A.
1896.

TO MARY.

Star of my soul! Where'er its vision turns,
Thy steadfast light forever tranquil burns.
O that my spirit might as constant be,—
Its haven God's own Heart, its beacon thee!

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THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, I. 48.

VOL. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 4, 1896. No. 1.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

London Birds.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

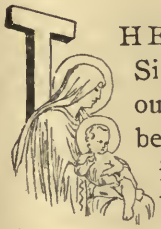
IN this lone place, who loveth not bird-life?
The pigeons in their sheltering stony nooks,
Or sea-gulls driven in by stress of storm;
Or twittering sparrows with their drooping crops,
And swallows skimming o'er the summer wave,—
Who loves them not? A happy life is theirs,
Though death sure follows creeping pain and loss.
Even the lark, cruelly caged in bars,
Under the sunshine, in clear air of heaven,
Reads man a daily lesson for his good,
Pouring from swelling throat its praise to God.
His are the cattle on a thousand hills,
Beasts of the field too ever in His sight.
These London birds, like flowers on root or stalk,
Or coral in the depths of sea, or gems,
Or marigold bestarring mignonette,
Seem special gifts from God the uncreate;
More than man needs, and overflowing cup,
Not by necessity but of boundless love.

LAMBETH,
Whitsuntide, 1896.

THE order of graces, in which Christ and the Blessed Virgin stand first, is the pattern and archetype according to which God created and arranged the course of nature and the whole universe.—*A Lapide.*

The Saint of the Scapular.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.



THE Saint of the Scapular, St. Simon Stock (or *de Stock*, as he ought properly to be called), belonged to one of the most illustrious of the ancient baronial families of England. The popular idea that his name is in any way connected with the hollow trunk of a giant tree, in which he spent some years of solitary meditation and prayer, is absolutely unfounded.

He was born in 1164, in the county of Kent, at the Castle of Harford, of which his father was governor. His birth was attended by miraculous circumstances. The physicians declared that it could not possibly take place without the sacrifice of his mother's life. She was a woman of more than ordinary piety, and remarkable for her devotion to the Blessed Virgin, on whose aid she was accustomed to rely in all dangers and difficulties. In the painful crisis in which she found herself placed, she felt inspired to dedicate herself and her child, by a special vow, to the Mother of God, that she might thus obtain a safe delivery. Her prayer was heard and answered: her son, a beautiful and healthy infant, came into the world without in any way endangering the life of his mother.

Almost as soon as he could speak, a beautiful legend tells us, he was able to read, and began to imitate the example of his pious parents in saying the Little Office of Our Lady,—a habit which he continued throughout his life. Perceiving that his father had a Latin Psalter, which he used to read and meditate upon, Simon begged that one might be given to him; and, although totally ignorant of the Latin language, he always perused it upon his knees.

Simon's father took his education into his own hands. But the pupil so quickly outran the teacher that his parents were obliged to send him to school at Oxford. Later on he went through the usual course of study at one of the colleges, surprising his tutors by the acuteness of his understanding, the retentiveness of his memory, the soundness of his judgment. He was already an accomplished classical scholar at an age when ordinary youths are merely commencing their studies. Yet the science of the saints was ever to him a source of far greater delight than mere human knowledge. He had been permitted to approach the Sacraments at an unusually early age; and, hand in hand with the increase of his love of God, his love for Mary grew and increased. Reading one day a treatise on the Immaculate Conception, he was filled with such admiration for the stainless purity which the Church honors in the Queen of Virgins that he dedicated his virginity to God. He kept strict and constant guard over his senses, and might have adopted as his own the words of Job: "I made a covenant with my eyes." * Whenever he could do so without attracting attention he used to dine of vegetables, fruit and bread; if detected in these abstemious practices, he was wont to allege that this frugal fare was best suited to his constitution.

The Saint was ere long severely tried by the jealous dislike felt for him by his eldest brother and shown on every occasion. Filled with love of the world, heedless of his parents' authority, this unhappy young man could not endure the esteem and regard in which Simon was held. He persecuted him in every possible way, and resolved to compass his ruin. In the first place, he did everything in his power to destroy his innocence; resorting, with this object, to artifices which were nothing short of diabolical. When he found himself ably defeated at every point, he altered his tactics and began to pour ridicule on Simon's practices of piety, taxing him with singularity, interrupting him at his devotions, and bringing against him every kind of false charge. From reproach and calumny he proceeded to blows.

Simon feared at length lest he might fall into the snares so cunningly devised to entrap him, and resolved to abandon all contact with the world. Encouraged by an inspiration from our Blessed Lady, he left home and retired into the hollow tree we have already mentioned. It was situated in an extensive forest, not far from Oxford, and had doubtless attracted the attention of Simon during the walks he took while studying at that University. He adorned his new abode with a crucifix and an image of the Blessed Virgin. His sole possessions were a Psalter and an office-book; the only nourishment within his reach were the plants and fruits which grew around, while a stream which flowed at no great distance from his strange dwelling served to quench his thirst. But God, ever mindful of His servants' needs, sent him a supply of bread, through the instrumentality of a dog, which, guided by a miraculous impulse, frequently brought him a loaf in its mouth. It is impossible not to be reminded by this incident of the food so wonderfully brought to the Prophet Elias, the founder of the ancient and illustrious Order of Carmel, when abiding by the torrent of Carith, amid his mountain solitudes. "The ravens," we

* Job, xxxi, 1.

are told, "brought him bread and flesh in the morning and bread and flesh in the evening."*

Only for a brief space, however, was Simon left to enjoy his quiet retreat. A furious storm of temptation, raised by the enemy of souls, ere long burst forth and raged with extreme violence, threatening to overwhelm him. His conscience reproached him with having left home by stealth, and thus exposing his brother, whose hatred to him was well known, to the charge of having murdered him. Satan next worked in such a manner upon his imagination and senses that he fancied he saw his mother full of the deepest grief, because she believed her eldest son to have become a second Cain. At a later period of his life, after he had entered the Carmelite Order, he told some of his brethren in religion that he had been on the point of yielding to this painful temptation, and had only been enabled to resist it by the assistance of our Blessed Lady.

The resources of the evil spirit are, however, without end. He caused the Saint to endure terrible interior trials: scruples, doubts as to the prudence of the life he was leading, dread lest in his solitude he should die without the last rites of Holy Church. But the remembrance of the saintly hermits whom God called to dwell in the desert restored tranquillity to his spirit. He was not long left in peace. Enraged at these repeated defeats, Satan threw off his disguises. He recalled, with startling clearness, to the mind of the recluse all the corrupt conversation he had heard from his elder brother's mouth, the lawless desires and brutish passions the latter had striven to awaken in him. Simon redoubled his prayers and penances, and at length found himself freed from his ruthless tormentor.

About this time the Queen of Angels is said to have appeared to him, and told him with her own lips that his life of solitary penance must now come to an end, in order that his sanctification might be completed by his becoming a member of the Carmelite Order as soon as it should be established in England. Simon obeyed the divine inspiration; and, quitting his beloved abode in the forest, returned to Oxford, where he devoted himself to the study of theology, and was in due time ordained priest. Long and severe, however, was the test awaiting his patience. Fifteen years had yet to elapse before the arrival of the Carmelites, in 1212. He was then forty-eight years old. Thus was he taught, before joining the Order, to practise its spirit; for the motto of St. Albert, who was the first to give the Rule a definite form, was this: "In silence and in hope shall your strength be."*

Simon appears to have passed this period of his life principally at Oxford, engaged in the work of teaching. He made frequent excursions in the neighborhood, instructing the ignorant, converting sinners from their evil ways by the force of his exhortations, encouraging others by his own bright example in the love and practice of virtue. While he was thus engaged he heard of the arrival of two English noblemen, who, on their return from the Crusades, brought with them several Carmelite monks, with the intention of founding a monastery in England, and thus introducing the Order into the country. Simon joined it at once; but the political troubles which prevailed at the time, and the strained relations between England and the Holy See on account of the conduct of King John, rendered a public foundation impossible. In this difficult condition of affairs Father Raoul Freshburn, who was an Englishman, and had large estates at his disposal, employed, at the suggestion of the Saint, a portion of his property in the construction of a hermitage upon lands belonging to him

* III. Kings, xvii, 6.

* Isaias, xxx, 15.

in the county of Kent. Thither Simon retired; he received the habit from the Blessed Alain, prior of the house.

No sooner, however, did the members of the University hear that Simon had bound himself by religious vows than they besieged his superiors with urgent entreaties, hoping to obtain his return; as they appreciated his rare mental gifts as well as his scholarly acquirements. Commanded to return to Oxford in virtue of holy obedience, he quitted his solitude. When he reached the University, honors of every sort were offered him, including the title of Doctor of Divinity. This latter he refused, accepting only the degree of Bachelor; and as soon as it was possible he went back to his monastery.

Fearing that he might not be left in peace there, he obtained permission to retire to a house which Father Raoul had founded near Alnwick, in Northumberland, and of which he had been chosen prior. So great were the wonders worked in this foundation that they attracted the attention of St. Brocard, who was then General of the Order. He appointed St. Simon Stock Vicar-General for the whole of Europe. So rapidly did the Order spread that the keenest jealousy was soon excited among unworthy priests; false representations were made to the reigning Pontiff, Honorius III., in consequence of which the Order appeared to be on the verge of suppression and ruin.

Yet the courage of the saintly Vicar-General was in nowise daunted. He at once dispatched envoys to Rome, who met with a kind reception at the hands of the Pope. Having listened graciously to what they had to say, he appointed a commission to examine into the matter. While the cause was pending, our Blessed Lady appeared to Honorius, directing him to approve the Carmelite Rule, to confirm the Order, and protect it against the wiles of its enemies. The Sovereign Pontiff lost no time in obeying the behest of the Queen of Heaven; and issued a Bull for the express purpose of legalizing the existence of the Carmelite Order in the Church, and authorizing the General to continue his foundations in Europe. No sooner did Simon hear this good news than, filled with joy and gratitude, he established the Feast of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, to be observed on the 16th of July. After a time this became a feast for the whole Church; and the same day was fixed for the Feast of the Confraternity of the Holy Scapular.

The moment seemed now to have arrived when the Carmelites would be compelled to quit Palestine and seek refuge on more peaceful shores. Not a few of their brethren had perished by the sword of the Saracen, and their numbers were daily diminishing through the same cause. In this crisis the General convoked a chapter of the Order for the purpose of seriously considering whether it was not desirable for the whole community to migrate to Europe. Opinions were divided: some maintained that it was a positive duty to remain where they were, at whatever risk. Others, among whom was Simon Stock, took an opposite view of the question, basing what they said on the words of Our Lord: "When they shall persecute you in this city, flee into another."* Finally, a general dispersion was agreed upon. The religious betook themselves to the city of Ptolemais, where the army of the Crusaders had concentrated its strength.

Here we may relate a curious incident. The Saracens, with diabolical cruelty, had poisoned all the wells of the city, so that the army of the faithful, the inhabitants of the place, and all the refugees who had sought shelter within its walls, were on the point of perishing from thirst. A sudden thought occurred to the leaders of the army—namely, to send St. Simon Stock, with a small number of monks,

* St. Matt., x, 23.

back to their monastery on Mount Carmel under a military escort; since an ancient tradition, widely believed throughout the country, affirmed that the fountain of St. Elias on the sacred mountain dried up whenever the religious were driven away, and began to flow again as soon as they were suffered to return. On the arrival of the monks, to the great joy of everyone concerned, the waters again flowed forth. Thenceforward the mountain was protected by a detachment of soldiers, so that Simon was enabled to remain in the hermitage for no less a period than six years, which were spent by him in the prayer and contemplation he loved so well. This time of seclusion was doubtless intended by God to prepare him for the active labors which lay before him. He appears to have performed many miracles, although but few have come down to us.

The time had arrived when Providence designed that St. Simon Stock should be the means of spreading his Order throughout Europe. It was brought about in this wise. Several English nobles, who had completed the time they had vowed to serve in the Holy Land, went to visit the Saint, and offered him a free passage in their vessels, with as many of his brethren as he might wish to accompany him. He gladly accepted the offer; and, having provided for the safety of those who were left on Mount Carmel, he embarked with a large number of religious. Notwithstanding the roughness of the sea and the frequent attacks of pirates, the whole party reached their destination in safety. Shortly afterward the General convoked a chapter of the Order, the first which had ever been held in Europe. He did this with the design of having Simon Stock elected to take his place. All the superiors of houses seconded his views, and the Saint was chosen General without a dissentient voice. He was then eighty years of age.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

XX.

"THERE is one thing I want to do before we leave here," said Atherton; "and that is to take some views of the place."

It was several hours since they had turned away in the flushing dawn from the sun-dial. They had slept—De Marsillac heavily after the vigil and excitement of the night,—had breakfasted, and were now taking their ease on the terrace, beneath the shade of a great mimosa, which spread its branches over them like a green umbrella. Atherton had decided to delay their return to the Cape until the afternoon, so as to avoid notice as much as possible by passing through the city after dark; and they had therefore some hours still before them to while away as best they could.

Neither found this difficult; for both had endured so much fatigue and been so constantly on a strain for two days that rest was a thing to be welcomed and enjoyed, even if it had not been sweetened by the consciousness of success in their undertaking. The last fact, however, was so agreeable that they had been discussing it at length, and bringing its reality fully before them by contemplating the jewels, which lost none of their beauty when seen by day; until Atherton made a diversion by the speech recorded above.

"I had forgotten that you brought a camera," said his companion. "You have not used it."

"The opportunities for doing so have not been very great, if you remember. Sans Souci and the citadel I did not care to trouble with: they are too well known. For the rest, the camera was not at hand when it would have been of use. I should have liked exceedingly to take a view

of that Vaudoux meeting, for example, if such a thing had been possible."

"Don't!" said the other, lifting his hand quickly. "Don't recall that awful scene! I am trying—oh, so hard!—to forget it."

"You will not succeed. Neither of us will ever forget it. I am sure that years hence a word or allusion will recall it so vividly that we shall feel the same thrill of horror which we feel to-day."

"Is it decided that we say nothing about it—that we do not report it at all? It is hard to make no effort to have those wretches punished."

"I shall inform Mr. Hoffman and abide by his decision. He knows the people, and can tell whether or not it is worth while to make any report. From what I have heard, I do not myself believe that the testimony of a white man would have any weight. If it possesses any, I would willingly submit to the inconvenience of acting as a witness to punish those murderers. But you, Henri,—would you be willing to be detained here indefinitely for the purpose?"

The boy looked at him with startled eyes: evidently this thought had not occurred to him.

"No," he answered, after an instant: "I should not be willing. I have heard nothing from home. They have heard nothing of me; their anxiety I know is intense, and I can not tell what may have happened since I left. Now that my work is done, my object attained, I can allow nothing to delay my return. I must leave by the first ship."

"Then nothing must be said of the matter until after you are gone, even if I decide to say anything at all. And, in fact, it would not be safe to do so; because we don't want to attract attention to our movements and doings until that money is safely out of the country."

"Do you anticipate any difficulty in taking it out safely?"

"Not if my plan is successful—as I think it will be. And here comes in the great benefit of having found a genuine vein of gold. I shall make a present of my discovery to Mr. Hoffman, and he will probably know some Haytien—an official will be best—to whom he can impart the secret on his own terms. If the Haytien (in whose name alone anything can be done) and himself decide to open the mine, they will want an assay of the ore. To obtain this they must send specimens to New York, and I shall advise that a sufficient quantity be sent to make what is called 'a working test.' You, fortunately, are going, and will take charge of the sacks to oblige me. What follows? The sacks, without difficulty or remark, are conveyed on shipboard as containing ore. They do contain enough for the purpose desired, and therefore neither you nor I am guilty of falsehood."

"You think of everything," said the boy, gratefully. "What should I have done without you! But will you derive no benefit whatever from your discovery of the gold?"

"I shall derive the benefit I desire—that of enabling you to take your coin safely out of the country. For the rest, I am quite willing that Mr. Hoffman shall make all that he can out of it, in return for the services he has rendered us."

"And what" (with sudden energy) "is to be your return for the inestimable services you have rendered me?"

"My return," said Atherton, lightly, "is in the pleasure it has given me. What did I tell you when we first talked of this matter on Turk's Island? Did I not say that I was an idle man, to whom such an interest was a welcome boon? In fact, if you come to the question of indebtedness, it is I who am indebted to you for one of the most exciting adventures of my life. It is not every day one has a chance to seek for treasure—and, better yet, to find it."

"What can I say to you!" answered the other, looking at him with eyes that

had seemed to him from the first time he met them the most beautiful he had ever seen. "You speak in this way to lessen my sense of obligation; but you know that I owe you *everything*. Without your assistance and your judgment I must have failed; there can be no question of that. You have given me your time, your thought, your interest; am I to give you nothing?"

"What can you give me, dear boy," replied Atherton, touched by the intense feeling of the words, "except your friendship — let us be sentimental enough to say, your affection? That I shall be glad to have."

"It is yours, and will be yours as long as my heart beats," said De Marsillac, earnestly. "Promise me that you will believe it."

"Why should I not believe it? One is generally willing enough to believe what one desires. But as I am a man fastidious and hard to please in other things, so I am in regard to the quality of any affection which I value. I demand above all things that it shall be disinterested; and so I hope you will put out of your mind any idea that you owe me gratitude for the aid I have given you. I tell you again, in that matter I pleased myself. I might not have entered on the adventure if I had not liked you; but it would have tempted me, I think, had I liked you less than I did. Put all thoughts of indebtedness aside, therefore; and like me, if you like me at all, for such qualities as I have shown you, and such sympathy as I truly believe exists between us."

"I could not fail to like as well as to admire you for those things. I could not fail to feel how sympathetic, how unselfish, how altogether kind you have been," answered the boy, with the same deep earnestness he had already displayed. "But why forbid me to be grateful? — because, whether you forbid it or not, I must be so."

"If you must" (shrugging his shoulders), "why, then, you *must*, and there is no more to be said. But I do not like it, because it seems to me in some degree a sordid sentiment, based as it is on a sense of benefits received. Now, I do not wish you to feel that you have received any benefits from me, but only such aid as friends may freely give and take."

"But, unfortunately, my part seems to be to take all and give nothing. What can *I* do for *you?*"

"I thought I had made that clear. If you insist, however, on balancing obligation with obligation — which is to me a most objectionable spirit, — why, I have already told you what you may do: you may introduce me to your sister, Mademoiselle Diane."

Dead silence for a moment,—a moment filled with such embarrassment on the part of one, such absolute lack of any possible response, that it was amazing the other did not observe it. In that instant De Marsillac anathematized his own garrulous folly, which by want of reticence had brought this upon him, with a vehemence which, in the way of self-reproach, left nothing to be desired, but which was quite unavailing to provide a remedy. What could he say? What frightful failure in the gratitude he had just expressed in even hesitating over his answer to such a request! At length he stammered lamely, awkwardly:

"You are jesting when you talk of balancing my obligations to you by such a request as that. After I have told Diane what you have done for me—for her—you will need no introduction, should you ever meet her, but your name,—that name which we will all 'set in our prayers.'"

How sweetly—as if to make amends for something lacking — the musical voice uttered those last words! Atherton could not but look at the speaker with a smile of absolute tenderness.

"That is a form of gratitude to which I can not object," he said. "As for your sister, let me tell you that I shall not leave the matter of our meeting to chance. I intend to meet her. I have an idea, based on what I have seen of you, that she is wholly unlike the *fin de siècle* women whom one knows so well, and from whom I confess that I turn with a deep distaste. How often I have wished that I could summon back from the past some type that charmed my fancy! Now, I think that your sister must be the survival of such a type; only I wish that she were named Yvonne instead of Diane."

"Why?"—in a very startled tone.

"Because that quaint, Old-World name has captivated my imagination. I fancy the chatelaine whom it suggests to me as one of those charming, heroic figures of women who now and then through the ages have done things so nobly brave that they shame the achievements of men. Gentle as a saint, proud as a queen, faithful to every trust, and capable of fighting like the Countess Matilda, or holding a fortress like many another gallant woman of the past,—is that the type of your sister?"

"No" (reluctantly), "that is not Diane. There is nothing warlike in her. She is more like the type her name suggests to you—one of those aristocratic beauties of *l'ancien régime*, who seemed born for pleasure, happiness—all things soft and delightful; but who went to the guillotine with such noble dignity and calm. So Diane would go, as she was ready to go to a worse doom—to the altar with that horrible man. But there is no fighting power in her, I am sure. And, after all" (hesitatingly), "do you think you would really fancy a woman who possessed the masculine qualities of which you speak? I thought men liked women to be as feminine as possible."

"Bravery is not unfeminine. It is a quality as admirable in a woman as in a man; and in the type of which I speak the woman lost no feminine grace by being brave. How is it with yourself? Would you not like a woman who had in her, under the softness of her sex, the spark of fire which might kindle into some heroic deed?"

"I—don't know." The brown eyes looked away from him over the plain toward the mountains, lovely in their blue-robed distance as ideals, hard and rugged in their reality as facts. "A great deal of daring which the world would disapprove is sometimes necessary for a deed that might perhaps be called, by a stretch of terms, heroic."

"The world disapproved of the Maid of Domremy," said Atherton. "One may imagine that her neighbors and friends thought it very objectionable when she donned armor and went forth to fight. You know we measure the value of such a deed—the right which the doer has to set the opinion of the world aside—by the object in view and by the end attained."

The brown eyes, turning back again, looked at him gratefully.

"I think you are right," was the somewhat wistful reply. "If the object in view was very important, one might pardon a woman for setting aside the opinion of the world; one might think she was right in considering the essentials rather than the appearances of conduct. But" (hastily) "we have wandered far from the subject of which we were speaking—the subject of my deep indebtedness to you. Will you add another favor to all that you have already bestowed upon me, and select a souvenir—a remembrance of our trying adventure — from among these jewels which but for you would never have been recovered?"

He made a gesture of his hand toward the trinkets which lay before them in a glittering heap; and Atherton could not but feel that his manner in preferring the request was the manner of one who does in truth, earnestly yet gracefully, beg a

favor. The soft eyes looked at him so appealingly that refusal seemed impossible, unless he were prepared to wound deeply one whom he had so deeply obliged.

"My dear boy," he said, lightly, "this is perfectly unnecessary; for I can never possibly forget our adventure. But if my complying with your request will give you pleasure—"

"It will give me the greatest pleasure," interposed the other, eagerly. "Nothing could give me more. It will be a great satisfaction to me in the future to think that you have in your possession something which will make you recall Henri de Marsillac and his gratitude whenever you look at it."

"You speak as if Henri de Marsillac himself was not to play any further part in my life," said Atherton. "On the contrary, I am determined that we shall see a great deal of each other in the future."

"But life is uncertain" (confusedly). "You will acknowledge *that.* And, in any event, you must take the souvenir. I could not endure to look at these jewels if you refused to have any of them. Now, what will you choose?"

"Not the diamond necklace," said Atherton, laughing. "Your hand seems to be moving in that direction, I perceive. Nor anything else of great value; for, apart from the fact that these are family jewels, what should I do with bracelets or necklaces? If I followed my inclination I should say, give me the miniature of your beautiful ancestress—"

"Of course it is yours!" cried the boy, with reckless generosity, putting out his hand to take up the pearl-set medallion.

But Atherton laid his own upon it with a restraining gesture.

"Stop, stop! Did you fancy me in earnest?" he said. "That miniature should be in the future, as it evidently has been in the past, a family treasure, not under any circumstances to be given to a stranger."

"You are not a stranger! You are the person but for whom it would still be buried in the earth, to be found, if ever found at all, by some ignorant negro—"

"No matter; I have no claim to possess the picture of Madame Raoul de Marsillac, and I was only jesting when I alluded to such a possibility. I was going to add, since that can not be, you may give me a ring, if you can find an unobtrusive one."

"There are not very many rings," said the boy. "But, such as there are, will you select one?"

Atherton turned them over, and finally selected one which he slipped upon his finger. It held a single ruby, not very large but of rare beauty, with the true pigeon's-blood tint and of exceeding brilliance.

"I would not willingly deprive you of anything so lovely as this," he said; "but if you insist on my taking something—"

"I do insist," answered the other; "but I am disappointed in your choice. That is so insignificant! I wish you would choose something of more value."

"It is not a question of value, but only of remembrance," returned Atherton. "This is a particularly fine ruby, however, let me tell you; and the ruby has always been my favorite gem. I like the rich color of its deep heart—symbol and emblem of passion. I shall keep this in memory of our association and our friendship. Are you satisfied now?"

"Partially—if I must be. And now you must not forbid me to reward Gilbert for his services."

"But I do forbid it. To reward Gilbert's services is *my* affair."

"Oh, no, Mr. Atherton,—no! Stop and think a moment. Your reward to him will not be mine. Don't prevent me. I would not willingly do anything against your wishes; but I must give him at least five hundred dollars, or its equivalent, of the gold he helped to find."

"Obstinate boy, I much prefer that you

should not. I will reward him fully, amply; he knows that."

"Again let me say, your reward is not mine. That gold would burn my hands if I were forced to remember that the hands which dug it up had touched none of it. Help me, then, to decide how much of this French money is equivalent to the sum I mentioned."

"If you persist—and I see that you do,—I suppose I must let you have your way in this also. We will attend to the matter presently. But now I want to take those views of which I spoke some time back. I am sure you will like to have one or two pictures of the place where your people lived and where you have found a fortune. Let me see! I will take the house, the avenue, and the circle of the sun-dial, of course. Gilbert, bring my camera. Come, Henri; I shall put you in the last picture."

"No, no! (with evident consternation.) "That is not to be thought of. I—I mean the picture will be much better without me. Figures posing in photographs of famous scenes, or scenes of any kind, always strike me as impertinences. One wants to brush them away."

"I shall not want to brush your figure from that scene, where I consider that it will be most appropriate. And I am certain that your family will agree with me; and will value the picture more if you are seen in it, standing on the spot where you found the treasure for them."

"It would be much more appropriate if *you* were standing on it," said the boy. "At all events, I can not possibly consent to be taken."

"But this is nonsense. Why not?"

"Because I—I have an abhorrence of being photographed. And I think the picture should be of the circle and the sun-dial in their loneliness, not of me."

"I totally disagree with you. But it is easy to take two photographs: one of the empty circle, and one with you leaning against the sun-dial. I insist on this for myself; and you are not going to refuse to gratify me in a matter so trivial."

No, he could not refuse, in a matter apparently so trivial, to gratify one to whom he stood so deeply indebted. The risk was, after all, slight; faces in these photographs of outdoor, as he remembered with relief, being generally quite indistinguishable. And so, with deep inward reluctance but an outward show of yielding gracefully, he said:

"Of course if you put it in that way I can not refuse. But I still think the scene would be better without me."

"What significance would the scene have to me unless your figure were on it?" Atherton asked. "No; Henri de Marsillac the second must be standing where Henri de Marsillac the first buried his fortune. Come!"

Night had fallen when the travellers, having timed their arrival carefully, passed through the Cape, without challenge of any kind, and rode up to Mr. Hoffman's door. That gentleman greeted them warmly; and would have hurried them at once into the house, but Atherton paused and pointed to a large steamer which lay at anchor in the starlit bay.

"What ship is that?" he asked.

"That is the Clyde steamer, from the other side of the island, on her return voyage," was the reply. "She sails for New York to-morrow."

. . . . . .

NEW YORK, Dec. 31, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. ATHERTON:—I have complied with all your directions concerning the ore: have placed it without delay in the hands of the assayer you designated, who will send direct to you a statement of the result.

Thanks to your kindness, which anticipated everything, I had no trouble in landing. As we were both anxious that no news of what was found in Hayti should return there—since Mr. Hoffman,

whose hospitable kindness was so great, would think it strange we did not take him into our confidence,—I told no one what the sacks really contained; and they passed through the custom-house without examination, as ore. My heart was in my throat during this ordeal, you may be sure; for I knew that if the gold were discovered, I should have some difficulty in accounting for its presence; and that other things might have to be accounted for, too. But the risk seemed to me better than the certain attention that would be excited by a story so sensational. I felt that I could risk almost anything rather than that—for which I had more reasons than I can tell you.

For now comes the hardest part of what I have to write. And, being so hard, I will make it brief. It is that I must now go out of your life entirely; that you will never after this hear of me again; and that I beg you to add one more kindness to the great kindnesses you have already done me, by putting me out of your memory altogether and making no inquiry about me.

And, indeed, why should you not put out of your memory one who will seem to you so ungrateful? I can explain nothing; I can not even ask for your kind remembrance of what I was in the time we were together. I only assure you—and you will not believe this, nor can I blame you for disbelieving it—that as long as life lasts, I shall hold your memory in my heart; and that I shall pray unceasingly that you may be rewarded in fullest measure for all you have done to help one who needed your help most sorely, and thanks you for it now more than any poor words can say.

And so God bless you, and farewell!

HENRI.

(To be continued.)

TWO-THIRDS of human existence are wasted in hesitation, and the last in repenting.—"*Attic Philosopher.*"

The Wonder-Worker of Padua.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

PROLOGUE.—THE FIVE FRIARS.

THE afternoon shadows were lengthening under the walls of the monastery of Santa Cruz, a house of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, at Coimbra. Life within that holy house stole on as slowly, as regularly, and for the most part as silently, as those deepening shadows. Each morning it was renewed as cheerfully as broke the dawn upon the waves that wash the shores of Portugal; each noon it was radiant with the fulness of spiritual joy; each evening it hushed itself to rest with prayer and praise; and these three epochs in the daily life of the cloister were heralded by the mellow peal of the Angelus as it was wafted over the embosoming hills, and throbbed into silence in far-off, fainting echoes.

Now and again something occurred in the monastery—something slight in itself, but enough to break in upon the peaceful current of events and create an interest or excitement that fairly startled the gentle occupants. There were guests from time to time—quite a number of them; for the worldly are ever curious concerning the inner life of those who though in the world are not of it. Therefore there was a guest-master at Santa Cruz, as there is always a guest-master in every monastery; and his office it is to receive those who desire to see the chapels, the relics, the cloisters. It is the duty and the pleasure of this guest-master to conduct visitors through the monastery and to entertain them, and thus relieve the friars from all distractions, such as sudden and unexpected calls from prayer or labor.

One day at Santa Cruz five stranger guests arrived,—three priests and two lay-brothers, disciples of St. Francis, whose Order was then but ten years old. These

friars had been assigned to the mission in Morocco, and were on their way thither when they sought the hospitality of the Abbey of Santa Cruz. Who shall say that it was chance alone that brought them thither? They were Franciscans. Not far distant from Coimbra, the pious Queen of Portugal had established the convent of St. Anthony of Olivares; it was situated in an olive grove, whence it derived its name. The house was small and poor, but it was large enough to shelter the five friars; and the Brother Questor, whose duty it was to ask alms for the needs of the brethren, would have gladly shared his frugal fare with these apostles who were on their way to martyrdom in Morocco. But they passed Olivares and sought the gates of Santa Cruz, and were there given heartfelt welcome.

Was it for this reason that, as the Franciscan chronicles tell us, "Queen Urraca sent for and lovingly received the friars?" For indeed she had their Order in great esteem, and inquired many things concerning their errand, most courteously offering to supply all their wants. Not content with the brief account of their General's intention which they gave her, this lady, thirsting as the hart for the word of God, engaged them in spiritual discourse, drawing thence much sweetness and consolation; then, taking them apart, she besought them, for the love of Him for whose sweet Name they were going to torments and to death, to beg of Almighty God to reveal to them the day on which she should die. And, albeit the friars endeavored by all means to escape her importunity, saying that they were most unworthy to know the secrets of the Lord, and other words of the like import, yet did she at length prevail with them to give her that promise which she craved. And so, after fervent prayer, they again came before the Queen and bade her be of good courage; for that it was the will of God that her end should be very shortly, and before that of the King, her husband. Moreover, they gave her a sure sign; for, "Know, lady," they said, "that before many days we shall die by the sword for the faith of Christ. Praised be His Divine Majesty, who has chosen us, poor men, to be in the number of His martyrs! Our bodies shall be brought into this city with great devotion by the Christians of Morocco, and you and your husband shall go to meet them. When these things shall come to pass, know that the time is come for you to leave this world and go to God."

The guest-master of Santa Cruz was a youth of four and twenty, who was already ordained. He had a marvellously beautiful countenance and was singularly engaging in manner. Naturally, he was thrown much in the society of the friars, and often conversed with them of the extraordinary history of Portiuncula and of the miracles wrought by their seraphic Father, St. Francis of Assisi. Certain it is that the five friars perished in their blood at the hands of the infidels. Their bodies were brought home in solemn state, attended by various supernatural manifestations, calculated to inspire reverence and awe.

It was the King's wish that these relics of the first Franciscan martyrs should rest in the principal church of the capital; but they were mysteriously guided or conveyed to the monastery of Santa Cruz, where they had lodged, and where his Majesty had a superb chapel erected, in which the relics were reposited.

Many marvels were witnessed at that shrine, and these deeply touched the heart and the spirit of the young guest-master. But a few months before he had held converse with these very friars, who were then joyously seeking the palm and the crown of martyrdom; now they were in paradise, and he was kneeling beside their holy dust,—a poor friar groping blindly after that light that should illumine him and make clear his path of life.

One day, kneeling at that tomb, his heart aflame with love and veneration, from the depths of his soul he cried out: "O that the Most High would grant me to be associated with them in their glorious sufferings! That to me also it were given to be persecuted for the faith—to bare my neck to the executioners! Will that blessed day ever dawn for thee, Fernando? Will such happiness ever be thine?" Thus, through chaste communion with the five friars—call it not chance that brought their hearts together,—through the sufferings, by the sacrifice, and at the tomb of the five martyrs, did Fernando de Bouillon find his vocation.

I.—Fernando the Novice.

Who was Fernando de Bouillon? He was the son of Martino de Bouillon, and Teresa Tavera, his wife, who were of ancient lineage and noble birth. Don Martino descended from the illustrious Godfrey de Bouillon, who led the first Crusade and was the first Frankish King of Jerusalem. He was the grandson of Vincenzo de Bouillon, who followed King Alfonzo I. in his campaign against the Moors, and who, in acknowledgment of his deeds of valor, was made governor of Lisbon. This office became hereditary in the family of De Bouillon; and Fernando, as first son of the house, was heir to it. And Doña Teresa was hardly less illustrious. Her ancestors had reigned over the Asturias in the eighth century, until the invasion by the Saracens.

Don Martino and Doña Teresa occupied a sumptuous palace close to the cathedral of Lisbon. Here Fernando was born on the 15th of August, 1195. Eight days after his birth he was carried with great pomp to the cathedral, and there received in baptism the name of Fernando.

Though nothing of a prophetic nature preceded the birth of Fernando, it was soon evident that he was no ordinary child. Born on the Feast of the Assumption, it was at the shrine of Our Lady del' Pilar he received the grace of baptism. To the Blessed Virgin his mother consecrated the babe when returning from the baptismal font; Maria was the first name he learned to utter, and the hymn he heard oftenest from his mother's lips was "O Gloriosa Domina!" As a child, the sight of an image or a painting of the Madonna would change his tears to smiles; as a religious, he placed himself under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin; as an apostle, he was her champion, ever sounding her praises, ever ready to do battle in her cause. At the age of ten, beautiful in form and feature, with an inner spiritual beauty that gave his face an almost angelic expression, possessed of a sweet and gladsome nature, a quick intelligence and a lively imagination, he had already shown a preference for the secluded paths of a religious life.

During five years of his infancy Fernando attended the cathedral school in Lisbon, clothed in the garb of a cleric. He was a pattern of all the proprieties. In this exquisitely refined child virtue blossomed like a flower, and breathed forth a delicate fragrance that all who approached him became conscious of.

It was now he gave the first manifestation of that power which, through him, was to work wonders so long as he lived,—wonders that have never ceased, and are never to cease in this ever-wondering world. Kneeling one day at the shrine of Our Lady in the cathedral, his eyes on the tabernacle wherein the Blessed Sacrament was veiled, a demon, one of those baleful spirits that still tempt and delude the unwary, appeared before him. Startled as he was, with the pious instinct of nature he traced upon the marble step where he was kneeling the Sign of the Cross. The vision vanished, but to this hour is seen that sacred symbol indelibly impressed upon the marble. In that hour Fernando's fate was sealed.

With everything to make life alluring—youth, beauty, health, wealth, high birth, and gentle breeding, devoted parents and idolizing friends,—the child turned from them all. It was his destiny. Already able to meditate upon the foolish rewards of life and labor in the world and for the world alone, Fernando exclaimed: "O world, how burthensome thou art become to me! Thy power is but that of a fragile reed; thy riches are as a puff of smoke, and thy pleasures like a treacherous rock whereon virtue is shipwrecked."

He seems to have resolved on this occasion to enter the religious life; to turn from the luxurious delights that had never appealed to his nature, and accept poverty, humility, and obedience as his portion. This resolution once formed, nothing could cause him to reconsider it.

At the gate of the Abbey of St. Vincent he implored admission; "being attracted thither," as the chronicle quaintly records, "by the renown for learning and holiness of its men." Surely nothing could have offered him a more pleasing prospect than the society of such as these; nothing afforded him more perfect satisfaction.

(To be continued.)

Mary Neagle's Luck.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

"'TIS a fine day for a wedding, any way," said Mrs. Carroll, as she came from her cottage door with her year-old baby in her arms,—"a fine day entirely, glory be to God!"

"It is that," Widow Mahony agreed readily, joining her. "And I hope it will be a lucky day for Mary Neagle; for 'tis herself deserves the height of luck."

"I'm sure of that," Mrs. Carroll said. "She's a good, modest girl."

"So you would say if you knew her as well as I do," answered Mrs. Mahony. "Why, woman dear, leave that young fellow down on the grass a bit! He's too big to be carried about."

Mrs. Carroll was nothing loath. Her cabin and Mrs. Mahony's adjoined each other; and from the strip of grass that grew between she was able "to keep an eye" on the elder children, who were performing their morning ablutions in the sunshine, prior to their departure for the village school.

"There's no sign of them yet," she said, looking along the narrow white road that wound down the hill-side.

Her companion understood at once who was meant by "them," and nodded her head.

"As I was just saying to Mick before he started, it will be a different wedding from what her mother's was. Sure, Patrick Owens had the finest farm to be seen in the whole country, and a tidy sum saved for his daughter, too,—only she never got it. I mind the day as well as if it were yesterday."

Mrs. Carroll was a stranger to the place, and did not exactly understand her neighbor's speech.

"Were you at the mother's wedding?" she asked.

"Was I at Bridget Owens' wedding!" Mrs. Mahony echoed, indignantly. "Why, of course I was. Me and Bridget—God rest her soul!—was always comrades," she added.

"You see, I'm not a native of the place," Mrs. Carroll said, apologetically.

"That's true," Mrs. Mahony replied. "But if you look beyond the hill on the other side of the road, you can see the big barn—it was newly built then—where the wedding was held. Patrick Owens didn't grudge giving a grand wedding; and it was as fine a sight as you'd wish to see when the company were all seated along the row of tables. Father Mullan sat at the head of the table, and carved the geese and turkeys,—and well he could do it.

And it wasn't a few pounds of beef were roasted, but a whole bullock, if you please. And as for chickens and ducks—" Mrs. Mahony made an expressive gesture, and paused to regain her breath. "Well, as I was saying, it was a fine sight. Everyone in the townland was invited; and Bridget and James Neagle made a fine couple. Troth, 'tis the sad come down for their daughter to marry Ned Fegan. Not that I have a word to say against Ned: he's a hard-working, civil young fellow. But he's a poor match for Mary."

"There are many girls would be glad to have him," Mrs. Carroll remarked.

"I'm not saying against that; but he's only a laboring man."

"He's honest and sober and a good worker, and that's a great deal," said the other. "I believe they are going to live on in the house Mary's mother died in."

"So I believe. Listen, Mrs. Carroll! Isn't that a cheer? Some of the neighbors would give them a cheer for luck."

Mrs. Carroll looked along the road.

"They're coming," she declared, lifting the baby and hastening down the little lane that led to the high-road. Mrs. Mahony, with a speed that belied her years, followed.

The bridal party consisted of two couples. Mary Neagle, accompanied by Mrs. Mahony's son, walked in front, in accordance with the etiquette of the district; and the bridegroom and his sister came afterward. Mary was a tall, well-made girl, of perhaps eight and twenty years of age, with the blue eyes and raven hair of her Milesian ancestors; while Ned Fegan was a pleasant-featured young fellow, with bright blue eyes, full of fun and frolic.

"It is a nice enough party," Mrs. Carroll remarked, when her neighbor had ceased murmuring benedictions on her favorite.

"Och, 'tis the poor sight compared with her mother's! But Mary's bound to have luck, for she was a good daughter; and Ned Fegan's a lucky man to get her."

"Yes," Mrs. Carroll assented: "a good daughter makes a good wife."

"That's true. Her poor mother had hard times of it even from the first. The people said things went wrong with her and her husband from the start. To be sure it was on her wedding-day that her father lost the two hundred golden guineas he had saved up."

"Lost them! How was that?"

"It was just when the dinner was over," answered Mrs. Mahony, going back cheerfully to the past, "that Patrick Owens produced a small leathern bag in which he had hoarded his savings. Dear, dear! I never saw such a sight of money before or since. Two hundred golden guineas!"

"Were they stolen?"

"No, Mrs. Carroll,—no, ma'am. There were no thieves in the company, thanks be to God!"

"What became of them, then?"

"That's what never was made out. The bag was searched for up and down; but the searching was of no use—sorra bit."

"That was odd."

"So you may say. Well, that same summer three of their cows sickened and died; and James Neagle got a cold that he never shook off him. He lingered for a year, and died at the end, quite suddenly. Poor Bridget's troubles came thickly; for her father, through fretting, lost his memory entirely. And for a while after Mary was born Bridget was very delicate herself. Things went from bad to worse; the rent fell behind, and when Mary was about seventeen they were evicted. Poor old Patrick died long before that. The farm is unlet now. No one ever prospered in it since."

"Dear, dear!" Mrs. Carroll ejaculated, sympathetically.

"Well, they were evicted, and Bridget never was the same woman. Mary took the little house over there"—Mrs. Mahony nodded her head in the direction of Mary

Neagle's humble home,—"and supported her mother and herself by her work. There were many glad of her services, and many anxious to have her for a servant entirely, but she always insisted on returning to her mother at night. She was handy, too, with her needle, and did a good deal of sewing in the long winter nights; so that, with one thing and another, Bridget was kept like a lady by her daughter. Ned wanted to marry her long ago, but Mary wouldn't hear of it."

"Well, I'm glad she's getting such a fine day," Mrs. Carroll said. "It is lucky to have the sun shining."

"That's true. I intended to tell Johnnie Kerr to watch and be the first to meet them when they're coming back from the chapel. I always count it lucky to meet Johnnie."

"'Tis time the children were off to school," Mrs. Carroll said. "Aren't you going over to Mary's to prepare the breakfast, Mrs. Mahony?"

"I promised to be there," was the answer, "on account of being at her mother's wedding. I must hurry."

The two women returned to their respective abodes. Mrs. Mahony donned a clean cap and apron ere she issued forth again. She paused on the street to call to her neighbor:

"I'll trouble you, Mrs. Carroll, to look after the fire till I come back; the turf lasts no time."

Mrs. Carroll promised to obey her wishes, and Mrs. Mahony passed on to the high-road.

The little country church, where Ned Fegan and Mary were to be married, was fully two miles distant, so that Mrs. Mahony had ample time to prepare the simple meal for the pair. She had even time to wander along the road some twenty perches or so before she caught sight of the returning wedding party. She stood a moment or two gazing at them, her wrinkled hand shielding her eyes from the sunshine. Suddenly she saw the four pause.

"What are they waiting for?" she said to herself. "I'll go and see."

She soon reached the spot where they were standing. As soon as she got within range of them she cried:

"What's wrong with you, Mick, that your standing there?"

Mick Mahony straightened himself at the words.

"There's a man lying here. We doubt he's dead."

"Lord save us!" Mrs. Mahony ejaculated. "Lord bless us!—'Tis a terrible unlucky thing," she thought to herself,—"a terrible unlucky thing to meet anything connected with death on one's wedding-day. Oh, poor Mary!"

Nevertheless, she kindly bent over the mass of tattered rags that shrouded the form of a man. He lay quite motionless.

"Go on home, Mary, you and Ned," she said; "and Mick will look for some help to carry him to Pat Rainey's."

"Rainey's is too far away," answered the new-made bride, glancing compassionately at the still form. "Bring him to the house. Can't we, Ned?"

"To be sure," Ned agreed.

But Mrs. Mahony broke in:

"Is it a dead man you'd bring in on your wedding-day? Why, I never heard tell of the like! It would be very unlucky entirely."

The bride smiled lightly; then said, seriously enough:

"God isn't going to visit us with misfortune for doing a kindly action. Take him to the house."

Ned and Mick raised the man in their strong young arms and bore him to Mary's lowly dwelling. Mrs. Mahony, muttering to herself, followed; but she started as her eyes fell on the man's face when Ned and Mick deposited him on a hastily improvised couch by the fire.

"Glory be to God, if it isn't Hughy

Campbell!" she cried, "Poor Hughy, the witless creature! He wasn't in this part of the country for nigh thirty years."

"Who was he?" Ned Fegan asked.

"A poor innocent creature that got his bit and sup for charity. He was at your mother's wedding, Mary; and I think that was the last time he was seen in the neighborhood."

The bride and her sister-in-law had been bending over the man. Suddenly Kitty Fegan cried:

"He isn't dead at all! He's coming to."

In a few moments Hughy sat erect. There was a vague, questioning look in his sunken eyes as he glanced from one to other of the group around him. A gleam of intelligence came into them as his glance fell on Mary.

"Bridget," he said after a moment, evidently struggling over some recollection,—"Bridget Owens."

"He takes her for her mother," Mrs. Mahony whispered to her son. "They are as like as two peas."

"I have them for the bride," Hughy muttered to himself, "safe and sound."

"Here, Hughy," Mrs. Mahony said, handing him a cup of tea. "Drink this, and it will do you good."

Hughy obediently took the tea from her hand, but all the while the wedding party were at breakfast he kept his eyes fixed steadily on the bride. When she rose from the table he started up with sudden strength.

"Come," he said,—"come, Bridget! I know where they are."

He passed out of the door, and Mary mechanically followed; but when he stood outside he paused irresolutely and glanced round. The barn built by Mary's grandfather could be plainly seen across the fields; and, by and by, Hughy's wandering gaze rested on it, and he laughed.

"The barn!" he cried, starting off in its direction. "The barn, Bridget! Come to the barn!"

"In God's name," Mrs. Mahony said, "we'll follow him."

"What in the world for?" Ned asked.

"Oh—well, just—to please him," she replied, shortly and in evident perplexity.

Hughy was in advance, but he looked back to call to Mary.

"Come, Bridget,—come!"

"We may as well humor the poor fellow," Mary said.

Once the barn was reached all signs of doubt or hesitation vanished from Hughy's countenance. He walked deliberately to the door of the square, unfinished edifice, and with some difficulty removed a large stone. Underneath was a cavity; and he thrust his hand into it, and almost at once drew out the remains of a leather bag. A guinea fell from it as, with a look of deep mortification and astonishment, Hughy held it up.

"Get a pick or crowbar, or something," Mrs. Mahony said, excitedly. "Hughy, the witless creature, must have hidden the money."

So it seemed. The two hundred guineas that had so mysteriously disappeared on the night of Bridget Owens' wedding were found; and Mrs. Mahony never tires relating the tale of their discovery.

"Such a day as it was!" she is wont to say when narrating the occurrence. "Such a day! Why, I was half wild with joy. The farm—Mary's grandfather's farm I mean—was vacant at the time; and the agent was glad, under the circumstances, to give it to Ned and Mary on the payment of a fixed sum. I always said Mary was bound to have luck, and so she has had the height of it. Hughy had a good home with her to the end of his days. Oh, yes, Mary had always the height of luck, and she deserved it!"

To occupy one's self with trifles weans from the habit of work more effectually than idleness.—*Bishop Spalding.*

O Blood of Christ!

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

O BLOOD of Christ! No other price was meet
To ransom souls from hell, from death and sin,—
No other blood for man could pardon win,
Jesu! but only Thine. O Thou, most sweet,
Most merciful, most gracious! we entreat,
As Thou hast bought us for Thine own, begin
Thy work of grace our sinful hearts within.
And, till that wondrous work shall be complete—
Till, in Thy Precious Blood, from every stain,
From every sin, our ransomed souls are freed,—
Jesu! be Thou our Help in every need,
Jesu! be Thou our Joy in toil and pain,
That so the blood-stained victory Thou didst gain,
Jesu! may win us for Thine own indeed.

An Author's Conversion.

ONE morning in the beginning of May, many years ago, a young man about thirty years of age, who had been enjoying a solitary stroll through one of the forests that clothe the hills surrounding the town of Würtemberg, emerged from the thicket, and paused for a while to contemplate at leisure the landscape outstretched before him. The sun was shining brightly and Nature was arrayed in all the loveliness of her vernal garb. The delicate tints of the young leaves, contrasting with the sombre hue of the firs; the smiling, verdant meadows; the peaceful homesteads in the valley below; and over all the azure sky, flecked with a few soft clouds, presented a spectacle of enchanting beauty.

The thoughts of the young man, who was standing on the outskirts of the wood, were in keeping with the scene before him. A satisfied smile passed over his clear-cut, intellectual features; he drew a deep breath of the fragrant, invigorating air; and, as if in response to the joyous song of the birds that flitted among the branches, he exclaimed aloud: "Yes, this world of ours is very beautiful! What fools they are who call it a valley of tears! The pleasures of life far outweigh the pains. He was right who said: 'How fair is the world, and how good a thing it is to live!'"

At that moment the Angelus, echoing faint but clear from the belfry of a distant village church, fell upon his ear. His countenance clouded. "Why should I hear that bell just now?" he said. "Why, just as I felt how good is man's life—the mere living,—how fair is all around him, should I be reminded that millions of my fellow-creatures believe in another, an eternal life,—believe in another world, of which this is but the ante-chamber? Well, let them delude themselves with this phantom if they will, and poison their present existence with the thought of judgment to come. As for me, I have done with such follies. I mean to enjoy life to the full, until Death shall dash the delicious goblet from my lips."

So saying, he turned and re-entered the wood, following the narrow path; his mind meanwhile continuing the train of thought suggested by the Angelus bell. The past rose up before his mental eye. He saw himself once more a child at his mother's knee, learning to pray, hearing from her lips the Commandments of God, the holy names of Jesus and Mary. He remembered the religious instruction imparted at school, his First Communion, the happiness that flooded his soul on that memorable day. Then came the struggles of his youth, when, at an early age, he went out into the world as an orphan, encountering sorrow and suffering. He had mastered them all, conscious of his own powers; and as he grew up to man-

hood, he had devoted himself to literature, determined to make a name for himself in the world of letters.

At first his writings met with adverse criticism, and he had to contend against prejudice and ill-will; but at length his talents found recognition, his ambition was gratified. He was invited to the *salons* of the great, a place was offered him in the assemblies of the learned. Alas! the pride of intellect, fostered by human praise and worldly honors, took possession of his heart; doubt and unbelief invaded his soul and took firm root there. He abandoned altogether the practices of religion, and regarded with contempt the creed of Christians. At the age of thirty he was recognized as one of the ablest writers of the day.

It was in proud consciousness of the celebrity he had attained that, as he paced the forest path, the young man raised his head and murmured to himself: "I should never have climbed as I have, by my own unaided powers, to the height on which I stand had I not shaken off the fetters of those effete superstitions imbibed in my early years."

As he thus spoke the wanderer came to a little clearing in the wood, where some pious persons had erected a statue of the Blessed Virgin. It was the well-known figure of the Immaculate Conception, standing graceful and erect, with outstretched hands, the serpent beneath her feet, on a mound of turf, backed by four stately fir-trees. A little boy about ten years old, whose clothes indicated extreme poverty, was endeavoring to fasten at the base of the statue a wreath composed of brier roses and forget-me-nots.

For a few moments the man of letters stood watching the child, with a smile of half-scornful pity; then his features assumed another and a softer expression. He remembered how, in years long past, he, too, used to delight in decking with flowers the little altar of Our Lady in his parents' house, and how fervently he used to pray to her who is the Help of Christians. Sternly repressing the deep emotion these recollections evoked within his breast, he stepped up to the boy and gently asked him what he was doing. The child had not noticed the approach of the stranger; he started, and the wreath slipped from his hands.

"I beg your pardon, sir!" he timidly replied; "I only wanted to give our dear Mother this little wreath," pointing to the garland that lay on the ground.

"*Your* mother!" the stranger repeated, in a tone of surprise. "Do you call that your mother?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"How can that be?"

"O sir, ever since father was killed in the war, and mother died, I have had nobody left but grandmother and our Blessed Lady. She is so good and kind, sir, if you only knew!"

"If I only knew what?" inquired the young man, looking the curly-headed youngster full in the face.

"Why, she always helps us. If we want anything very badly, I come here and ask her for it; and she is sure to give us what we need."

"What do you say, my little fellow, when you ask her?"

The child looked up at the stranger; then, dropping his eyes, he said:

"Am I to repeat it to you?"

"Certainly, my boy,—let me hear the prayers you say."

Thereupon the child folded his hands and reverently repeated a short hymn in praise of the Mother of Christ, ending with a petition that she would show herself to be the Consoler of the Afflicted.

These verses, touching in their simple piety, impressed the listener in an unexpected manner. They seemed familiar to him. When and where, he asked himself, had he heard them before? For a moment he was lost in thought; then, laying his

hand on the boy's head, he asked him:

"Who was it taught you that pretty little prayer?"

"I learned it at school; master taught it to me," was the answer.

"Oh! it was your master, was it? And do you know where he got it from?"

"Yes, sir: it is in our new Reader, and the name of the man who wrote it is printed underneath. He has become a great man, and master says he would not say a prayer like that now; for when people get rich, and are a great deal thought of, they do not care any longer for God and His Blessed Mother."

Touched and conscience-stricken by these unexpected words from the lips of a simple and ignorant child, the young man could scarcely control himself sufficiently to ask, in a calm and apparently indifferent manner, who was the author of the verses in question. His astonishment at hearing the name given in reply may be imagined. It was his own! In an instant the scales fell from his eyes. Yes, it was quite true: it was he who was the author; he remembered it all now. At the outset of his literay career he had composed a hymn in honor of the Mother of God on one of her festivals. Since then years had come and gone; he had been in many lands; he had been *fêted* and honored; and not only the verses but the very fact that he had written them had passed from his memory. And now he was to hear them again in this solitary spot, at the foot of a statue of the Immaculate Mother whom he had forsaken, the celestial Patroness whom he had forgotten.

How often had this poor child, in simple, trusting faith, repeated in this place the words which he had written, but scorned to use as his own! The ice of unbelief melted from his heart; tears fell from his eyes, and for the first time after eight years the eminent and admired writer knelt in prayer. With deep contrition of soul he implored pardon of the God he had despised, insulted, denied; earnestly he implored the intercession of the Help of Christians in his behalf; firmly he resolved to lead a new life. Rising from his knees, he took the hand of the wondering child and said:

"Come, my lad, we will go to your grandmother; for, with the help of God and our Blessed Lady, I intend henceforth to be father and mother to you."

Before departing, he lifted the wreath from the place where it lay and attached it to the base of the statue; then he turned his steps in the direction of the town, bidding the boy conduct him to his home. It was soon reached; a poverty-stricken dwelling indeed, but one where content, peace, and the fear of God abode.

The stranger made a few inquiries of the old dame, telling her of his intention of providing for her grandson. At first she could not believe that a rich gentleman could really purpose to adopt a poor boy; but she understood it at once when he told her that the temporal advantages he offered were but a small recompense for the inestimable gift of faith, which the child had unwittingly been the means of imparting to him. And when she heard the whole story tears rolled down her withered cheeks.

"Here," she exclaimed, "is another instance of how faithfully and generously our dear Immaculate Mother repays every little service rendered to her! Who can fail to see that it was her guiding hand that led your footsteps to her statue? The poem you wrote long years ago was made the instrument of your conversion; and my poor boy, through his devotion to her, has found a friend and protector who will care for him when I am gone. Persevere in her service, dear sir, and she will bring you safe to eternal life."

That same day the young man was reconciled to God. After making arrangements for the maintenance and education of his youthful *protégé*, he left the town,

and returned home to enter upon a new course of life. He openly renounced his infidel opinions, and devoted all his time and talents to the furtherance of the Catholic cause, to make reparation for the grievous wrong he had done to religion. Neither the expostulations of friends, the coldness of patrons, the mockery and sneers of former partisans, the loss of favor, of position, of money, made him swerve from his resolution, or shrink from encountering the difficulties that beset his path.

The parents of the boy, though reduced by misfortune, had not been of the lowest class; and, under good training, the child, whose simple faith and piety had been the means of rescuing him from the ways of error, gave proof of excellent dispositions and superior abilities. On the death of the grandmother, his patron took him to live with him, as he destined him for a literary career. But as the youth evinced a strong desire to enter the priesthood, he was sent to the seminary, and in due time received ordination. Now and again he visits his beloved foster-father—always, if possible, on the anniversary of the day of their meeting in the wood near Würtemberg, when a wreath of forget-me-nots and wild roses is invariably laid at the foot of the statue—a counterpart of the one before which they had then both knelt—which occupies a prominent place in the author's study.

That author is now an old man, over seventy years of age; but his fingers are not too feeble to hold his pen: it is still actively employed in defence of the Church, to the glory of God, and in honor of Mary Immaculate.

EVERYONE of us, with the help of God, and within the narrow limits of human capability, himself makes his own disposition, character, and permanent condition.—*Emile Souvestre.*

A Good Use for Wealth.

THE pleasure experienced in contributing to the support of any good work, or to the furtherance of any noble cause, ought to be ample recompense to the most liberal of benefactors. In the Ages of Faith it was accounted a privilege to aid in building a church, endowing a university, or founding any work of charity; and no expression of gratitude on the part of those sharing the benefit was expected, and no return demanded save a remembrance in prayer.

It was only last week that the University of Notre Dame received its first endowment. Like most other Catholic institutions of learning in this country, it is under no obligations of gratitude to wealthy benefactors. Only a few of those in a position to endow chairs, to found scholarships, and to build halls, have recognized the various needs of our educational institutions, or realized the great necessity of advancing the cause of higher education.

It has always seemed to us that one of the noblest expressions of gratitude on the part of a founder is the perpetual daily Mass established at Notre Dame by the late Father Sorin for the benefit of those who had assisted him ever so little in the work to which his life was devoted, or who in future might aid in its development. Had he received hundreds of thousands of dollars in gifts he could not have conceived a more fitting return: his most munificent benefactors would have become his debtors. It must be a source of gratification to those who aided Father Sorin in any way to know that they are remembered in the Daily Sacrifice. By a special privilege, the friends of THE AVE MARIA share in this inestimable advantage, which at some future time, we trust, may inspire the thought of founding printing-presses as well as scholarships.

Notes and Remarks.

One solution of the world-wide "school problem" has been worked out in Victoria, Australia. Down there for years past they have been following a system of teaching which "puts reading before religion, writing before righteousness, grammar before goodness, verbs before virtue." In the "Readers" the word "Christian" was scrupulously expunged, and selections which referred ever so remotely to our Saviour or the Bible were mutilated. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" was "revised" by omitting the touching scene where the old peasant reads the Bible to his children; and Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus" was docked of these lines:

> And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
> On the Lake of Galilee.

This is secular education with a vengeance, and those who believe in that sort of training ought to be interested in the result. Hence we quote the declaration of Mr. Brett, the Australian Inspector of Schools. He does not hesitate to say that crime is on the increase in Australia; and that "disregard for constituted authority, recklessness of consequences, and want of self-control, are the characteristics of those educated in the Victorian public schools."

The minister of the Gospel who reads the signs of the times aright must realize that the day has gone by when clergymen can interfere in politics without bringing odium on themselves. The Rev. Dr. Joseph Twichell, of New Haven, Conn., is obtuse. He is the preacher who inveighed so bitterly against the planting of a sprig of ivy from the grave of Gen. Robert E. Lee in the campus of Yale College. We are glad to notice that he has been generally rebuked for his attempt to revive the memory of a strife long since ended, and to rekindle the embers of sectionalism. The Chicago *Chronicle* is very severe—though not more so, we think, than was called for—in its denunciation of this political pulpiteer. "Men like these," it says, "do more harm to the cause of religion than Voltaire, Paine and Ingersoll have ever accomplished." Clergymen, of whatever creed or rank, who value their influence for good had better not mix in politics. The sooner the fact is recognized that such interference is generally harmful to the cause of religion, the better. The day has gone by when the clergy can dictate in political questions. The people have clearly signified their intention of thinking and acting for themselves in politics, and it is not likely that they will ever be swerved from their purpose.

It must be remembered that anti-Catholic politicians in France, as a rule, are enemies of the Church only in a Pickwickian sense. According to the old song, it was not precisely when the devil was occupying a prominent place in politics that he wanted to be a monk; and the same is true of Frenchmen. When the late M. Jules Simon was young and reckless he was one of the most outspoken adversaries of the Church. He had remarkable talent, an eloquent and exquisitely pure literary style, and he did much harm. During his later years, however, his zeal against Christianity diminished notably, and he pleaded for the recognition of God in the schools and denounced divorce and persecution for conscience' sake. Jules Simon was of the Breton race, and therefore could not utterly lose the faith; so when he died a few weeks ago, he died in the arms of the Church, and clasping the crucifix to his heart. May he rest in peace!

Few Americans of our century have been so sincerely mourned or so affectionately remembered as John Boyle O'Reilly. This must have been evident to all who witnessed the unveiling of the bronze monument to him in Boston on the 20th ult. Men eminent in Church, in state, and in letters vied with one another in eulogy of his genius, his breadth of sympathy, and his strong, practical faith. "With every fibre of his being," said President Capen, of Tufts College, "he was a Roman Catholic." When the University of Notre Dame made him a Doctor of Laws some years before his death, O'Reilly wrote

to the President of that institution: "I ask the prayers of the good priests of Notre Dame that the Doctor they have made shall always stand pure-handed among men and worthy of respect as a Christian gentleman." This noble sentiment is the keynote to the character of the lamented poet, who united in himself so many ideal qualities. As for the monument itself, it is said to be the most exquisite specimen of memorial sculpture in Boston. It symbolizes Erin, with Patriotism and Poetry on her right and left.

It is said that King Humbert, the Italian usurper, is weary of public scandals and ministries and parliaments, and that he often speaks of abdicating in favor of his son. It is not very interesting, this playing King of Rome. Even a casual visitor must notice that the real sovereign of the Eternal City, the central object of interest, is the prisoner-Pontiff, Leo XIII. This fact is emphasized unpleasantly for Humbert in a hundred ways, the most recent being the successful intervention of the Holy Father in behalf of 2,000 Italian prisoners of war whom the government was powerless to help. It is reported that King Menelik at once acceded to the Pope's appeal for clemency, and offered to turn his Italian prisoners over unconditionally to the Holy Father. If this report prove true, the action of Menelik of Abyssinia may well shame Humbert of Italy.

A singular scene occurred in the crypt of the Sacred Heart Basilica at Montmartre a few weeks ago. Some two thousand of the poor were assembled there at the usual hour of reunion. They had piously recited the "Our Father," the 'Hail Mary," and the Creed, and had sung the customary canticles, when the venerable Father Lémius said that instead of addressing the assembly himself, he would yield the opportunity to M. Edmond Turquet, former deputy and Under-secretary of State. This gentleman, at the close of a spiritual retreat not long ago, took upon himself the *rôle* of servant of the poor. M. Turquet favored his auditors with a recital of his own career, extenuating nothing of his anti-Christian action in advocating the laws favoring divorce and Godless schools; and telling how, through God's mercy, he had awakened to a clearer vision of the truth. "I threw myself," he concluded, "at the feet of a priest to obtain the pardon of my faults. And I can not advise you, my friends, to do better than follow my example; for thus only will you find the faith and courage to support your many sufferings with patience, resignation, and hope."

The Sovereign Pontiff has recently sent a third apostolical letter to the Hungarian episcopate on the occasion of the millennial festivities, which the liberal party appears to be monopolizing to their own profit, and whose character they are utterly falsifying. The Pope recalls the fact that it was Catholic truth which delivered Hungary from pagan superstitions, and that the Popes have been the real sustainers of the political liberties of that kingdom. The honors just rendered to the crown of St. Stephen, first Christian King and apostle of Hungary, can scarcely have failed to increase the respect of the nation for both the Hapsburg dynasty and the Papacy.

A worthy successor to the lamented Bishop Manogue is the Rt. Rev. Thomas Grace, who has just been consecrated Bishop of Sacramento. Father Grace was one of the pioneer priests of the Far West, and the quality of his work during the past thirty years is shown by the circumstance that he was the unanimous choice of both priests and bishops. The progress of the Church in the Diocese of Sacramento has been remarkable even for America, and we may safely predict that Bishop Grace will be no less devoted to his flock as ordinary than during the arduous years of his priesthood.

That the devoted religious who are endeavoring to Christianize and civilize our Indians are sadly hampered in their work is evident from a letter addressed to *Les Missions Catholiques* by the superior of the Ursulines in the Rocky Mountains. The contract into which the government entered with these Sisters guaranteed to them a certain sum for each Indian child taken

charge of; but the bigoted officials have managed to arrange for the payment of only seventy-two children out of one hundred and fifty. Life at the best is difficult enough in those mountainous regions where the brave Ursulines are devoting themselves to their noble work; it is a pity that anti-Catholic politicians should be allowed to aggravate its hardships as well as lessen its effects.

The late Dr. Holmes had little inclination toward the old puritanical way of the Sabbath. No one acquainted with his cheery, genial books would suspect him of it, even if he had not written thus in a letter to Mrs. Stowe, which has just been published: "Would you believe that to this day I do not read novels on Sunday, at least until 'after sundown'? And this not as a matter of duty or religion—for I hold the sabbatical view of the first day of the week as a pious fraud of the most transparent description,—but as a tribute to the holy superstitions of more innocent years, before I began to ask my dear, good father those *enfant terrible* questions which were so much harder to answer than anything he found in Saint Cyprian and Tarretin, and the other old books I knew the smell of so well, and can see now standing in their old places."

The magnificent work being done for Christianity and civilization, especially in Central Africa, by the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the White Fathers is the admiration of travellers in the Dark Continent. Among the prizes distributed lately by the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, the Audiffret prize of 15,000 francs was divided between these missionary Orders.

It was a happy inspiration which led the Catholic Truth Society, of London, to issue a cheap edition of "The Lay Folk's Mass-Book." Our own oft-expressed thought about such books is thus strongly put by the learned and eloquent Dr. Barry, whose support we eagerly welcome:

> I have long been hoping that we should possess, in our time, a standard Catholic prayer-book, which should be at once devout, liturgical, idiomatic, sound in substance and shapely in form; not sentimental, confused, and vapid, as so many are that enjoy no small circulation. And the one hope of such a volume lay, not in the originality of the modern mind—so incapable as it seems to be of breathing forth an inspired prayer,—but in recovering what was lost or overlaid by the dust of time. For our Catholic ancestors prayed to God in a spirit as sublime and simple, as direct, profound and beauty-loving, as that in which they raised up those visible prayers and hymns in carven stone—their cathedrals, abbeys, parish churches, and shrines.

But, as the Reverend Doctor says, we run mostly after the commonplace and the tawdry in devotion, though the Church is the paragon of beauty. We hope the appearance of "The Lay Folk's Mass-Book" will displace the spongy abominations that dry up the wells of devotion,—the Frenchified and exclamatory stuff in which modern piety gasps. The little volume is a modernized version of the "Rhyme of the Mass," a quaint and precious manuscript as old as Magna Charta. The book is phenomenally cheap, and a look into it is like an hour spent in an old cathedral. "Why do we forget Jerusalem and the songs of Sion, as though we were in a strange land?" Why indeed!

We have waited for an authentic statement regarding the reported cure of Inez McLaughlin, a little girl of Stoneboro, Penn. The statement has now appeared in the form of a letter which the pastor of the town, Father Bormann, sends to the *Lake Shore Visitor*. We quote his words:

> The child, who is ten years of age, was sick three months; it was the opinion of doctors she would never be well. On Friday morning Father Lehane saw her. She could not bear to be touched, had not eaten in several days—could not even swallow a drop of water. In the afternoon Mr. Scurry went to see her and brought her some Water of Lourdes. Five minutes after she took it she was out playing. She had been absolutely helpless. These are facts with which the whole community is acquainted. Since she got up she has been in perfect health.

The simplicity of this account of a sudden cure which excited widespread attention disarms both suspicion and criticism.

The widespread conviction that the leaders of the A. P. A., some of whom are men of average intelligence, were using that ignorant

organization merely to extort money from candidates, has been strikingly confirmed by the turn things have taken in California. The last two issues of *The Monitor* have bristled with affidavits, fac-similes of letters, and other testimony showing that "the vote of the Association" was handed over to Mr. John D. Spreckles for a fixed sum. The bargain was a costly one in any case, but it proved even more costly than Mr. Spreckles anticipated. Of course the bigots quarrelled over the spoils, and the whole story has been given to the public by our enterprising contemporary of San Francisco. Mr. Spreckles is much embarrassed in maintaining that his reputation is as savory as his sugar, but the lesson may be worth something to him. We may add that if every episcopal city in the country had a paper of the stamp of *The Monitor*, there would be no need of an anti-A. P. A. party.

While voluntarily supporting their parochial schools, Catholics have the right and the duty to take an interest in the government of the public schools It will, then, be noted with gratitude that at least one American city has banished political influence from the school. This has been one of the great evils of the present system of education, and the action of the people of Cleveland is only one of many indications that the politician will soon receive notice to quit the school. There has never been so wide or so earnest a discussion of the needs and limitations of the public school as now. Whether the wonderful growth of parish schools in number and efficiency has had anything to do with this new movement we can not say; but Catholics share the hope of their fellow-citizens that the public schools will be purged of politics, and that only the best men and women will be charged with the important duty of educating the children of the nation.

If those who have contributed to our fund for providing public institutions with good reading could know the pleasure thus afforded to invalids, prisoners, etc., we feel sure they would consider themselves amply rewarded. But it is really too bad that so few persons take interest in works of this kind. Lack of funds prevents us from sending papers to a number of places where we feel certain the reading would do a world of good. THE AVE MARIA is sent free to all charitable institutions that apply for it; but we are obliged to confine this privilege to the United States, and to limit our favor to a single copy. Any effort to increase the circulation of THE AVE MARIA is to promote the cause of Catholic truth, and to sow the seed of good reading where it will be sure to bear an abundant harvest.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Louis Daniel, O. P., Vallejo, Cal.; and the Rev. Joseph Fessler, of the Archdiocese of Oregon, who lately passed to their reward.

Sister Mary Polycarp, of the Sisters of Charity, B. V. M., whose holy life closed peacefully on the 11th ult.

Mr. Tobias Butler, who departed this life on the 16th ult., at Deseronto, Canada.

Mr. Lawrence Parnell, who died suddenly at Notre Dame, on the 23d ult.

Mr. M. Campbell, of Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Ellen O'Donnell and Mr. Michael Kelly, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Peter McGrath, Elk Point, Dakota; Mrs. Mary O'Brien, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Sarah McWilliams, New Orleans, La.; and Mr. Patrick and Miss Bridget Layden, Co. Clare, Ireland.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

For the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars:

A Friend, $1; Mrs. Fanny Watson, $25; G. H. G., $5; J. M. K., $1; Mrs. Catherine Cody, $1; A Friend, 10 cts.

The Ursuline Indian Mission, Montana:

James Morrissey, $2; A Friend, 25 cts.; A Child of Mary, $1; Mrs. A. C. Cook, $1; A Friend, 10 cts.; C. O. N., $2.

The Leper Hospital, Japan:

A Friend, 10 cts.; E. Enright, 52 cts.; A Friend, 25 cts.

To supply prisons, hospitals, etc., with good reading:

A Friend, 25 cts.; Mr. P. T. M., 10 cts.; A Friend, 20 cts.; Peter Morand, 30 cts.; Mrs. J. O'B., $1.

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

A Summer Shower.

'TWAS joy to behold them,
The long beads of rain,
That sang to my fancy
A tender refrain.

The lawn I saw quiver,
As though a caress
Had passed o'er the grass-blades,
When one could scarce guess

The moist air had touched it,
And then every flower
Looked brighter and fairer
Because of the shower.

'Twas then I remembered
Another soft rain,
That beat on my spirit
A prayerful refrain.

'Twas the merciful rain-fall
That comes from above—
The Blood of the Man-God,
The heart-rain of love.

Her Maid of Honor.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

I.

MAY! it was a glorious day!—sunshine and sparkle, with air fresh, crisp and exhilarating as the air of beautiful, gay New York *can* be in early December. Above smiled a clear blue sky; beneath stretched the hard ringing pavement of handsome Fifth Avenue. Along its smooth surface glided the countless throngs of the great city. Some were grave, some were gay; some were sad, some were glad; joy spoke from the faces of many, care and sorrow looked wearily forth from those of others.

Of the gay, the glad and the joyful certainly seemed the two little maids with whom our present tale has to do. Bright eyes, cheeks glowing with youth and health, dimpling smiles which seemed to catch and hold the sunbeams, and a springing, bounding step,—all would seem to tell in language unmistakable that gladness reigned supreme in at least these two young hearts.

"How I hope this perfectly delightful weather will last!" fervently exclaimed the taller of the two. "If the 15th should be stormy—O Rosalie! would it not be terrible?"

"Yes," was the more composed assent: "a rainy-day wedding would indeed be unpleasant."

"Unpleasant!" echoed the first speaker. "Why, it would be *beastly!*"

The smile hovering about Rosalie's pretty mouth deepened.

"Really, Alma, one would think *you* were to be the bride!" she said.

"But I am to be the maid of honor," announced Alma, joyfully. "Now, aren't you surprised, Miss Calmness?"

Rosalie certainly *was* surprised, though she did not betray her astonishment by any abrupt or ungraceful movement. She opened her big blue eyes to their widest, and answered:

"Dear me, how nice!"—with a soft little drawl peculiarly her own.

"Good gracious!" said Alma, laughingly, "I could shake you this minute, Rosalie Phillips, if I didn't know that deep down in your heart you're wondering how, why, and all about it."

"Yes, I am," acknowledged Rosalie, complacently.

Alma gave her a quick glance, half amused, half vexed, and then went on:

"You see, Aunt Edith did intend to ask Anna Singleton—her dearest friend, you know. But last night she suddenly changed her mind, and told mamma that she would rather have me than any one else in the world. Mamma was not a bit willing at first,—in fact, she made all sorts of objections. But Aunt Edie coaxed and pleaded, and even cried a little, till mamma had to say 'Yes.' So it is decided. And just imagine, Rosalie,—my gown is to be made by Madame K.!"

"By Madame K.!" repeated Rosalie, betrayed out of her calmness for once. "Well you *are* in clover, Alma Chase."

"Hm! I think I am," agreed Alma. "I could hardly sleep a wink last night, thinking about that dress and hoping for a fine day."

Alma had retired at nine. She had heard the clock strike *once*—at ten; but, then, an hour of wakefulness does seem very long to healthy youth, and the girl did not mean to be untruthful in her exaggeration.

"How very silly you are!" said wise Rosalie. "When *I* am very happy I go to sleep first thing. As for the weather, it will be fine, Alma," she went on, with settled conviction. "The good, you know, are generally rewarded; and we have been real good: we've kept all our resolutions—every single one. Maillaird's used to tempt me dreadfully, too," she added, hugging closer a daintily done-up package bearing on its label the name of that celebrated *bon-bon* establishment.

Alma's countenance had changed somewhat during Rosalie's self-complacent little speech. Her expression had softened, gaining thereby an added sweetness; and her voice was more gently modulated now as she answered:

"But we should not praise ourselves, Rosalie; and, after all, three resolutions seem very few."

Rosalie's ruby lips formed themselves into a big—

"Oh!" Then she added: "To rise early enough for Mass every morning, to give up candy even on Sundays, and to spend every single solitary Saturday afternoon with Amy Clayton, as we have, is a great deal, *I* think."

"Poor Rosalie! you have indeed been very amiable and self-sacrificing," said Alma, with a loving glance.

Rosalie had the grace to blush.

"Do—do you think we ought to keep up the 'Sunshine Club'?" she asked, with some diffidence.

Alma very nearly came to a full stop.

"O darling! do you mean that?" she exclaimed, rapturously. "I've been hoping and praying that the girls, you especially, would not object if I proposed keeping it up *forever*. It really does Amy good; and don't you always get a lovely, happy feeling inside you after you've been there, Rosalie? I know *I* do."

"It's usually so near dinner-time when we leave that I get a hungry feeling inside me," confessed her companion; "but I don't mind if we do keep it up," she added, drawlingly.

Alma was quite satisfied. That "I don't mind if we do" meant a great deal from ease-loving Rosalie.

As they had now reached the corner of the street in which Alma had her home, the two girls parted, with warmth and effusion on one side, and with a passive, good-natured acceptance of it on the other. Yet Rosalie loved Alma sincerely, was greatly influenced by her, and admired her even more than Alma's own enthusiastic language could express. However, now

that she was alone and free to choose her pace, the one went on up the Avenue in a funny little waddle; while Alma tripped gaily down the street, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing.

Before the door of one of a row of handsome houses a carriage had drawn up, and out of it a stylishly dressed young lady was stepping. She smiled brightly when she saw Alma, and waited for her before ascending the flight of stone steps to the door.

"My love, you look charming!" was her greeting.

Alma laughed and turned, if possible, a little rosier.

"Aunt Edith, you shall have to take it on your conscience if I become very vain," she retorted, archly.

"I can bear it, dear," returned her aunt lightly, as, the door being opened, they entered the dimly lit but handsome hall. "When you have removed your wraps," she added, "come up to my room; for I want to talk about your gown, which is going to be a veritable dream."

Alma's heart beat high. She was not long in divesting herself of hat and jacket and joining her gay young aunt.

"Those dressmakers do lead one *such* a life!" remarked Miss Meynard, with a genuine sigh. "I declare if Madame K. were not such an adorable 'fit,' I'd dash my whole *trousseau* in her face. She seems to think nothing of breaking an appointment with one."

Alma's face fell. "You do not think she will disappoint *me*, do you?" was the anxious question.

"She could hardly have the effrontery to do that," said Miss Meynard. "And indeed you are fortunate, Mignon: you need only one fitting."

"And when shall I go?" asked Alma, breathlessly.

"On Saturday, at three precisely. I have her royal highness' word for it that no earlier, or no later will suit her."

For a minute Alma seemed satisfied; then suddenly a blank expression dawned upon her features.

"O Aunt Edith dear!" she exclaimed, "Rosalie and I always spend Saturday afternoons with Amy Clayton. It will be impossible for me to go then."

Miss Meynard shrugged her shoulders. "As Madame K. will not see you at any other time, it appears to me that you will have to choose between your charity fad and your new gown."

Alma flushed an unbecoming red.

"Our visits to Amy are not a fad," she said; "and they give her happiness—and us too," she added.

Miss Meynard laughed mockingly.

"You dear little saint, now don't get ruffled. Come here"—as Alma had risen and looked as if she wanted to run away,—"come here and let me tell you all about it. I am sure it will make you quite forget that tiresome little Amy."

Alma paused just where she was, within a few steps of her aunt's side. Her color came and went, her lip trembled, there was something in her throat, and her eyes were getting misty. Two visions uprose before her dimmed sight. One was her own bright face and form radiant in the gown that was to have been a "dream"; the other that of the sick child lying day after day, month after month, upon her bed of pain, and whose heavy eyes always brightened at sight of Alma. It was too hard. She could not choose just then; she must think it over and fight it out.

"Aunt Edie, Aunt Edie, *don't* tell me any more!" she implored, with her hands to her ears. "And, excuse me, but I must be alone to decide."

And, before the astonished and greatly annoyed Miss Meynard could utter a word, her impetuous young niece was gone. After a moment, however, the countenance of the prospective bride cleared.

"Ah, well! I need not worry," she remarked, aloud. "She is a romantic, self-

sacrificing little creature, with all sorts of impossible notions (gotten from the nuns, of course); but if she has a weakness, I think it's for pretty clothes. Vanity will win the day."

With this *ultimatum* Miss Meynard turned to her mirror, and spent the next half hour in trying to decide whether an interesting pallor or a delicate blush would be the more becoming to her style of beauty upon the all-important day. People—some people—were wont to say that it would not have been a bad idea if Miss Meynard herself had gotten a few of her 'notions from the nuns.'

(To be continued.)

A Sad Dance in Old Strasburg.

There is a certain delicacy, called *pâté de foies gras*, so expensive that only the wealthy can afford to have it often upon the table. If you have learned your French lessons well, the name of this dish will come trippingly from your tongue; otherwise you may have some trouble in pronouncing it. It is made of the livers of fattened geese, with truffles and condiments added according to a certain rule, which is followed just as it should be only in the good old town of Strasburg.

Even about so prosaic an object as a jar of this delicacy romantic incidents may cluster. Indeed, the very first time any one heard of *pâté de foies gras* was when it saved a man's life. The Maréchal de Contades was governor of Strasburg,—a gentleman of the old school, taking his cares lightly, and thinking much of the dainties which his chief cook compounded. The wonders which came from his kitchen to ornament his table and please his guests were the talk of the town.

It happened, as such things will, that a certain dissipated cavalier of Strasburg got into some trouble with the police, and was promptly locked up. His offence was so serious, and the governor already so completely out of patience with him, that his friends feared that this time there would be no escape: that the governor would order him to be beheaded, as he had threatened to do many times before. Then they thought of that governor's pet weakness. Let the cavalier suggest for his table some successful and novel dish, and the chances were that he would again be pardoned. A great cook, the Chef Close, lived in Strasburg, and to him the friends went.

"Invent something new and wonderful," they told him.

Chef Close set his wits to work, and in a very short time constructed the first *pâté de foies gras*, which was duly set upon the Maréchal's table.

"What is this?" asked the Maréchal, tasting the strange substance.

"A new dish, your Excellency," replied a servant.

"It is delicious. Bring me some more!" roared the Maréchal.

In half an hour he was only confirmed in his opinion, and demanded to know who had invented so appetizing a novelty.

"Chef Close," said the servant, who was well instructed as to his answer. "And it was done at the express request of the Chevalier A., who was arrested yesterday."

"Well, I pardon him!" thundered the governor. "And you may bring me some more of this—what do you call it?"

"*Pâté de foies gras*," said the servant, giving the compound its name for the first time.

Chef Close became head cook to the Maréchal, and made *pâtés* as long as his master lived to eat them. Then misfortune overtook him; for the new governor, an old soldier, had dyspepsia; and, as the story goes, "turned up his little battle-scarred nose at the *pâté de foies gras*." So the Chef indignantly sought a new field for his labor, and opened a factory, whence issued rare dainties for the delec-

tation of all Europe. "Strasburg pie" became a gastronomic attraction of the civilized world.

But nothing is certain—not even the reputation of the most famous cook. There came to Strasburg another Chef, Doyen by name, who managed to filch or discover Chef Close's secret, and then improved upon it. He added to the Close paste some truffles from Périgord, and behold a new form of the choice dish, so much better than the old that all the nobles and wealthy epicures flocked about Doyen and forsook poor Close, who soon died from chagrin.

The rest of my story is not very pleasant. From all the geese that quacked throughout Europe enough livers could not be procured to make a sufficient quantity of the delicacy demanded by customers. It was Doyen who reasoned that it was easier to enlarge livers than it was to increase the already great number of geese; so he devised the present plan of keeping the poor creatures confined and feeding them upon a diet which would enlarge the organ which was the chief ingredient of the dish. Since the days of Doyen a refinement of cruelty has been originated, and the geese are made to stand upon metal plates which are so hot that the unfortunate fowls have to keep stepping about in a grewsome sort of dance. I know of one person who has never been able to eat *pâté de foies gras* after hearing that.

Forty thousand geese are dancing in those sad cages in the old town of Strasburg; and the profit from the principal industry of the town is becoming so great that I fear a humane society would be very unpopular if it ventured to plead in behalf of the victims of avarice and the luxurious tastes of what are called "the better classes."

PEOPLE have no right to make fools of themselves unless they have no relations to blush for them.—*Haliburton.*

A Favorite Painter.

Murillo, of all the painters, seems the universal favorite. His paintings of "St. Elizabeth" and "The Healing of the Paralytic" are rich in color and of singular beauty. He himself thought "The Charity of St. Thomas" was his best work. His picture of "The Virgin of the Napkin," though executed hastily, as a present to a cook who begged some memorial of him, shows a face in which thought is happily blended with maidenly innocence; and the Divine Child, with His deep, earnest eyes, leans forward in her arms, struggling, as it were, almost out of the frame, as if to welcome St. Joseph home from his daily toil. The picture is executed with a brilliancy of touch never excelled; it glows with a golden light, as if the sun were also shining on the canvas. Another, "The Guardian Angel," shows the chief figure in a rich yellow robe and purple mantle, pointing as he goes with the right hand to heaven, and with the other leading a lovely child—the emblem of the soul passing through the pilgrimage of this world. Never was an allegory more sweetly told than in this picture. But his best-known work is probably his beautiful painting of the "Immaculate Conception," which has been so widely copied that it must be familiar to every Catholic child.

In his numerous pictures of our Blessed Mother Murillo's celestial attendants are among the loveliest cherubs that ever bloomed on canvas. Hovering in the sunny air, reposing on clouds, or sporting amongst their silvery folds, these ministering shapes add life and movement to the picture. Some of them bear large white lilies, others roses, sprays of olive, and palm boughs. As a painter of children, Murillo has caught with matchless insight all the nameless ways and graces of the bright-eyed Andalusian boys and girls he loved to depict.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Mr. James Jeffery Roche, who comes as near filling John Boyle O'Reilly's place on the *Pilot* as any living writer could, read a strong and tender poem at the unveiling of the beautiful bronze memorial of O'Reilly in Boston last month.

—The works of Jules Verne, being intended for the general public, have no marked religious tone; however, as often happens, something has been lost in the English translations. Mr. Verne is known among his friends and neighbors at Ameins, as a fervent member of the Church. He is now eighty-five years old.

—In this day of new editions Father Faber's "Tales of the Angels" should not be lost sight of. It is one of the most delightful books of its kind in any language. A new edition, with illustrations, would be sure to command a wide sale. No child could ever forget "Tales of the Angels" or fail to be benefited by it.

—In the revised edition of his "Life of Lawrence Sterne," Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has felt constrained to modify his former favorable judgment of the most eccentric and unintelligible of English men of letters. Since the first edition was published, some very clever estimates of Sterne have appeared, but Mr. Fitzgerald's work still remains the final authority

—That the universal desire for Christian reunion is more than a mere passing enthusiasm is plain from the number of earnest books which have been written in its behalf. The latest of these is "Christian Reunion," embodying three sermons by the Rev. W. Delaney, S. J. The author asks himself these questions: (1.) Did Jesus Christ establish union in His Church, or any constitution to secure it? (2.) If He did, is there any corresponding unity or constitution existing in any Christion body? (3.) If there is, what historical relation is there between that body and the Church of the Apostles? There is nothing new either in the matter or form of this little book, but while there are so many erroneous statements of the real issue we can not have too many correct ones. Father Delaney reasons closely and writes with clearness. Fallon and Co., publishers, Dublin.

—The critics, it is well known, have all laid their tributes at the feet of the new Catholic poet, Mr. Francis Thompson. But a more gratifying and, we confess, surprising compliment to Mr. Thompson is the fact that the English people have already bought up five editions of his poems. Yet popularity is the least conspicuous note of Mr. Thompson's poetry.

—We are happy to announce that Dom Aidan Gasquet, O. S. B. intends to publish a history of the religious movement in England during the fifteenth century. The important undertaking was interrupted by the sessions of the commission on Anglican orders, of which the learned Benedictine is a member; but it is hoped that he will soon be able to resume work upon it.

—We welcome a new and cheaper edition of Maria Catherine Bishop's "Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven." It is a charming book, and we hope that it may secure many readers everywhere and win many new readers for Mrs. Craven's own fascinating volume, "A Sister's Story." The new edition of Mrs. Bishop's work is in one volume. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—Some interesting Catholic books are announced. The Rev. Father David, O. S. F. is about to publish the first volume of a history of Theology which, when completed, will fill three or four volumes. M. Pierre Rocfert is preparing the memoirs of Monsig. Chaillot, who was in close touch with the Holy See for half a century. Father Henri Chérot, S. J. has written a work of historical and pedagogic interest, entitled "Trois Educations Princières au Dix-septième Siècle."

—Surprise is often expressed that foreign Catholic periodicals of high standing do not have a wider sale in the United States. There are many reasons for this, one of which commends itself especially to the attention of publishers. Foreign papers are so flimsily

wrapped that they are often lost in the mails; and once a file is broken, interest in the publication is lessened. When the time comes around for a renewal of the subscription it is apt to be cancelled for a reason which the editor and publishers may never hear.

—It was natural that the series of sketches by Miss T. Sparrow, entitled "In the Battle for Bread," should have attracted much attention in England. Her articles in the *Quiver*, and other London journals, had prepared Catholic readers to expect something of deep interest when contributions to a Catholic periodical were announced. The Glasgow *Observer* has the following reference to one of Miss Sparrow's sketches:

"Mary Loys' Story" is the title of one of the narratives contributed to THE AVE MARIA. The story, though brief, is one of rare merit, pathos and power. We can agree with the criticisms bestowed on the story by the magazine in whose pages it appeared: "A more pathetic and edifying narration than 'Mary Loys' Story' has never appeared in our pages." Miss Sparrow is a member of a well-known English Catholic family, and a sister of Dr. Sparrow, of Liverpool School Board and Young Men's Society fame. She is one of an already numerous array of Catholic lady journalists.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo., $6.25.

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo., 9s. net.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena. *Algar Thorold.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Woman, What Have I to do with Thee? *Presbyter Anglicanus.* Kegan Paul & Co. Crown 8vo., 2s.

Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. *Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 3 vols. $4.50.

Christian Reunion. *William Delany, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 1s. 6d.

Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. *K. M. Barry.* Fallon & Co. 2s.

Retreats, etc. *Father Dignam, S. J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Jewels of the Imitation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* Burns & Oates. 60 cts.

Questions of Honor in the Christian Life. *Katharine E. Conway.* Pilot Co. 50 cts.

Conscience and Law. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. $1.60.

In a Walled Garden. *Bessie R. Belloc.* Ward & Downey. 6s.

Evolution and Dogma. *Rev. John A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C.* McBride & Co. $2.

Saint Phinomena. *From the French.* R. Washbourne. 5 cts.

Mooted Questions of History. *H. J. Desmond.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts.

Catholic Directory, 1896. *Hoffmann Bros. Co.* 50 cts.

Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism. *Rev. William Humphrey, S J.* Thomas Baker. 65 cts.

Our Own Story. *Rosa Mulholland.* Catholic Truth Society. 2s. 6d.

Christian Unity. *Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.* Catholic Book Exchange. 50 cts.

Father Furniss and his Work for Children. *Rev. T. Livius, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

Lyra Hieratica. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* Burns & Oates. 2s, 6d.

St. Antony of Padua. *Franciscan Fathers,* Burns & Oates. 75 cts.

Jesus, His Life; A Diatessaron. *Rev. Henry Beauclerk, S. J.* Burns & Oates. $1.40.

A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven. *M. C. Bishop.* Benziger Bros. $2.

The Christian at Mass. *Rev. Joseph L. Andreis.* Murphy & Co. 12mo, net, $1.00.

Poems. *Father John B. Tabb.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.00.

Prehistoric Americans. *Marquis de Nadaillac.* McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, *net*, 50 cts.

The Rythm of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Copeland & Day. Octavo, $1.25.

Guide to Confession and Communion. *St. Francis de Sales.* Benziger Bros. 32mo, cloth, 60 cts.

The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon. *The Rev. Joseph Spillmann.* B. Herder. 8vo, cloth, $1.50.

Cuckoo Songs. *Katharine Tynan Hinkson.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.50.

Summer School Essays. 2 vols. McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, 50 cents each.

Poems. *Lionel Johnson.* Copeland & Day. Octavo, $1.50.

Meditations on the Gospels for Every Day in the Year. *Père Médaille, S. J. Edited by the Rev. W. H. Eyre, S. J.* Burns & Oates. *net*, $2.25.

Poems. *Francis Thompson.* Copeland & Day. Square octavo, $1.50.

Petronilla, and Other Stories. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Benziger Bros. 12mo, cloth, $1.

Sister Songs. *Francis Thompson.* Copeland & Day. Square octavo, $1.50.

The Circus-Rider's Daughter. *F. v. Brackel.* Benziger Bros. 12mo, $1.25.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Father Searle, C. S. P.* Catholic Book Exchange. 5 cts.

Means and Ends of Education. *Bishop Spalding.* McClurg & Co. $1.

Songs Chiefly from the German. *Bishop Spalding.* McClurg & Co. $1.25.

Letters of St. Alphonsus Liguori. Special Correspondence. Benziger Bros. $1.25.

Eucharistic Conferences. Catholic Book Exchange. 50 cts.

Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses" Exposed and Refuted. *Rev. J. T. Harrison.* St. Paul, Minn.

My Will. *Father Kneipp.* J. Shaefer. $1.50.

Sermons on the Blessed Virgin Mary. *Very Rev. D. I. McDermott.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, I. 48.

Vol. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 11, 1896. No. 2.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

On Murillo's "Immaculate Conception."*

O BLEST Murillo! what a task was thine,
That Mother to portray whose beauty mild
Combined earth's comeliness with grace divine,—
To whom our God and Saviour as a child
Was subject—upon whom so oft He smiled!
Yet not less happy also in my part;
For I, though in a world by sin defiled,
Though lacking genius and unskilled in art,
May paint that blessed likeness in a contrite heart.

The Wonder-Worker of Padua.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

II.—Fernando the Scholastic.

HAT wonder that the child should have turned from the world in his fifteenth year, when most children at that stage of development find an indescribable joy in mere physical existence? From his earliest infancy his life was an involuntary consecration. He was meekness, compassion, love personified. He had a special devotion to the impoverished and all those in sorrow and affliction. He was never known to utter a falsehood. All the offices of the Church were dear to him. He never failed to hear Mass daily, and joyfully and most reverently to serve it. Our Blessed Lady, pattern of purity, was his chosen patroness. For the amusements which were the delight of his companions he cared nothing; the pleasures of life he never knew, and hoped never to know. He was the natural enemy of idleness; was instinctively studious; and of a sweet solemnity, which did not oppress but rather edified his associates, and endeared him to them.

What wonder that he should turn from the madding crowd and seek the seclusion of a cloister? There was nothing unwholesome, nothing unnatural in his resolve to quit the world while yet a child in years. For a youth of his temperament—a temperament which was an angelic heritage—there is really but one step to be taken; firmly, but in all humility, he took it.

Without the walls of Lisbon stood the Monastery of St. Vincent, a house of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. Having obtained leave of his parents, he went thither; and, casting himself at the feet of the prior—called by some Gonsalvo Mendez and by others Pelagius,—he asked to be admitted to the holy brotherhood. Naturally edified by the gentle and reverent spirit of the youth who knelt

* Written in pencil on the fly-leaf of an old catalogue of the Museum of the Louvre, and found on the sofa before Murillo's masterpiece.

before him, the prior received him with affectionate tenderness, and in due course of time he was clothed in the white robe of the Order.

What happiness of heart was his, what peace of spirit, what serenity of soul! Alas! they were short-lived. His friends, missing him sorely, sought him at all seasons. If he had before this been to them an engaging mystery, a surprise, by reason of his unlikeness to them and to any other whom they knew, he was now, clad in the pale robe of the Augustinians, their wonder and their delight. He drew them irresistibly to the monastery, and their well-meant but ill-timed visitations were a distraction which he could not long endure.

Two years were enough, and more than enough, to assure him that at St. Vincent's, let him strive never so bravely against such a fate, he was in danger of losing his vocation. He must seek security in solitude, in exile; and that without delay, if he would attain the perfection which was his aim in life. It was in no bitterness of spirit, no pride, no impatience, he turned from all who loved him most. It was an honest and an earnest effort on his part to reach that state of grace for which his heart was hungering night and day. At St. Vincent's he was neighbor to the world and the worldly life he cared not for. He must fly hence, at any cost to comfort, temporal or spiritual. He must steel his heart to the sweet assaults of earthly love; for the unity, peace and concord he sought found no abiding place under heaven save in cloistral seclusion.

The prior of St. Vincent's had, during the two years of Fernando's sojourn there, beheld with joy the fervor of the youth; and when that youth implored him to be allowed to depart into some other house of the Order—some house far removed from Lisbon and the voices that were constantly crying to him to return to them again,—the prior was for a season loath to give him leave; but, as the old chronicler says: "Having at length, by tears and prayers, obtained the consent of his superior, he quitted not the army in which he was enlisted, but the scene of combat; not through caprice, but in a transport of fervor."

III.—Fernando the Augustinian Canon.

Nearly a hundred miles from Lisbon stood the Abbey of Santa Cruz. It was lapped in the seclusion of Coimbra; it was far from the trials, the temptations, the tribulations of the work-a-day world. It was the mother-house of the Augustinians, the cradle of the Order. The sweet influences of the saintly Theaton, its first prior, still perfumed it. It was the centre and the source of all the noblest traditions of the tribe, the inspiration of the clergy, the consolation and the pride of the loyal and widely scattered brotherhood.

The Abbey was a far-famed seat of learning. There Religion and Letters went hand in hand. Don John and Don Raymond, both Doctors of the University of Paris, were among the scholars at Santa Cruz. For a student, for a religious, for a recluse, there was no retreat in Portugal more desirable than this; and thither Fernando was sent.

His new brethren were not long in convincing themselves that Fernando's change of residence had not been made without reflection, and that the love of novelty had no share in his decision. He had, it is true, ardently longed for solitude and tranquillity; but, far from seeking therein a dispensation from the rigor of monastic life, he sought but a means to perfect himself in virtue. At Lisbon he had read the literature of pagan antiquity; at Santa Cruz he devoted himself to the study of theology, the Fathers, history, religious controversy. Above all these, the Sacred Scriptures won his ardent attention.

He was seventeen years of age when he entered Santa Cruz. He was completely

detached from the world. Nature had in every way richly endowed him. His memory was prodigious. All knowledge came to him freely, without effort; and, once acquired, it never left him more, but, beautifully adjusted and ready for instant use, it seemed literally at his tongue's end.

Eight years he passed at Santa Cruz, in obedience, in prayer, in study. He grew continually in virtue—he was virtue's self. Devoted to his books, he never permitted the study of them to interfere with the pious duties allotted him. On one occasion, being employed in some remote quarter of the Abbey, he heard the note of the Elevation bell; turning toward the chapel, he prostrated himself and beheld the distant altar, and the Sacred Host in the hands of the celebrant,—beheld them all as plainly as if the intervening walls had vanished away.

Nor was this the only wonder he worked at Santa Cruz. While nursing one of the religious, the patient—a victim of obsession—became uncontrollable. Fernando, spreading the hem of his mantle over the sufferer, brought to him instant and permanent relief.

His erudition grew to be the subject of general comment. He knew the Holy Bible by heart; he seemed to have taken the sense and substance of it to his soul, so that it became a part of him. In one of his commentaries he wrote: "O divine Word, admirable Word, that inebriatest and changest the heart, thou art the limpid source that refreshest the parched soul; the ray of hope that givest comfort to the poor sinner; the faithful messenger that bringest glad tidings to us exiles of our heavenly country!"

He never forgot what he had once studied; though the time was to come when the calls upon him were so many and so various he had no moment in which to read anything save only his Breviary.

IV.—Fernando Becomes Antonio.

Not far from the Monastery of Santa Cruz, at Olivares, stood the Franciscan Abbey of the Olives. This holy house was small and poor. It was named in honor of St. Anthony of the Desert; his poverty, his frugality, his sobriety were patterns for the *frati* who dwelt there. They lived upon the tribute gathered by the humble supplicants who went forth daily asking alms of the faithful. Often they had knocked at Fernando's door; often he had shared his bread and his wine with them; and he was beginning to feel a personal interest in them when the five friars who were afterward martyred in Morocco sought the hospitality of Santa Cruz, where he soon grew to know them intimately.

The martyrdom of the friars, the transportation of their relics to Portugal, and the shrine prepared for them at Santa Cruz, the knowledge he had gained of the origin and development of the Franciscan Order, inspired Fernando with a longing to become himself a follower of St. Francis.

Now the solitude he had sought and found in the cloister at Santa Cruz began to pale. He feared he was wasting his life; he felt that his energy and enthusiasm should be placed at the disposal of those who were in crying need; and surely there were many such. He would even follow in the footsteps of the five friars; he also would offer his body to be martyred for Christ's sake and for love of his fellow-men. Therefore when the Brother Questor, whose duty it was to ask alms for the needs of the Convent at Olivares, came to Santa Cruz, Fernando talked long and earnestly with him concerning the rule of his Order and the wonderful founder thereof.

This Brother Questor and Fernando were in close sympathy. One day when Fernando was saying Mass the Brother Questor died. At that moment Fernando, dissolved in ecstasy, saw his soul in its

flight through purgatory, ascending dove-like into the realms of bliss. It may have been this vision, or it may have been the glorious sacrifice of the martyr friars, or the poverty and devotion of the brotherhood, that inspired Fernando with a desire to become one of them; we know not just what was the primal cause, but we know that with difficulty he obtained leave of the prior of Santa Cruz to detach himself from the Augustinians and join the followers of St. Francis.

He had won the respect, the love, the esteem, the admiration of his associates at Santa Cruz; they would fain not part with him. One said to him, half in jest and half in earnest: "Go thy way; thou wilt surely become a saint." Fernando replied: "When they tell thee I am a saint, then bless thou the Lord."

In applying for admission to the Franciscan ranks, Fernando had said: "With all the ardor of my soul do I desire to take the holy habit of your Order; and I am ready to do so upon one condition—that, after clothing me with the garb of penance, you send me to the Saracens, so that I also may deserve to participate in the crown of your holy martyrs."

Then he put off the white robe of the Augustinians, and donned the brown garb of the impoverished Franciscans; took unto himself the name of Antonio, the patron of the hermitage of Olivares; and, without one adieu, joyfully vanished from the knowledge of all those who had known and loved him in the flesh.

(To be continued.)

A MOST important means of acquiring interior mildness is to accustom ourselves to perform all our actions and to speak all our words, whether important or not, quietly and gently. Multiply these acts as much as you can in the time of tranquillity, and so you will accustom your heart to gentleness.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART III.

I.

"AH, De Varigny! You are the very man I am looking for."

So said one young man to another, by whose side he dropped into a chair in the window of a New Orleans club-house. The person addressed glanced up with some surprise.

"Looking for me, Langdon?" he said. "What do you want?"

"Nothing much," the other replied. "I only want to introduce to you a man who seems consumed with curiosity about old French families, old French customs, and old French history of New Orleans. Now, I'm not at all informed on these subjects; but *you* must be, since you belong to a representative French family. He'll bore you, no doubt; but you've no objection to knowing him, I suppose?"

"If he is a friend of yours, certainly not," said De Varigny.

"He's a little more than a friend: he's a distant relative, that I wish was a good deal nearer. Some thirty or forty years ago a cousin of my father went to California, and his daughter married Atherton the millionaire. I believe he wasn't a millionaire when she married him, but he became one afterward, as all the world knows; and this is her son."

"It is not to his discredit that his father is a millionaire," remarked De Varigny, temperately. "What is he like himself?"

"A good deal like an Englishman—the genuine article, not the American imitation, you understand. He doesn't make a point of talking London slang; and doesn't even let you know, unless it comes up naturally, that he is an Oxford man. He's quiet, well-bred, and without an ounce of pretension on the score of his millions."

"Why should a man have pretensions on the score of possessing millions which somebody else accumulated?" asked the young Creole, with a quiet shrug of his shoulders.

"Why indeed? But one knows, all the same, that the pretensions of such men are often unbearably offensive—at least to that large proportion of the world which does not possess millions. They are generally underbred, however; and that, of course, accounts for their display of what is quite the most vulgar thing on earth—purse-pride. But Atherton, you see, has good blood on his mother's side, and therefore knows better."

"That" with gravity "is no doubt to be considered. And is he here for any special purpose?"

"No: merely as an idler. It seems that he is threatened with consumption, and the doctors ordered him to the West Indies. He found life dull there, and has come over from Cuba here. For lack of other interest, I presume, he is, as I have said, immensely interested in Creole families; so I am sure he will like to meet you."

"I shall be delighted to meet him. Where is he to be found?"

"In the smoking-room at present—at least I left him there when I started in search of you, somebody having mentioned that you had come in. If you like, we'll look him up."

De Varigny, assenting, rose—a slender man with a remarkably quiet manner and somewhat languid grace of movement, which did not conceal the latent nerve and fire that would be quick to answer to any demand made upon them. His face was strikingly handsome, with clear, olive tints, finely-cut features, and brilliant dark eyes; while his lithe, graceful figure, tapering to delicately small extremities, betrayed only to a practised eye the muscles of steel it possessed.

Langdon belonged in all respects to a different type. As commonplace as the other was picturesque in appearance, he was large-limbed, loosely built, and inclining to stoutness But his good-looking and very good-humored face was not without attraction; and his aspect was altogether that of one sure of himself and his surroundings, with a comfortable conviction that he had little to desire in life which was not within his reach.

They speedily found the man, described as manifesting a consuming curiosity about old Creole families, where he had been left—sunk in the depths of an easy-chair, smoking, and listening with perfunctory attention to two club gossips talking such social scandal as flourishes for the benefit and by the aid of persons like themselves all the world over. "I know for a fact that the matter will end in a separation," one of them was saying as Langdon and De Varigny came up.

"Are you fellows on that topic still?" remarked the former. "'At every breath a reputation dies,' might be truly said of you!—Atherton, here is a man who has the history of every French family in Louisiana at his finger's ends, for the best of all reasons—that he is connected with every one of them,—and who is himself a sample of their best. Let me introduce Mr. de Varigny."

"Our friend Langdon gives me credit for more claims on your consideration than I really possess," said De Varigny, as he and Atherton shook hands. "I am by no means connected with every French family in Louisiana; nor am I—"

"Don't say you are not a sample of their best!" interposed Langdon. "For you must know that you are; or if *you* don't, the rest of us know it so well as to make your knowledge non-essential."

"We'll waive that point if you insist upon it," De Varigny responded, smiling. "I was about to say that I am not possessed of the exhaustive knowledge regarding them with which you credit me. But, for all that, I can possibly either answer

myself or find some one who can answer any reasonable question Mr. Atherton may desire to ask about any particular French family. Or is your interest merely general in its nature?" he added, addressing that gentleman.

"It is both general and particular," said Atherton, thinking, as he looked at the speaker, that between him and a certain boyish face which dwelt in his memory there was a striking resemblance of type, which in no respect amounted to personal likeness, but distinctly marked them as belonging to the same race. And perhaps he saw this the more clearly because his perceptions were quickened in all that related to that face by deep and stern resentment toward it—toward the frank lips that had deceived, and the beautiful eyes that had cheated him out of the interest and affection he had all his life so sparingly bestowed.

"Your history is so rich in romantic interest," he went on, as De Varigny, having sat down, regarded him expectantly, "that one would need to be devoid of all imagination who did not find it fascinating. But it is likely that you are tired of hearing this; and tired, too, of imparting information about its details to curious strangers."

"Not at all," replied the other, courteously; "provided that strangers do not talk to us of the extremely imaginative creations of certain novelists, and expect us to recognize them as types of Creole character and life. Of what has real existence, either in history or in the present, we are quite ready to speak; being ourselves perhaps a little proud of our past, and much attached to its traditions."

"Who would not be proud of such a past!" said Atherton. "It is not the fault of those from whom you are descended that this whole continent is not French instead of English to-day; for the world has never known a more gallant, adventurous and hardy race than the early French settlers of America. Marquette, La Salle, Frontenac, De Bienville—the mere sound of their names at once recalls achievements of daring, marvels of iron endurance, such as no other race can show on the soil of the New World."

The young Creole smiled, and his dark eyes had a light of pleasure in their brilliant depths.

"*Je vous remercie, monsieur*," he said; and then added, in the same language: "We think so, who have sprung from the race of which you speak; but it does not naturally become us to dwell very much upon these things. There is one who would like to talk to you of them, however; and that is my father. He is of the old order; he has no taste, no love for the new. His mind is stored with memories, traditions, stories of the past; and it is possible that you would be interested in meeting him."

"It is not only possible but certain," Atherton replied. "I should be extremely interested in meeting him."

"Then you must come over into our old French city; for my father seldom goes beyond its boundaries, now that he has grown old. He never liked the new American city, but now he tries to forget its existence. It is still not very difficult to achieve that in the '*Vieux Carré*.'"

"Which comprises within its limits all that is worth knowing, seeing or remembering in New Orleans," said Atherton. "I assure you that it will give me the greatest pleasure to make a pilgrimage to any part of it in order to form the acquaintance of your father."

"It is settled, then. Are you engaged for this evening?"

"I have no engagement which I can not put aside."

"In that case I shall have the pleasure of calling for you at—shall we say eight o'clock? You are to be found—"

"At the Hotel Royal, quite in the heart

of your old city. For the matter of that, how could one possibly think of being found anywhere else!"

"You do us and our old city too much honor. May I ask if your interest in these things has been awakened since your arrival here?"

"My interest in New Orleans, yes. In old French families—or, to speak more correctly, in *one* old French family,—no. And this" (glancing around to satisfy himself that the gossips had withdrawn) "suggests a question which I have been anxious to ask of some one able to answer it authoritatively, as you no doubt can. Is it true, as I have been informed, that the family called De Marsillac is extinct?"

The young Creole looked surprised.

"The name is extinct," he replied; "for all the men who bore it were killed in the war. But the family still survives in the persons of Madame Prévost, born De Marsillac, and her daughters."

"She has no son?"

"None."

"There is positively no *male* alive who has a right to call himself De Marsillac?"

"I will not go so far as that," said the other, with a smile; "but I am certain there is none in Louisiana. Have you met some one calling himself De Marsillac?"

"Not only calling himself so, but taking all the rights which should accompany the name."

"And those rights," asked the young man, with astonishment, "were—what?"

Atherton hesitated before replying. Deep as was his indignation against the boy who, he said to himself, had befooled and deceived him, some instinct—whether of past trust or past affection—held him back from denouncing him as an impostor and appropriator of that to which he had no claim. And while he hesitated De Varigny went on:

"I ask the question because I do not see what rights a self-styled De Marsillac could claim. All that remains of the family wealth is a plantation on Bayou Tèche, which belongs to Madame Prévost; on which, in fact, she lives. And, although that has been heavily mortgaged, she has lately been able to pay off the mortgage, and therefore no one could possibly claim it."

The mortgage! How clearly at that word there rose before Atherton the picture of a wide, sleeping bay overhung by a tropical heaven; of dim, mysterious, encircling mountains; of the gleaming lights of a city from which the dark shadow of blood might never pass away; of heavy tropical foliage softly rustling in the breath of a fragrant land-breeze; while a voice full of music, and he would have sworn of truth, told him of a threatened home, and of a mortgage which might be paid only by sacrifice or by daring! He looked quickly at De Varigny.

"Do you know," he inquired, "where the money which paid that mortgage came from?"

He did not think until after the words had left his lips how singular would be their sound in the ear of the man to whom they were addressed. In fact, the latter was for a moment confounded. Then, recovering himself, but with a stiffness of manner which told with sufficient clearness what he thought of such an inquiry, he answered:

"That is surely Madame Prévost's private affair. If I did know, I should not feel myself at liberty to say."

"I beg your pardon!" said Atherton. "The question escaped me unawares. Of course you could not be expected to answer it. I asked only because—well, because I am greatly puzzled."

"About the payment of the mortgage on Madame Prévost's plantation?" asked the other, with growing astonishment. "Do you, then, know any of the family?"

"None."

"And yet—"

"And yet I am curious about their private affairs, you would say. But it is

not that I am interested, in so far as those affairs relate to *them;* but—perhaps—to the De Marsillac who, you assure me, does not exist."

"You talk in riddles, Mr. Atherton. Do I understand that this De Marsillac claimed to belong to the same family as the Prévosts?"

"I can not say that, because the name of Prévost is new to me. I have heard it for the first time since my arrival in New Orleans. But he claimed to represent the De Marsillac who came to Louisiana as a refugee from the island of St. Domingo."

"It is the same family; there is no other of the name in Louisiana. Therefore the man who told you he represented it could only have been an impostor."

"That is what I am constrained to believe. And if so, these people of whom you speak—these Prévosts—should be put in possession of some facts relating to him."

"Facts affecting their interest?"

"Very much affecting their interest."

De Varigny was silent for a moment, as if reflecting. Then he said:

"Do you know that you rouse my curiosity exceedingly?"

"There is no reason why I should not gratify it," Atherton replied, "except for the fact that in what so nearly concerns them I should perhaps first address the Prévosts. Yet, if you are a friend of theirs, I may, by placing the matter in your hands, relieve myself of any responsibility—"

"No. On consideration, I should much prefer that you communicated with them directly, since the matter seems to you important," observed the young Creole. "It is for them to take me into their confidence if they care to do so."

"But where shall I find them?"

"Their home is on the Bayou Tèche. But my sister is expecting a visit from one of the daughters of Madame Prévost next week. You may, if you think it well, communicate your information to her."

"I shall be glad if you will afford me an opportunity to do so. It may be too late for any practical result; but, since her family are unquestionably very much concerned in certain acts of the person calling himself De Marsillac, I do not feel justified in withholding from them my knowledge of what has been done."

"And I," said De Varigny, regarding him intently, "shall have pleasure in arranging for you to meet Miss Prévost as soon as possible after her arrival."

(To be continued.)

A Hymn to the Blessed Virgin.

FROM THE GERMAN, 15TH OR 16TH CENTURY.
TRANSLATED BY E. M. CLERKE.

TO thee, O Woman, throned on high,
In my sore need I raise my plea:
'Gainst God full often sinned have I,
One of thy servants let me be.
Sweet Mary mild, turn of thy Child
The wrath from me away:
My refuge sole and stay,
Lest death come near, help thou without delay.

Mary, my guardian kind,
Mother of God and tender Maid,
How vexed my thought and mind,
By fear of death dismayed!
I die of woe that long ago
Ere yet too late,
Should have been felt for my soul's state,
Had not my will been obdurate.

Therefore, pure Maiden, intercede
And pardon of my sins obtain;
For thy Son grants when thou dost plead,
And death unlooked for comes amain:
So let me bow to penance now,
That grace make whole:
Lay on me chastisement and dole,
Nor let my body hurt my soul.

O sweetest Mary, Maiden bright,
Let me to thee my soul commend,
And to the hosts of angels white,
When this my mortal life shall end:

Keep me that hour from the fiend's power
And ruthless might;
Help thou me in my direful plight,
And screen me then from his fell sight.

The Scriptures of thy glory speak
And laud thy goodness to the sky;
Then turn and help me, poor and weak,
I pray thee, Maiden pure and high;
Thine aid impart to steel my heart
'Gainst death's sharp blow,
Through Him who did the Cross' woe
And the Jews' mockery undergo.

Draw up to thee all my desire,
For thou alone dost hope inspire;
And much my heart that hour doth dread
When life hangs on an instant's thread;
None without grace may win apace
Heaven's portal through;
That I may sin and shame eschew,
I, through thy mother-love, now sue.

The Saint of the Scapular.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE next two years were full of trials and sorrows of various kinds, in all of which the faithful and loving servant of Mary had recourse to her for counsel and protection. In her honor he composed a sacred poem, entitled "Flos Carmeli," which opens thus:

O Flower of Carmel, most fragrant vine,
Splendor of paradise, Mother divine,
Sweetest Star of the Sea!
O Lily most pure, more white than the snow,
Grant us, we pray, what we ask of thee now:
Calm the rage of the sea!

Not only did the troubles pass away, but Simon's trust and confidence were rewarded by the apparition of the Blessed Virgin, which has rendered his name especially celebrated. The vision occurred on the morning of July 16, 1251, shortly before daybreak, in the Carmelite chapel at Newenham, near Cambridge, where a house had been given to the monks. The account of this vision rests principally on the authority of Father Peter Swaynton, a Carmelite monk, and the confessor, companion and secretary of St. Simon Stock, by whom it was recorded on the day of its occurrence. He states that he wrote it down at the dictation of the Saint. We give it in his own words; the original manuscript is in Latin. He writes as follows:

"The blessed Simon, broken down by a lengthy old age and rigorous penance, and by bearing the troubles of his brethren in his heart, was watching diligently in prayer throughout the night, even until morning; and whilst thus making his prayer he received a consolation from Heaven, which he thus related to us in community:

"'Most dear brethren, blessed be God, who does not abandon those who hope in Him, nor despise their prayers! Blessed be the most holy Mother of Christ Jesus our Lord, who, mindful of the days of old, and of the tribulations which many of you have found exceedingly great (not considering that all who desire to lead a devout life in Christ Jesus must suffer persecutions), sends you a message which you will receive in the joy of the Holy Ghost. May He direct me that I may make it plain to you in the manner in which it behooves me to speak.

"'Whilst I was pouring out my soul in the sight of the Lord, dust and ashes as I am, and praying with full confidence to our Lady the Blessed Virgin Mary, that, since she wished us to be called her brothers, she would show herself a mother to us by delivering us from the danger of, and recommending us by some sign of favor to, those who were persecuting us, saying to her with soft sighs,

Flos Carmeli
Vitis florigera
Splendor cœli
Virgo puerpera
Singularis.

Mater mitis
Sed viri nescia,
Carmelitis
Da privilegia,
Stella maris,—

she appeared to me attended by a great retinue; and, holding in her hands the habit of the Order—*habitum ordinis*,—said: *Hoc erit tibi et cunctis Carmelitis privilegium. In hoc moriens æternum non patietur incendium.*—"This privilege will be for you and for all Carmelites. No one dying in this [Scapular] shall suffer eternal burning.'"

Swaynton continues: "He sent this same message to the brethren who were in other places very sorrowful, as a letter of consolation; which I, undeserving as I am, wrote at the dictation of the man of God, so that they might return thanks altogether by prayer and perseverance.

"On the 17th of the kalends of August [*i.e.*, July 16], as the aforesaid blessed Simon, with myself as his companion, was journeying to Winchester to obtain letters commendatory to our lord Pope Innocent IV. from the Bishop of Winchester, who was favorable to our Order, the Dean of the Church of St. Helen, of Winchester, Peter de Lynton, driving at full speed, met us, and implored the blessed Father that he would hasten to assist his brother, who was dying in a state of despair. His name was Walter. He had no shame in committing dishonest actions, was quarrelsome, addicted to ungodly magic; he despised the holy Sacraments, and harassed his neighbors. One day, quarrelling with another man of noble birth, he was mortally wounded by him; and, seeing himself already cited before the Divine Judgment, and the devil putting all the crimes which he had committed before his eyes, he refused to hear either God or the Sacraments spoken of; but blaspheming, as long as he had utterance, he yelled out: 'O devil, avenge me on my slayer!'

"On entering the house, we found the man foaming at the mouth, gnashing his teeth, and rolling his eyes like a mad dog. Blessed Father Simon, making the Sign of the Cross and throwing the Scapular over the sick man, raised his eyes and prayed for a token from God that what Christ had ransomed should not become the prey of the devil. And all of a sudden the sick man, who was dying, recovered his strength and reason and speech; and, signing himself with the sign of salvation, rebuked the demons, and with moans and tears cried out: 'Alas, wretch that I am! how I shake at my eternal damnation! My iniquities have grown above the sands of the sea. Have mercy on me, O God, whose mercy exceeds Thy justice! O Father, help me! I wish to make my confession.'

"When I had withdrawn into a corner of the house, the aforesaid Dean Peter told me that, seeing the impenitent heart of his brother, he prayed alone in his room, and forthwith this voice reached him: 'Arise, Peter! Seek my beloved servant Simon, who is on his way coming to this place.' And, looking round to see whence these words proceeded, the voice sounded a second and a third time. Wherefore, prudently believing that this was a voice from heaven, he hurried off for his horse, so that he might intercept the venerable Father on his journey; and returned thanks for finding him so opportunely.

"After his confession Walter received the Sacraments of the Church, evincing signs of great repentance. He made his will; and, having received his brother's assurance that he would carry out his intentions, he desired that all ill-gotten goods should be restored, and that reparation for the injuries he had committed should be made. About the eighth hour of night he peacefully breathed forth his soul, which appeared to his brother, who was in doubt of his salvation, signifying that all was well with him; and that, through the most powerful Queen of

Angels, by the Scapular of the blessed man as if by a shield, he had escaped the snares of the demons.

"The fame of this event flew through the whole city. Forthwith the said Peter de Lynton went to the Bishop of Winchester, and, committing every detail to due order in writing, desired to know his opinion in such an extraordinary circumstance. The Lord Bishop was amazed; and, having consulted thereupon with his chapter, it was determined that the Blessed Simon should be interrogated as to the virtue of the Scapular. He appeared before the Lord Bishop; and, in obedience to his orders, concealed nothing. And the Lord Bishop desired that everything should be committed to writing under an authentic seal.

"The aforesaid Peter the Dean, in thanksgiving for the miracle wrought on his brother, made a foundation for our Brothers in Winchester, giving them ground, and building a very commodious and spacious convent for the Order. The account of this event spread throughout England and abroad; and many cities offered us dwelling-places; and many of high rank begged to be affiliated to the Order, desiring, in order to participate in its graces, to die with the Scapular; so that, by the merits of the glorious Virgin Mary, they might have a happy departure out of this life. Thus by degrees did the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, under the favor of our Lord Jesus Christ and Mary, His Blessed Mother, begin, in the West, to be multiplied into many provinces, and the provinces to have many houses, and these convents to have communities, which bore great fruit to the augmentation of the Christian faith."*

We may here mention that on the 3d of March, 1322, the Blessed Virgin appeared to the Sovereign Pontiff John XXII., wearing the Carmelite habit, and commanded him to ratify on earth the favors and privileges which her Son had granted to her on their behalf in heaven. This the Pope did by means of the famous Sabbatine Bull.

To return to the subject of the vision granted to St. Simon Stock. The news of it spread everywhere, and the authenticity of the privileges attached to the Scapular was proved by numerous miracles. Of these miracles we will proceed to narrate one or two out of hundreds that might be cited. In these days of unbelief there are, alas! some disloyal and half-hearted Catholics, who, instead of asking, like the saints of old, "How much may I believe?" strive to discredit the venerable traditions of Holy Church, and declare the miracles recorded by discerning and trustworthy men to be "medieval myths."

In a village of France, called Uguy, on the 19th of June, 1644, a house and barn were discovered to be on fire. Not only were no means of extinguishing the flames at hand, but it appeared only too probable that the destruction of the entire village would ensue, as a high wind was blowing, which drove the flames in the direction of the other houses and farm buildings. At this juncture a man named Peter Bernard, a member of the Confraternity of Mount Carmel, who had come over from an adjacent hamlet to render assistance, by a sudden inspiration took off his Scapular, and, handing it to the mayor, requested him to throw it into the hottest part of the fire. Not only did the raging flames gradually die out without doing further mischief, but the wind at the same time shifted to an opposite quarter, and thus the village was saved. Public thanksgiving was made to Our Lady of Mount Carmel; and some days after, when the *débris* of the house were being cleared away, the Scapular was

* This account of the origin of the Scapular is taken from the "Speculum Carmelitanum," vol. i, p. 519; nn. 2078, 2079. Cf. "Pietas Mariana," pp. 105, 106; 243, 245.

found amongst the ashes, so absolutely unharmed by the fire that its owner, Peter Bernard, replaced it on his neck, and continued to wear it as if nothing unusual had occurred.

The following touching occurrence is related by Father Leblanc, S. J., who was himself an eye-witness of the event, which took place in a college where he was engaged in teaching. One evening, when he made the round of the dormitories, he found one of the younger boys on his knees beside his bed. "Why are you not in bed, my boy?" he inquired.—"Father," the child replied, "I gave my Scapular to the lay-brother to-day to be mended; he has not returned it to me, as he promised. I dare not go to bed without it: I might die in the night."—"Nonsense, my dear boy!" the Father rejoined. "Lie down at once and go to sleep, and I will see that you have your Scapular again to-morrow." But the child sobbed and cried so bitterly that Father Leblanc went down and fetched the Scapular. The boy kissed it most devoutly, slipped it over his head, thanked his kind friend, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. The next morning, when Father Leblanc again went round the dormitories, he was not a little surprised to find that the boy had not obeyed the signal to rise with the others. He went up to his bed in order to awaken him, but found that he was sleeping that sleep from which on earth there can be no awakening. A calm and beautiful smile hovered on the child's pale features, and in his cold hands was clasped his beloved Scapular. The Queen of Virgins had taken him, in his baptismal innocence and unsullied purity, to be with her forever in paradise.

It is now time for us to return to the Saint. During the term of his generalship the Carmelite Order grew and flourished in a most remarkable manner. In France St. Louis did much to extend it; he brought a considerable number of monks with him when he returned from the Holy Land, and under his patronage and protection many foundations were made in his realm.

Desirous of living only for the greater glory of God and the faithful discharge of the important duties entrusted to him, St. Simon Stock resolved to make a general visitation of the houses of the Order. He showed himself a true son of St. Elias, who said: "With zeal have I been zealous for the Lord God of hosts."* It was impossible not to admire his courage and energy; for he was already ninety years of age, bent beneath the weight of cares and sorrows, worn by the most rigorous austerities. Yet God gave him strength to visit all his monasteries, make numerous foundations, and establish in various places the Confraternity of the Scapular. Finally, having completed his task, in the hundred and first year of his age, he ended, at Bordeaux, a life which was one long miracle from beginning to end. He fell asleep, *in osculo Domini*, May 16, 1265. The last words he uttered were those which during life were most frequently on his lips: "*Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostræ!*"

In accordance with his express wish, he was buried at the door of the Carmelite church in Bordeaux. For several days subsequently a bright light shone above his grave. In the course of about a year the cell he had occupied was turned into a chapel, and his remains solemnly removed thither. His canonization took place at Rome in 1276.

The remains of the Saint now rest in the Cathedral of Bordeaux, with the exception of such portions as have been withdrawn for distribution among the houses of the Order. The Carmelite monastery in London possesses the largest of these relics—a *tibia*. To obtain it, in the early part of 1864, a short time after this

* III. Kings, xix, 10.

the first English foundation in recent times had been made, two of the Fathers—Father Hermann and Father Sebastian—went to Bordeaux, carrying with them a letter from Cardinal Wiseman to the Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Donnet. He received the deputation graciously, and readily granted their request. The *procès-verbal* of the extraction of the relic, having been drawn up, was signed by the witnesses, and the relic was placed in a shrine prepared for it by the Papal Nuncio at Paris. The translation was made by Cardinal Wiseman, on the feast of St. Simon Stock, May 16, 1864, the late Father Morris, S. J., acting as master of ceremonies. A temporary suspension of the *clausura* had been obtained for the occasion; thus many persons were enabled to enter the monastery and witness the ceremony. The relic is deposited beneath the high altar of the church.

Miss Amble's Crumpled Rose-Leaf.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

EVERYONE in Hillward was exceedingly proud of the Church of the Assumption. A real piece of architecture, it stood on a beautifully kept greensward, the one feature of the little New England town. "Few cities can boast an ecclesiastical edifice of grander proportions or of more artistic beauty," said the local newspaper. No one gainsaid it; and the immovable rector, Father Garland, who had been to Rome and many other places, backed up the assertion.

The rector and his curate, Father Strong, lived in a trim frame dwelling on one side of the church. On the other side, in a garden, was a cottage "to let"; and beside this towered the mansion of Miss Amble, the most imposing building in Hillward after the church; much more so indeed than the court-house. In the mansion with Miss Amble dwelt her niece, Jessica Wintergreen, and her maids. Over the coach-house dwelt the coachman and his wife, who was without her equal as a "clear-starcher," whatever that may be.

Miss Amble was not exactly young: her age was thirty-three; but she had a sweet, placid countenance that went far to make her the best-liked woman in Hillward. Very censorious people said it was easy for her to be good: she had plenty of those things which money may command, and she had nothing to trouble her. This was not altogether true. Miss Amble had her crumpled rose-leaves. The first one was Jessica Wintergreen, as pretty a girl as you could well hope to meet with; and the medals and degrees she had brought home with her from the convent were ample evidence that she possessed "intellectual gifts."

Jessica had been Miss Amble's charge ever since the girl's parents died, ten years ago; and she had been a great consolation, but now she was felt to be a great responsibility. She had no vocation for life in a sisterhood, Sister Clara and Father Garland declared with emphasis at a time when Jessica thought she thought otherwise. And this being the case, and there being no necessity for Jessica to earn her livelihood, there was nothing left for her to do but to marry. For, much as Miss Amble esteemed single blessedness for herself, she by no means approved of it in general. This being settled in Miss Amble's mind, she looked about her, and found no one in Hillward she could approve of as a husband for Jessica.

Her second crumpled leaf was the vacant cottage. It had been vacant for a long time; and, assured in her mind that it could and would be rented only by one who would be an objectionable neighbor, who would trespass on the greensward of the church, Miss Amble had sought in vain to buy the property.

"It would be a perfect locality for the new school-house," she said.

Father Garland smiled at her crumpled leaves. "But," he admonished, gently, "take care not to make crosses out of them."

"Jessica, never!" replied Miss Amble; "though, were it not so silly, I'd say that I have a presentiment that cottage is to be a cross to me."

Returning home from seven o'clock Mass one morning, Miss Amble and Jessica saw that the sign "to let" had been taken down. The house blinds were open, and two women were going about with buckets of water, brooms, and brushes.

"The cottage has acquired a tenant," said Miss Amble. "Who can it be!"

"The sign was up when we went to church; perhaps they have arrived," answered Jessica.

A relationship existed between Miss Amble and one of the work-women. She was godmother to the woman's baby, as she was to a number of other poor babies in the town. A blessed thing for the little ones; for Miss Amble was strict in her interpretation of the duties of a godmother, and carefully looked to the eternal and temporal interests of her spiritual children.

"Betty, Betty!" she called softly, and a blush rosied her cheeks. She had never done so ill-bred a thing before; but her curiosity was great, and her alarm for the greensward greater.

The woman laid aside her broom and came down the short garden path.

"How is little Ella?" Miss Amble asked, her face now red for her hypocrisy.

"She's fine, Miss," said Betty; adding, as she waved a red arm in the direction of the cottage: "It's took at last; and a real respectful man, they say. He was in the calvary, and got shot."

"Respectable and cavalry, Betty," corrected Miss Amble. "Do you know the—gentleman's name?"

"Respectable and cavalry, whichever you please," said Betty, humoring her Lady Bountiful. "There's a lot of boxes and things come, and the name marked on them's Jason Mason—a real poetry name, as I said to Miss Buckley, who is doing the floors."

"They arrived during Mass. I thought I heard a bustle," said Miss Amble to herself. Then her conscience reproved her for keeping Betty standing; and she moved on, promising to call on baby Ella before long.

"Jason! It is not a very Catholic name, is it?" she said later on to her niece.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Jessica. "It is a very pretty name, though."

Miss Amble's terrestrial beliefs were not numerous, and few of them were positive. She believed in Hillward; and, though she was dubious about Commonwealth Avenue, she thoroughly believed in Beacon Street, Boston. Therefore, when she heard, a few days after her conversation with Betty, that her new neighbors were of the Beacon Street Masons, she felt assured of the safety of the greensward.

"I called on Mrs. Dickenson this afternoon," she said to Jessica. "She is so informing."

"I suppose you know that they have arrived," Jessica said, speaking of what was uppermost in her own and in her aunt's mind.

"Yes. I saw Captain Mason and his sister, Mrs. Woodward. She is a widow," replied Miss Amble. "I drove by them as they walked up from the station."

"Where did you learn—oh, I forgot your remark about Mrs. Dickenson!" said Jessica, and smiled.

Miss Amble blushed. "They are the Beacon Street Masons," she observed. "I don't know whether they are Catholics or not."

"Mrs. Dickenson's information stopped short of that," suggested Jessica, a little pertly.

"O dear Jessica, indeed we were not gossiping!" said Miss Amble. "It is so sad that he has lost an arm. Quite a young man and very handsome."

"Aunt Ella!" exclaimed Jessica. "He is quite old. His mustache is gray."

"You are sure you saw him?"

"Yes. I was in the garden when they arrived," faltered Jessica.

"Oh!" said Miss Amble, and set her eye-glasses firmly on her nose.

Aunt and niece were both right. Both had been gossiping innocently—one with Mrs. Dickenson and the other with the flowers. The Captain was forty-five—a youthful age to some people, an old age to others,—and he was bravely handsome. The next day, Sunday, revealed to them that their neighbors were Catholics, and practical ones. On Monday Miss Amble and Jessica called on Mrs. Woodward.

"I am so sorry my brother is not at home to make your acquaintance," said Mrs. Woodward.

"You must bring him over to tea with you on Wednesday. It will be very quiet; there will be no one but ourselves, unless Father Garland drops in. Only next door, you know; it will not be like going out," pleaded Miss Amble, for she had been warned that Mrs. Woodward was still in mourning for her husband.

Then when Mrs. Woodward said it would make her very happy to drink tea with Miss Amble, the latter confessed the fear she had had of the cottage being let.

"I am so glad that you are Catholics," she remarked.

"The Masons have always been," said Mrs. Woodward. "You know, we came originally from Maryland."

Miss Amble bowed and said:

"My father and mother, my sister and brother and myself, all embraced at the same time."

Mrs. Woodward looked mystified. "To embrace" was a Hillwardism for "to become a Catholic."

"Yes," pursued Miss Amble, "we were all baptized on the same day." Her pretty eyes lumed and relumed behind her glasses, and in all its strength she exhibited her stalwart pride. "My brother is a priest; he has charge of a parish in Norwood," she said.

Wednesday soon came, and it found Miss Amble in a "great fidget." The Amble teapot was famous. Archbishop Carroll and Benjamin Franklin had drunk from it when on their way as commissioners of the young Republic to Canada, and it had been exhibited in the Boston Art Museum.

"Should I use the Amble or the every-day this afternoon?" she said to Jessica, eying her with great earnestness.

"I really don't know," replied Jessica; then, brightening, she went on: "They are strangers; he may be shy,—big men sometimes are; and we may want something to talk about. The Amble always makes conversation."

"How thoughtful you are, Jessica!" praised Miss Amble. And so when Captain Mason and his sister arrived the Amble glistened on the shining tea-table.

The teapot was not required, however, to make conversation. Miss Amble was wily. The Captain was not shy, but he was one of those quiet men who require to be drawn out. Miss Amble had made up her mind since last Sunday that the Captain was the ideal man she sought for the hand of Jessica. Betty found poetry in Jason Mason; in Jason and Jessica Miss Amble discovered an epic. Jessica was in awe of the Captain, and Miss Amble proceeded to draw him out for Jessica's benefit. She spoke of wars, and soon learned that he had lost his arm fighting the Sioux Indians. She was a well-read woman in several directions, and by apt questions she drew from the Captain some score of army stories in which he was not made the hero. Jessica listened with intense interest; and, interested at first for Jessica, Miss Amble became absorbed for herself.

Mrs. Woodward, who had many things to say, found it tiresome; and afterward laughingly complained that she could not get in a word edgeways.

"I never spent a more delightful afternoon," declared Miss Amble, when her visitors had departed.

"Yes, he is very interesting," answered Jessica, dreamily. "And you are right, Aunt Ella: he is handsome. His eyes express so much."

Suddenly Miss Amble came down from the cloud on which she basked. Never before had being called "Aunt" emphasized her age to her. Jessica looked at her in wonder as her face reddened from shame for her momentary disloyalty to her niece. But, strive as she would, she could not feel overwhelmingly glad at Jessica's appreciation of the Captain's merits. She even thought that a certain reticence would have been becoming in so young a girl.

The Angelus bell rang at that moment; and when the prayer that has been the inspiration of so many great poets and painters was ended, Miss Amble turned to Jessica and said:

"Jessica, I can not be explicit, but I am a wickedly rebellious woman. Say you forgive me."

"Forgive you, Aunt Ella! For what?" exclaimed Jessica.

For answer, Miss Amble hurried away; and when she again appeared she had exchanged her pretty tea-gown for a drab silk most satisfactorily unbecoming.

"A well-read and well-informed woman, and a woman with a very fine figure," declared Captain Mason to his sister on their way home.

"Well, Jason," replied Mrs. Woodward, "whatever else can be said of Miss Wintergreen, I do not think—now don't say I am captious—I do not think her figure is good."

"Miss Wintergreen?" meditated the Captain. "Oh, I spoke of the elder of the two ladies!" he said, and brushed out the ends of his iron-gray mustache.

"Indeed!" said his sister, and retired into the folds of her mourning veil.

The intimacy between the mansion and the cottage grew strongly, and Miss Amble watched with a variety of emotions the daily meetings of Jessica and Jason. At times the hopes she would have of a lasting union of the two seemed about to be realized; again there were moments when affairs seemed to retrograde. She made no attempt to hurry matters; she was not a vulgar matchmaker, but she did trust a good deal to propinquity. Between herself and the Captain a barrier arose, erected by both; though neither knew the other to be the builder. Miss Amble avoided the Captain; and, though he did not avoid her, he showed himself frozen and abashed in her presence.

One morning at Mass the appointed server failed to appear, and Captain Mason took his place in the sanctuary. Tears started to Miss Amble's eyes, and she felt herself wicked for her distractions, and yet strangely happy. She wanted him to be good,—he was so good; and he was so humble and reverent; and his little awkwardnesses in handling the wine and water cruets with his one hand touched her, and were gracefulnesses in her eyes, and perhaps too, she thought, in the eyes of God. She did not seek to avoid him that morning, but let Jessica go on, and walked with him to his garden gate; and for the life of her could not help saying:

"Oh, you edified me very much this morning!"

"How so?" he asked, wonderingly.

"So few men appreciate the honor there is in serving Mass. I think only great men do," she said.

If Miss Amble blushed, the Captain's face grew redder than the scarlet verbenas nodding their little heads in the air and sunshine.

"You are very kind," he stammered;

and Miss Amble, quite as confused as he, hurried on to overtake Jessica.

As winter approached, Mrs. Woodward began to go out, and Hillward to talk about the Captain's attentions to Jessica. The talk reached Miss Amble's ears; and she said she was glad, and cried interminable *mea culpas* because she could not be. She had created an ideal in her mind for Jessica, and the Captain surpassed it. Of course Jessica loved the man; she was as sure of it as that he loved Jessica. But why did not Jessica confide in her, and why did he not speak to Jessica? Assured in her mind that he would, she quietly made arrangements to leave the mansion when the marriage took place. She had always intended it for Jessica. She would go to a cottage she owned at Barnoget Lands. Not that she liked Barnoget Lands, but what difference would it make *then?*

So the winter came, and still nothing was settled; and Miss Amble continued to smile when people congratulated her on the immensely proper match Jessica was going to make.

One cold morning in December the Captain gave the door-bell of the mansion a violent peal.

"Miss Jessica is out," said the housemaid, who opened the door.

"I don't wish to see Miss Jessica," said Captain Jason Mason, bluntly. "I wish to see Miss Amble. Is *she* at home?"

The housemaid admitted that Miss Amble was at home; and, having ushered the Captain into the drawing-room, went to inform her mistress. A coal fire burned in the grate, and the Captain took up a poker and stirred the coals into a blaze. An onlooker might have thought there was an air of proprietorship in the way in which he did it. The truth is, he had acquired the habit of one having authority. This habit left him abruptly when, a moment after, Miss Amble entered the room, looking interestingly pale in a dark well-fitting merino frock.

"Good-morning, Captain!" she said, and held out her hand to him.

"Bitterly cold weather," remarked the Captain, as they seated themselves in their respective chairs before the fire.

"The societies have seen that everyone in Hillward is provided for; and it is very fine weather for the ice crop," said Miss Amble, practically. And then, feeling that she was asserting herself too much, she acknowledged that it was cold. "We turned the water off last night, for fear the pipes would freeze," she said.

The Captain received this piece of information with a bow; and then there was a prolonged silence, broken at last by Miss Amble.

"I am so sorry Jessica is not at home. She has gone to the skating club."

"I am very glad she is not at home,—in fact, I saw her go out. I came to see you, Miss Amble," uttered the Captain, spasmodically.

So he was going to speak to her first. As the guardian of Jessica, she would listen; but it was hard. So she braced herself up to hearken to the realization of her scheme, and said primly:

"I am entirely at your service, Captain Mason."

"Oh—!" ejaculated the Captain, and immediately collapsed.

Miss Amble waited miserably for some minutes, and then said:

"I am waiting, Captain Mason. I have a headache—the cold, I think. If you could finish your business—"

The Captain was instantly on his feet.

"Another time," he began; when Miss Amble, almost sobbing, interrupted him.

"No, no! Whatever it is, say it now, and let it be over and done with."

"You are too kind. You must pardon me for intruding at an inopportune moment; as inopportune for me as for you, I fear," stammered the Captain. "I am forty-five—almost forty-six," he went on, and his voice trembled.

"The prime of life," murmured Miss Amble, wholly and solely in the interest of Jessica.

"Thank you!" exclaimed the Captain, heartily; and, taking courage, he went on: "I feared you would think me too old; and I have but one arm," he apologized. "And, moreover, I am not so well off as you are."

Miss Amble gave him a startled look; then she took off her eye-glasses, and unaffectedly wiped her eyes with her handkerchief.

"May I hope?" he asked, hoarsely.

"For what?" whispered Miss Amble, and did not wipe away the tears that fell from her downcast eyes.

"That you will be my wife, Ella," said the Captain, courageously.

"*Me!*" cried Miss Amble.

The Captain now held her hands.

"Will you?" he insisted.

"Why, I thought you came for Jessica!" sobbed Miss Amble.

"Jessica!" roared the Captain. Then light broke in on him. "She wants this—she understands; and will you, Ella?"

"I am so old!" she faltered.

"Do you ever look in the glass?" he cried, and turned her face to the mirror over the mantelpiece. The face she saw in the glass—flushed, happy, tearful, with a nimbus of dishevelled hair about it—was that of a woman of twenty-five or six.

"O Jason!" she whispered, and hid her face on his shoulder.

"How is your head, Ella?" he asked a few minutes later.

"It doesn't ache a bit," said Miss Amble.

WHAT nonsense it is, this anxiety which so worries us about our good fame or our bad fame after death! If it were of the slightest real moment, our reputations would have been placed by Providence more in our own power and less in other people's.—*Hawthorne.*

In Honor of a Golden Wedding.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE of wedded life!
O venerable pair, your plighted troth
Hath borne the fruits (alas, too rare a growth!)
Of charity and prayer and peaceful strife.
A faithful husband, a devoted wife,
Look back through fifty summers, and can say:
"Ay, God did surely grant our marriage-day
A blessing with unwonted favors rife.

Of children nine, all live. And daughters twain
Are vow'd to God in dear St. Joseph's band:
No loss to mourn, but only priceless gain.
While—prouder honor still—'twas not in vain
We ask'd that one among our sons might stand
Before God's altar with anointed hand."

E. H.

JULY 7, 1896.

Bits of Colored Glass.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

SOME men are like a church-organ: you can play upon them for a lifetime and always find new melodies; others are like a music-box: they have four or five shallow tunes. But God loves both. A road-puddle holds the moon as well as the sea.

***

Success and virtue are not always twins.

***

We hear so often the expression, "Charity covers a multitude of sins," that we shall come one day to think this virtue a pot-lid. It is more than a pot-lid.

***

We all have very sound principles concerning the discipline of our neighbor's children.

***

A colony of tiny red ants started to burrow at the foot of Mount Shasta. "Is this wise?" asked one of them. "We may cause the mountain, which, after all, is

beautiful, to tumble down." The others answered, solemnly: "Let it fall!" Latest reports inform us that the mountain is still standing. This historical fact is kindly offered for the consideration of the Church's enemies.

***

God is the good physician who is pitiful when we are delirious.

***

The chief rule in the arithmetic of merit is that God's and his neighbor's opinion of a man is always in inverse ratio to his own opinion of himself.

***

God and mothers are bankers who pay out usurious interest.

***

Do not be proud; because if all fools wore white hoods, any crowd of men would look like a buckwheat-field in blossom.

***

You boast that you have good blood in your veins,—so might a mosquito.

***

We sow nettles, and then blame God because we can not reap wheat.

***

The Church and Heresy—Saturn and a billiard-ball; yet the billiard-ball is fearful lest it crack Saturn in the collision.

***

Indiscriminate charity may be unwise, but St. Benedict left this rule: "First relieve the poor; then, if need be, question them." St. Benedict was gentlemanly.

***

The caliph's horse was shod, and the mud-beetle held out his leg also. There are churches and churches.

***

Sensuality, spiritual sloth, pride, lack of faith, hope and charity, are some of the causes of melancholy; Dante, therefore, thrusts the melancholy into the slime of the dead canal of Styx, and there they cry out:

> We sullen were
> In the sweet air, which by the sun is gladdened,
> Bearing within ourselves the sluggish reek;
> Now we are sullen in this sable mire.

A Statue with a History.

ON the sunset side of the city of Paris sits a dusky old church dear to archæologists, and more dear to the pious folk that love to come and kneel round its altars. For St.-Germain-des-Prés holds a real treasure—a statue of the Madonna with centuries of history and pious association wreathed round it. Even the casual visitor, strolling through that ancient pile and knowing nothing of its wonderful story, must be struck by the sweet old image—the serene reposefulness and measureless mother-love of Our Lady, and the divine mysteriousness of the Child, with His right arm thrown about her neck and holding a little bird tenderly in His left hand.

No age but the Middle Age could have wrought so devotional a statue, and to the thirteenth century we must go for the origin of this one. At that time the Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris, being in need of a statue to crown the altar of its Lady-chapel, the Princess Blanche de France, daughter of St. Louis, was resolved to supply the want. So she sought out a skilful artist—whose name, alas! is not as immortal as his work—to chisel in stone a statue of Our Lady and the Divine Child. But she longed, too, to express the fealty which the House of France ever held toward the Queen of Heaven. In a moment of inspiration she commanded that the features of the saintly Queen Blanche should stand for the semblance of Our Lady, and that the Divine Child should wear the features of the son of Blanche, St. Louis, whose picture as an infant was happily preserved. Thus, while rearing a shrine to Our Lord and His Mother, she perpetuated in the tenderest and holiest way the memory of another son and mother whose names will ever be as a benediction upon France.

During the five centuries that followed

the statue was in great veneration, and amid all the vicissitudes of war it alone escaped hurt. But when the fury of the French Revolution burst forth, it was wrenched from its pedestal and carried as so much stone to the Musée Français. There it remained for ten years, forgotten amidst the dust and the spoils of many churches.

In 1803 the altars of St.-Germain-des-Prés were again prepared for the worship of God; but the sacred vessels and vestments had been stolen, and the whole church was deplorably naked of ornament. However, the venerable Abbé Lèvi, who had once been preacher to the royal court and Vicar-General of Aix, knew where the treasures of the church had gone, and demanded leave to choose from the ruins in the Musée Français a suitable statue of Our Lady. His eye was at once caught by the beauty of the statue stolen from the Abbey of St. Denis; and, though he knew nothing of its history, he lost no time in choosing it.

Once restored to honor in a Parisian church, the story of the statue could not long be hidden, and long accounts of the vicissitudes it had undergone were published in the French reviews. The canons of St. Denis sent a deputation to reclaim it; but no eloquence could be equal to such an occasion. The parishioners of St.-Germain-des-Prés were already so much attached to the beautiful Madonna that neither justice nor compassion could move them to part with it. But they compromised by allowing the canons to make a plaster cast of the Madonna of St. Blanche; and this may still be seen, where the original stood so long, in the Lady-chapel of the Abbey St. Denis.

Thus in a church which few travellers know stands a statue made dear by centuries of devotion, doubly interesting because it perpetuates the features as well as the remembrance of two great saints of France.

Notes and Remarks.

Our holy Father has issued another Apostolic letter on the relations between the See of Rome and Christendom. With the directness and logical clarity which have characterized all his utterances, Leo XIII. shows the absolute necessity of "a living authoritative and lasting magisterium" in the Church, and then locates that magisterium in the Papacy. The purpose of the Encyclical was obviously to point out to the world that the Pope can not, even if he would, relinquish the office of supreme teacher and governor of the faithful; and that the only way to Christian reunion is through submission to the Head of the Church. Some have affected to see in this document a reply to Mr. Gladstone's now famous letter. It certainly does meet the main contentions of the Grand Old Man with admirable frankness and force; but the fact is that the Papal document was actually in course of translation at Rome before Mr. Gladstone's communication reached the Vatican.

Protestant ministers whose chief occupation in life would seem to be to circulate calumnies against the Church—their number is happily decreasing—would do well to give up Mexico, which has long been a favorite theme with them. Intercommunication between the two republics is now so close that lying reports can easily be refuted to the discomfiture of all concerned in their circulation. Not long since the Rev. W. H. Sloan—a rare specimen of brazen mendacity—published in a New York paper some charges against the Mexicans which were as ridiculous as they were false. We notice that he has been promptly and vigorously castigated by the *Revista Catolica*, of Las Vegas, N. M.; *El Tiempo* and the *Two Republics*, of the city of Mexico. The pebble of fact upon which Mr. Sloan attempted to build a colossus of calumny was the burning of a lot of anti-Catholic tracts by the parish priest of Pachuca. Not a single heretic had a single hair singed. Mr. Sloan must have been reading some antiquated volume like

Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and then the father of lies prompted his son to take up his pen and write. We have no patience with clerical mountebanks, and no sympathy with those who take the law into their own hands; but, as there is no telling what an outraged people might do under strong provocation, we advise Brother Sloan to spare himself possible discomfort by not taking his next vacation in Mexico.

"A fragment of the episcopate, like that of the Anglican Church," said Lord Halifax recently, "is bound by its principles to submit its judgment to that of the episcopate at large. As loyal members of the Church of England, we are bound to entertain any proposals which may be a step toward ascertaining what that judgment is on the points which keep us apart. The Pope, by his position as the First Bishop of Christendom, is enabled to take steps in that direction which are possible to no one else." We have often wondered why this point has never assumed its proper prominence in the current discussion. Anglicans protest that Infallibility lies in the decision of the bishops of the world in ecumenical council assembled. Now it must be plain to them that even were such a council convened, the *placets* of the Anglian bishops compared with the *non placets* of the bishops of the Eastern and Western churches, would be as a glass of water dipped from the Mediterranean. If they are really sincere, why will they not recognize this?

An interesting article by Mr. G. Wilfred Pearce appears in the *American Catholic News*. He makes the gratifying statement that the victory of the Church over irreligion and immorality is so marked that "Paris, once the spring from which rivers of vicious literature flowed to all parts of France, is now clamoring for stringent laws against writers, teachers or painters who corrupt the youth of the nation." Even after a little allowance is made for the optimism of this view, it is borne in upon thoughtful observers that an important change is working in France. A well-known Parisian critic notes a marked revival of Catholic ideas and beliefs, and states that the young men and women of to-day are celebrating religion and morality with the same enthusiasm with which the young men of 1792 and 1848 celebrated free thought. M. Charles Wagner, another Parisian Protestant, testifies that "the Roman Catholic Church is winning great victories in all parts of France, especially in Paris." This moral landslide has wrought such an unpleasant change in the income of the "sewer rats" of French literature that the odorous Zola has announced his intention of writing a "deeply religious novel," which moves Mr. Pearce to remark that "nothing funnier than this has happened since Leon Cardier, condemned to death for murdering his father and mother, asked to be reprieved from death on the ground that he was a poor orphan, who wanted to live a while longer to mourn the loss of his parents."

A recent pamphlet by a non-Catholic clergyman recalls the well-known declaration of the Protestant historian Lecky anent the practicability of the Bible as a rule of faith. "Protestantism," said Mr. Lecky, "could not possibly have existed without a general diffusion of the Bible; and that diffusion was impossible until after the two inventions of paper and printing." The Rev. Dr. Plummer, in his tract "How to Use the Bible," states the case even more concretely and picturesquely in these words: "In the thirteenth century, in England, two arches of the London Bridge cost twenty-five pounds. At the same time a copy of the Bible, with a few explanatory notes, cost thirty pounds."

It has often been observed that the great multitude of non-Catholics are swept along in the main current of inherited beliefs. The idea that one should hold to the religion of his parents is hard to eradicate from the minds of Protestants. It is never considered that it is precisely because their forefathers failed to do this that they themselves are not Catholics. Even so bright a man as Ian Maclaren, the Scotch novelist, maintains that one who changes his religion does a base thing, "unless he acts under great constraint of conscience." (It is generally great restraint

of conscience that causes people to embrace the Catholic faith.) Mr. Watson says further: "If I was a clergyman whose church was recruited by persons who were leaving ancient communions, in which their fathers lived and died, simply because they wanted to follow the fashion, I should lift up my voice and implore such persons, for the sake of my own church, and for the sake of their own souls, which they are selling, to remain where they were."

Without realizing it, the writer apprehends the beginning of a great movement toward *the* ancient communion. A mighty influence from on High is carrying the generation to which we belong far away from the landmarks of its predecessors. This drifting is a happy sign; and there is the mighty current of Catholic truth, which, sooner or later, will draw all things to itself. In no sect can any earnest seeker after truth find rest to his soul; and the smallest beginning of dissatisfaction in any mind which prompts it to search for fuller light is an unmistakable effect of divine grace.

A charming page in the newly-published "Letters of Matthew Arnold" is that which tells of his meeting with Cardinal Newman. He writes:

On Thursday I got a card from the Duchess of Norfolk, for a party that evening to meet Newman. I went, because I wanted to have spoken once in my life to Newman. I met A. P. S. [Dean Stanley] at dinner at the Buxtons', and he was deeply interested and excited at my having the invitation to meet the Cardinal. He hurried me off the moment dinner was over, saying, "This is not a thing to lose." Newman was in costume—not full cardinal's costume, but a sort of vest with gold about it and the red cap. He was in state at one end of the room, with the Duke of Norfolk on one side of him and a chaplain on the other; and people filed before him as before the Queen, dropping on their knees when they were presented and kissing his hand. I only made a deferential bow, and Newman took my hand in both of his and was charming.

The eloquent passage in which the apostle of "sweetness and light" explains "why the Roman Catholic Church will always have a strong attraction for the man of imagination" is well known; it was his scholarship and not his imagination that made him write of the well-known historian of the English people: "I am glad to hear from Green . . . that the more he looks into Puritanism, and indeed into the English Protestant Reformation generally, the worse is his opinion of it all."

The Duke of Argyll is one of those hereditary aristocrats of England whose title is adorned by brilliant natural parts and the most advanced culture. He has already written much and learnedly about modern science, in which he is no mean authority; and, though he is not strictly orthodox, he has won laurels in philosophy besides. His latest book is entitled "The Philosophy of Belief; or, Law in Christian Theology"; and it is accepted by the leading critical journal of the language as bringing him "into line with that reaction toward a reasonable faith which is not the least remarkable feature of contemporary thought." No sane man could doubt for a moment that such a reaction must come; and there are many proofs in contemporary literature that it has come—as Dr. Schurman, of Cornell, has observed, "The agnostic fever has burned itself out." There is every reason to believe in the prophetic soul of that orator who, referring to the infamous book of Tom Paine, expressed the hope that a century which began by proclaiming "The Rights of Man" might end by acknowledging the rights of God.

Writing of "The Right of Privacy" in the *North American Review*, Mr. John Gilmer Speed, one of the most promising of the younger school of American writers, tells how the word "Jesuitical" came to have a sinister significance in the popular mind. "Perhaps the most signal recognition of the right of privacy," he says, "is the spirit which underlies our positively declared and strictly enforced rule of law that no priest, lawyer, or physician can be compelled to testify as to matters confided to him in his professional capacity by another. This is called the rule of confidential communication; and is not limited to merely voluntary information, but covers all knowledge of a person or his affairs obtained in consequence of the professional relation. To the students

of English law, it will not be difficult to refer the first implanting of this sturdy timber in the soil of our jurisprudence to the devious and cunning methods employed by the prosecutors at the trial of the Jesuit priests accused of complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, in the year 1606, to force or betray them into violation of their sacred duty toward the inviolability of the confessional. It was for avoidance of the questions pushed upon them for this unworthy purpose that they were stigmatized as 'equivocators,' and the name of their Society set down with ineffectual solemnity in dictionaries of the English tongue as a synonym for that dubiously polite label for one of the seven degrees of the lie."

The real reason why our brethren of the sects have no love for the sons of St. Ignatius is because they were the power that did most to stem the "Reformation" flood. It was indeed, as Parkman says, "an ill day for new-born Protestantism" when St. Ignatius laid down the armor of the flesh to buckle on the sword of the spirit.

Notable New Books.

ALETHEA: AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS. By Cyril. Burns & Oates, Benziger Bros.

The scene of this story is Constantinople, and the time is the middle of the ninth century—that awful period in Church history disfigured by the names and crimes of Photius, Emperor Michael, and Bordas Cæsar. No more stirring time could have been chosen for the background of a love-story, and no episode could be more pathetic or richer in dramatic possibilities than the cruel deposition of the saintly Patriarch Ignatius.

Two features of this novel command our unreserved admiration—the author's location of it in time and place, and the historical knowledge called into service in writing it. There is also sufficient cleverness of style. But the story is elephantine—it is more than twice as long as most of Marion Crawford's novels,—and the dramatic climax is laboriously piled up. Then, too, the story is constantly dodging into lanes and byways at the cost of continuity and coherence; while the canvas is so crowded with needless figures that the outlines of the really important personages are sadly blurred. But it must not be inferred that "Alethea" is not a readable story. The author has avoided "the unpardonable sin of writing about a character"; and nearly all the plot is unfolded in dialogues, some of them very strong. For readers unacquainted with the religious complications of the ninth century, this novel will be instructive as well as entertaining; for others it will have the charm of a familiar outline sketch, filled in with local color. "Alethea" is not the great historical novel that Catholics have been looking for so long, but it is a wholesome and interesting story.

THE SAINTS OF MOUNT CARMEL. Translated from the Latin for the Carmelite Convent in Boston. J. Cashman & Co.

The devout laity may now enjoy the privilege of reading the offices of the saints especially honored by the Carmelite Order; for a really excellent translation has been made by a lover of those homilies and lessons which, since early ages, in Carmel cloisters have furnished food for pious meditation. The pages are redolent of sacred memories of saintly souls who have found courage in the combat by reading of those who walked before them to Carmel's heights. Lessons, antiphons and prayers are full of holy unction. We cordially commend this work to Carmelite religious and to all who love the Divine Office.

RETREATS GIVEN BY FATHER DIGNAM, S. J. Burns & Oates, Benziger Bros.

The great work accomplished by Father Dignam during his lifetime has been made known by the recently published "Memoir" of him. In some respects the present volume gives a closer and more satisfactory view of his life; for it deals with him exclusively as a director of souls. We must be allowed to say at once that there is a quantity of padding here of which a man so earnest and straightforward as Father Dignam would hardly approve; but when the element of the commonplace is eliminated there is enough left to make a most interesting book. This, too, in spite of the fact that the report

of these retreats has been prepared not from Father Dignam's manuscript, but almost exclusively from notes taken by those who heard him.

The compiler has prepared abstracts of almost a hundred discourses, covering every point usually touched on during a retreat The great value of the abstracts is their practicability. Father Dignam had evidently read and assimilated all that is best in mystical and pastoral theology, and in giving it forth again invested it with a pleasing character of modernity. But his missionary work was not all oral: he had numerous spiritual children throughout England whom he directed by letter; and, happily, his advice to them may be had in his own words.

As illustrating the temperament and methods of a very successful missionary, these "Retreats" have a value of their own. The publishers, it may be observed, have done their part toward making the reading of the book a pleasure.

CATHERINE MCAULEY AND THE SISTERS OF MERCY. By K. M. Barry. Fallon & Son.

This well-written sketch of a great and noble woman's life and labors must find favor with all; for it is the biography of one who possessed in rare degree personal holiness and intellectual gifts of a high order. Her love for suffering humanity, her sympathy with every movement which had charity for its end, won for her the right to style herself a Sister of Mercy. The designs of Almighty God, as worked out in the life of Mother Catherine McAuley, make evident the supernatural element in a career wonderful in its manifestation of noble qualities in a truly wonderful woman—a woman of head and heart, and full of the love of God and her neighbor.

OUTLINES OF DOGMATIC THEOLOGY. By S. J. Hunter, S. J. Vol. III. Benziger Bros.

Father Hunter's English text-book of Dogmatic Theology is a magnificent trilogy, and the last volume pleases us most of all. It deals with the difficult subjects of Grace, Justification, the Sacraments, the Four Last Things, and certain points of minor importance. The chief merit of these volumes si the clearness and conciseness with which Catholic dogma is stated, and the skill and unerring precision with which tradition is estimated and ranked. The doctrine about Grace is, as theologians know, peculiarly difficult; and the difficulty is not lessened by the number of those who have essayed to write about it. It was dangerous ground to cover in a treatise designed to be at once popular and strictly accurate; but Father Hunter has covered this ground amazingly well. On the subject of "Hell," the work is modern enough to discuss the latest heresies—even speculations not absolutely heretical, such as those revamped by Dr. Mivart. There is also a timely statement of the much discussed question of Anglican orders, which will be specially valuable and intelligible to those who have not studied the question closely.

We congratulate Father Hunter on the happy issue of his labors, and cordially recommend these "Outlines of Dogmatic Theology" to the laity.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Lawrence H. Cranitch, of Newtonville, Mass., who departed this life on the 11th ult.

Mr. Richard Beaubien, whose life closed peacefully on the 25th ult., in Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Emily Spalding, of Philadelphia, Pa., who died last month.

Mrs. Mary J. Cahill, who breathed her last on the 15th ult., at Atlantic City, N. J.

Miss Ida Wolf, of Notre Dame, Ind., whose death took place last month.

Master Raymond Irwin, who passed away on the 25th ult., in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Philip Doll, of San José, Cal.; Mr. George Vollmeyer, Mr. John Keyes, Mr. Thomas Manion, and Mrs. Catherine Kinney, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Keating, Kansas City, Mo.; Mr. Bernard Keating, Co. Clare, Ireland; Mrs. Frances McGarry, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. John Gibbons, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. M. A. Sheridan, St. Joseph, Mo.; Mr. J. Deville, St. Pierre, Miquelon; Mrs. James Doyle, Racine, Wis.; Mrs. Ellen T. O'Flaherty, Harper, Iowa; and Mrs. Catherine McMahon, Ireland.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

The Four Sons of Aymon.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

YEARS ago the Bishop of C. was making a visitation of his diocese; and when he had to penetrate into villages hidden in the mountains, he went alone. Having finished his duty in the village of Ste. Zoé, he was dining with the *curé* and the aunt of the latter, who kept house for him. The *curé* was not pleased with the turn taken by the conversation.

"Now, I beg you, my dear aunt, to stop! You know, these stories can not interest his Lordship."

But his Lordship shook his head and bade her continue.

"Yes, my Lord," said she, "the village is poor enough; but the *curé* could live fairly on what he receives if he chose."

"Now, aunt," said the *curé*, "the proof that we do live very well is that you are in perfect health and so am I."

"That is true," she replied. "Both you and I can manage to live on potatoes and cheese. But one does wish now and again to eat a fresh egg laid by one's own chickens, and to see a ham in the larder."

"Do you mean," asked his Lordship, "that you never can do this?"

"Why, my Lord, the cellar is always empty, the eggs are all given away, and there is not so much as a ham bone to be seen!"

"But you can't expect a ham to last forever," muttered the *curé*.

"My Lord, the eggs go to the sick, the goat's milk to the babies, and the wine to the old people; the linen, which I spun myself, goes everywhere. If the *curé* dared, we should be dressed like St. John the Baptist, and I should not have a cap or a collar left," continued Aunt Lise.

"O aunt," interposed the *curé*, "why, there is nowhere in the village such caps and collars as yours! It is a proverb, 'As neat as the *curé's* aunt.'"

"Well, of course, at seventy years of age I know how to wash and iron my muslins; but I have hardly enough for a change. You know, my nephew, that you have only two cassocks, and one of them shines like the kettle on Easter Eve."

"Our Lord had only one tunic," muttered her nephew. "Why should we have closets full of cassocks?"

"Closets full!" exclaimed Aunt Lise, raising her eyes. "If Our Lady could only hear you! But, my Lord, all this is nothing—nothing in comparison. There is something else, and I will tell it."

"Oh, oh!" said the Bishop, looking at the *curé*, who seemed very uncomfortable.

"Now, my nephew," said Aunt Lise, "reply before his Lordship. What have you done with the four sons of Aymon?"

The Bishop dropped his fork; the *curé* became crimson and hung his head.

"I was putting my cupboard to rights," Aunt Lise went on. "It is half empty and its contents soon counted. But in a corner, my Lord, I had, covered up with lavender for fear of the moths, a piece of

stuff by which I set great store. It was part of my curtains which my mother sewed for me for my marriage. Such fine stuff, my Lord,—strong and good; straw-colored, with the history of the four sons of Aymon printed on it in red!"

"Well?" said the Bishop.

"I suppose, my Lord, somebody must have come lamenting that she had no petticoat, and the *curé* gave her my stuff; and then poor Aunt Lise, who wished to use it to cover a chair for the Bishop, has to shed tears because she sees him sitting on one which is by no means fit for him."

"Oh, do stop, aunt!" pleaded the *curé*. "For you have such odd ideas. You have not looked properly for your four sons of Aymon. His Lordship is too patient. Do go now and bring us some coffee—that delicious coffee which you know so well how to make."

As the Bishop kept silence, Aunt Lise departed. His Lordship left the table and went into the balcony, followed by the *curé*. At first they were silent, contemplating the landscape. Before them rose the mountains with their gloomy summits; at their feet murmured the mountain stream, often swelled into a torrent surrounded by rocks. At last the Bishop said:

"My dear *curé*, what have you done with the four sons of Aymon?"

The *curé* looked into the stream below, as if he expected to see the four sturdy lads come out of its depths.

"I must tell your Lordship all."

"Oh, never mind my 'Lordship'! Let us speak together as brothers. Does your good aunt actually accuse you of taking away her property? It is really grave."

"My Lord, let me explain myself. My people are terribly poor, but my aunt wishes me to live in plenty; and when I give away what I do not need, she makes herself miserable. She wants her nephew to have money to spare."

"But the four sons of Aymon?" said the Bishop.

"I am coming to them, my Lord. At the end of last July I was obliged to tell my aunt that my resources had come to an end. I am as much afraid of her, my Lord, as when she whipped me as a little boy. She had a strong hand then; happily, she now fears the censures of the Church or otherwise—well, my Lord, I had very little money, and an urgent need of—a—"

"But the four sons of Aymon?"

"I am coming to them, my Lord. But I must tell you that just behind my garden there is a poor old tailor, who hardly has enough water to drink."

"The four sons of Aymon, the four sons of Aymon?" repeated the Bishop.

The *curé* opened his mouth—but there came forth a cry which brought Aunt Lise running toward him. Among the rocks was a little girl eight years old. She was leaning forward to see the Bishop in his beautiful purple robes. Her innocent curiosity cost her dear, and she fell into the water, where the current would soon have carried her away.

"Unhappy child!" exclaimed the *curé*. "She will be lost."

He climbed the balcony, tore off his cassock and jumped into the water. Into the water jumped with him the four sons of Aymon, and he and they plunged and replunged.

"Ah, the poor, dear creature!" cried Aunt Lise, weeping. "He has actually had them made into small-clothes."

The *curé* caught the child with one hand and hung on to a rock with the other. Help came just in time to save the two.

When the *curé* again opened his eyes, he found himself in bed and Aunt Lise weeping beside him.

"O my darling child!" cried she. "May Our Lady be ever blessed! If I had lost you, should I ever have pardoned myself for having saddened your last moments for a few miserable yards of stuff?"

"The child?" said the *curé*.

"She is perfectly right—quite well."

The Bishop bent over the bed.

"My dear *curé*, I have a good living to offer you."

"No, no!" replied the *curé*,—"no, my Lord. I must have my mountains and my poor parish. I was born here, I will die here. My parishioners will not love me the less because they saw me dressed in yellow. Aunt Lise, forgive me for having taken your stuff."

His aunt struck her breast.

"Be quiet," said she, "or you will break my heart."

The Bishop looked at her pale, sorrowful face, and pointed with his finger to the four sons of Aymon who were hanging up to dry, and he said:

"You have judged very severely, my daughter. Do not act thus again."

"Never!" cried she. Yet, smiling in the midst of her tears, she added: "But, my Lord, look at the beautiful stuff! You must own that it is good enough to make a garment for a marquis."

Her Maid of Honor.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

II.

In the meantime Alma, in her own room, her face buried in the cushions of the lounge, was indeed "fighting it out." And the battle was not an easy one, as may well be imagined. Like most impulsive young people, Alma had many faults, the greater number of them indeed arising from her natural temperament,—a temperament dangerously provocative of much evil as well as capable of great good. Chief among these faults perhaps was a bad habit of setting her heart very much on whatever happened to be the desire of the moment. Were there a pleasant journey in prospect, a contemplated visit to some place of amusement, a gay little social gathering, or any one of the hundred other happenings that make the sum total of our ordinary lives, this little maid lived on the joy of it for days—aye, even weeks—in advance.

Thus, desiring so strongly, so rashly, it need not be said that her disappointment, when any plan failed her, was correspondingly great. Joined to this fault she also had a common feminine weakness, if you will; but, in the case of a little woman so inclined to carry all things to excess, a peculiarly dangerous one—viz., an inordinate love of dress. Owing, however, to the watchful care of a loving, conscientious mother, this passion was, in Alma's opinion, far too often "nipped in the bud."

Mother Dupré, at the convent, said it should be dug up by the roots. Mother Dupré said many other wise things, too; and instilled into Alma's active brain and warm, generous heart what Miss Meynard was pleased to call "impossible notions." An instinctive desire to expend an exuberance of energy upon something outside of herself, and the longing for self-sacrifice—in the abstract, not uncommon with generous young hearts,—had been directed into noble and practical channels by the gentle, holy nun. Alma might help the poor, were it only by the bestowal of a cup of cold water or the speaking of a kind word; and that might be a very great help, since so much depended upon the intention and the manner of giving.

"For, after all, my dear, the greatest charity does not all consist in 'slumming.' The poor, the sick, and the suffering are always at our very doors. We have often but to open our eyes, to stretch forth our hands, and there is hardly one among us who can not bring a few rays of sunshine into some more clouded life. Let *that* be your mission, Alma dear,—for the present at least."

This little homily was delivered on the occasion of Alma's ardently expressed

determination to become, in the language of the day, a "woman with a mission." She had a vague idea that her "mission" might be "slumming."

Of course, at this Alma had been at first somewhat taken aback; for her ideas, if hazy, were large. To be really charitable or kind, it had always seemed to her that the object of one's charity must of necessity be very dirty, very ragged, very wicked, and very poverty-stricken indeed. So when mamma, to whom she retailed her own ideas and those of her teacher, suggested an immediate solution of the difficulty in the shape of an occasional visit to a little suffering *protégée* of her own, Alma had entered into the project on the spot.

Though Amy Clayton proved to be neither dirty nor ragged nor wicked, nor distressingly poor—at least to outward appearances,—yet Alma very soon came to realize how much, how *very* much, these small attentions meant to the sick child. Among the half dozen girls of her class she had organized what she called the Sunshine Club, the paramount obligation of whose members was a weekly visit to this little invalid. The visits were not all made upon the same day. Two of the number had agreed to take Tuesday afternoons, after school; two Thursdays, while Alma and Rosalie had chosen to give to this purpose the whole of each Saturday afternoon.

Alma, who had an intense devotion to the holy souls in purgatory, had started her club in the beginning of November. In persuading the girls to join, her chief argument had been an appeal to their feelings in behalf of these suffering souls. Acts of self-sacrifice would assist them so much if offered up for that intention. She drew up three rules, two of which, however, were to be binding only for that month. These two—rising for early Mass every day and giving up candy—the girls had naturally found irksome, but they were a bright, resolute little band, and, as Rosalie had averred, had kept all the rules very faithfully. The visits to Amy had indeed interested them—"taken them out of themselves into a purer, higher atmosphere," as Mother Dupré said; and, with possibly the one exception of Rosalie, Alma had been almost confident that they would be willing to keep up the club with that single rule "forever," to use her own expression.

Rosalie and Alma to be sure, made a greater sacrifice than any of the others. On Saturday afternoons there was always the chance of a *matinée* treat; and Rosalie, who dearly loved pleasure and her own ease, had been inclined to make objections from the start. But, as we have seen, even Rosalie had succumbed—partly to the contagious enthusiasm of Alma, partly to the sweet influence of the patient little sufferer. As Alma had truly said, their visits afforded happiness not only to Amy, but bestowed it upon themselves in a somewhat similar manner.

The sick child and her mother lived on the top floor of a small flat in a poor but respectable neighborhood. The one window of Amy's room commanded a great expanse of sky view, against which were silhouetted the exquisite, tapering spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Not a very varied scene, you will say, for the eyes of a little girl to rest upon constantly day and night. Yet Amy, in the long hours during which she was often alone, found in it her chief source of happiness. It was one of her fancies that upon the pinnacles of the golden crosses which topped the snowy spires were poised two bright angels, who kept constant watch and ward over the big city. And sometimes their faces were sad, and sometimes they were very joyful.

"When the angels look grieved I know that naughty people are passing under the spires," Amy was wont to say; "and when they smile it is because good and

kind people are passing. They always smile—oh, so sweetly!—when you and Miss Rosalie are coming," she had added, with a loving glance into Alma's eager face; for in a very short time these two friends grew to be the little invalid's special favorites.

Alma and Rosalie, when alone, often discussed these fancies, each after her own fashion.

"Isn't it funny to hear her talk like that?" observed matter-of-fact Rosalie. "I have a great time to keep from laughing out."

"It makes me feel more like crying," confessed Alma. "The spires are beautiful, Rosalie; but I never have just those queer feelings about them. I love to look up at them, shining above everything else in this great city; it makes my heart thump with pride."

"Well, sometimes you're as queer in your own way as Amy," said Rosalie; with that slow, sweet smile of hers. "For my part, I'd rather watch the neighbors' windows across the street any day."

To Rosalie a steeple was a steeple and nothing more. She was not blessed with a very vivid imagination, and she had the good sense of never trying to make herself imagine that she could imagine.

This afternoon, from amidst the tangle of conflicting emotions, the thought of "Amy's angels," as the girls called them, gradually obtruded itself and stood out above all other thoughts. Alma's own spacious windows also commanded a view of the Gothic spires; and, as it happened, when she lifted her flushed and tear-stained face from among the cushions, they were the first objects upon which her eyes rested. She wondered how those angels would look upon the day of Aunt Edith's wedding. Would they smile as the bridal party passed beneath them into the grand Cathedral? Would they smile—as Amy so fondly imagined they always did—upon her, Alma Chase, transformed for that day into the bride's radiant and happy maid of honor?

Happy! Ah, that was the question! *Could* she be happy at such a price? She knew well how much Amy had grown to count with especial pleasure upon those Saturday visits. To deprive her of only one, when her life possessed so little of pleasure and variety, would be cruel, and Alma's heart cried out against it. She could *not* disappoint Amy; she would have to disappoint herself. And yet—and yet what a truly dreadful disappointment it would be! How the thought of that beautiful dress tempted her!

"Alma, Alma! What! all alone in the twilight and in tears!"

Alma started, and turned to confront her mother, who thus opportunely and unheard had entered the room. Quietly seating herself upon the lounge beside her little daughter, she drew her gently to her and looked kindly and searchingly into her troubled eyes.

"It has been a hard struggle, has it not, my own love?" she said, caressingly. Then, as Alma's surprise showed upon her features, she went on: "Aunt Edith has been telling me; and I would have come to you before, dear, had I not thought you would rather be alone."

Alma, with a long sigh, nestled close within those encircling arms.

"It *has* been hard, mamma," she said; "very, very hard!"

"And you have quite decided?"

"Ye—s," replied Alma, faintly.

There was a tremor of the slight form and the merest suggestion of a bravely repressed sob. The mother's natural heart ached for her child's pain.

"Would not one of the other girls take your place with Rosalie just for this Saturday?" she suggested.

"They are all going to Daly's," said Alma. "Gertrude Dennam's father bought the tickets yesterday. Rosalie was to have gone, too; but she gave it up for Amy's

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sake." Alma did not add that she also had been invited.

Mrs. Chase was silent for a moment or so. Then she said: "I too have needed to be alone to think it out, Alma. Under some circumstances, it might be your first duty to keep your engagement with your aunt; but as her decision in the choice of you was made only last night, I do not think she will be much inconvenienced by this necessary change of plan. She will be vexed at first, of course; but I have reason to know that she will find it very easy to fill your place. Besides," added Mrs. Chase, after another moment or so, "papa and I do not think it wise to put little school-girls forward in such *rôles*. The glaring publicity of fashionable weddings is not to our taste."

To this Alma offered no protest, though these were certainly not her own views.

"God bless you, my darling!" said her mother, rising to go at the sound of the dressing-bell. "Recommend it all to our dear Blessed Mother, and be *her* little maid of honor."

(To be continued.)

A Little Protestant Boy's Visit to the Pope.

A Roman correspondent tells a pleasant story illustrating the kindliness of the Holy Father. An English Protestant lady, having obtained an audience, took her little son, eleven years old, with her to the Vatican. When the Pope entered the apartment a Cardinal in attendance told the boy to kiss his Holiness' slipper. But the little Protestant refused. "We don't kiss people's feet in England," he said; "but he's a nice old gentleman, and I'll be glad to kiss his hand." The Holy Father was much amused when this little speech was interpreted for him, complimented the boy on his manly spirit, and extended his hand to be kissed. We hope the little Englishman got a big blessing, and that somebody has taken the trouble to explain to him why Catholics kiss the Pope's slipper. In case any of our young readers might be embarrassed if they were asked this question, perhaps we had better answer it ourselves.

If people make low bows and sometimes even bend the knee to Queen Victoria, surely it is right and proper to stoop and kiss the foot of the Vicar of Christ. In former times emperors and kings received this mark of homage. The Pope is higher than the greatest of earthly rulers. It was to St. Peter and his successors especially that Our Lord said, "Follow Me"; and for them He prayed in particular that their faith might not fail—that their steps might never stray from the way of His blessed teaching. Their feet rest on the rock of truth, against which the gates (powers) of hell shall not prevail. Their mission is to confirm the faith of their brethren, and to spread the Gospel throughout the whole world. And the Holy Scripture says: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace; of him that showeth forth good, that preacheth salvation!"

The Pope is the head of the Christian Church, and there could be no more fitting way of expressing our allegiance to it than by kissing his feet. A gold cross is embroidered on the slipper which he wears on his right foot, and it is this cross which is kissed. The Holy Father being the divinely-appointed shepherd of our souls, in kissing his foot we express our love for Christ, who called Himself the Good Shepherd. The Pope fills the highest of offices and sits in the Chair of truth. In honoring him we honor Christ, who sent him. Our Saviour said, speaking of His representatives, and especially, of course, of His *chief* representative, "He that despiseth you despiseth Me." So when we wish to pay the highest honor to Christ's Vicar we kiss his foot.

With Authors and Publishers.

—In the July *Century* there is an article by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, on "St. Peter's," with illustrations by Castaigne. This is the third of a series of sketches of modern Rome. The next and last paper will deal with the Vatican.

—Clients of St. Antony—and their number is legion—will be glad to learn that Benziger Bros. have published a "Little Manual of St. Antony," which is a complete collection of prayers and exercises in honor of Padua's great Saint. Devotions for the Nine Tuesdays are not the least important of its attractions.

—Lady Burton's will has been probated. In it she appoints three literary trustees, who are instructed to publish a memorial edition of the works of Sir Richard and herself. Most of their private papers are to burnt, and the devoted Lady Burton directs that nothing shall be published "that could misrepresent Sir Richard to the public when he is no longer able to take his own part."

—Students of Dante will be interested in a paper read at the last International Congress of Orientalists, in Geneva, by Prof. Angelo de Gubernatis. In a previous Congress the Professor had pointed out the Indian topography of the Hill of Purgatory; now he contends that Dante borrowed his conception of Satan from Asiatic mythology. There is certainly much to be said in favor of this theory; and it is well known, as *The Tablet* observes, that Oriental imagery was widespread in Europe during the Middle Ages, and colored many of the Christian writings of that time.

—Good Catholic stories, suitable for the home book shelves and the parish library, are not so plentiful that we can afford to ignore even one of them. We are indebted to the enterprising firm of Benzigers for a new edition of "Marcella Grace," by Rosa Mulholland, with illustrations that illustrate. This is often referred to as the author's best book. "The Monk's Pardon," from the French of Raoul de Navery, is another capital story; and it has lost nothing in the translation, which is the work of Anna T. Sadlier. Then there is "The Outlaw of Camargue," also one of Miss Sadlier's translations, by which even the most inveterate of novel-readers would be captivated. These are books for summer reading. They should find their way into the satchels of those who travel, and to the tables of those who stop at home.

—The *Atlantic* has begun a series of articles on the subject of the public schools and the practical problems presented by them. In the current number appears "The Confessions of Public School Teachers." These confessions throw a direct light on the actual work of the schools.

—"Youth's Guide to Confession and Communion and to a Happy Life" is the comprehensive title under which a missionary priest has compiled a series of instructions bearing on these subjects. This little book is worthy of better binding than the publishers have given it. M. H. Gill & Son.

—A book full of that zeal which kindles love for the Sacred Heart is "Many Incentives to Love Jesus and His Sacred Heart," by the Very Rev. J. A. Maltus, O. P. It is a treasure house of aspirations and sayings of holy writers from Tertullian and St. Paul to the Curé d'Ars and Leo XIII. It is published in attractive form by Burns & Oates.

—The *Critic* thinks that "it is the misfortune and not the fault of a few new writers of real talent that their appearance should be made the occasion of a ridiculous row among quill-drivers of quite another species. That Mrs. Hinkson, Miss Barlow, Miss Macleod and some others of Irish or Scotch birth should have produced meritorious books has been enough to divide the scribblers referred to into two hostile camps of 'Celts' and 'anti-Celts'; which would be no great harm, but that their snarling may distract the attention of the public from work of a quality which is by no means common, just at present. One does not need to be Celt, Saxon, Jew or Dane to enjoy 'An Island in the Water,' the latest volume of stories by Mrs. Hinkson (Katharine Tynan). They

are of a dog and a ghost, of a hero of the church militant, a mysterious rich woman, island champions and women and children—all short, pithy and of an original flavor." Mr. Hinkson, who also works in literature, has just published a novel entitled "O'Grady of Trinity."

—"Are Anglican Orders Valid?" is the question which Dr. MacDevitt, formerly professor of Ecclesiastical History in All Hallows, undertakes to answer in a volume just received from Benziger Bros. The validity of these orders is a question of the hour in view of the commission recently appointed by the Holy Father. Dr. MacDevitt has epitomized in these pages most of what modern scholarship has to offer on this much discussed subject; although, we confess, interest in the discussion is much lessened by the prospect of a speedy and final judgment of the matter by the Head of the Church. The points presented by the author are well chosen and well put. The style is so terse as to make the volume seem almost like a professor's note-book.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland* Benzigers. $1.25.

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

The Monk's Pardon. *Raoul de Navery.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Are Anglican Orders Valid? *Rev. Dr. MacDevitt.* 60 cts.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8s.

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury, Mass. $2.10.

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. $6.25.

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo. $3.50 net.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3

The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena. *Algar Thorold.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Woman, What Have I to do with Thee? *Presbyter Anglicanus.* Kegan Paul & Co. Crown 8vo, 60 cts.

Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. *Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 3 vols. $4.50.

Christian Reunion. *William Delaney, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. *K. M. Barry.* Fallon & Co. 60 cts.

Retreats, etc. *Father Dignam, S. J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Jewels of the Imitation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* Burns & Oates. 60 cts.

Questions of Honor in the Christian Life. *Katharine E. Conway.* Pilot Co. 50 cts.

Conscience and Law. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. $1.60.

In a Walled Garden. *Bessie R. Belloc.* Ward & Downey. $2.

Evolution and Dogma. *Rev. John A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C.* McBride & Co. $2.

Saint Philomena. *From the French.* R. Washbourne. 5 cts.

Mooted Questions of History. *H. J. Desmond.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts.

Catholic Directory, 1896. *Hoffmann Bros. Co.* 50 cts.

Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism. *Rev. William Humphrey, S J.* Thomas Baker. 65 cts.

Our Own Story. *Rosa Mulholland.* Catholic Truth Society. $1.00.

Christian Unity. *Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.* Catholic Book Exchange. 50 cts.

Father Furniss and his Work for Children. *Rev. T. Livius, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

Lyra Hieratica. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* Burns & Oates. $1.00

St. Antony of Padua. *Franciscan Fathers.* Burns & Oates. 75 cts.

Jesus, His Life; A Diatessaron. *Rev. Henry Beauclerk, S. J.* Burns & Oates. $1 40.

A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven. *M. C. Bishop.* Benziger Bros. $2.

The Christian at Mass. *Rev. Joseph L. Andreis.* Murphy & Co. 12mo, net, $1.00.

Poems. *Father John B. Tabb.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.00.

Prehistoric Americans. *Marquis de Nadaillac.* McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, *net*, 50 cts.

The Rhythm of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Copeland & Day. Octavo, $1.25.

Guide to Confession and Communion. *St. Francis de Sales.* Benziger Bros. 32mo, cloth, 60 cts.

The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon. *The Rev. Joseph Spillmann.* B. Herder. 8vo, cloth, $1.50.

Cuckoo Songs. *Katharine Tynan Hinkson.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.50.

Summer School Essays. 2 vols. McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, 50 cents each.

Poems. *Lionel Johnson.* Copeland & Day. Octavo, $1.50.

Meditations on the Gospels for Every Day in the Year. *Père Médaille, S. J. Edited by the Rev. W. H. Eyre, S. J.* Burns & Oates. *net*, $2.25.

Poems. *Francis Thompson.* Copeland & Day. Square octavo, $1.50.

Petronilla, and Other Stories. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Benziger Bros. 12mo, cloth, $1.

Sister Songs. *Francis Thompson.* Copeland & Day. Square octavo, $1.50.

The Circus-Rider's Daughter. *F. v. Brackel.* Benziger Bros. 12mo, $1.25.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Father Searle, C. S. P.* Catholic Book Exchange. 5 cts.

Means and Ends of Education. *Bishop Spalding.* McClurg & Co. $1.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, I. 48.

Vol. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 18, 1896. No. 3.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Satan Overheard.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

YON Ship of Peter *is* a gallant craft!
We've piled the weather on her might and main.
Our red-hot shot have raked her fore and aft:
Our sulphurous flams bespatter'd her like rain!
She's slipt o'er many a shoal at half her draught:
And once, when rivals broke the rudder's chain,*
We laid her on her beam-ends... to see her right!
While time, the mighty gnaw-worm, ... keeps her tight!

A Carmelite Princess.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

"YOU must see my picture of the Carmelite Princess," said the friend who was taking us in her carriage to Charlmette, New Orleans. We found the picture a full-length, life-size portrait, magnificently executed in oil; standing, arrayed in court costume, and every inch a king's daughter. In the face as well as the pose was a certain dignity which some might call *hauteur;* but tempered by a sweet seriousness, which made one feel that actual haughtiness would be impossible in one so evidently schooled in the keeping of the heart,—that heart which we are commanded to "keep with all diligence, since out of it are the issues of life."

At the first glance it impressed us as the portrait of one worthy to be a princess and worthy to reign; noble in its beauty, which was such as we expect to see in the world and in high places, when we caught sight of one bare foot, not even sandalled, just visible from beneath the folds of the rich dress. Instantly we took in the full force of the story told to us by our friend: that this was one of two copies made from the original portrait of the Princess Louise, the youngest daughter of Louis XV. of France, who consented to stand for it on condition that one bare foot should indicate her vocation. This copy, our friend* said, was bought by her father while on the Continent many years ago; and has been prized both for its technical beauty and as the portrait of one who, while in the full glory of a life at her father's court, and this one of the most brilliant in Europe, had the mind and intention of a true Carmelite.

* The speaker alludes, no doubt, to what is known as the "Great Schism of the West." The ship *was* "on her beam-ends," sure enough. But, of course, she "righted."

* Mrs. Grunwolde, of New Orleans, La.

This remarkable picture excited in us the keenest desire to know something more of the life of one who united in herself what is most admirable in the eyes of the world, with interior dispositions that ripened into a vocation accomplished and persevered in under the royal approbation of one of the most affectionate of fathers. We found the story in a series entitled "Christian Biographies,"* prepared from a diffuse life of the Princess written by a Carmelite nun, and loaned to us by the Rev. Mother of the Discalced Carmelites of New Orleans; so that our narrative will be a relation of well-attested facts.

On the 15th of July, 1737, Marie Leczinska, Louis XVth's Polish Queen, gave birth at Versailles to her eighth and youngest daughter, baptized that same day by Monsignor de la Tour d'Auvergne, Archbishop of Vienna, receiving the name of Louise Marie. Louis himself had received certain religious impressions in his youth, and the Queen was a distinctly pious and Christian woman. The daughter of the dethroned King of Poland, Stanislas Leczinska, she had tasted early of the bitterness of royal sorrows; and too worldly an atmosphere surrounded her as the Queen of France under Louis XV. to wish to bring the little Louise under the influence of the court. She was sent, therefore, by her royal parents, at the age of eleven months, with her two sisters, Sophie and Therese, to the Benedictine convent of Fontevrault, entrusted to the care of Madame de Soutlanges, a lady admirably qualified to develop every fine trait in the character of her charge. Our Louise was not born a saint: she was lively, cheerful, impetuous, somewhat proud; but there was under all this a strong religious feeling, which increased with years. Her affections, too, were very warm; and for her father this was expressed in the most touching manner when he was entering upon any danger. "Does papa King mean to take away all our sleep?" she once said, when the King was undertaking some perilous expedition; and in the midst of her lessons she would stop and cry out, in a passion of anxiety, "Papa King!" then try to go on again, to break out in a fresh burst of anxiety.

At the age of eleven she received her First Communion; and from this time to the end of her life it was her joy to receive the Blessed Sacrament as often as was permitted, and her whole heart was given to her divine Spouse. Nor did these dispositions change when, at the age of fourteen, she was removed from the shelter of Fontevrault, to take her place as a daughter of France at her father's brilliant court. The home life of the Queen with her daughters was marked by a simplicity and piety very different from the court atmosphere. They were engaged in various schemes for relieving the poor at the sacrifice of their own pleasure and even comfort; and the Queen's example had a strong influence in confirming her daughter's vocation, already cherished in her heart; while she never declined or in any way avoided the customs and etiquette of the court. Prayer, meditation, spiritual reading, and the Office were her daily food; but her life conformed exteriorly to all the demands upon her rank.

Her vocation, ripening rapidly, took a definite form when the young Comtesse de Rupelmonde, made a widow, left the court to bury herself, as was said, in the Carmelite Order. The Queen took her daughters with her to be present when their young friend received the habit; and "the King, the Queen, and my brother," Louise said later, "were the only ones who did not cry out upon the conduct of the Countess. But their evident approval made me hope for their consent when I

* By H. L. Sidney Lear; Rivingtons, Waterloo Place, London.

should be ready to follow her example." When the Countess took the veil, she was present, and did not leave the convent until she had obtained from the sub-prioress instructions concerning the detail of the Carmelite Rule. Afterward she obtained a copy of the Constitution of the Order, and made it her study to practise its spirit. The Queen was well aware of this inclination of her daughter; and when told of some one whose vocation was delayed by the unwillingness of her mother to give her up, she said: "If I had a daughter who wished to become a religious, all my love for her would not hinder my consent to her doing so." This heroic mother did not live to see the vocation of her young daughter fulfilled, but her mind upon the subject no doubt influenced the King; for when the time came at which it was judged fitting by her confessor to make known her wish to her royal father, he simply asked for two weeks in which to consider it; and, although during this time he could not speak to her without tears, for she was his favorite child, he wrote to her, concluding thus: "I have made forced sacrifices, yours are voluntary. God will give you strength to endure your new life; for the step once taken there is no coming back. I embrace you heartily, my dear daughter, and give you my blessing."

The manner in which she entered the convent, depriving the occasion of all ceremony, was altogether according to the spirit of the severe Order to which she had been called; and the determination, even as a postulant, to be treated like the humblest Sister in the house, was finally carried, by her writing to the King to lay his command upon the whole community. It is one of the most touching features in this story of self-renunciation to see how the King entered fully into its spirit, and was only pleased to find that his dear child was not to be "a half-and-half Carmelite." When he paid his first visit to her, he expressed a wish to be received without ceremony; dismissing his guard at the door, saying, "The Carmelites will be my guard." After an hour's private conversation, he visited his daughter's cell, the simplicity of which amazed him; especially the bed, which he felt, and pronounced to be "terribly hard"; but there was no disedification in this to the royal parent. In visiting the different "hermitages," as they were called in the convent, they entered one in which the tabernacle contained the Blessed Sacrament, which the King did not notice as different from the other tabernacles in the cells, and continued to speak in his usual voice, when his daughter said, "Speak softly, papa King!" and he instantly obeyed.

After the grand ceremony of receiving the veil had been gone through, and the King visited her in her full habit, there was a strong emotion on both sides; but when he said, "Well, my dear child, have you positively made up your mind to renounce all your rights and titles?" she replied: "Far from it, dear papa! I shall never renounce the most precious of all my rights; for I shall always be your daughter."—"As to that, *ma cher cœur*," the King returned, "your title is written in ineffaceable characters." It was at this time that the prioress asked that a portrait which had been begun of the Princess should at once be finished. His daughter was unwilling to consent; but Louis XV. took the prioress' part, and Sister Teresa Augustine, as she was now called, was obliged to submit. This portrait might very reasonably have been copied; and the one we saw in New Orleans was, doubtless, one of the two said to have been made.

We could give innumerable instances of her courage in adhering to the mortifications—mental and spiritual as well as corporal—enjoined by the Rule; although she once acknowledged that her hands

were so cold she cried like a child. But the contrast which she drew, in conversation with her Sisters in religion, between her life at court and in the convent was always on the side of her austerities. About this time the Empress Marie Teresa sent her portrait to Sister Teresa Augustine, painted in the Carmelite dress; and underneath she wrote the touching words: "When you are kneeling before God's altar, your heart filled with the peace which you have learned to prefer to the turmoil of a court, look upon this portrait, and let it bespeak a tender thought for my child and for me." That child was the beautiful and unhappy Maria Antoinette.

It is not strange that, when the time came to allow it, our Carmelite Princess was made mistress of novices. Saint Denis, the convent which she had selected by an inspiration—for it was very poor in revenues but very strict in observance,—soon became a house to which the daughters of the French nobility turned in order to fulfil the vocations granted to them by God, in a way which we in America seem to understand so imperfectly. But so it was; and the example of the Princess Louise in flying from the world must be followed by the example of her perseverance. In the encouragement thus given to the delicate scions of luxury, she was unequalled; and when from mistress of novices she was made prioress, her example was still more powerful. The conflict was with the powers of this world, its love of ease, of self-dispensation, of dainty repugnances; and to the root of all this she laid a hand by vigorous example.

Sometimes, when the long morning fast had become insupportable, she would get herself a little bit of bread from the basket where the remains of the last evening's meal had been collected. One morning she was doing this when another nun came in to do the same; and, happening to take up a bit of bread which had touched some other eatable, she showed it to the prioress, with a look of disgust; who, in reply, quietly took the piece of bread and cut off the outside, which she ate, returning the rest to the Sister, saying: "A stain of egg or of beet-root can not hurt a Carmelite much."

The time came, however, when her supernaturalized love for her father was to bear fruit. With the first tidings of his hopeless illness, her prayers, her austerities were redoubled, without once remitting her own duties. When remonstrated with by the Archbishop himself, she only replied, throwing herself at his feet: "Father, I will obey you in whatever you command, but I entreat you to remember that the King is dying; remember, too, that in coming here I had his salvation as well as my own in view; and then tell me if it is possible for me to do too much in behalf of a soul which is so dear to me?" When tidings reached Saint Denis that the King had received the Sacraments, having previously written with his own hand his act of repentance of the many sins committed against God and his people, Madame Louise felt as though the best aim of her self-devotion were attained, and she calmly awaited the last tidings. Louis XV. died, holding a crucifix sent to him by this dear daughter Louise; and the Bishop of Senlis, who ministered to him to the last, was able to carry much that was soothing and consoling to his absent daughter, his youngest and most fondly loved child.

We can think of nothing more edifying than the story of this royal Carmelite, as it is told in the recital before us; but we hasten to close, lest we step beyond the limit assigned us. The troubles which gathered over France did not fail to gather around the daughter of Louis XV., the aunt of Louis XVI. Her prayers were always ready for the emergency. When her own last illness came upon her, however, it was without a shadow of shrinking; and when the Viaticum was borne to her

she cried out: "My Heavenly Bridegroom has come! O my God, it is very blessed to offer my life to Thee!" Every spiritual consolation was received with intense gratitude; but she steadfastly refused every alleviation which was not according to the Rule; and to all inquiries she replied: "I have received my Saviour; Jesus is with me, and I am perfectly at rest." It was at half-past four in the morning of December 23, 1787, that this devoted Carmelite "heard her Advent call," as it is beautifully expressed in the Life before us; and her answer was: "Come, let us make haste and go to Paradise!"

After a consultation with the King, Louis XVI., her burial was conducted, by his request, in strict accordance with the Carmelite Rule; knowing, as he did, the mind of his aunt in this particular. The tomb was a vault beneath the chapter. It was not long to remain undisturbed. When in the year 1793 the Municipal Council ordered the desecration of the royal tombs in the Abbey of Saint Denis, Madame Louise's grave shared the fate of her royal ancestors, and her remains were thrown aside with theirs. In 1817 Louis XVIII. caused the pits into which these remains had been thrown to be opened, and the confused heap of bones contained therein to be taken once more to the vaults of Saint Denis; an inscription on the coffins in which they lay enumerating those princes who had been thus dishonored. Among these the name of Louise Marie de France is to be found.

WE ought to deal kindly with all, and to manifest those qualities which spring naturally from a heart tender and full of Christian charity, such as affability, charity, and humility. These virtues serve wonderfully to gain the hearts of men, and to encourage them to embrace things that are repugnant to nature.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART III.

II.

IT was with a more serious expression of countenance than he might have been supposed to wear as a result of learning that some one without right to do so had been masquerading as a De Marsillac of Louisiana, that De Varigny, having parted with Atherton at the club, found himself a little later walking homeward along Royal Street.

A son of the old French city, his feet were naturally at home on the *banquette* of this its most famous thoroughfare; and the preoccupied expression did not leave his face as he walked past the flashy saloons and concert halls, the cheap restaurants and oyster houses, which, as signs of invading Americanism, have spoiled the street in the neighborhood of Canal; nor yet when, unmarred by such innovations, it stretched before him, a vista of wonderful picturesqueness, with the lines of its irregular roofs, gables, eaves and dormers cutting fantastically against the sky, and its long balconies of wrought iron projecting from the fronts of its variedly-tinted houses. It was all familiar, as sights seen from infancy can alone be familiar; but to-day he looked at it with a more than usually absent gaze.

Past the small, quaint shops, where French was the only language spoken by the French-looking men and women within; past more green-shuttered, iron-balconied, quaintly tile-roofed houses; past the Hotel Royal—no ordinary hostelry, but a landmark of history; past the foliage-filled cathedral garden, beyond which the rear of the great church shows ancient and strong; and so, still absent, preoccupied, unheeding, on to where the French Quarter ends with aristocratic Esplanade Street,

lined with the homes of wealthy Creoles. A few more steps, and then, entering and passing through a garden, Mr. de Varigny let himself into a stately, wide-balconied house and was at home.

"Is that you, Adrien?" cried a musical voice as he entered the hall; and through a curtained doorway a girl's bright young face glanced out. "Come! I have news for you."

"What news?" asked Adrien, pushing aside the *portière* and entering a room full of sunlight and of soft, delicate colors, of luxurious comfort, and the peculiar brightness of aspect which characterizes Parisian rooms—as indeed was not remarkable, since every object in it had come direct from Paris, where the De Varignys rarely failed to spend a portion of every year. French of the French, too, was the figure it enshrined. Octave de Varigny was not so handsome for a woman as her brother for a man; but she was exceedingly pretty, and possessed the true Creole fascination of appearance and manner,—a fascination difficult to define, but still more difficult to resist, as one sees it in these delicately-fashioned, dark-eyed girls who have grown up among the roses and magnolias of the old French city. Such a girl was Octave, polished to her finger-tips as any maiden of the Faubourg St. Germain; yet with a gay, childlike simplicity of character and manner which suited her piquant face, with its soft ivory tints, its mischievous dark eyes, and smiling lips, which answered her brother now.

'What news should it be except of Diane? I have had a letter from her. She comes to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" Pleasure flashed into his face. "That is sooner than you expected." He paused a moment, then added, more quietly: "I have just said that she will be here next week."

"To whom did you say so?"

"To a man I met at the club, who has a particular reason for wishing to meet her."

"For wishing to meet Diane! Why, who is he?"

"A stranger—you don't know him. His name is Atherton; he is a cousin of George Langdon and son of a California millionaire."

"Does he know Diane?"

"Not at all."

"Then why has he a particular reason for wishing to meet her? Don't be so mysteriously reticent, Adrien. One has to *drag* out of you whatever one wants to know."

"You can't drag out of me what I don't know, Octave. The man of whom I speak is more mysterious than I am. I don't at all know why he wishes to meet Diane, except that it is to tell her of a certain De Marsillac whom he has lately met, who claims to represent the family of that name, of which, as we know, the Prévosts are the only representatives."

"But is that remarkable? Do not people often assume names to which they have no right?"

"Very often; but it seems that there has been something more than the assuming of a name in the case. Mr. Atherton says that this De Marsillac also claimed certain rights of the family."

"What rights?"

"He did not tell me. That is to be the subject of his communication to Diane. But—and here is a singular point—he was deeply struck by hearing that Madame Prévost had lately paid the mortgage on her plantation, and asked if I knew where the money to pay it had come from."

"What a very impertinent question! And you told him—"

"That even if I knew, I should not think of speaking of Madame Prévost's private affairs."

"And then?"

"Oh, then he apologized—I really think the question slipped from him unawares; but his manner left an impression upon me which I can not shake off,—a very

disagreeable impression. Octave, *where did that money come from?*"

Octave shook her head. "I don't know," she answered. "Somebody from Bayou Tèche told me that Madame Prévost had unexpectedly recovered a part of the family fortune which was supposed to have been lost. But I heard no details—and I am sure it does not matter. We are no more concerned to know how she obtained it than the man who asked the question."

"There you are mistaken. I am much more concerned; for I am the friend of—Madame Prévost, and there is some mystery which connects this money with the person calling himself De Marsillac whom Mr. Atherton met."

"Did Mr. Atherton say so?"

"No, but his manner implied it."

"If his manner implied it, why didn't you ask him distinctly what was the connection?"

"Because I have no right to know more of the private affairs of the Prévosts than they choose to tell me. When he spoke of desiring to communicate his knowledge to some member of the family, I told him that one of Madame Prévost's daughters would be here next week, and that he could see her; on which he said that he would certainly do so, since their interest was very deeply affected by the acts, whatever they may have been, of the false De Marsillac."

"But I can not understand," cried Octave, impatiently, "how their interest could be injuriously affected; or how they could be in ignorance of his acts, if—as you say this Mr. Atherton implied—he had some connection with paying off the mortgage on the plantation."

De Varigny spread out his hands with a significant gesture.

"I do not pretend either to understand or to explain," he said. "The man talked in riddles, and I did not choose to press him for an explanation."

"But Diane can have nothing to do with it."

To this positive assertion De Varigny made no reply; so, after waiting for a moment, Octave repeated it with slight variation.

"You know that Diane can have nothing to do with it," she said.

"How can I know it?" he inquired. "There is something mysterious about the paying of that debt. And we know this—that before it was paid, pressure was brought to bear upon Diane to induce her to save the property by marrying Burnham, the son of the old usurer who held the mortgage. The insolent cub boasted that she had agreed to do so."

"And if she had," said Octave, boldly, "it was as one would agree to go to the stake if no alternative offered. I knew that."

"You knew it! And never told me!"

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Why should I have told you?" she asked. "You would have been furious; you would have rushed to Bayou Tèche, and—and made Diane more miserable. For what could you have done? Had *you* twenty thousand dollars to pay the mortgage and save her mother's home?"

"I would have got it. I would have pledged my credit to the utmost—to help Diane. You know it, and she should have known it."

"Perhaps you would; and so have started in life with a debt for which you would have reproached her later, in your thoughts if not with your lips," said Octave, with a shrewdness beyond her years. "Diane would never have consented to that. I knew it, and so I said nothing. Besides, I hoped that the necessity might be averted—as it has been."

"But how? That brings us back to the first point. Where did the money come from?"

"That, as you told the inquisitive stranger who started the inquiry, is

surely Madame Prévost's private affair."

"It is also *my* affair, if Diane is pledged for it again—as she may be. For who is this man calling himself De Marsillac?"

"An impostor it appears, since he has no right to the name; and you can not think that Diane would have any connection with such a person."

"I am at a loss to know what to think," replied De Varigny.

"Then I will tell you," said Octave. "Think that Diane is incapable of doing anything unworthy; and that, whatever mystery there may be about Madame Prévost's affairs, or about this person called De Marsillac, it will prove to be a mystery which throws no shadow on her. Bah!"—with supreme scorn,—"how little faith men have!"

"I have all possible faith in Diane," replied her brother. "You misunderstand me entirely. What I fear is that the person whom Mr. Atherton met did not take the name of De Marsillac without the knowledge of the Prévosts; and that if he paid the debt of Madame Prévost, Diane may be bound to sacrifice herself to him, as she would have sacrificed herself to the son of Burnham."

"Such a fear is absurd," said Octave, with decision. "But I will know all about the matter—if there is anything to be known—as soon as Diane comes. In the meanwhile I wish that I could meet this Mr. Atherton."

"You can be gratified. I have promised to introduce him to my father this very evening. If you stay at home you will meet him."

"Then I shall certainly stay at home. And if I can not learn more from him than you have been able to do, I will give you leave to call me as stupid as—a man!"

. . . . . .

It was certainly a charming scene upon which Atherton entered that evening in the De Varigny house. The apartment into which he was ushered, with its strikingly Parisian aspect, made a harmonious background for the group of persons assembled—a group consisting of the family and two or three friends,—than whom no more distinctively French people could be found in Paris itself. Indeed Atherton felt that he had not appreciated before how purely the Gallic type had been preserved by these transplanted children of France until he saw this group, composed entirely of Creoles, with their faces, voices, gestures, all full of French vivacity and grace. But the most striking as well as the central figure of the group was the stately old gentleman whom Adrien presented as his father. He had a military bearing which rendered his military title of colonel less inappropriate than such titles usually are; while his slender, erect form possessed the same look of steel-like strength which distinguished that of his son; and his snow-white hair and mustache, both carefully cut and trimmed, contrasted admirably with his clear olive skin, his brilliant dark eyes, and fine, aristocratic features.

He received Atherton with great courtesy, and presented him to his wife, to his daughter Mademoiselle Octave, and to his old friends Judge and Madame Guichard and Dr. Latour; after which he invited him to a seat beside himself.

"My son tells me," he then began, "that you are a stranger in New Orleans, and that you are much interested in our old city."

"I am a stranger in New Orleans,—yes," Atherton answered. "But, since my mother was born here, my interest is perhaps more than a stranger would ordinarily feel."

"Your mother was born here! May I ask her name?"

"Langdon—Mary Langdon."

"Ah!"—a very significant interjection. "Yes, I know the name. It belongs to the later time of New Orleans; or, rather, to what we used to call the 'American

Quarter,' as people now speak of the 'French Quarter.'"

"I regret," observed Atherton, smiling, "that this is the utmost I can do toward claiming connection with the true New Orleans. But, although my blood belongs to the other side of Canal Street, my interest, I assure you, is all on this side—in your fascinating old city."

"You find it fascinating? Ah, it was once the only city in America worth living in; but it is now a shadow, a ghost of what it was. As for the new city—bah! it is a commonplace American town, with no distinction save what is lent by its connection with *us*."

"It is impossible to question that," answered Atherton, very sincerely. "No city in America—I mean, of course, in the States—has a history so picturesque and romantic as that of New Orleans. And what is recorded of its past must be but a small part of what existed."

Colonel de Varigny's lifted hands and shoulders signified that it was a smaller part than words could express.

"No one—not even my old friend Judge Gayarré—has ever been able to put on record all the brilliant and picturesque life of Creole Louisiana," he said. "Do you remember what Talleyrand said of French society before the Revolution?—'*Qui n'a pas vécu avant 1789, ne connaît pas la douceur de vivre.*' So it is of our Louisiana. Who did not know it before war and the American element changed it, does not know it at all."

"I told you how it was with my father," said the younger De Varigny, approaching. "He is a conservative of conservatives, and has no love for the new order of things. But have you asked the question you desire to have answered? No?—Mr. Atherton," turning to his father, "wishes a little information about the De Marsillac family. Am I not right in telling him that the family, as a family, is extinct, although the blood survives in the Prévosts?"

"You are quite right," replied his father. "Poor Achille de Marsillac and his two sons all perished in the war. I know of no family that suffered more severely. Gabrielle, the daughter—ah, there was a beauty for you!—who married Louis Prévost, alone represents the family now."

"Was there no other branch?" asked Atherton.

"Certainly not," was the decided reply. "The family had no branches—at least in Louisiana. You see, they had not been very long planted here. They were '*San Dominguais*'—that is, refugees from the island of St. Domingo at the time of the insurrection of the slaves."

"Yes," assented Atherton, who had a recollection of having heard this fact before. "And you are sure there was no offshoot of the stem?"

"Perfectly sure. Achille de Marsillac was the contemporary of my father, and I have often heard him say that *his* father was the sole survivor of his family, while he himself was an only son. So you see there is no possible place for an offshoot."

"And yet," said Atherton, "I have lately met a young man, almost a boy, who not only called himself De Marsillac, but who seemed to have the family history at his finger's ends."

"That proves nothing. He probably belongs to some obscure Creole family; and, borrowing the name of De Marsillac, thought it well to support his claim by allusions to the history of the family, which is sufficiently well known."

"Since Mr. Atherton is so much interested in the De Marsillacs," said Octave, approaching so unexpectedly that Atherton started a little as he turned toward her, "he may like to have an opportunity to meet a member of the family. You know, papa, we are expecting a visit from Diane Prévost."

"Certainly," assented her father. "A charming girl, but hardly so beautiful as her mother.—A daughter of Madame

Prévost," he added, addressing Atherton, "who, as I have said, now alone represents the De Marsillac family."

But Atherton was for a moment struck dumb. Diane! It was a name with which his ears were most familiar; but *Diane de Marsillac*, not Diane Prévost! Were they the same? And if so, who was the youth who, masquerading as Henri de Marsillac, claimed to be the brother of a girl who had no brother? He felt bewildered by these recurring clues to the mystery that seemed to grow deeper rather than clearer as he pursued his inquiries.

Octave, watching him closely, saw that he was visibly startled by the name of Diane. "What can it mean?" she thought; and in that moment her own curiosity waked as strongly as her desire to satisfy her brother.

"Papa is right," she said, addressing Atherton. "Miss Prévost is one of the most beautiful girls in Louisiana; and well worth meeting for her own sake, whether or not she can throw any light upon your mysterious De Marsillac."

"What possible light can Diane throw upon him?" asked her father. "She can only repeat what I tell you—that she has no relation of the name."

"It will at least interest her to hear of this person who claims to be one," said Octave. "He seems to have taken a good deal of unnecessary trouble to deceive Mr. Atherton, who had never heard of the De Marsillacs.—It was not in Louisiana that you met him?" she asked, turning to that gentleman.

"No," he answered. "It was in—the West Indies."

"West Indies indeed! But in that case he may have been a genuine De Marsillac. They were West Indians, you know."

"Octave," said her father, irritably, "did you not hear me state that the only survivor of the West Indian family was the father of Achille de Marsillac?"

"Yes, papa; but there might have been some mistake about all the rest of the family perishing in the insurrection. Such mistakes are made sometimes."

"It was not a mistake in this instance," answered Atherton. "The person whom I met distinctly asserted that he was a Louisianian."

"And you know him well?"

"Quite well."

"And he was—that is, seemed to be—a gentleman?"

"I should have said at the time when I was associated with him, thoroughly so; in fact, of an unusual refinement. He struck me as one who had been brought up under altogether feminine influences, and he said—"

"Yes, he said—?"

But Atherton, who had paused abruptly, did not continue at this question. He was silent a moment longer,—a moment in which he decided that he would not be drawn on to speak further until he had a little more light upon the mystery which was puzzling him. Looking into Octave's eyes bright with interest and curiosity, he replied quietly:

"Pray excuse me, but I prefer to add nothing more. It is possible that I might be doing an injustice, for which I should be sorry. It is also barely possible that Miss Prévost may be able to throw some light on this person; and if so, we will leave the matter of identifying him to her."

And, as if this was not sufficiently provoking, Adrien must needs murmur, as rising he strolled past his sister:

"You see, you have learned no more than I."

(To be continued.)

ALL ill-will which does not pass the region of thought seems innocent to us, and, with our clumsy justice, we excuse, without examination, the sin which does not betray itself in action.—*Emile Souvestre.*

The Wonder-Worker of Padua.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

V.—Anthony Seeks Martyrdom.

NOT all who seek shall find. Antonio, or Anthony, was permitted to go to Morocco, where he hoped to end his days in an effort toward the conversion of the Moslems. What dreams were his! what hopes, what aspirations! He was now in very truth following in the footsteps of the five friars who were his first inspiration. He was in a land whose history was made glorious by Tertullian, St. Augustine, St. Fulgentius; great pontiffs and learned doctors. The day of its prosperity was over and gone. Its flourishing churches had fallen to decay, and the arrogance of the infidel made it unsafe for a Christian to pace the narrow streets of those white-walled cities unattended.

Under an ever-cloudless sky, in the glare of the fierce sunshine and the heat of the desert dust, Anthony was stricken down with fever. Filippo of Spain, a young lay-brother who had attached himself to his person, watched with Anthony the whole winter. Not once did the would-be martyr have the opportunity of exposing himself to the fury of the African fanatics. He was utterly prostrated; his life seemed to be slowly ebbing away. Evidently his efforts as a missioner in Morocco were doomed. The fact could not be kept a secret; and accordingly Anthony and Filippo were recalled to Portugal by their superiors, after an absence of but four months.

They dutifully embarked, though their hearts were heavy with disappointment. The martyr's palm might wither in the desert; it was evidently not reserved for them. Neither were they destined to return to Portugal. A white squall struck their vessel, and it was cast upon the Sicilian shore. Anthony and Filippo landed at Taormina, and at once made their way to Messina, where there was a convent of the Friars Minor. Here for two months the young friars reposed; here health and strength returned to Anthony, and he entered upon a new lease of life. Here, in the convent garden, he planted a lemon tree that flourishes to this hour; for, like the orange tree planted by St. Dominic at Santa Sabina on the Aventine, time can not wither it, and every succeeding year bud, blossom and fruit give testimony of its eternal youth.

About this time the official notice of the convocation of the fourth general chapter of the Franciscan Order reached Messina. Anthony, Filippo, and certain of the Sicilian friars resolved to go to Assisi; and it was Anthony's desire to place himself at the disposal of the holy founder. In doing the will of St. Francis he felt that he could make no error, and that it was the providence of God alone that had recalled him from Africa, shipwrecked him upon the Sicilian coast, and was now about to bring him into the presence of the seraphic Father whose child he had become.

Having celebrated the Easter festivities at Messina, Anthony, accompanied by Filippo and the Sicilian *frati*, set forth on his pilgrimage to Assisi.

VI.—Anthony and St. Francis.

The fourth general chapter of the Franciscan Order opened at Portiuncula on May 30, 1221. This chapter was a marvellous manifestation of the influence exercised by St. Francis over his followers. It was an all-powerful influence, and it was ever increasing; time alone was necessary to enable it to expand and spread unto the very ends of the earth.

St. Francis, a year previous, had resigned his office of Minister-General. He had, in a certain sense, completed his mission. His Order was well established, was in

the most flourishing condition; recruits were constantly approaching him, and at his feet offering the labor of their lives. His wish was law: no one questioned it. His will was their wisdom, his word was final. This stupendous organization, the inspiration and the accomplishment of one mind, had yet a price to be paid for it, and a high price it proved to be: it was no less than the life of the holy founder.

Hoping to find a little much-needed rest, St. Francis shifted the burden of responsibility upon the shoulders of Peter of Catania; but the death of Peter within the year compelled the enfeebled Francis once more to assume the reins of government. He conferred upon Brother Elias the office of Vicar-General, and thus Brother Elias became the mouthpiece of the founder. He was literally a mouthpiece; for, owing to his physical debility, the voice of the Saint could scarcely be raised above a whisper. The voice of Elias was indeed as the voice of Francis, and was listened to by all in unquestioning silence and obedience.

This is what Anthony beheld as he stood in the multitude assembled at Portiuncula — more than two thousand friars gathered together from every part of Europe. They were presided over by Cardinal Ranerio Capaccio; but St. Francis was the magnet that drew them thither, the power that swayed them as one man, whose burning and sole desire was to do the will of their seraphic Father.

As the fruit of his husbandry, Francis could proudly point to Silvester the contemplative; Giles the ecstatic; Thomas of Celano, the noble singer of the *Stabat Mater;* John of Piano; Carpino, and many another, — all these bearing the marks of suffering, but all brave and steadfast warriors for the faith. Here they were, bowing at the knee of the patriarch, humbly awaiting his will. And he, pale and emaciated, sinking under a prostration that threatened to terminate his life at any moment, the patron of humility and zeal and love,—when he, in a faint whisper, proposed a mission to Germany, eighty friars sprang to their feet and shouted with enthusiasm that they were ready to do his will there as anywhere and everywhere.

Unnoticed in that great throng, ravished by the spectacle of the Saint and his disciples, trembling with profound emotion and faint for the fire of love that was consuming him, stood a youth of six and twenty, who was one day to become the most famous of the followers of St. Francis. Yet not one eye was turned upon him in kindness or in curiosity; not one word was spoken to him: he was utterly unnoticed and ignored.

VII.—Anthony Despised and Rejected.

St. Francis was wont to read the hearts and the consciences of his children,—a gift that must have aided him often in their wise direction. Were it not evidently predestined, it would be surprising that the Saint did not recognize in the youthful Anthony one who was anon to be all in all to him and to his holy Order. There he was, this giant in embryo, in the prime of life, singularly attractive to the eye, of fascinating manners, radiant with divine love, virtuous, valiant, face to face with the one who was most to influence him in life—and he was suffered to pass by unnoticed.

One thought was now uppermost in Anthony's mind. He could not again return to Portugal,—that would seem like a step backward and a sign of failure. He must abide near St. Francis. He felt that he could no longer live happily and holily apart from the seraphic one, who so powerfully influenced all those who were attracted to him. For this reason he offered himself to the Provincials and Guardians of Italy. St. Francis, hearing of this, highly approved of the youth's renunciation of his family, his friends, and his country; and recommended him

to those who were in need of an assistant.

His services were declined by all; he was not welcome and not wanted. In a great measure, he was himself the cause of his unsuccess; yet the wisdom or the unwisdom of his motive can no longer be questioned when we take into consideration the natural consequences thereof.

With no affectation of humility, the young friar kept secret all knowledge of his past. He assumed an air that bordered on stupidity. It is hardly surprising that he was looked upon with disapproval by the masters of novices, who were accustomed critically to inspect such candidates as offered themselves from time to time at the novitiate. They did not for a moment suspect that he had talents and learning of no mean order.

He proffered his services as assistant in the kitchen; he volunteered to sweep the house well; he asked nothing more than to be allowed to do this for the love of God. Even here his hopes were for a season thwarted. His slight figure had not yet rounded after the ravages of fever; his face, naturally one of the most beautiful among men, was still drawn and pale. He did not look equal to the calls upon the convent drudge, and was unceremoniously dismissed. His early biographer, John Peckham, observes: "No Provincial thought of asking for him." He was deemed unfit for service of any kind.

His case was beginning to grow desperate. What could he hope to do for the greater glory of God and the love of his fellowmen? Would no one take pity on him? Would no one give him some duty to perform? In his extremity he drew Father Gratian, the Provincial of Bologna, aside and implored his aid. It chanced that Father Gratian was in need of a priest to say Mass at a very small hospice, where six lay-brothers formed the community. "Are you a priest?" asked Father Gratian of the unpromising youth. "I am," replied Anthony.

This seemed like a sad awakening from his dreams of the future. Not Africa, not martyrdom, apparently not Italy, could he claim for his portion; but Father Gratian, who must send a priest to the lay-brothers in their retreat, found him sufficient in an extremity; and thereupon he was ordered away into the mountains to say Mass for the recluses in a very little house hidden in a lonely place.

(To be continued.)

To the Blessed Virgin.

AVE MARIA! blest o'er women all
Who e'er on earth embodiment have found,
Maiden and mother, both in thee we call
With peerless favor by Jehovah crown'd.

Pure are the fountains of parental love,
Whose depths of bliss ineffable remain;
Not the deep ravishment of lyres above
Could e'er attune it with too sweet a strain.

But thou, o'ershadow'd with the Spirit's power,
By heaven's bright herald hail'd supremely blest,—
Far more than mystery clothed that sacred hour
When hung the Child-God on thy virgin breast.

Boundless eternity and breathing time
Blend in communion at thine awful bliss,
And bid us wonder, in a trance sublime,
That earth was hallow'd by a scene like this.

The purest image saintly thought can see
Of maiden calm with motherhood combined,
Becomes too earth-born when compared with thee
Nursing the Babe whose Blood redeem'd mankind.

Well may the poet's harp and painter's hue,
With all that Sculpture's marble dreams express,
Become ethereal when they bring to view
Outlines that hint thy solemn loveliness.

R. G.

In the Battle for Bread.

BY T. SPARROW.

CHRISTIE'S HOME.

I.

FROM the outside it looked a little better than its neighbors. It had a handle to the door, the knob of which Christie piously cleaned on Christmas and Easter Eve. In the window below the street a dusty-leaved geranium did its very best to flourish; and a large ginger cat usually curled itself up in the afternoon, hoping to catch the few faint sunbeams that filtered through the area railings.

If you were of an inquisitive turn of mind, like the dirty little urchins who would stop and peep down between the railings, you could see inside, in one corner of the stone-flagged square room, a bed on the uncovered floor, in which lay, beneath a clean but gaudy quilt, a youth about twenty, with a fair, freckled face and a mop of rich red hair. His brown eyes were intelligent but sad; and the large round mouth rarely broadened into a smile, though somehow it never lost the look that it wanted to do so.

This was Christie's brother Jim, and for five years had he lain on that coarse couch, helpless and unresigned; passing day after day, week after week, in counting the flies as they buzzed up and down the window-pane, cursing the luck which had cut him off, half developed and half grown, to be a burden on the one thing he loved on earth — Christie. It was a very sad tale, though his restlessness made it sadder.

Jim and Christie Wybrow were the only children of Mary Wybrow (long since deceased) and Joseph Wybrow, an artisan. Since the mother's death the father had been drinking heavily, and the young people clung to each other all the more because of the failing of their surviving parent. Jim worked in a weaver's shed, Christie at a laundry. When the boy was fifteen he was caught in some machinery, and this accident necessitated the amputation of both legs. Then the girl's nature suddenly developed. She became almost motherly in her care of the lad; much of her rampant high spirits departed, but left a resolute good-humor, which particularly suited the nervous, depressed invalid. She buttoned up the round red mouth that was so like his, and steadily set to work to keep the house together by her own unaided efforts; for "dad" was a hindrance instead of a help.

Each morning she was up early, as bright as a lark, to light the fire, attend to Jim, and get the breakfast, before she started for her work. She never forgot to leave by his side a slice of bread and butter and a mug of cold tea, which was his only meal till she returned. Nor did she forget the paper to put over his face to shield him from the flies in hot weather; nor the tin pan with potatoes in it, if he felt inclined to peel them for their supper. All this she did with a breeze and bustle that had something very cheerful in it; then she locked the door, ran up the area steps, and, with a merry nod to him when she got to the top, started on her twenty minutes' walk to the laundry, where she and some dozen other girls slaved for a sweater's wage.

No wonder the brightness of the day, in Jim's eyes, went with his gay, energetic sister. Though only eighteen, she seemed years older than he, whose nature had become as stunted as his body. At twenty he was a fretful, exacting, unaspiring boy; at eighteen she was a capable, determined young woman, sturdy in her truthfulness and loyal in her love.

. . . . . .

As dusk approached, and a thick yellow fog shrouded the shabby little street in Islington where the Wybrows lived, Jim

awoke from his dose and looked uneasily at the clock.

"Past six, Tom," he said to the cat, "and she's not here? Oh, how hard it is I can not even light the fire for her, but must lie like a log for the rest of my life!"

He sighed; and pussy came and rubbed herself against him, then curled up comfortably on his pillow; and no noise was heard in the dim, dark kitchen but the ticking of the clock and the purring of the cat.

Jim was just dozing off again when steps hurried down the area; there was a pleasant clatter of keys at the lock, a push, a shake, a match striking, and a clear, high-pitched voice exclaimed:

"Poor old Jim, what a shame to leave you so long! But I went with Hattie Rivers to choose her a new hat."

"Confound Hattie Rivers and her hat!" grumbled Jim, who felt aggrieved.

"No, you won't," interrupted Christie briskly, as she trimmed the lamp; "for she sent you this cake and gave me a pot of pickles for our supper; so keep your 'confounding' for your enemies, and not my friends, please."

She looked so bright and decided, and brimming over with life at its strongest and fullest, that Jim condescended to smile. She placed the lamp on the table, and while she is getting the cups and saucers we can have a good look at her.

She is very like Jim, and in many respects more like a boy than a girl. She has Jim's short red hair, round mouth, and brown eyes; but the latter are always either dancing with fun or meeting yours directly, with a keen, searching gaze that compels the truth. The hair is cut in a fringe across her broad white brow, and this adds to the firmness and squareness of a face already inclined that way. She is short and more sturdily than gracefully made; but the dash and decision there is about all her movements has a charm of its own. She is rough and ignorant in many ways, but hers is a nature instinct with character,—a woman that could never be a nonentity, who would be very good or very bad; for there were no half-measures with her.

"Mr. Perks called," announced Jim, in the course of their evening meal.

Christie's fair face flushed. "For the rent?" she asked.

"No: apparently to say he had heard you had been at a Catholic chapel last Sunday, and he was vexed."

"What has that to do with him?" she said, tartly. "Because we are his lodgers he need not meddle with our affairs."

"But, Chris, did you really go? You never told me."

"Yes. It was real nice. Lights and flowers, and the people praying as if they meant it. And such a sermon!"

"Tell me about it."

"It was about Christ raising Lazarus from the dead because his sisters asked Him. He made out Christ would do anything now if we asked Him; and that priests put new life into you too, somehow."

"Can priests raise people from the dead?" asked Jim, opening his eyes wide. "Catholics are wonderful people, Chris."

"Yes, wonderful," she replied, shortly; for she was not ready yet to discuss with Jim her views on that point.

So she busied herself with tidying up; and then, pinning her skirt round her, she began to sweep the floor, first covering Jim up with the newspaper to shield him from the dust. She was in the middle of her sweeping when there was a knock at the door—long, low and timid.

"That's Mr. Perks," said Jim, from beneath the paper. "He's come to ask you to marry him."

"Let him ask!" rejoined Christie, scornfully. "Did he shout that down to you, too, from the area railings this morning?"

But her hand shook a little as she let him in; for Mr. Perks was a green-grocer

in a large way, and never pressed if she was behindhand with her rent.

Mr. Perks was thin and small and jerky; full of his condescension in coming into the basement to visit his lodgers, and rather surprised at himself for doing it.

"Good-morning, Miss Wybrow!" he began, jauntily. "I am sure you will excuse my calling?"

"When I know what it's for," replied Christie, bluntly.

Such straightforwardness disconcerted her admirer, who found it very difficult to express his sentiments with the girl standing straight before him, one arm akimbo, the other round her broom. So he thought he would lead up to it gradually.

"I came to hear what you thought of the Catholic service on Sunday," he said. "I am told they believe in a hell."

"So do all sensible people," answered Christie promptly. "Where else are the bad to go to?"

"And they think more of the Virgin than of the Lord," he continued.

"They don't teach that," maintained Christie, stoutly.

"But, my dear young lady, they say 'Holy Mary, Mother of God.'"

"So she was," insisted Christie. "If there's a God, can't He choose whom He likes? And it seems to me common-sense that He should choose the best, and not the worst; and, having chosen, He should make a lot of her, and like all good people to do the same."

The girl's earnestness took Mr. Perks' breath away.

"Well, all I know is I couldn't marry a Catholic," he observed, piously twirling his thumbs.

There was a chuckle from under the paper. Christie still leaned on her broom. Mr. Perks found he was making no way at all, so he pulled himself together for a last effort.

"Miss Wybrow," he began, "I am a lonely man. I am also well-to-do. The green-grocery business would suit you, I am sure, better than washing. Could I tempt you to be my wife?"

"No," said Christie, straight and strong and clear.

Mr. Perks was so surprised he uttered, "Why?" involuntarily.

"Because," replied the girl, lowering her head, "you say you don't want a Catholic wife."

"But you are not a Catholic!"

"No, but I want to be free to become one if I like."

And to this resolve she stuck, in spite of all persuasion on Mr. Perks' part. He left very crestfallen indeed; for he could not comprehend the state of mind that could refuse such a good offer because of a possibility, not even a probability, as he had wrung from her after some entreaty.

"You are a brick, Chris," remarked her brother, when they were once more alone.

"He's a bother," she replied, knitting her brows. "He'll press for the rent now."

Before she lay down to sleep, Christie took the lamp and gazed at a picture on the wall of Our Lady and the Child.

"The priest told us to pray," she said, "when we want help. I have no friend on whom I can rely. Shall I pray—will they hear?" She looked long and earnestly at the picture. "Yes," she decided, "I'll trust. The Virgin looks as if she would if she could, and the Babe as if It could if It would."

So Christie buried her face in her hands and prayed.

II.

To the superficial thinker it would only have been a coincidence that at the laundry next day the conversation among the girls turned upon Catholics. And it might have seemed but another coincidence that I, while pursuing some inquiries for a leading London daily, should have selected that very laundry for the furtherance of my object.

The place was in a side street and on a

very modest scale. The washhouse proper was down four steps, where the girls, in semi-darkness, toiled laboriously at their work, bending over shallow wooden tubs placed in a stone sink that ran all round the room. In a huge boiler, at one end, I could tell from the simmering noise that a cleansing process was going on inside. The tainted air told of faulty drains; and a look at the stunted forms and unhealthy faces of the generality of the workers made one pity and almost forgive those who, in order to keep up strength to endure such drudgery, in such an atmosphere, worked with a bottle or cup at their side containing cold tea flavored with gin.

The children (and many were little more) wore copious fringes tightly rolled back in steel curlers, and their hair in a thick plait down their backs; and perhaps it was because of her immunity from this fashion that Christie at once stood out strongly and distinctly before me, with her short curly hair, straight fringe, and square jaw.

There had been a pause in the work just before our entrance. Two or three were standing before the fire, slowly drawing the soapsuds from arms deeply indented with the frothy sort of furrows produced by hot water and soda.

Christie was speaking decisively, with her head over her shoulder, wringing out at the same time a tightly twisted garment.

"And if telling your sins to a priest makes you better, then go to confession by all means. It might rid us of relations who drink all our earnings away."

"But what is a sin, Christie?" asked a delicate girl, with a sneer on her thin lips.

"Anything that's bad. Stealing's a sin."

"Even if your brother is sick and in need of food?" said a girl, slyly; for they all knew of her love for Jim.

Christie's straight brown eyebrows met for a moment in deliberation and her cheeks reddened.

"Yes, I should know it was a sin," she said slowly, giving her garment a vigorous twist; "but I should do it all the same—for Jim."

At this the others laughed, and their employer and I advanced. I tried to draw Christie into conversation, but she was very reserved and shy. It was the manager who told me she was not a Catholic, nor knew any one to draw her that way.

"But," continued the speaker, with a friendly nod at the girl, "Christie is the hardest worker I have, only she is queer: she thinks for herself."

At this Christie hung down her head and blushed, as if accused of something wrong. And, pitying her confusion, I passed on, after obtaining her permission to call upon Jim, and receiving her instructions to go to Mr. Perks for the key.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

In Venice the Unique.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

"And from the land we went
As to a floating city—steering in
And gliding up her streets as in a dream."

DREAMLIKE in very truth was our entrance into Venice. And not our entrance alone, but the whole period of our sojourn in that queenly city, whose imposing magnificence and peculiarly romantic beauty impress the visitor even now with the striking appositeness of the title so proudly worn in the palmy days of the republic's glory, "Pearl of the Adriatic."

In all the lengthy catalogue of famous European cities to which the tourist from the Western world delightedly wends his way, none other, perhaps, so fully realizes his anticipations of strangeness, novelty, and utter dissimilarity to urban scenes at home, as does this "glorious city in the sea." In London and Paris and Rome and

Florence he has found teeming populations, miles on miles of busy thoroughfares, hundreds of churches and public buildings eclipsing in architectural grandeur the proudest structures of his native land; and art treasures innumerable that have elicited his enthusiastic admiration. But he has discovered, too, that, after all, the difference between Paris and New York, or between London and Chicago, is a difference of degree rather than of kind. The streets and edifices of the French capital are more numerous and more handsome than those of the American metropolis; but the generic resemblance between the two is sufficiently marked to preclude any sensation of astonishment when either is beheld for the first time by a resident of the other.

The family likeness between European cities themselves is even more pronounced. Superb temples, gorgeous palaces, splendid art galleries, stately avenues and boulevards, beautiful parks and gardens and squares,—these abound in them all; and while each possesses distinctive features of its own, the tourist soon grows accustomed to their general physiognomy, and feels, it may be, just a little disappointed in that the aspect of these transatlantic cities is less odd and picturesque than he has been wont to fancy. While fully appreciating their beauties and their treasures, he still moves through them with a certain sense of disenchantment; for he is conscious that they appear far more homelike and far less *foreign* than he had pictured them in his day-dreams during his voyage across the ocean.

All sense of disappointment and unfulfilled expectations vanishes, however, as he approaches Venice; and a few days and nights spent within her confines bring him perfect fruition of the picturesqueness, romance, and magic witchery of stranger climes that he eagerly anticipated when setting out on his travels. Unique even among continental cities, Venice presents as striking a contrast as can well be imagined to those to which an American has been accustomed. If, thus far in his peregrinations, the element of foreignness has been less conspicuous than he could have wished, Venice at least leaves no room for cavilling. There he notes an utter absence of the prominent characteristics which distinguish the great urban centres of his own country, and the presence of innumerable other features whose novelty impresses him as vividly as if he had never even heard of their existence.

Personally, we had flattered ourself that we had so carefully read up ancient and modern Venice, so thoroughly studied its topography, so often inspected engravings of St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace and the Rialto and the Grand Canal, so successfully transferred to fancy's glowing canvas the gorgeous word-paintings of Ruskin and Byron, that we were fairly well prepared to witness the realities, with notable pleasure indeed, but with a pleasure quite free from the element of surprise. Even during the last hour of the railway journey from Florence we had been refreshing our memory with a reperusal of Childe Harold's description of this portion of Italy—

"Where Venice sits in state, throned on her hundred isles";

and when, about half-past nine in the evening, the train rolled into the station and the guard shouted "*Venezia!*" we felt quite ready to accept all the queer conditions of this strangest of cities with the philosophic serenity of an old traveller returning to a scene he has ofttimes visited before. But the smug conceit of this mood did not long survive. It vanished, in fact, as soon as we emerged from the station and found ourself besieged, not by hackmen or cab-drivers, but by vociferous representatives of their Venetian substitutes — the omnipresent

gondoliers. A moment later our luggage was consigned to an olive-hued young athlete, who had proved himself somewhat more insistent than his fellows. We stepped into his roomy gondola; and, bidding him proceed to the Hotel Victoria, sank back in the cushioned seat in a state of mingled wonder and delight of which a philosophic or an unemotional traveller would doubtless have been ashamed.

Shall I ever forget that first gondola ride, the exhilaration of the rapid movement, the phantasmagoric scenes that glided by on either hand; or my unfeigned astonishment at the speed communicated to the little bark by the single oar or scull of my boatman, and the incredible dexterity with which he turned corners, avoided scores of other noiseless vehicles in those liquid streets, and finally landed me with a smiling "*Ecco!*" at the very door of the hotel office! This was being in a foreign land in downright earnest. Here was complete severance from all traditions of city life as I had known it; here the veritable atmosphere of romance I had ever associated with a tour in Italy.

Thoroughly content with my transitory glimpse of the city's appearance, and impressed withal by the mysterious sadness that seems to brood above it, I interviewed the night clerk of the Victoria, and soon afterward betook myself to my appointed room—a cozy chamber through whose open window the moonbeams shimmered brightly, and the inimitable warning cry of the passing gondolier came floating up at intervals from the canal below. As with Rome, so with Venice. No preliminary study or reflection can adequately prepare the traveller for the sensations he experiences within its precincts; and his first visit to either city is an event that memory will surely treasure as a lasting joy.

On the following day sight-seeing was begun early and continued late. As the simplest way of obtaining an excellent general view, a gondola was engaged for three or four hours; and its efficient conductor allowed to pilot me at his own discretion in and out of the hundred and odd canals that twist and turn, and intersect one another, and shoot under the three or four hundred bridges by which, in addition to the waterways, communication is kept up between different portions of the "floating city." Byron's epithet is a happily descriptive one; for, whether viewed from the mainland a few miles away, or inspected from any point within the eight miles of its circumference, Venice irresistibly suggests a city afloat rather than one resting on stable and secure foundations. Indeed a traveller from a land where exceptional high tides or spring freshets occasionally inundate towns and villages, unavoidably finds himself speculating as to the length of the period before the tide will go down, or the flood subside and disclose the underlying streets. One has to remind himself every now and then that navigation is the normal method of rapid transit in this most maritime of cities.

Perhaps the circumstance or condition that affects me most forcibly as I leisurely glide through these watery thoroughfares is the uncity-like and almost oppressive silence brooding everywhere around. The noise and clatter and clangor and whirring so common in other commercial centres is here an unknown quantity. Sounds there are, of course; but of so subdued and gentle a nature as scarcely to break the monotony of utter quiet; and the stranger has only to close his eyes to imagine himself in a city of the dead, or one in which some tragic catastrophe has stilled the bustle of ordinary traffic and doomed the populace to silent mourning. A city without elevated railroads, electric tramways, horse-cars, or horses; with never a carriage or wagon or cart rattling over resounding pavements; with the mighty

roar of trade reduced to the hum of a social gathering,—yes, it is certainly a novelty in my experience; and a novelty that is a source of bewilderment as long as I remain in this sea-built home of the Council of Ten, Marino Falieri, and other potent doges innumerable who preceded and followed Falieri during the twelve centuries intervening between the seventh and the nineteenth.

Novel, also, is the multiform architecture of the churches and palaces, the theatres and museums, the public buildings and private mansions that rise perpendicularly from the very sea and tower aloft in majestic grandeur on either side of the Grand Canal. Greek, Byzantine, Saracenic and Armenian styles abound on every hand; their diversity lending an added charm to the beautiful panorama that is ever unfolding itself to my enraptured vision as my gondola speeds smoothly along its noiseless way.

But here we are at the Rialto, the celebrated marble bridge built three hundred years ago by Antonio da Ponte; and, with a sudden remembrance of another Antonio—he who

"many a time and oft
In the Rialto"

rated Shylock about his monies,—I am prompted to leave my graceful water-cab and saunter on foot through its triple roadway lined with shops. From the Rialto, through a labyrinthian network of narrow lanes so crowded with busy throngs that I expect momentarily to see a score or two of women and boys pushed over into the contiguous canals, I thread my way to the Merceria, the only thoroughfare in the city that may properly be styled a solid street. Here commerce assumes a more familiar aspect; but I am not seeking the familiar, and am far from being enamored of trade either at home or abroad; so I embark once more and proceed to the central point of interest for visitors to Venice—the Plaza San Marco.

As we approach it, there looms upon our sight the great cathedral with its five domes and multitudinous columns and pinnacles—a very wonder of architectural genius, an epic writ in marble and bronze and alabaster. But a description of St. Mark's by any other than an artist capable of appreciating in their exquisite details its manifold and varied beauties would be little less than profanation, so let me substitute here for my own tawdry daubing a picture from Ruskin's collection of brilliant word-mosaics:

"Beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth; and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of colored light; a treasure heap, it seems, partly of gold and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into fine, great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture, fantastic and involved, of palm leaves, lilies, grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches,—all twined together into an endless network of birds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates; their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel guarded long ago.

"And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones—jasper and porphyry and deep green serpentine, spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, 'their bluest veins to kiss,'—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after

line of azure undulation as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them in the broad archivolts a continuous chain of language and of life—angels and the signs of heaven and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight amid which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength; and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flushes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frostbound before they fell and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst." *

The interior of the cathedral is on a similar scale of magnificent splendor. The lofty vaulting is a very blaze of incrusting gold; the pavement a vast mosaic of jasper and porphyry and verd-antique and tesselated marble,—the whole edifice a perfect combination of beauteous form and richness and color, such as only Italian genius and the faith-inspired, lavish generosity of the Middle Ages could rear; a truly superb monument to the great Evangelist through whom is honored the Divine Master he followed and preached. It is with reluctance that one leaves St. Mark's; but my time is limited, and Venice has other sights that may not be neglected. So I pass out through the portal glorified by the magic pen of England's greatest art critic; and, with only a cursory examination of the adjoining Campanile—a bell-tower that attains an altitude of three hundred and twenty-three feet,—betake myself to the Palace of the Doges.

Selecting from a score of applicants a guide whose French is not more than half Italian (and whose English is a thing to weep over), I am conducted through chamber after chamber memorable for the historic scenes they witnessed in centuries gone by, and adorned with the fairest masterpieces of Italy's most illustrious artists—embellishments that recall many a haughty ruler and many an old-time glory of the most ancient of republics—the proud Queen of the Sea, to enhance whose magnificence the exhaustless Orient was despoiled of fabulous wealth and beauty. As we descend to the lower stories, the guide assumes the conventional lugubrious expression, and begins to expatiate with voluble zest upon those century-storied horrors of Venetian dungeons that have consigned the memory of the city's former rulers to world-wide obloquy and shame.

A decade ago I might have listened with interest, unhesitatingly credited the woful tale, and lavished my sympathy on the political prisoners forced to undergo such tortures and agony; but not so at present. The fable of "Wicked Venice" has been subjected, within the past half century, to the critical examination of sane and impartial students of history, with the result that the pretended statutes of the State Inquisition have been proved apocryphal; and the weird cruelties so often commented upon, largely imaginary. The "horrible Piombi," or prison cells at the top of the Palace, for instance, are not immediately "under the leads." Ruskin measured the space between those cells and the roof, and found it varying from sixteen to twenty-nine feet. As long ago as 1777 the English philanthropist Howard testified to the healthfulness of these Piombi; and Daniele Manin, who was confined therein, affirmed that they were by no means uncomfortable lodgings.

* The Stones of Venice.

In fact, the whole story of Venetian cruelty, over which Dickens and so many others have waxed hysterical, has been demonstrated to be for the most part what Manin styled "a nonsensical yarn, an old wife's tale." I accordingly inform my pathetic guide that he may as well desist from the bootless attempt to harrow my sensibilities with a rehash of all these exploded horrors; and, mournfully foregoing that luxury, he precedes me to the Ponte dei Sospiri—the Bridge of Sighs,—where Byron records his having stood,

"A palace and a prison on each hand."

Thence to the public prison, the Carceri, built in the latter part of the sixteenth century, after a brief inspection of which I dismiss my conductor and return to my hotel.

Of the hundred churches in the city, there is time to visit, besides the cathedral, only a few: Sta. Maria della Salute, San Salvator, and San Stefano. In the first mentioned is the famous "Descent of the Holy Spirit" by Titian; and in the second, the same master's still more famous "Transfiguration." Some pleasant hours were also spent in the factories of brocade tapestry and lace, and in the celebrated glassworks. In one room of the latter building I watched a skilful artisan deftly fashion for me a Venetian souvenir, in the form of a tiny perfumery bottle with my initials and the date of my visit superimposed in brilliant coloring,—a delicate piece of workmanship, that subsequently suffered at the hands of an *in*delicate steamship porter who was apparently anxious to discover how much rough usage my Gladstone bag could undergo without becoming a total wreck.

My most delightful souvenir of Venice, however, is the vivid memory of a gondola excursion by moonlight on the Grand Canal. It had been my good fortune to meet, at the Victoria, a party of about one hundred American pilgrims on their way to Rome and Lourdes, and among the number a friend from my home in New Brunswick. Introductions were frequent, and acquaintance progresses rapidly in a foreign land among those who speak a common tongue; so that, while glorying in my independence of the "Cook's Courier" who regulated the movements of the pilgrims, I willingly accepted the invitation of their spiritual director, Father Porcile, of New York, to become for the time being one of the party. My doing so considerably enhanced the pleasure of my visit, and incidentally afforded me not a little amusement.

Entering the hotel rotunda on one occasion, I found a number of the American ladies engaged in a hopeless effort to make out what it was an Italian family-party—mother, son, and daughter—wished to communicate to them. The mother and children spoke French very well, but English was as far beyond them as either Italian or French was beyond the Americans. Acting as interpreter, I learned that the family were ardent stamp collectors, and were anxious to secure some specimens that adorned numerous letters the ladies had just received. Matters being satisfactorily arranged, the stamps graciously given, and acknowledgment profusely made, I was proceeding to my room when the son, a boy of fourteen, ran after me to inquire how he should say *Au revoir* in English. I gave him a more literal translation of the phrase than is commonly used; and the next moment he was shaking hands with the ladies, smilingly assuring each, "I see you late-ah! I see you late-ah!"

A few hours afterward, when the shadows of the summer twilight had fallen, when the silvery disc of the crescent moon gleamed forth behind the central dome of St. Mark's, and the golden stars peeped out in myriad clusters from the deepening blue of the glorious canopy above, a score of gondolas filled with pilgrims, swept gracefully out upon the

Grand Canal. Here an illuminated barge containing a Venetian orchestra and choir joined the flotilla; and we entered upon the enjoyment of a fascinating evening, one that will surely be remembered for a lifetime. All the accessories of a dream of fairyland were here to subdue one's spirit to its magic spell, and steep the soul in the very plenitude of poetic sensuousness. Music and song, light and color, the fragrance-laden zephyrs of a Southern summer and the never-cloying splendors of the Italian heavens,—what more was needed to satiate the eye with beauteous sights, or charm the ear with the harmony of sweet sounds? Did ever prayer sound grander than the Litany of Loreto as the whole body of pilgrims, and hundreds of others whose gondolas followed in our wake, took up the *Ora pro nobis*, and sent its echoes floating far away beyond the broad lagoons, to mingle with the murmurs of the Adriatic's heaving waves? Did ever softer strains of melody break on the ear of ravished mortal than issued from the barge in front, where mandolin and guitar and flute and piccolo paid tribute to Our Lady Mary, Star of the Sea? No; surely poet never dreamt of scenes more entrancing, of fairer visions or rarer beauty than held our senses captive on that bewitching August night, and bequeathed to me as legacy an imperishable and loving memory of Venice the unique.

MANY critics are like woodpeckers, who, instead of enjoying the fruit and shadow of a tree, hop incessantly around the trunk, pecking holes in the bark to discover some little worm or other.—*Longfellow.*

IF the fault-finder should spend the time he usually consumes in criticising others in faithful study of himself, he would doubtless find himself too busy to resume his old occupation.—*Anon.*

A Masquerade.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

LOOKED upon from any point of view, the sin of selfishness is the root of the evil of the world. Every fault and crime and weakness may be traced to its baleful influence. But when it comes to deciding as to which side of the shield is turned, the trouble begins. Selfishness masquerades as unselfishness deftly and successfully.

"How extremely unselfish Mrs. X is!" says an admiring friend. "There is nothing she will not sacrifice for her children. I called there yesterday, and she gave Willie her watch to play with to keep him still."

Now, it was not devotion to the child which made his mother yield to the demand for the timepiece: it was pure and unadulterated selfishness, as such treatment of a youngster always is. To give the children the clock or the gas-meter, or whatever they clamor for, is the quickest way to purchase temporary peace, and Mrs. X takes it. She is too selfish to look forward, and to take the pains which would avert a lifetime of misery for her offspring, now so recklessly indulged.

Even when seeming devotion to the welfare of another is based upon no thought of self, there are circumstances in which it defeats its own ends, unless used with wise moderation. There are persons so morbidly neglectful of themselves that they need a guardian to deal out to them suitable doses of their favorite medicine. It is one thing to sacrifice one's own pleasure for a friend, it is another thing to commit slow suicide. Wives throw away their lives because exacting invalid husbands will not put up with the services of a professional nurse; children are orphaned for the reason that their mother stubbornly refused help in her manifold and wearing duties; all sorts

and conditions of men and women wear away to untimely graves from work which could be better done by those who need the wages it would bring them.

"Self-sacrifice may be," says a thoughtful writer, "either a food or a poison." Used judiciously, it may conquer the world; used unthinkingly, it will, however good its intention, only add to the sum of human misery.

If our wholesale indulgence of others results in harm to them, — if our self-abnegation weakens or hinders or injures our child or friend, then it is time to stop and ask if this quality of ours, which we have in our own conceit called unselfishness, is not something else in disguise. The truest and only unselfishness is that wise enough to look forward, and far-seeing enough to refrain from the sweet spoiling of child or wife or husband when the harvest will be reaped with tears and regret. It is often better to allow others to depend upon themselves. The sapling that leans against the house is less strong than the one which gains symmetry while fighting the gales alone in the open field.

We add to the selfishness of the world by abject indulgence of the whims and preferences of those who would be better off by a little wholesome exertion in their own behalf. The noble army of martyrs is in nowise related to the unpleasant people who often pose as their successors.

True self-sacrifice is as unconscious as the "violet by the mossy stone." It sweetens life, it gilds the cloud, it comforts the bereaved, it hides its own griefs behind a smile, it withholds bitter criticism; it upholds, consoles, bears all and gives all, whether of goods or the small change of loving words and heavenly sympathy. But it is wise.

As without faith it is impossible to please God, so without mildness it is impossible to please men, and to govern them well.—*St. Bernard.*

Notes and Remarks.

Lord Kelvin, who is better known in America as Sir William Thompson, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his professorship in the University of Glasgow; and the great ones of the scientific world have been unstinted in their praise of him. Lord Kelvin's specialty is natural science, but his attitude toward religion is most reverent. Though his studies during a half century have all been in the field of cosmogony, the faith of his childhood has remained unshaken. One who knows him well writes thus: "With deep interest I have listened to him and his friend, the Duke of Argyll, conversing on these subjects and speaking of the contradictions whereby some scientists deny design, while they can not write a page without employing terms which expressively involve it."

A recent traveller in Southern Africa tells of a community of Benedictine nuns who have undertaken not only to build their own house, but even to manufacture the material. These devoted women have already made 100,000 bricks with their own hands. We notice that Protestant contributions to missionary works have shrunk amazingly since it was discovered that many of their "missionaries" and their families were living in luxurious ease on the money. No such accusation has ever, so far as we know, been brought against Catholic missionaries, of whom these Sisters are a type. But, in justice to our separated brethren, it must be said that if these heroic nuns were *their* missionaries, they would probably be more generously supported than they now are.

The dreadful disaster by which the good ship *Drummond Castle* was lost in the Bay of Biscay has brought into prominence the charity of the people of the island of Molene, on which the dead were washed ashore. It is impossible to suppress a comparison between their action and the conduct of those ghouls who robbed and mutilated the dead after the memorable cyclone in St. Louis. If the

people of Molene were all brothers and sisters of the unfortunate passengers, they could hardly mourn them more sincerely or show them more touching funeral honors. There was no distinction of nation or creed as the islanders prayerfully bore the dead to the village chapel, where a Requiem Mass was said, and a tender discourse was made by the *curé*. "The poor families will be consoled," said he, "in knowing that they rest in peace in French soil, under the shadow of the Cross." And the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, repeating this sentiment, adds: "Charitable acts so fervently done make national hearts tender toward each other. We heartily pray for this, and that the blessing of God may be upon your kind island."

In the current *Donahue's* the Rev. John Talbot Smith asserts that "no thanks are to be given to churchmen for the present moral condition of the stage." Compared with the vaudeville of Paris, the American stage is indeed clean; though, speaking generally, it is a long way from the morality which Christianity requires in amusement as well as the serious duties of life. "Churchmen," who denounced the immoralities of the drama, are to be credited with all that is good on the stage. We are glad to unite with Father Smith, however, in echoing the statement so often made in these pages: that if Christians desire to reform the stage, they must patronize the moral drama as enthusiastically as they denounce the immoral.

The case of a priest who preserved the secrecy of the confessional at great sacrifice two years ago is attracting much attention in Germany. A Catholic banker sent for the Abbé Burtz, and under the seal of confession handed him a large sum of money to be paid by way of restitution to an injured man. A few days later the banker died; and his heirs brought suit against the priest for the recovery of the sum, charging him with theft. The case was tried; and the priest, who could make no defence without violating his sacred duty, was sentenced to prison for ten years. A few weeks ago the facts of the case were disclosed through another channel, and the unjust punishment was remitted; but not until this German confessor of the faith had suffered much through his fidelity to the confessional. It is not so long since a similar case, of which we have first-hand knowledge, occurred in California. A jealous husband burst into the parish priest's room, and, at the point of a pistol, demanded the confession of his wife. The priest, who was an Italian, explained the nature of confession, and then told his visitor to shoot away But the man was a coward as well as a bully, and he slunk away crestfallen.

The solution of the eternal "school question" is far more advanced in England than in our own country. A bill, favored mostly by non-Catholics, was recently introduced for the purpose of maintaining state aid for denominational schools. The government has now tabled the bill, but we notice that it is not the Catholics who are lamenting. What they want is rate aid, not state aid; and the provisions of the rejected bill were utterly unsatisfactory. The attitude of the Catholics is soundly logical. If the present bill were favored, it would be impossible, when the bill will be introduced again a few months hence, to revive interest in agitation for rate aid, without which they will not be satisfied. We hear very little about Catholic influence in the politics of England, but we fear it will be a long time before the public conscience of America can be screwed up to the English pitch.

We can almost forget the inconsistencies of our Anglican friends when we read their earnest defence of doctrines and devotions which other Protestants would still cover with a crust of mendacity. The *Catholic Champion* (Anglican), reviewing a book by Dr. Paret, takes the Episcopalian bishop of Maryland to task in this brisk way:

> The two most serious blemishes in the book are blemishes that probably never can be removed until its author is converted and writes a new one. The first is an attempt—surely most ill-timed in these days, when Reunion is the thought of every portion of Christ's Church—to show up "the errors of Rome"; and whether the attempt is more ludicrous or more unjust it would be difficult to decide. Fancy any intelligent churchman nowadays putting

such questions or replies as these into a catechism: "Did Our Lord teach the disciples to worship the Blessed Virgin?" Or this: "The Church of Rome, notwithstanding its many errors, may be a part of the Catholic Church." Or the following, which is equally bad both as to its English and its *philosophy:* "Every saint or baptized member in this country is in the communion of saints with every such baptized person in Africa or in China; but we do not know them (!) and have no personal intercourse with them."

If our Anglican friends were real Catholics they would not take this sort of thing so seriously. We are used to it. Dr. Paret (though he doesn't spell it correctly) is a queer bird—the sort of bird that talks but does not think.

The old saying that Rome is the camping ground of the world was illustrated in a pleasing way last month. Four hundred officers and sailors of the British squadron in the Mediterranean, most of them Catholics, obtained leave to visit the Vatican in uniform, where they paid homage to the Holy Father and were most hospitably entertained by the ecclesiastical authorities. His Holiness addressed them in the Sistine Chapel, where, by a happy coincidence, seats had also been reserved for a pilgrimage from Venezuela. Thus at the feet of the Vicar of the Prince of Peace met the representatives of two countries whom political contentions still hold asunder, and whose quarrel threatened seriously to involve the peace of the two great English-speaking nations. The Venezuelan difficulty still hangs fire, though it will probably be submitted to arbitration; and those especially who witnessed that chance meeting in the Pope's chapel can not doubt that the Holy Father is to-day, as in centuries past, the natural arbitrator between Christian nations.

"To lie like an epitaph" is a proverb; but, even after due allowance is made for the doubtfulness of tombstone information, we may still admire the Egyptian Ameni, a provincial governor who lived 2,400 years before Christ, and whose recently discovered epitaph runs thus: "I have never made a child grieve; I have never robbed the widow; I have never repulsed the laborer; I have never shut up a herdsman; I have never impressed for forced labor the laborers of a man who employed free men. There was never a person miserable in my time; no one went hungry under my rule,—for if there were years of scarcity I ploughed up all the arable land in the home of such, to its very frontiers on the north and south. And behold, when the inundation was great and the owners of the land became rich thereby, I laid no additional tax on the fields." We suggest that antiquarians pursue their researches further along this line. Who knows but that the text-book of political economy in the twentieth century will be a volume entitled "The Landlords of Egypt"? At least some of our capitalists would do well to model after this one.

In the Cathedral of Luxemburg there is celebrated annually a beautiful solemnity known as the "Rose Mass." It occurs on the Feast of St. Aloysius, when all the children of the city flock to the Cathedral, carrying handfuls of roses. At the close of the Mass the children file up before the statue of St. Aloysius and offer their flowers. It is said that for some hours after this ceremony not only the Cathedral but the neighboring streets are filled with a faint odor of roses—typical of the perfume of the Saint's virtues.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. J. A. Voisard, of Fort Erie, Ont., who passed away on the 3d inst.

Mr. James J. Lyons, who departed this life on the 14th ult., at New Brunswick, N. J.

The Hon. Frank Hurd, of Ohio, whose death took place on the 9th inst.

Mr. John Fay, whose life closed peacefully on the 1st inst, at Superior, Wis.

Mrs. Ellen Bower, of Chester, Pa., who yielded her soul to God on the 19th ult.

Miriam J. Heydon, Paramatta, N. S. W.; Mrs. J. Keary, Cleveland, Ohio; Catherine McKeown, Derrynoose, Ireland; Mrs. Hannah Lannergan, Mrs. Ellen M. Clarke, Mrs. Mary A. Rowe, Mr. Peter W. Murphy, Miss Hannah Treacey, Miss Bridget Ryan, and Mr. Michael Quinn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

✳ UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. ✳

The Sunflower and the Child.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

SUNFLOWER in the garden,
Black and gold and brown,
You are looking upward
Till the sun goes down.

When the evening settles
Over vale and stream,
Then you bend your forehead,
Of the sun to dream.

So through all the daytime
Let me turn to One—
The dear Lord my Saviour,
Of my life the Sun.

Let me, while the light shines,
Bask in His dear sight;
And when twilight darkens;
Dream of Him all night.

Her Maid of Honor.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

III.

"IT will be a very grand wedding, Amy dear. There will be six bridesmaids, not counting our Alma, who is to be the chief one—the maid of honor, you know. I wish you could see it."

Rosalie tried to get a comfortable position upon the slippery horsehair sofa, but failed signally. However, in no way ruffled, she quietly resigned herself to the inevitable, and resumed the bolt-upright attitude which these uncompromising pieces of furniture exact of their patrons.

"Oh, please take one of my pillows, Miss Rosalie!" said the thin treble from the bed. "It will help you to forget that hard sofa."

Poor Amy feebly plucked at one of the supports to her own back; but Rosalie, a slight color mantling her cheeks, put forth her hand in gentle restraint.

"Amy," she protested, "you shame me. You never complain of anything, even by a movement. Don't you ever wish you could be like other people?"

At this exceedingly tactless question the wan, delicate little face grew sad. However, the gentle peace which ever seemed to rest like a benediction upon it, and had perhaps prompted Rosalie's question, returned again in a moment.

"I complain very often in my heart," she said, softly; "and—and I would like—oh, very much!—to be as other people on the day of that wedding To see Miss Alma all dressed so beautifully would be a great happiness."

"It is too bad," agreed Rosalie, sympathetically. "And I know she will look so lovely; for Madame K., one of the first dressmakers in New York, is to make her dress; and 'tis said even a homely person can look pretty in a 'K gown.'"

"Madame K., did you say?" repeated Amy, with an animation of face and manner at which Rosalie wondered somewhat in her own sleepy way. "Why, I—" Amy paused, her pale cheeks flushing, her eyes brightening, her whole face

transfigured with happiness. "It is she," she said almost in a whisper, gazing eagerly toward the door,—"it is my dear Miss Alma."

It was indeed Alma; and with her coming, health and strength, and all things fresh and beautiful, seemed to enter the sick chamber. Her step was as quick and light as ever, her face very radiant, but her manner was a shade more subdued and less demonstrative than usual.

Rosalie noticed this; for in anything that concerned her bosom friend, Rosalie's generally slow perceptions were wonderfully quickened. To Amy it was very evident; and, as she seized and tightly clung to the small, daintly gloved hand, her great, beautiful eyes, even more than her scarcely breathed words, "You are different; what is it, dear Miss Alma?" expressed the fact.

But Alma laughed gaily; and, as she bent to kiss the child, laid a little bunch of fresh violets upon the snowy pillow.

"Oh, fanciful little Amy!" she cried, evading the question. "I am late, but it was the fault of the florist. He kept me waiting fifteen whole minutes while he picked out what he called 'extra quality'—old poke!"

"They are lovely," said Amy, nestling her cheek against the velvety flowerets, and inhaling their sweet perfume in a gentle ecstasy of delight. And her eyes looked from them to Alma, a world of love in their depths.

As Alma turned to remove her wraps she stifled an involuntary sigh. She was thinking how very little seemed to give the sick child supreme happiness—a visit from her and a few flowers. And yet, little as it seemed, and as it certainly was at most times, how much it meant to Alma on this particular Saturday! Alas!—Aunt Edith to the contrary notwithstanding—she was not at all a "dear little saint," but a very human girl, who could indeed give up bravely upon occasion, but whose heart was still very sore. However, as she was drawing off her gloves she met Rosalie's eyes, with whose every expression she was familiar; and their look of mild inquiry revealed to her rather abruptly that she was betraying what she had certainly meant to keep hidden within her own bosom. With her back to the sick-bed, Alma went through one more severe struggle. It was over in a minute or two, though; and when she was established by Amy's side again, she chattered and laughed almost as brightly as ever. Amy listened, looked, and wondered—just a little; but Rosalie was reassured: there could be nothing amiss.

"I have been telling Amy your good news," said the latter presently. "I only wish she could see you dressed as maid of honor, Alma."

Alma's heart gave a leap—just one; but she smiled brightly as she said:

"But I am *not* to be maid of honor, after all."

"What!" exclaimed Rosalie. "Well, I thought there was something wrong," she added, shrewdly.

Alma quickly gave her a beseeching, half-reproachful glance.

"There is nothing wrong," she said. "Aunt Edie changed her mind night before last. I changed mine last night."

Rosalie shrugged her shoulders and looked, it must be confessed, both incredulous and disappointed. She felt that there was much more in this declaration than appeared upon the surface. Alma was making a sacrifice again,—she was always doing that sort of thing. Rosalie perversely wished she wouldn't; she felt such acts to be a reproach to herself.

"But the dress which Madame K. was to have made—what about that?" she asked, in a rather protesting tone.

"It will not be made: the order has been countermanded," was the answer.

Rosalie, however, still looked aggrieved

and unconvinced. Alma felt the soft pressure of the little hand she held within her own. There was, somehow, a mute sympathy in that touch which thrilled through her; and, entirely against her will, two quick tears sprang to her eyes. But Amy said nothing; and Alma, again thoroughly vexed with herself, recovered almost instantly her well-nigh lost self-possession.

"I feel funny to-day," she burst forth. "It must be the weather; or—perhaps, Amy, your angels did not smile on me?" she added, playfully.

"Oh, no!"—and the sick child was very serious,—"they never smiled so happily as just before you came to-day."

With a quick movement, Alma bent down and hid her blushing cheeks in the counterpane.

"Darling little Amy," she whispered, "pray that they may always smile upon your Alma!"

. . . . . .

A few hours later Amy and her mother were alone together, in the quickly gathering dusk. Both had been silent for some time. Presently, however, Amy, who had been lying almost motionless, both transparent little hands clasped under one cheek and her beautiful, limpid eyes fixed with a far-seeing expression upon the tall white spires and that which *she* saw above them, broke the silence.

"Mamma," she questioned, "do you think cousin Mary will be here this evening?"

"Does she ever forget us—mamma and mamma's own precious little girl?" said Mrs. Clayton, almost reproachfully. And the mother's tired hands gently smoothed the soft, fair hair which streamed over the pillows.

"Yes, she is so kind," murmured Amy, contentedly,—"so *very* kind to me. But I am going to ask her to be kinder—that is, if—if it depends upon her."

"Why, darling, what can you mean?" began the mother, when the conversation was cut short by the entrance of the very person of whom they were speaking. She was a little old lady, spare and slight of figure, very alert in her movements in spite of her years, of most unassuming countenance, but with the kindest smile and the kindest eyes imaginable. She was dressed plainly, almost shabbily, and her arms were full of packages.

With the conversation which ensued upon her entrance we have at present nothing to do, and so shall beg leave to return to Alma.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Wise Dervish.

The habit of observation is almost a sixth sense with some persons. Once upon a time there was one of those wise men we call dervishes, whose footsteps led him to a lonely spot in the desert, where he met two men who were evidently looking for an animal that had gone astray.

"I see you have lost a camel," remarked the dervish.

"You speak rightly," responded one of the travellers.

"Was he blind in his right eye and lame in a left leg?"

"Yes."

"Had he lost a front tooth?"

"He had."

"And, if I mistake not, he was loaded on one side with honey and on the other side with wheat?"

"That is so," said the other traveller. "Where is our lost camel?"

"Why, I'm sure I don't know," replied the dervish. "I have never even set eyes on him."

"That is a nice story to tell us, after describing him so accurately!"

"Indeed, good sirs, I know nothing of your camel," answered the simple-hearted dervish, now somewhat alarmed.

"The cadi will settle that matter," said the travellers, producing a rope. And the poor fellow, whose only crime was in being a good observer, was bound hand and foot like a common criminal. Thus he was taken before the cadi, or judge, who, fortunately for him, proved to have a large stock of what we term common-sense. He commanded the dervish to explain how it was that he knew so much about an animal which he had never seen.

"Know, then, illustrious cadi," said the dervish, bowing low, "that one may learn many things even in a desert. I observed the track of a camel, and knew that it was astray because there was no human footprint beside it. The herbage was cropped only on one side of the path, hence I judged that the animal was blind in the right eye. From the uncertain pressure of one of his left feet, I knew him to be lame in a left leg. Wherever he had taken a bite along the way, a small bit of herbage was left; hence I thought that a front tooth must be missing. As to the burden he bore, guessing was easy; for the ants were busy on one side of his path, flies on the other. This is my explanation. I hope it is sufficient."

It was. The cadi promptly discharged him, and the travellers departed to seek again for their lost property.

National Customs.

A lady who has just returned from the far East shows to her friends a piece of transparent gum copal in which a tiny lizard is embedded. This was given to her by an Arab whose hospitality she was enjoying. But when she showed it to her husband, he cautioned her to be careful about admiring the possessions of that proud and generous race, with whom it is a rule of hospitality to present to the guest anything with which he may seem to be pleased. They believe that to admire is to envy, and that envy is cured only by possession.

With Spaniards, too, it is a point of honor to offer to the visitor anything, however valuable, which he may admire. But as it is also a rule of etiquette never to accept any object tendered under such circumstances, there are never embarrassing consequences except with strangers ignorant of the customs of the country, like the lady to whom the Arab gave the embedded lizard.

It is always wise to inform one's self of the peculiar ways of people before venturing among them. In Portugal, for instance, if you have stopped at a hotel and asked for your bill, the landlord will pleasantly rub his hands together and smilingly say: "The price of your entertainment is whatever your excellency chooses to give."

Now, you must by no means take advantage of this very polite offer; but must make a speech, thanking your host for his great amiability, and beg him to give you a detailed statement of your obligation to him. This he will refuse to do, and you must insist. After a while he will begin to check off the items on his fingers, with a long argument as each digit is doubled under. Then you will take out your purse and ask what the reckoning amounts to. But he will not tell you. He will appear surprised that you have not kept track and added up the items yourself; and will begin all over and reckon the account again. By this time he will venture to name the amount of the bill, which has been made out early in the day; and you and he will part with many polite expressions. But do not fear that you have been undercharged. A Portuguese innkeeper is as "canny" as a Scotchman; and, notwithstanding his courtesy, you may be certain that you have paid just a little more than you really owe.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The first Napoleon was not a man to be admired unreservedly, but he is one of the human demi-gods in whom interest never dies. Mr. T. P. O'Connor has published a volume entitled "Napoleon," which summarizes, in separate papers, the widely differing estimates made of his character by various writers. This volume will interest even those who do not ardently admire the great commander.

—The lamented death of the Rev. Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J. followed closely on the completion of his "Outlines of Dogmatic Theology," the last volume of which we reviewed a week or two ago. Father Hunter was a well-known lawyer in London before his conversion, and his legal career was a good preparation for the study of theology in which he afterwards became eminent. Most of his life since his conversion was spent in the famous college of Stonyhurst. May he rest in peace!

—"The Life of Blessed Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England," by the Rev. Dean Flemming, is among recent publications by R. Washbourne, London. This brochure contains an account of the martyrdom of Sir Thomas, together with a faithful copy of his trial and sentence, taken from State papers. True, indeed, are the words of his biographer:—"Blessed Thomas More proclaims to the world that it is possible for a man, in the varied paths of life, to obtain the highest worldly success and yet love God above all, and save his own soul."

—Mrs. Phelps's faint pencilings of the religious views of Dr. O. W. Holmes, in the July *McClures*, will heighten interest in the newly published "Life" of the lamented Autocrat. While a boy he had suffered many things from orthodox switches; and this, strange to say, made him bitter against Protestant Christianity—the only kind he really knew. "In the latter years of his life," says Mrs. Phelps, "I saw a great change come over him. He talked less of theology and more of Christianity; less of error and more of truth." He clung fast to the hope of a happy immortality; and once when Mrs. Phelps wished to show him a cherished bit of scenery which his fading eyes were unable to see, he said pathetically: "There is no more scenery for me till I see the outlines of the Eternal City."

—Mr. George Austin Woodward has published through the Peter Paul Book Co. "The Diary of a Peculiar Girl." The peculiarity about this girl is that she receives four proposals of marriage and rejects all of them. There are some clever entries in the "Diary," but the book as a whole is very commonplace.

—The first "alumni number" of the *Holy Cross Purple* is a very credible production. There is an interesting sketch of Holy Cross College, past and present; a good half-tone of the twelve bright-looking young fellows who edit the *Purple;* a group of the nine bishops who own Holy Cross as their *Alma Mater*, and portraits and sketches of other noted graduates.

—The Rev. P. T. Carew, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark, N. J., has written an effective school drama in four acts. It is entitled, "The Birth of the Rainbow, or Erin's Vision," and is designed for little girls and young ladies. The theme is intensely patriotic, and it should prove especially suitable for an entertainment on St. Patrick's Day. That it is a successful play is assured; for it has stood the test of presentation in the author's own city, where it was enthusiastically received on three successive nights.

—The Rev. William Poland, S. J., has followed up his treatise on "The Laws of Thought" by another on "The Truth of Thought; or Material Logic." The object of this second book is to establish the grounds of certitude; or, as the author himself expresses it, "to present the testimony of nature and humanity on the reality and reliability of knowledge." Like all that Father Poland has written, this treatise is sound, scholarly and interesting. Those who wish to review their "Criticism" can use

this little book with more comfort and better result than any other treatise we know of. The author disclaims all intention of publishing either a physiological or psychological study, nor was such action necessary. The task undertaken was great enough, and it has been performed well. Silver, Burdett & Co., publishers.

—The *Catholic Citizen* can not be accused of neglecting Catholic literature. It has always been appreciative of deserving publications. We clip the following paragraph from a recent editorial on "Our Magazines":

The *Catholic Citizen* says:—God speed the work of our magazines and the men and women who write in them; and, if it could afford to do so, it would devote two columns every week to the careful examination of the contents of these valuable assistants in the work of St. Francis de Sales.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Dairy of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* May & Williams. $1.25.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25.

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

The Monk's Pardon. *Raoul de Navery.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Are Anglican Orders Valid? *Rev. Dr. MacDevitt.* 60 cts.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8s.

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury, Mass. $2.10.

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. $6.25.

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo. $3.50 net.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3

The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena. *Algar Thorold.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Woman, What Have I to do with Thee? *Presbyter Anglicanus.* Kegan Paul & Co. Crown 8vo, 60 cts.

Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. *Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 3 vols. $4.50.

Christian Reunion. *William Delaney, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. *K. M. Barry.* Fallon & Co. 60 cts.

Retreats, etc. *Father Dignam, S. J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Jewels of the Imitation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* Burns & Oates. 60 cts.

Questions of Honor in the Christian Life. *Katharine E. Conway.* Pilot Co. 50 cts.

Conscience and Law. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. $1.60.

In a Walled Garden. *Bessie R. Belloc.* Ward & Downey. $2.

Evolution and Dogma. *Rev. John A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C.* McBride & Co. $2.

Saint Philomena. *From the French.* R. Washbourne. 5 cts.

Mooted Questions of History. *H. J. Desmond.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts.

Catholic Directory, 1896. *Hoffmann Bros. Co.* 50 cts.

Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. 65 cts.

Our Own Story. *Rosa Mulholland.* Catholic Truth Society. $1.00.

Christian Unity. *Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.* Catholic Book Exchange. 50 cts.

Father Furniss and his Work for Children. *Rev. T. Livius, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

Lyra Hieratica. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* Burns & Oates. $1.00

St. Antony of Padua. *Franciscan Fathers.* Burns & Oates. 75 cts.

Jesus, His Life; A Diatessaron. *Rev. Henry Beauclerk, S. J.* Burns & Oates. $1.40.

A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven. *M. C. Bishop.* Benziger Bros. $2.

The Christian at Mass. *Rev. Joseph L. Andreis.* Murphy & Co. 12mo, net, $1.00.

Poems. *Father John B. Tabb.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.00.

Prehistoric Americans. *Marquis de Nadaillac.* McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, *net*, 50 cts.

The Rhythm of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Copeland & Day. Octavo, $1.25.

Guide to Confession and Communion. *St. Francis de Sales.* Benziger Bros. 32mo, cloth, 60 cts.

The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon. *The Rev. Joseph Spillmann.* B. Herder. 8vo, cloth, $1.50.

Cuckoo Songs. *Katharine Tynan Hinkson.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.50.

Summer School Essays. 2 vols. McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, 50 cents each.

Poems. *Lionel Johnson.* Copeland & Day. Octavo, $1.50.

Meditations on the Gospels for Every Day in the Year. *Père Médaille, S. J. Edited by the Rev. W. H. Eyre, S. J.* Burns & Oates. *net*, $2.25.

Poems. *Francis Thompson.* Copeland & Day. Square octavo, $1.50.

Petronilla, and Other Stories. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Benziger Bros. 12mo, cloth, $1.

Sister Songs. *Francis Thompson.* Copeland & Day. Square octavo, $1.50.

The Circus-Rider's Daughter. *F. v. Brackel.* Benziger Bros. 12mo, $1.25.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Father Searle, C. S. P.* Catholic Book Exchange. 5 cts.

Means and Ends of Education. *Bishop Spalding.* McClurg & Co. $1.

Letters of St. Alphonsus Liguori. Special Correspondence. Benziger Bros. $1.25.

Sermons on the Blessed Virgin Mary. *Very Rev. D. I. McDermott.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, I. 48.

VOL. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 25, 1896. No. 4.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

A Pledge from Heaven.

THE sheen of the evening star
That shimmers and breaks on the sea,
The sun-ray that streams from afar,
Illuming the spray-jewelled lea,
Has each in its hold,
Enveloped in gold,
As peace-pledge from heaven
The prisoned-hues seven,
That waken, dear Mother, sweet visions of thee.

For thou the true light of our way,
Thou hope-shedding Star of the Sea,
First gleam of Redemption's glad day,
When sin-fettered Joy was made free,—
Hath deep in thy heart,
As 'twere made by love's dart,
Sweet pleaders to Heaven,
Thy dolor-swords seven,
That bind us, sweet Mother, in pity to thee.

St. Anne in New York.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

ON May 1, 1892, began in New York city a most extraordinary manifestation of devotion to the mother of the Mother of God. Monsig. Marquis, Prothonotary Apostolic of the Holy See, had been commissioned by Pope Leo XIII. to convey to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, below Quebec, another relic of the great Saint, procured from the Benedictine Abbey, St.-Paul-outside-the-Walls, Rome.

The prelate arrived, unexpected and unannounced, on the date above mentioned, at the French Canadian Church of St. Jean Baptiste, E. 76th Street, New York. It was Sunday morning, and the pastor asked Monsig. Marquis to permit the sacred relic to be exposed between the hours of Mass and Vespers. It was indeed a day of great joy. The news of the presence of the relic having spread, multitudes hastened thither, amongst them the lame and the blind, the deaf and the dumb; and, on the testimony of an eye-witness, many went forth with a holy enthusiasm proclaiming themselves perfectly cured.

Monsig. Marquis was now urgently requested to defer his departure, which he reluctantly did,—remaining from day to day, from week to week, up to the end of the month. The necessary authorization having been procured from the archiepiscopal palace, there was continual exposition of the relic. It was, moreover, applied, as far as possible, to all who presented themselves for that purpose. It was estimated that from two to three hundred thousand people visited the spot during those first three weeks—from the arrival until the departure of the relic. They came from the East, from the West, from the South; every variety of human

infirmity being represented in the throng. At last it was definitely announced that on the 20th of May would take place the final exposition of the relic.

"This last week," observes Monsig. O'Reilly, who has taken an active interest in this new shrine and has been its first historian, "must ever remain memorable in the religious annals of the city. Of the numbers and names of those who were daily said to be cured there was no means of keeping an accurate account, if any at all. Everything, all through those three weeks, had been absolutely unexpected and unforeseen. No one was appointed to keep a list of these reputed miraculous happenings; no one could register the names, residence, antecedents, and the specific nature of the disease, together with the witness to the chronic condition of the sufferer, as well as to his sudden and unexpected recovery.

"So, with a few exceptions, the persons who were said to be the objects of God's healing power came unknown to the multitudes around them, and went away, lost in the crowd, without leaving behind any further record. Several pairs of crutches remained, indeed, near the shrine, to attest a wonderful and instantaneous cure. Quite a number of spectacles were left to be hung up around the altar by persons relieved of their blindness. Other persons had to thank God for the cessation of torturing pain, or the disappearance of what threatened to be a fatal tumor, of seemingly incurable rheumatism, of articular rheumatism which had deformed the limb and produced total inability to work.... Of these and other remarkable cures we shall doubtless hear more hereafter.

"Thursday, May 19, was very stormy, the rain falling without intermission, and the fierce easterly wind lashing the streets and sidewalks. Still, from before five in the morning until ten o'clock at night the street in front of the church continued to be filled with a throng of pilgrims,... a great many of whom were crippled, deformed, or laboring under a deadly disease. The sidewalk above and below the church was densely packed by all who had strength enough to stand and wait. On the opposite side of the street stood hundreds expecting their turn....

"What a sight it was to look down from the sanctuary railing on the slowly advancing throng of men and women, whose features were lit up with an expression of faith, hope and supplication! We know of cultivated Protestant ladies and gentlemen who begged to remain seated a few hours in a pew, that they might watch and study this light from above, which flashed and flickered on the rapt faces of the crowd. It was a sight never before beheld on the banks of the Hudson. More than once during that evening, as the wind furiously screamed above the heads of the waiting hundreds outside the church, and the pitiless rain poured down in torrents, the writer looked down the street, touched to the heart by the unearthly spectacle before him, and beseeching Him who stilled the storm on the Sea of Galilee to be merciful to these courageous suppliants."

As Monsig. O'Reilly was an eye-witness of all that occurred during that memorable month of May in New York, the present writer has thought it best to take *verbatim* from his published account a description of those scenes, so truly supernatural. They recall those other scenes on hillsides, or by the seashore, or in the streets of the cities, when the Nazarene or His chosen Apostles walked amongst men, the wonder-workers.

The devotion to St. Anne is, of course, a most ancient one in the Church. The stream of tradition has faithfully carried it down from apostolic times. But it received a peculiar impetus in the reign of Charlemagne, when the body was discovered in the crypt of St. Apt. It had

been conveyed thither in the ship which brought Lazarus and his sisters to the coast of Gaul; and had been walled up by the Bishop of St. Apt, the holy Auspicius, to preserve it during the incursions of the Goths, Huns, and other barbarians. The miraculous finding of the body, with the inscription, "Here lies the body of the Blessed Ann, mother of the Virgin Mary," was immediately followed by a series of splendid ceremonies, inaugurated by the most magnificent of princes,—for it was not in vain that Charlemagne had been so designated.

From that time forth, in every portion of Christendom the devotion to St. Anne grew apace. Churches in her honor were erected in Rome, Constantinople, and St. Petersburg. In ancient Gaul as well as in modern France St. Anne was specially honored. Her shrine at Auray, in Brittany, is, however, the most widely known and most popular of all; and through this devotion of the ever-faithful Bretons it chanced that a sanctuary to St. Anne arose in the heart of the primeval forest. On the shores of Beaupré, below Quebec, a few Breton fishermen erected, in fulfilment of a vow they had made when in danger of shipwreck, a small wooden church dedicated to the good St. Anne. This was in the rude, pioneer days of New France, when Quebec was but a struggling settlement, and Montreal in its infancy. To-day Ste. Anne de Beaupré is the resort of pilgrims from every part of the American continent, and the story of the wonderful cures wrought there has been told over and over by Protestant and Catholic pens.

Beaupré is not the only place in Canada where the Saint is honored: five or six villages bear her name. At Ste. Anne de Varennes is a picture of the Saint in a pretty little shrine, where the country people, as they pass from far and near, stop a moment to offer their petitions. At St. Anne's on the Ottawa, immortalized by Moore when he sang there his "parting hymn," the 26th of July is a gala day for the whole settlement. At far-off Tadousac the old mission church of the Jesuits is resurrected, so to say, for that one day in the year—the Feast of St. Anne. Mass is said there, because of a promise made by an early missionary, the famous Père La Brosse,—a Mass in perpetuity on St. Anne's Day for the earliest benefactor of the mission, M. Hoequart. It is a touching sight—the church, ordinarily silent and unused, filled to overflowing. The worshippers, including many Indians from neighboring settlements, kneel without, down to the very sea-shore. The altar, decorated and lighted once more, recalls the long-buried past of the missionaries. The bell, which has done service for nearly two centuries, peals out to assemble the worshippers. The simple hymn to St. Anne, so loved of Canadians—

> "Daignez, Ste. Anne, en un si beau jour
> De vos enfants, agréez l'amour,"—

is taken up and repeated by the whole multitude.

Thus throughout French Canada is St. Anne honored. But it is now the turn of the great metropolis of this New World, the very centre of material prosperity, to take up the strain. Here, where nineteenth-century civilization has reached its acme and the supernatural is almost crowded out by the rush of modern thought, by the eager strife for wealth and the worship of Mammon, there is a pause, as it were, and the realization of the infinite truths above and beyond reason is forced upon the multitude.

When Monsig. Marquis was obliged to proceed with his precious charge to Beaupré, he promised to return with a relic specially for New York. This promise he fulfilled, in July of the same year (1892). He arrived with it once more unexpectedly, and during the progress of a novena to the good Saint.

Each year since then the devotion seems

to grow, and the number of cures have kept pace with the earnestness of the suppliants. On the Feast of St. Anne one has difficulty in procuring an entrance to the church, so overcrowded is it, and that during no particular service. The church is open all day; and the relic is exposed and applied to those desiring it from half-past six in the morning until noon, and from two o'clock until six in the afternoon.

The writer was present upon one occasion, when a man, crippled apparently by rheumatism, made his way, painfully, to the railing and had the relic applied. He immediately walked over and placed his stick amongst the votive offerings, saying that he was cured, and freely moving his limbs in corroboration of his statement. The look upon his face as he knelt to offer thanks was touching in the extreme; whilst his wife, standing by, was moved to tears. A lady, who was kneeling before the shrine, informed us that that was the third cure she had witnessed, and that she herself had been the happy recipient of many remarkable favors.

The church, though small, is a very pretty one. Over the high altar is a statue of the Sacred Heart; near by, one of St. Jean Baptiste and of St. Joseph. The side altars are dedicated to Our Lady and St. Anne. The statues seem to be of unusual beauty, notably that of St. Anne. The face is such as one would wish to see on all statues exposed to public veneration. It is truly lovely—one had almost said divine. The altar upon which it stands is most tastefully decorated. Numbers of votive candles burn before it. Crutches, sticks, spectacles, and a child's iron boot, suggestive of spinal affection, remain as silent witnesses in or around the sanctuary. Tablets are hung near the statue or on the pillars of the church. Some of them are supplicatory—"Good St. Anne, cure my sight!" "Good St. Anne, give me back my son!" The greater number express gratitude, usually recording the favor received. At the end of the church is a statue of St. Anthony of Padua, before which are many lighted tapers.

Near the entrance is a little office, where articles of devotion—such as the oil of St. Anne, novenas, prayer-books, and the like—may be procured. There are always in attendance at this place two Sisters of the well-known Canadian Order of the Congregation of Notre Dame. They are ever kind and courteous in giving all possible information concerning the shrine, and they keep a record of the cures reported to them, with the attendant circumstances.

There is, altogether, an air of grace and fervor about this divinely favored spot which impresses the visitor strongly and deeply. Here God has in a special manner visited His people, and the mother of His Mother has been once more the instrument of His power. As the reverend historian of the shrine, the distinguished prelate already quoted, remarks, in these days of the denial of Christ's divinity there is nothing better calculated to impress that fundamental truth on men's mind than devotion to His kinsfolk—those who were of His actual flesh and blood. It brings the Incarnation home, as it were, and the reality of the Man-God's sojourn upon this earth. Hence it is no small matter that the great city of New York should be chosen as the theatre of these soul-stirring events. Once more the mustard seed may extend into a mighty tree, and the little church in 76th Street be the beginning of a national place of pilgrimage for the United States to the feet of the mother of Mary, whom Christians lovingly call "the good St. Anne."

THE secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use, not of what we have chosen, but of what is forced upon us.—*Bishop Spalding.*

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART III.

III.

"DIANE," said Octave de Varigny, "I really think that you grow prettier as you grow older."

Diane, accustomed to admiration as to breath, smiled serenely in reply to this remark; and, leaning back in a nest of silken cushions on the broad, low couch, regarded her friend appreciatively.

"You are very pretty yourself, Octave," she observed, with an air of candor.

"I—bah!" returned Octave. "I am ordinary, commonplace: you can not walk down Royal Street without meeting a dozen girls who look like me. But you are remarkable—a beauty such as men rave over and artists paint. *Ma chère*, you should not bury yourself on Bayou Tèche."

"It has been very necessary, burying myself on Bayou Tèche up to the present time," said Diane, simply. "But, now that mamma's debt is paid and her affairs easier, it is possible that we may go into the world a little more."

"You should go to Paris, and Carolus Duran should paint your portrait."

"Oh!" laughing a little, "that is more than we count upon doing. But it is settled that mamma will take a house in New Orleans next winter, and gather her friends about her again."

"That is charming news. May I say how glad we all were to hear that she had been able to pay her debt?—O Diane, how could you have run the risk you did in promising to marry that dreadful man if she had not been able to pay it?"

"It was not a risk but a certainty," said Diane, quietly. "I should undoubtedly have married him, had no means of payment been found; for it was the only way to save the home for mamma, *grand'mère*, the girls. But it is a mistake to say that I promised. Mamma would not allow me to promise; she only said that the offer would be taken into consideration. She did not want to say as much as that, but I made her do so."

Octave clasped her hands and looked up toward the ceiling.

"You are a heroine!" she exclaimed.

"No," replied Diane, with the same absolute simplicity. "It was a thing that in my mind did not admit of a question. People say now that it is not a girl's duty to sacrifice herself and her own inclinations for others; that she should say to her parents, 'Go, starve, suffer, do what you will: I will not give up my chance of happiness and love for your sake.' But it seems to me that is only another name for selfishness. When one can do something—and has the opportunity to do it but once in a lifetime—for those one loves, those who have done all in their power for one's self, I think a girl is bound to remember that there is one thing better and higher than love and happiness in the world, and that is doing one's duty."

"But the need must be great, Diane, to justify such a sacrifice."

"Ah, *cela va sans dire!* Only extreme need will justify it,—not merely wishes based on cupidity or ambition. But our need was very great. If you could know the long agony of the struggle I have witnessed,—if you could know how I have prayed for the opportunity to help poor mamma,—you would not think I could hesitate when the chance came. Yet, after all, it was Yvonne who saved her and me,—not I."

"Yvonne!" Octave stared. "Why, what had Yvonne to do with it? I thought—I heard—that your mother recovered some money which had been thought lost—"

"That" (hastily) "is true. I only meant that Yvonne happened to find the papers and managed the affair. She is so clever and so brave, you know."

"Yes," assented Octave, but this time absently; for she suddenly remembered Atherton and the mysterious De Marsillac. Now was her opportunity to question Diane and find out whatever was to be learned regarding this person. "I must not forget to tell you," she said, quickly, "that there is some one here who desires very much to see you,—a gentleman, a stranger in New Orleans."

"To see me! Why, Octave?"

"In order that he may inform you that he has lately met—in the West Indies, I believe—a person calling himself De Marsillac, and claiming to represent—Diane, what is the matter?"

Diane had sprung from her cushions and sat upright, with the color suddenly gone from her rose-leaf cheeks and her eyes opened widely in consternation.

"Who is this man?" she asked, or rather gasped. "What is his name?"

"His name is Atherton. He is a rather agreeable person, considering that he is said to be a millionaire; and—Diane, what *is* the matter? Do you know him?"

"No, I never saw him," replied Diane, hastily; "but I know—something of him. And I don't wish to meet him. In fact, I would rather go home at once."

"Going home would not help you," said Octave, who was greatly astonished and intensely curious. "For he is so very anxious to solve the mystery of the De Marsillac whom he met, and also to communicate to a member of your family some important intelligence affecting your interest which he possesses, that I think he would have gone to Bayou Tèche to see your mother, if he had not learned that you were coming here."

Then was seen the almost unprecedented spectacle of Diane in a passion. Color flamed into her cheeks and light flashed from her eyes as she stamped her delicate foot upon the floor.

"How dare he be so intrusive, so interfering!" she cried. "What concern is it of his *who* the De Marsillac was, or how our interest is affected? Oh, how I detest meddlers and—and busy-bodies!"

"Then you know this De Marsillac?" asked the young girl, forgetting that questions so direct were not permitted by the code of good manners.

Diane looked at her for a moment in silence,—a moment in which she seemed to hesitate how much to say or leave unsaid. Then:

"Yes, I know—him," she replied. "But I will not answer any questions of a presumptuous stranger about him."

"Well, but *I* am not a presumptuous stranger; and you will tell me who he is, will you not—for papa says that there is no De Marsillac living?"

"Your father is mistaken," said Diane, proudly. "*We* are De Marsillacs and we are living. We have a right to bear the name if we choose. I like the Spanish fashion of bearing the names of both parents. If we were Spanish, we should call ourselves Prévost y De Marsillac."

"True, but this man whom Mr. Atherton met is not one of you, so how has he the right?"

"In the same manner that we have."

"But papa says—"

Again the girl stamped her foot in uncontrollable impatience.

"Your father does not know everything that possibly is to be known about our family," she said. "I do not choose to enter into our genealogical history for the benefit of Mr. Atherton. It is enough to say that I know the person of whom he speaks, and that I decline to gratify his curiosity respecting him."

Octave was silent for a moment, so much was she astonished by this strange heat and vehemence in one usually so gentle and placid as Diane. What could it mean? Who could the person be concerning whom she showed such interest and excitement? The recollection of her brother's fears and suspicions recurred

to Octave. Was the man indeed some mysterious lover?

"Diane," she said, gravely, "tell me only one thing: are you bound in any way to this—person?"

"Bound! What do you mean?"

"Oh" (impatiently), "you know what I mean! Is he your lover? Have you perhaps pledged yourself to marry him, as you were ready to pledge yourself to marry Burnham?"

Diane stared for a moment, as if the idea thus suggested was so amazing as to require a little time for taking it in; and then she astonished Octave still further by falling back on her cushions in a paroxysm of almost hysterical laughter. Now, to see one laugh convulsively, uncontrollably, without possessing the faintest conception of the cause of the merriment, is somewhat trying to most people; and Octave was no exception to the general rule. She regarded Diane in silence for a minute or two, and then spoke stiffly:

"I have been fortunate in amusing you. But I really fail to see what there is so exceedingly ridiculous in the question I asked. You *have* had lovers—many of them, I believe; and you *were* ready to pledge yourself to marry Burnham."

"You know why," said Diane, sitting up again and wiping the tears of laughter from her eyes. "But there is nothing of the kind in this case. The—person of whom Mr. Atherton talks has indeed done us a great service, but he asks no reward for it."

"That is not saying that he does not hope for one," returned Octave, suspiciously. "Diane, I believe—I really believe that you are in love with him."

"I have a great affection for him," said Diane; "but it is absurd to talk of being in love in the sense you mean."

"Why is it absurd? Mr. Atherton says that he is young, agreeable, a gentleman—Diane, how can you laugh in that manner when you know that I am so concerned? Because if you are bound to any one else it would break Adrien's heart."

"Oh, no!" said Diane—but she ceased to laugh, and her blush was beautiful to see,—"it would not break his heart. Men's hearts are very—elastic, shall we say? But there need be no question of the kind; for I am certainly not bound to any one."

"And you will not tell me who is this De Marsillac, whom papa and Adrien and Mr. Atherton have decided must be an impostor?"

"An impostor!" If Diane's blush had been beautiful, her wrath was now splendid to see. "How dare they make such a charge against one of whom they know nothing—on the word of a prying, meddling stranger!" she cried. "I said that I would not see Mr. Atherton; but I *will* see him, in order to tell him, once for all, that we know the De Marsillac whom he met, that we acknowledge his claim upon us and his right to do all that he did, and that to utter the word 'impostor' in connection with him is—is an offence and an insult to all of us."

"Diane!" Octave simply collapsed into the depths of her chair. "I don't know you," she murmured. "I never saw you so excited before. There is no good in denying it—you *must* be in love with the man."

It was a little after this that Adrien de Varigny found an opportunity to ask his sister if she had mentioned to Diane that Atherton wished to give her some information which might be of importance to her family.

"Yes," Octave replied, "I have told her; and I think Mr. Atherton will find himself snubbed as it has perhaps never been his fortune to be snubbed before, when he begins to talk to her of the mysterious De Marsillac."

"Why?" asked her brother, startled. "Does she know the fellow?"

"Very well, apparently; and deeply

resents his having been called an impostor. She declares that he is no impostor, but has as much right to bear the name of De Marsillac as the Prévosts would have, did they choose to do so."

"Then we have all been mistaken, and there is another branch of the family?"

"So it would appear; but she is so far like Mr. Atherton that she talks in riddles. This De Marsillac must certainly be very mysterious since he inspires so much mystery in others."

"He *is* a mystery," said De Varigny. "I do not understand at all who he can be, or how he is connected with them; and still less how his doings have been able to affect their interest. Has Diane given you no information on these points?"

"Absolutely none at all. She only denies that she is bound to him in any way; in fact, she went into paroxysms of laughter when I asked the question."

"Paroxysms of laughter! That does not sound like Diane."

"Nothing that she said or did was like Diane. You didn't suppose she could fall into a passion, did you? But she was simply furious over what she called Mr. Atherton's meddling interference."

"In that case," answered De Varigny, gravely, "I had better tell Mr. Atherton that it is unnecessary for him to volunteer information which is so entirely undesired. The matter is no concern of his; and I think he is enough of a gentleman to drop it when he learns that Miss Prévost does not wish to hear anything that he has to say."

"Yes," observed Octave, meditatively, "that will be best. Tell him that the family know De Marsillac, acknowledge him as a connection, and endorse all that he has done—whatever that may be. This is what Diane said that she would tell him, and I think it covers the case."

"Very completely," replied De Varigny. He rose and took up his hat as he spoke. "So completely," he went on, "that it will silence me as well as Atherton. I do not like mysteries—especially mysteries connected with men whom no one knows, and with money. The conjunction looks badly. Until Miss Prévost chooses to honor her friends with her confidence, her friends can do nothing but imitate her reticence in all respects."

"Papa will be certain to question her on the subject," said Octave, hopefully; for her curiosity was so much excited that the policy of reticence by no means commended itself to her.

"I will request him not to do so," said her brother. "The subject shall not be mentioned again unless Diane chooses to open it voluntarily."

"And if she never does?"

"Then for me it is closed forever."

And with these words he left the room.

(To be continued.)

Rest.

FROM THE SPANISH, BY GERRARD LEWIS.

WHAT is it, as our life advances,
From blooming cheeks to whitening hairs,
'Mid funeral pomps and giddy dances,
For which the pilgrim spirit cares?

E'en Nature, with its outward gladness,
Can move, as once it moved, no more;
The shadow of the heart's own sadness
Lies deep as night on sea and shore.

In vain we seek in change of places
What erst was rife in every scene;
The world is but a crowd of faces,
That hide the hollowness within.

Then comes at last a turn of feeling,
A secret weakness unconfessed,
Like moss upon our senses stealing,
That softly whispers, Give me rest.

Rest from the motion and the splendor
That fill the earth, the air, the wave,
A darkness beautiful and tender,
The Sabbath-stillness of the Grave.

In the Battle for Bread.

BY T. SPARROW.

CHRISTIE'S HOME.

III.

I LOST no time in making Jim's acquaintance, and we soon struck up a friendship. I lent him books, and read aloud to him; and taught him drawing, for which he had a natural taste. And then we concocted a plan by which he could earn a few pence; and that was by painting the rims of drums, the heads of hobby-horses, and other cheap toys sold in the neighborhood. And Jim grew bright and animated. Life still had an object; and, like an eager child poring over its story-book, the boy listened and learned with a wistful intelligence that was indeed touching to see.

Of course Jim made a confidante of me; and it was he who told me what I have related; and also that when he, "like a donkey," told his father that Mr. Perks wanted to marry Christie, Mr. Wybrow was so irate with his daughter for refusing that he beat her.

"Not that she minded much," added Jim, with brotherly candor; "for Christie is as stubborn as a mule. And there's one good thing: dad has never shown himself since."

"Where is he?"

"In the lock-up, I suppose. He goes and drinks, and then the peelers pick him up in the gutter, and he gets fourteen days or a month. We are glad to get rid of him, but it's hard upon Christie; for she has to pay the rent of the upstairs room all the same, and we are six weeks behind now."

My heart ached for the brave young girl battling so quietly through her difficulties; but I knew I could do nothing yet, for she had not really taken to me. Jim was her one love, and she was jealous of the pleasure he took in my society. She was grateful for my pains to amuse him, and was cordial in her expression of it; but she felt that the days were no longer weary when she was absent, and she missed the fretful impatience with which he had once greeted her. He was growing out of the petted invalid state, and she was not yet accustomed to the change. He was proud of having become more helpful, whereas she liked him best when he depended on her entirely.

All this I so thoroughly understood that I never went to see him when she was at home, except once or twice on a Sunday, when I offered to take her to Mass. But she always shook her head and answered: "Thanks! But I'd rather not leave my brother to-day."

However, I happened to be there one Saturday afternoon, when she returned earlier than usual; and, taking no notice of me, she threw off her hat and took the chair by Jim.

"I have let the upstairs room," she said, pointing to the ceiling.

Jim whistled.

"And if dad comes back?"

She shut her mouth expressively.

"He won't come back here."

"How do you know?"

"Because I won't have him. I won't go into debt for him."

"Is Perks pressing?"

She nodded.

"Would the laundry advance you a week's wages?"

"I asked to-day: they refused."

"And I have made only three shillings!" sighed the boy.

She bent forward and kissed him,—a rare thing for Christie.

"Never mind, laddie," she said, softly; "I'll pull through somehow." And she went on rocking herself gently to and fro.

"Won't you let me help you?" I began, pulling out my purse.

She waved me away abruptly.

"We don't beg from strangers," she said; but I knew from the choke in her throat that she was only hurt and not angry.

"Is it not better to owe it to me than to Mr. Perks?" I persisted, quietly.

She gave me one of her direct looks.

"You know, then?"

"I do."

She got up and stood with her arms akimbo before the picture of Our Lady and the Infant.

"I asked *Them* to help me," she said; "but it strikes me I am pretty much where I was before."

"But they *are* helping you," I replied. "Have they not sent me, a Catholic, in answer to your prayers? And is it not you that are now refusing the very thing you asked for?"

She was quiet a moment, and then she turned round with a comical look in her honest brown eyes.

"I suppose you are about right," she admitted, with a smile hovering on her lips. "Any way, I give in."

I was proud of my victory, but took care not to show it. On hearing that she owed twelve shillings, we decided I was to lend her ten, while Jim was to contribute the other two. The money was placed in an envelope, and I had the satisfaction of putting it into Mr. Perks' letter-box as I left the house.

After this transaction Christie took me more into her confidence; and I knew of the row there was when Mr. Wybrow, a big, hulking ruffian, came home and found his quarters occupied. The new lodger, as brawny a man as himself, refused to go. They had a fight, in which Mr. Wybrow was worsted; and he left, vowing he would revenge himself on his unfilial daughter.

While affairs at home were in this unhappy state an unpleasant incident occurred at Christie's laundry. A lace handkerchief of some value was lost, and it was traced to Christie's tub. Owing to her appeal for an advance of wages, and, alas! jealous minds recalling her foolish speech about stealing for her brother's sake, she was accused of the theft, and plainly told that if it was not forthcoming by the Saturday following she would have to go. So certain was she that her innocence would be established she kept the matter to herself for a day or two, and it was only on Thursday night that Jim and I learned of it.

Davie Stuart, the lodger, had a habit of turning in of an evening, to have a pipe and chat with Jim, ostensibly; but there were several unmistakable signs that Jim's sister was the attraction. Christie knew it too; and, with a strange, sweet shyness, she often invited me to form a quartette. But Davie was absent when she rather bluffly told of her new trouble.

"Of course they'll find it, and want me back," she added, in her matter-of-fact way; "but I won't go to be called a thief a second time."

Jim's face had been getting longer and longer.

"But, Christie," he remarked, "you *did* bring a lace handkerchief home; it was hanging to the button of your cape."

Christie jumped up and clapped her hands. "Hurrah! Where is it?" she cried. "It must have caught when I hung it up to dry."

But Jim did not share in her joy.

"Dad took it," he said, shortly, "when he was here yesterday. He has pawned it by this time for drink."

Then Christie burst out crying, for her cup of woe was full. In the midst of her grief Davie Stuart entered; and, in her blunt, rugged way, she repeated her tale, mopping her pretty eyes with a corner of the sheet.

"You had better lock up your jewelry, Mr. Stuart," she concluded, with a grim

attempt at humor. "Your landlady is a thief, you see."

But Mr. Stuart could not see a joke then or ever; all he saw was brave, bright Christie in tears.

"Miss Wybrow," he began majestically, his six-foot-two towering in that tiny room; "don't fret, and don't go back to such a hole as that."

"But what must I do?" sobbed the poor girl.

"Marry me, and you shall never repent it," was his unexpected reply.

But Christie was too upset to entertain the idea. Instinctively she slipped her hand into mine.

"Not now," she whispered. "Tell him to go,—not now."

"Yes, now," he urged. "Because you are in trouble I have chosen to speak before witnesses, that you may know I am in earnest."

It was a curious wooing, but one could not help admiring the man who came to the point at such a time. Christie, however, was perversely shy. She hid her head on my shoulder and refused to look up; so Dave had to take his departure without a "Yes" or a "No."

"Dave's a brick!" said Jim, genuinely.

"Men are a bother," remarked Christie, raising her head; but I saw her eyes were shining brightly through her tears.

IV.

Life, which is chequered for all of us, had its joys as well as its sorrows for Christie Wybrow. Dave Stuart meant what he said, and was not a man to draw back from his word. He had served in the army under General Roberts in India, and never wearied talking of his experiences in tropical climes. He was now a *commissionnaire* under government. The pay is not high, but it is certain; and the duties light, consisting for the most part of going messages, taking the door at concerts, keeping order at public meetings, and having the charge of boys camping out for the holidays, or schools cheap-tripping it at the seaside. A *commissionnaire* is on duty for eight hours at a time, and day and night duty is taken in turns. Dave Stuart was not burdened with brains, but seemed a quiet, respectable man, and honestly devoted to Christie.

She was not insensible to his attentions, and day by day I saw her affection grow. Dave was wise and did not hurry her for a decision; though the sparkling eyes and swift flush that came and went when his look met hers must have told him that his suit was prospering. But Jim was still her first care. She never left him for long, even to go to some place of amusement with her six-foot admirer; and the courtship was conducted chiefly in Jim's presence,—she demurely knitting by the fire, while the men talked and smoked. Indeed, I believe right down in her heart was a certain soreness that Jim laughed most heartily at Dave's jokes, and was gloomy the nights he was on duty.

Christie had resolved not to go to another laundry, where a reference might be required; but she went out washing by the day to private houses, where my recommendation was sufficient. But it was uphill work. She was sometimes required to begin at 6 a. m. and did not return till after 8 p. m., so fagged out it was painful to see her. But she never complained; she was the staunchest little worker I ever met. The moment she got home she hurriedly began to tidy the hearth and make the room look cozy; for Christie was eminently domestic in those days, and in that lay her great salvation from the allurements of the streets.

When Dave was at home in the daytime he spent many hours with Jim, much to the injury of the latter. Dave was an exceptionally strong man and often in the open air. He was accustomed to take strong liquor, and could stand it; and, out of sheer good nature, would press the same on Jim, saying it wakened him up

a bit. But Jim's shattered constitution could not bear the strain. He might be feverishly lively while Dave was present, but he had fits of querulous melancholy afterward. Insomnia set in, and splitting headaches were frequent. He no longer cared to read and was fitful over his paid work. I urged Christie to use her influence over him to discontinue the habit.

"It will shorten his life," I said, plainly. "He can take neither air nor exercise to throw it off."

But she would not be warned and objected to my interference.

"I don't want him to be a soft lady," she answered, brusquely. "He must do as other men."

She was difficult to deal with in many ways. People called her stupid when she was only shy. She thought a great deal, but seldom could put it into words; and how few can understand by intuition alone! Her feelings were so deep down it was useless to appeal to them. One could only strike at her reason, and leave her to work things out in her own way. Father R. had called to see her once or twice, but could make nothing of her. She scarcely spoke, and did not ask him to come again. Withal, there was so much sterling worth in her that I was sure prayers and patience would bring her round in time.

Her reticence, too, was often misnamed deceit. She could not force herself to tell you she was going to do a thing until she had done it. So I can not say I was surprised, after noticing Dave had been absent from our reunions for more than a week, when she awkwardly informed me.

"It's all over between Dave and me."

Jim was sleeping heavily, and the room was darkened not to disturb him. I waited quietly for more. Presently it came.

"Dave hates Catholics as much as Mr. Perks."

"Do you mean to say you quarrelled about that?" I exclaimed.

She nodded. "I asked him to take me to Benediction the other Sunday, and he swore at me and said I was never to enter a Catholic church, or he would give me up. So I told him to go."

"And you are sorry now, Christie? You cared for him?"

Her lip quivered. "Yes, Miss; but there's something in me that won't be bound. I must be free to do what I think right, whether it's to join the Salvationists or you."

I laughed and said: "You will never be a Salvation lass, Christie."

"No: they have no Virgin. You can't tell, Miss, what a great comfort it is to know there ever was one like her. Here all women are bad: they drink or swear or steal. I can't explain well, but I like to think of her always sweet and kind and good—truly good. It is the Virgin that keeps most persons from joining your Church; it is the Virgin that draws me to you."

"But, Christie," I said, more touched than I dared show, "what stops you from joining us if you believe like that?"

She pointed silently to her sleeping brother. "It would separate me from him," she said, shortly.

"How?"

Her breath came fast and hard. "If I am a Catholic, I must be a good one. You are kind and say he is not well, but you know the truth as well as I. He *drinks*, and I can not keep it from him; in fact, I don't try. I can't refuse him anything. I slave to pay for his liquor. Father drank, mother drank, and in a little while I shall drink too."

It was in vain to combat this fixed fatalism, and I was obliged to leave,—defeated for the time being; wondering at the complex nature which could give up earthly happiness for a faith, the privileges of which she refused to claim. She took the loss of Dave very much to heart; the more so that she would speak to none on the subject. She fiercely devoted herself

to Jim, shutting the door in your face if you tried to call, saying roughly:

"He is not fit to be seen to-day."

So I gathered he was sinking lower and lower, aided by the girl who was stubbornly resisting the call to grace. But, alas! a terrible retribution awaited her. She came home one night to find him—dead! "An apoplectic seizure," the doctor said, and gave a certificate accordingly

But Christie neither saw nor heard him. She looked down on the white face on the white pillow; she touched the wasted hand that still clinched a half-filled bottle, and the awfulness appalled her very soul. Unprepared, alone, struck down at one blow, gone to where she could not help, hastened thither by the very doggedness of her devotion,—she refused to believe it was irrevocable; and, going out into the street, she hurried to the priest's house and rang the bell. Her eyes had a dazed look in them, but outwardly she was calm. Father R. came to her.

"My brother is dead," she said, slowly. "Will you come and raise him to life, as Christ raised Lazarus?"

"But I can not, my dear child," he replied, struck at her earnestness.

"But you preached it—that priests could raise to life like Christ."

Then he understood. "Yes, to spiritual life, my child; but God has not given us the power to bring the breath of life back to a corpse."

Her direct eyes were fixed full on his face. "Then I can't believe in a God like that," she said, and walked quickly away.

He followed, and for days after was unremitting in his kind attention to the bereaved girl. But she was too stunned to note anything. No tear ever dimmed her eyes, no word of grief ever passed her lips. In mute misery she did all there was to do, shirking nothing, sparing herself not at all. Jim was buried; and she was there, with a sick, white face that would have melted a stone. With never a sigh or sob, she collected his belongings and sold or burned even the veriest trifle. She gave notice to go, and packed her possessions; though no plan for the future had formed itself in her mind. But she had one fixed determination—to get away from all sights and sounds that stung her into remorse; to leave the house where she had been born, and the four walls that she envied because they had seen him die.

And while she sat by her lonely hearth for the last time there was a knock at the door and Dave entered. He sat by her side and took her hand.

"You can not live alone, Christie," he said. "Shall we have the banns put up at once?"

"I don't care if we do," she replied, wearily; "for I believe in nothing now."

V.

How often do we find exemplified the parable of the ten talents in real life! The one that is lying fallow is taken away and bestowed on a soul that has acted according to its lights. So it was in this case. Christie had discarded the gift of faith; and Providence, in His inscrutable wisdom and mercy, had offered it to her husband. Two years had passed since we had had any tidings of Christie. We knew from her neighbors that she was married, and had moved to another district; but she never came near her former friends, and her image gradually faded from my mind. It was with no little surprise, therefore, that I recognized the figure of Dave Stuart kneeling near a confessional one Saturday at the Oratory. The recognition was mutual; and, obeying a sign, he waited for me outside the church.

"So Christie converted you, after all?" I remarked, as we cordially shook hands.

"Not quite that, Miss," he said, with a little hesitation; and I thought his face clouded as he spoke. "My wife does not know I am a Catholic; it would upset her."

I looked my surprise and wonder.

"She has never been the same since

Jim's death," he went on, gravely; "the very name of religion seems to bring it all back again."

"Is she well?"

Again he hesitated, as if he wanted to explain and could not.

"Nothing to complain of, Miss. Our little baby Jim died in the spring; it was two months old, but I don't think she felt that as I did."

There was a patient endurance in the man's manner which moved me to sympathy; it was evident the marriage had turned out a mistake.

"Would she like me to call on her?" I asked. "Tell me your address and what hours she is free."

For a moment a look of brightness came into his eyes, but it faded and the old sadness returned.

"She is in all day, as far as I know," he answered, ignoring my first question; "and I would take it as a great kindness if you would come. But you'll find her changed—much changed."

I did not like to pursue my questions further, so turned the conversation to his own conversion. I listened with genuine interest as he related how he had been sent for a priest one night, and accompanied him to a house where a gentleman lay sick unto death. The dying man had been an officer in Dave's regiment; and he waited, while the Father administered the last Sacraments, to hear tidings of his superior in arms. Dave and Father Z. walked back together, and the latter told his companion that he had given up the army to become a priest. Dave was invited to call at the presbytery, and did not need to be invited twice. So the seed was sown, and ere long gave promise that it lay in fertile soil. Slowly but simply the truth penetrated Dave's mind; and the quiet sincerity with which he expressed his gratitude that he had been permitted to enter the true fold convinced me that he had found the pearl of great price, which was ennobling his manhood and testing his strength through trial.

Not another word was said about his wife; and on my way home I pondered much on the reason he could have for keeping his conversion a secret from Christie, who had always exacted such utter freedom for herself in spiritual matters, yet apparently could not grant it to others.

On my first free day I called at the house indicated. It was in a quiet, respectable street near the Oratory, with "Apartments to let" in many of the windows. I knocked at Christie's number, and a maid-of-all-work opened the door.

"Oh, Mrs. Stuart!" she said, civilly. "She has the third floor. Will you go up and announce yourself?"

I ascended the shabby, uncarpeted staircase, and met Christie outside her door. But I hardly knew her. She was slatternly and untidy; her hair was tumbling about her ears, her slippers were down at heel, her gait was unsteady, and her voice was thickened as she spoke.

"How good of you to call, Miss!" she said, with a forced gayety painful to hear. "Dave told me to expect you. Come in and see how grand we are. No cellar kitchen now."

She led the way into a room as untidy as its occupant. Tawdry finery abounded; unwashed crockery littered the tables; there were holes in the glaring carpet, rents in the loud-toned chintz curtains. I stood in the centre, too sad to say a word. Drink—that terrible drink—had brought the bright, clear-brained girl to this. It showed in her face, it showed in her walk; it showed in her very attitude as she stood, with arms akimbo in the old fashion, with an air at once sullen and defiant. How true it is that the natures which have most in them go downhill the quickest!

My eyes rested on the picture of the Madonna and Child which hung over the

fireplace, the only memento of the old home. I pointed to it.

"I am glad you still keep your love of Our Lady," I remarked,—"the belief in one purer and holier and more faithful than any of us."

"Oh, I have changed since then!" she replied, lowering her eyes.

"But has she?" I asked, quietly.

A moment's silence, and then she looked up with her old, direct gaze.

"You make the truth come out of me," she responded, half reluctantly. "No: I still believe in her, but I no longer believe in myself."

"Why not?"

"How can I be good? It is not in me. I am cursed!"

This violent speech was so unlike the girl that I was taken aback.

"Look," she went on, as if it was a relief at last to speak, "what have I ever done but harm? I murdered my brother by helping him to drink; and when he died I was so unhappy I took to drinking myself. I have the best of husbands, but he does not love me,—how can he? Our baby died through my neglect, and he cared for that little one even more than he cares for me. He never said a word of blame, but I know he is faithful to me only because he is so good. If I did not drink I should go mad."

"You are going the best way to end your days in a lunatic asylum," I said, in the matter-of-fact tone that suited her better than one more tender. "Now, Christie, when I knew you you had plenty of will; has it all gone?"

"No."

"Very well, exert it now. At twenty you can not be a wreck, and there is a happy life before you if you will shake off this demon drink."

The eyes looked wistfully into mine, and then a sparkle of the old resoluteness glimmered in them.

"Show me how," she said.

"I dare say," I answered, "your health is shattered now by so much indulgence; and, being alone all day as you are, you can not resist the craving. But be brave; make an effort, and let me get you placed in a sanitarium where girls are cured of this habit. Come of your own free will, and God will bless you."

A pause, and then very slowly, in a low voice, the words: "I will come."

Having given her promise, she never drew back. With her characteristic reticence, she kept silence to her husband on the subject till the day, hour and train were fixed for her departure. Then she told him curtly and with sternly repressed sentiment.

"And when I come back, Dave," she concluded, "I shall be a Catholic."

"Thank God for that!" he answered, fervently. "It has been my intention in every Communion for months."

. . . . . .

She was an inmate of the Home for some months, and the matron there spoke highly of her docility and attention to rules. Her quaintness and bright brusqueries made her popular with her companions; and, as laundry work was the principal occupation, she was in her element at once. True to her promise, she put herself immediately under instruction; and Father S. said he had seldom met a convert who was so thorough in her endeavors to grasp the full meaning of the catechism, or who made more strenuous efforts to practise self-restraint.

It is now the third anniversary of her reception into the Church; and, in their class of life, I know no happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. Stuart; nor a brighter, cozier little home than where brown-eyed Christie presides, with baby Mary on her lap, learning how she was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and lisping her baby prayers beneath that favorite picture.

(The End.)

The Wonder-Worker of Padua.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VIII.—Anthony the Contemplative.

FROM the very foundation of the Order, the Franciscans have possessed two kinds of holy houses. There were the large convents, usually erected in cities or their suburbs, where the friars diligently attended the many calls upon their time, sympathy and strength; and there were small convents, or hermitages, often hidden away in the fastnesses of the mountains or the forest.

One of these minor houses was situated not far from Forli, upon the slopes of the Apennines. In all Tuscany there was not a more secluded spot. Monte Paolo was an ideal home for Anthony. Separated from the outer world by a far-spreading wood; walled in by rocky heights, where only the birds nested and the wild goat climbed; visited by heaven-sent zephyrs; nourished by the uncultivated fruits which nature so lavishly contributed; refreshed by a delicious spring of crystal purity,—that sweet solitude seemed indeed to the ill-judged and disappointed friar an earthly paradise.

Here Anthony said Mass daily for the little company of brethren; here he begged leave to assist them in their labors, counting it a privilege so to do. They allotted him his task, and he cheerfully accepted and performed it. They had not yet discovered that he was a man far their superior in all respects; for he became one with them—one with them in spirit and in truth,—but he was the holiest of them all.

Within the grounds of the hermitage at Monte Paolo was secreted a deep grotto; and within the grotto a cell had been hewn out of the rock, and here Anthony found his perfect joy. One of the brethren had long used this cell as a storehouse for his tools, but he willingly surrendered it to Anthony when the latter ventured to ask if he might have the use of it; and there the friar passed most of his time.

Nearly a year Anthony passed in the wilderness. His bed was straw; his pillow a stone; his food and drink a little bread and water. He mortified himself by fasting, took the discipline, and gladly endured other austerities and voluntary pains.

During most of that year, so far as the Rule of the Order and the spirit of obedience permitted, he dwelt alone in his hollow rock. His time he passed in study, meditation, and ever-ardent prayer. He translated the Psalms of David, enriching them with notes and commentaries suitable for the use of preachers. Wittingly or unwittingly, he was preparing himself for a fresh field of labor; and perhaps nowhere else, outside of the desert itself, could he have found so suitable a time and place for just such preparation.

From a cavern came St. Francis, St. Bernard, St. Norbert, and St. Benedict; it was fitting that he who was to become a saint as great, powerful and glorious as these should come also from a cavern. The Hermitage of Monte Paolo has been by old chroniclers compared with the cells of the solitaries of the Thebaid. Not a trace of the building itself remains, and more's the pity! In 1629 Signor Paganelli erected an oratory near the grotto consecrated by the prayers and penances of Anthony, in gratitude for a miraculous recovery from illness obtained through his intercession.

Emmanuel Azevedo, one of Anthony's biographers, upon visiting the spot, found, about half-way up the mountain, a limpid spring that was never known to become turbid even in the time of rains, when all the neighboring springs were thick with mud. He was assured, not only by the peasants whose love for the Saint may have made them too credulous, but by resident priests — it was also the testi-

mony of distinguished travellers,—that on Monte Paolo (better known as St. Anthony's Mountain), during the most violent tempests, when the neighboring heights were swept by furious winds and lashing rains, a calm as of a summer twilight prevailed; and that persons overtaken by the storm hastened to reach the favored spot, knowing full well that there they would be safe from harm—lapped in an atmosphere as serene as the soul of the Saint.

IX.—Anthony the Preacher.

For a little time only was Anthony permitted to remain in comfortable and peaceful obscurity. Solitude and silence he always loved; but, alas! he was no longer to enjoy them uninterruptedly. In Ember week—March 19, 1222, according to the historian Azzoguidi—the ceremony of ordination called to Forli a number of religious, both Friars Minor and Friar Preachers, who were to receive Holy Orders. Father Gratian and Anthony were also present, but neither in the least suspected the surprise that was in store for all.

Father Gratian, who had not failed to note the edifying fervor of the young priest, as well as the gleams of uncommon intelligence which Anthony was not always able to disguise, was glad to have this opportunity of calling the hermit of Monte Paolo from his vigils to attend the functions at Forli. Father Gratian had been requested by the bishop of the province to deliver to the candidates for ordination the customary address on the sublimity of the priestly office. This honor he courteously offered to the sons of St. Benedict—many of whom were present;—but they, being unprepared, refused to speak on so solemn an occasion. It began to look as if the ceremonies were likely to be interrupted.

Suddenly, as if by intuition, Father Gratian turned to Anthony and desired him to exhort the candidates. The simplicity and beauty of his language, and the grace of his manner, were greatly in his favor; but he had never yet spoken in public, and since he had become a Friar Minor he had opened no book save only his breviary and the Psalms. Therefore he modestly pleaded his inexperience and his inability; he confessed he was fitter to serve in the refectory than to preach to the learned who were present. He was covered with confusion, and heartily wished himself back again in his grotto at Monte Paolo. The superior was inflexible; and, rejecting all excuses, he directed Anthony to preach out of obedience, and gave him for a text: "Christ became for us obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross."

The young priest arose, trembling with humility; in a low voice, the beauty of which had been often commented upon, he addressed the Franciscans and Dominicans, who were filled with curiosity and expectation. As he proceeded, his voice gathered volume and his speech fire; his cheek flushed with fervor; his body swayed as a reed in the wind; his wrapped gaze seemed fixed upon a heaven invisible to others, and he spoke as one divinely inspired. His hour of triumph had come at last, unsought and uninvited.

Is it any wonder that all present were astonished beyond measure, and that they looked upon this maiden effort of the novice as little short of miraculous? It is true that his whole life had been a kind of preparation for the pulpit, but an involuntary and unconscious one. His range of experience had been large; every emotion of the heart he had sounded to its depths; in his solitary hours of abstraction he had, in spirit, again and again communed with the martyrs of Morocco and the Canons Regular of Coimbra. He was storm-tossed in the Mediterranean; prostrated upon a bed of pain in Africa; an obscure and unobserved pilgrim at Assisi; an humble servitor and solitary at Monte Paolo.

Now all returned to him like a flash in brilliant and luminous retrospection; and with all else came knowledge—a revival of knowledge,—his knowledge of the Holy Scriptures and of the consecrated writings of the Fathers, together with his own voluminous comments thereon, and a world of wisdom withal—of wisdom not of this world only.

In a torrent of eloquence that thrilled and amazed his listeners, he developed his discourse with the skill of a logician, the art of an orator, the charm of one predestined to the pulpit; and brought his last period to a conclusion amidst a chorus of enthusiastic approbation. On the instant he found himself conspicuous in a life of publicity,—the life he had sought in vain to fly from. Now, in deed and in very truth, his inner life was ended: he was henceforth to be known as Anthony the Preacher.

(To be continued.)

A Storm about a Statue.

BY R. O. KENNEDY.

We have in our humble report of the 7th instant given the information to your Majesty respecting the statue of the Madonna, *and have locked up the same* till we receive your further commands.

—*Official Document.*

IT will be asked with surprise where and when did this thing take place. We answer:

"This was in a Christian land,"

and in the beginning of this nineteenth century; not in the middle of Africa, or in the days of the Goths or Huns.

Warsaw is in Poland,—names dear to Catholicity and chivalry are both. St. Bennone is the patron saint of Warsaw. It was a moment of great trial for the Church throughout Europe when God brought the Blessed Father Hofbauer, of the Redemptorist Order, to the city of Warsaw. The armies of Napoleon were overturning the old established kingdoms of the Continent; and he himself stood as dictator to kings and emperors, threatened bishops and cardinals, and imprisoned the representative of the King of kings, the Creator of the world. War is a time that is of little service to religion. In papers which are to follow on the Life of Father Clement Hofbauer, we shall see how deplorably bad it was with unhappy Poland; but for the present we turn to the incident about Holy Mary, and that of itself will give an insight into the state of affairs there and at that time.

Father Hofbauer, the superior of the Redemptorist community, ordered a statue of Our Lady of Dolors from Vienna. That surely could not be high treason; and a simple reader of history would pass it by, and never dream that there was danger to the State in the act. Not so, however, the authorities that then held sway in Warsaw. Here is a letter from the government, dated April 5, 1802:

"It has been represented to us that the Bennonites* have received from Vienna a miracle-working picture, or statue, of the Madonna; and that they have set it up in their church in presence of a large number of people."

(It is said that a certain Power can quote Scripture when it suits his turn; a Protestant government quoting Catholic canon law is not far behind.)

"As, according to canonical law," the document continues, "no object for the adoration of the faithful can be put up without the express sanction of the bishop of the diocese, *and as this sanction can be given only with our permission*, we command you to report to us instantly if this information be correct, and in what manner and whether with your knowledge this picture, or statue, of the Madonna

* The Redemptorists were known in Warsaw as the Bennonites, because they were living in a monastery and making use of a church dedicated to St. Bennone.

has been set up in the church of St. Bennone; and if so, to account to us as to the reason of your having sanctioned this without our permission. We await your reply within three days at latest," etc., etc.

Now, surely, it was a matter of urgency. "We await your reply within *three days at latest*," they write; and all the time it was but a poor statue of Holy Mary.

The letter was addressed to the Roman Catholic Consistory—a body of lay gentlemen that had the guidance of Catholic affairs; and, once for all be it said, a body that had as little backbone as it was possible for any body to have. However, we ought to be lenient; perhaps if we were in their place, and in those days, we might not have been heroes or martyrs.

This Catholic Consistory makes humble reply, and, as in duty bound, "within three days at latest." Their letter bears date April 7, and runs:

"According to your most gracious Majesty's commands of the 5th of April respecting the miracle-working picture, or statue, of the Madonna procured from Vienna by the Bennonites, we sent immediately for the Father Superior of the monastery; and he acknowledged that he had written for and obtained a statue of the Madonna. But as it was set up only for an ornament in their church, and no one had ever thought of presenting it to the people as working miracles, he had considered he might do so without asking permission of the Consistory. But as, in the meanwhile, the Bennonites have not been able to set up this statue in their church, and as it is laid aside on a terrace in the garden near (where, however, it attracted a number of curious as well as devout people), we immediately desired the aforesaid terrace to be closed to the public till we receive your sovereign commands."

There followed a letter from his most gracious Majesty "Frederic William, by God's grace King of Prussia," in reply to this of the Catholic Consistory; and on the 12th of April was written the famous document from which we quoted at the head of this paper:

"We have in our humble report of the 7th instant given the information to your Majesty respecting the statue of the Madonna, *and have locked up the same* till we receive your further commands. As, however, we have since been told that this statue was set up in the church during the night between the 8th and 9th of April, and then solemnly blessed, we hasten to inform your Majesty of this, and at the same time to declare that our Consistory had not the slightest knowledge of this proceeding."

Frederic William, by God's grace King of Prussia, answers this in a letter dated Warsaw, April 16, 1802.

"Worthy, faithful and trusty servants!" he cries. (Little wonder that he should call them "worthy, faithful and trusty servants.") "In pursuance of your report of the 12th of April communicated to us, that the Bennonites have set up the statue of the Virgin Mary in their church without your sanction, you must summon before you at once the said Hofbauer, and draw up a verbal process against him on the following points: 1. From whence and for what cause he obtained the said statue. 2. Whether it was not expressly forbidden to him to place this statue in the church for the adoration of the people without your sanction. 3. What led him to act contrary to this command. 4. Who blessed or dedicated this statue. 5 Why it was set up in the night. Whether this was the work of the Bennonite priests. What ceremony took place on the occasion. Whether the people were spectators of the ceremony. 6. If so, how did the people receive notice of the approaching function. 7. If the Bennonites made an offering in honor of this statue, and under what title.

"You must earnestly impress upon the said Hofbauer not to dissemble the truth, but to answer these questions conscien-

tiously and dutifully. In order to meet his probable pretext that the statue was not set up for adoration, you must, either yourselves or through a spiritual commissary authorized by you, find out whether the people (as is already well known to us) did not direct their devotions to this statue; and also, through their offerings, did not benefit the Bennonites. At this investigation you must ascertain, too, whether this statue, before its introduction into the church, were not invested with the girdle of the Order; such an ornamentation of the picture being expressly forbidden by the constitution of Urban VIII., *Incep. Sacrosancta Tridentina;* and the bishop shall immediately remove from the church any picture so adorned.

"The said protocol, together with your report, we shall expect from you within four days at latest. And this report must be drawn up in writing with all your well-known thoroughness; so that we may be able to take measures to save your credit (compromised as it has been by the disobedience of the Bennonites), and effectually to prevent any similar wrong-doings in the future. You must add to the report the copy of the decree in which you forbade the setting up of the statue by the Bennonites."

The Consistory set to work, as if it were a dogma of faith they were to draw up, or a reunion of the churches of Christendom they were to bring about, and soon they made reply. But in the meantime these earthly men were brought face to face with one who feared no master but Him who could cast both body and soul into everlasting fire. Their answer, however, had little of the sternness of the saints in it. It was dated April 24:

"According to the sovereign command of your Royal Majesty, we demanded of Father Hofbauer, in the enclosed copied citation, to justify himself on the points contained in your gracious letter. He appeared on the 22d inst. and presented a written justification, which we most humbly lay before your Majesty, together with four papers from Vienna as a voucher for his justification on the first point. At the same time we respectfully submit to you that, even if we can find him excused in other respects, we can not quite justify him for having set up the statue *Dolorosæ Matris* without express permission from the Consistory; because, according to the *Concilium Tridentinum*, such statues or pictures are included to which the people show an inordinate veneration; and one can not help fearing that superstition or other abuses may arise from it, even if the statue should have nothing extraordinary in itself.

"As to the question of the girdle of the Order, the *Regens Consistorii* will convince himself by ocular investigation how the matter really stands, and then send in a circumstantial statement of the facts. We shall keep a watchful eye over the Bennonite priests, and guard strictly against the people being led away to superstition by pictorial representations; so that they may be kept within the bounds of becoming reverence for holy images, according to the principles of the Catholic faith. Your Royal Highness' most humble servants," etc.

It was seen from Father Hofbauer's manner and statements, that he was a man who, like the martyrs of old, was not to be intimidated by the frowns of earthly potentates. It was seen, furthermore, that little honor could be reaped even from victory in this matter; and so it was determined that Holy Mary should stay where she was. After ten days the government, seeing that prudence was the better part of valor, wrote the following letter:

"Your judgment in your report of the 24th of April is quite correct: that the Bennonites, in spite of all their excuses, have acted contrary to canonical law; inasmuch as they have set up the statue of the *Mater Dolorosa* in their church for

the adoration of the people without the sanction of the bishop of the diocese. You must impress upon them, and especially upon the said Hofbauer, in the most emphatic manner, the illegality of their conduct; and also the threat of ecclesiastical punishment, as well as of our sovereign displeasure, if in future they disobey any of your commands in church matters.

"As the statue is now set up, it must be allowed to remain. But we expect that you will take special care that the superstition of the people be not fed by its adoration; so that the object of the Bennonites be thus frustrated.

"We must also remind you of the frequent complaints made by the police that the Bennonites hold their public services almost daily till late at night; by which the lower orders, and especially the farm laborers, are kept from their work and from the duties of their station."

The truth was that Father Clement Hofbauer was endeavoring to do God's work, and was winning souls too rapidly and too successfully; and so the enemies of God's work and God's kingdom did their best to thwart and persecute him. They finally succeeded in banishing him from the kingdom. The affair on account of which he was banished arose during a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and was alike worthy of the Venerable servant of God and of his enemies. In the papers that are to follow we shall endeavor to describe who and what manner of man Father Clement was.

THE outward is only the outside of that which is within. Men are not concealed under habits, but are revealed by them; they are their true clothes.—*Thoreau.*

SILENCE is as strong as the soul; and there is no tempest so wild with blasts but has a wilder lull.—"*Reveries of a Bachelor.*"

Bits of Colored Glass.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

IN a wheat-field the full ears bend low with weight of wealth, the empty ears stand erect; and the humble man bows low under weight of grace, but the proud man is erect and empty.

***

Delicacy of conscience is intended solely for home-use.

***

The noblest souls are sad, the ignoblest are melancholy; and cattle and some men are never sad.

***

Whittier was fond of this Chinese proverb: "You can not prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests in your hair."

***

Persecution is the shadow of sanctity, and therefore the shadow of the Church.

***

Thomas à Kempis says the gate of heaven is so low that only children enter there.

***

I saw a robin the other day withdraw herself from her little ones to provoke them to fly after her. God does the same thing with us; and then we foolishly call our state, Desolation.

***

We are outside the garden of God's will when we begin to find the thorn, Disappointment.

***

If we practically believed in the presence of our Guardian Angel there would be more ladies and gentlemen in the world.

***

Saint Benedict in the Terra di Lavoro threw down an idol in a shrine and set up an image of Christ. If the Saint came

into our hearts he would find a Pantheon to be overturned; yet we resent the charge of idolatry, and subscribe money to convert the heathen in Asia.

***

Sorrow is like rain—it makes roses and mud.

***

Archimedes said that if he had a fulcrum whereon to set his lever he could move the earth. We have that lever—prayer. We have the fulcrum also—Christ's promise. And we can move not only the world, but God Himself.

***

There are void spaces in the night sky, but if we gaze patiently the stars will float out and fill them; and if we gaze patiently at our sorrow, God Himself will come into it with His beauty.

***

It is well to be humble: the gale which breaks the pine does not bruise the violet.

***

In the cool morning two drops of dew upon a grass-blade will slip glistening into one at the touch of the wind. Thus should our hearts slip into God's Heart at the touch of His grace.

***

In Lacedæmon they threw misshapen babes into the cavern Apothetai; we should find an Apothetai for our misshapen thoughts, and preserve only those that are fair.

***

On Chiabrera's grave in Savona are these words: "Friend, while living, I sought consolation on Mount Parnassus; do you, better advised, seek it on Mount Calvary."

***

There is only one thing in the world more contemptible than a nagging woman, and that is a nagging man.

***

Some men will not lend their love to wife or to God unless they get twenty-five per cent. interest upon the investment.

The Religious Vocation.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. KORUM, Bishop of Trier, writes eloquently on this subject. For reasons which need not be named, his article is especially timely in our country, where the words of Our Lord apply with peculiar force: "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few." May the Lord of the harvest send more laborers, not only to work in the fields of contemplation, but also to busy themselves like Martha about many things in the active life! The following is a careful translation of the greater part of the Bishop's article.

***

For those that are not held to the world by any necessary bands, and who possess the requisite physical and moral qualities to enable them to fulfil the duties of the religious state, the first and principal sign of a vocation is a decided, constant inclination of the will toward the religious life. When and how the call of God comes to the soul is hard to tell. In this the free choice of God rules. No age, no state, is excluded. St. Stanislaus and St. Aloysius entered religion in their early years; St. Arsenius, preceptor of the Emperors Arcadius and Honorius, was an old man when he heard the words: "Flee the company of men and thou shalt live." Beggars and slaves, princes and princesses, have followed the impulse of grace calling them to the quiet life of the cloister. The heart is strong enough to devote itself to the religious life only because the Lord has in secret spoken to it, and has filled it with an ardent and undying love of the Cross.

We must not forget, far less must we conceal from those that are desirous of turning their steps toward the cloister, that the religious life consists in Christian self-denial, in the mortification of the senses—in the Cross. If any one held other

views and cherished other hopes, he would deceive himself. He that would seek in the cloister rest, peace, or a species of inward consolation, and allowed himself to be determined by such attractive motives, would certainly miss his aim. The path of the religious life is strewn with thorns, for it consists in the most perfect fulfilment of the Gospel precepts; and the Gospel is no more and no less than the law of self-denial, of constant warfare against self.

Where, then, is that peace which is so often proclaimed as making religious happy beyond measure? True, Our Lord promised His disciples peace; but such a peace as was directly opposed to their views and ideas. "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give to you; not as the world giveth do I give to you." Peace in the cloister is founded on a constant restraint of evil inclinations and concupiscences, from which springs all our unhappiness. The religious will be happy and contented only in so far as he knows how to humble himself, to conquer himself,—to become obedient, poor, patient, industrious, and faithful in the observance of his duties.

When, therefore, a young person feels this holy longing after perfection; when, after serious consideration and with the advice of his confessor he wishes to leave the world for Christ's sake, woe to them who place obstacles in the way! It is the right and duty of parents to try the vocation of their children; but when convinced that it is the call of grace, they are bound to permit those children of predilection to seek the solitude of the cloister, however painful the separation may be. God will reward richly those who offer their children to the service of religion. The sacrifice will be a source of blessings on the whole family.

But what is the use of cloisters? We often hear this question asked in our days even by Catholics. People understand the usefulness of religious who devote themselves to the care of the sick or to the instruction of youth. But why do mendicant Orders exist, why contemplative Orders? Is not society deprived of many advantages? Is not many a power for good lost? By no means. The cloisters are the garden of the Church on earth, in which the most beautiful blossoms of the soul are unfolded to the honor of God, and the richest fruits ripen for the welfare of men. In them we find that chosen band who incessantly, with ever-renewed courage, lead the battle against all that is sensual and low, and by the heroic practice of virtue show forth to the world the teachings, the light of the Gospel. They preserve their own innocence and expiate the offences of their fellow-men.

To this call to a life of prayer, of works of mercy, of heroic sacrifice, the religious Orders have been faithful throughout the ages down to our own days. Now as ever they take the lead where it is question of carrying the glad tidings of salvation, of caring for the sick, of relieving those that stand in need, of offering up their goods and lives for their fellow-creatures.

The divinity of Christ, which is denied by so many, is daily vindicated in a glorious manner in the vocation to the religious state. The noblest souls devote themselves to Him, to thank Him for the divine gift that He brought us; and the "sacrifice with which they bind themselves forever to His Holy Cross is the answer that human love gives to divine love—to that eternal love which sacrificed itself for us on the wood of the Cross." And it is precisely our age, which so restlessly seeks after money, after pleasure; in which millions look with envy and hatred on those that are blessed with earthly goods; in which respect for authority is fast disappearing,—it is precisely this age that stands in need of the example of voluntary poverty, perpetual chastity, and perfect obedience.

Notes and Remarks.

A writer in the organ of the Christian Endeavor Association complains of the lack of reverence often observed in Protestant churches, and proposes as an example for general imitation "the conduct of devout Catholics in their places of worship." There is a reason for the reverent demeanor of Catholics of which our separated brethren have no conception. The wonder is that any one who believes in the Real Presence can ever be guilty of the slightest irreverence, and there is no possible excuse for it. With Protestants the case is very different; and until their churches cease to be used for profane purposes they will continue to be "desecrated" by unbecoming conduct on the part of the attendants. But the preachers are often more blameworthy than the people. Many of these pious men are filled with hatred of the Catholic Church; and when their sermons are not quasi-political speeches or lectures on secular subjects, they indulge in all sorts of tirades against Rome. Reformation in Protestant churches should begin with the pulpit.

It is interesting to observe the reception accorded to the recent Encyclical of the Holy Father. The dominant note in the comments of the press, especially in England, is, "I told you so," expressed with various degrees of ill-concealed impatience. The *St. James' Gazette* praises the letter as a clear and coherent statement of a great doctrine, and says that Leo XIII. has spoken to the Anglicans as Leo the Great or Leo the Saint would have spoken to the Greeks. "We live in a time of many sentimental delusions," continues the *Gazette;* "but none has been more extraordinary than the dream of some Anglicans and English Dissenters, who are all at sixes and sevens on fundamental points, that this mighty united organization, which claims to be the sole repository of divine truth, and which stultifies itself utterly if it abates one jot of that pretension, was going to enter into a compromise with them. People have believed many extraordinary things, but nothing more wonderful than this—that the infallible Church was going to give up what it has declared to be integral parts of its creed in order to join with Anglicans and Calvinists in defence of Christianity. They know now that it is a delusion to suppose that Rome will attempt to save a remnant by giving up the rest; and the sooner they awake from that delusion, the better for them."

Two great results, at least, have already followed from the publication of this admirable Encyclical. Protestants know now the Catholic conception of a church, and millions who could not have been reached in any other way have read a wonderfully strong and convincing sermon on the Papacy. For the rest, let us pray.

If it be true, as Mother Goose sings, that "when a man's married his troubles begin," it is by no means certain that when a man is divorced his troubles always vanish. The Kansas Court of Appeals has created general consternation by declaring that all the divorces granted in that State for the last twenty-five years are null and void. It is estimated that from thirty-five to fifty thousand divorces have been recorded during that period; and, as most of the persons concerned have "married" again, the probable effect of this decree is awful to contemplate. The disturbance caused to property rights, not to speak of the effect upon the legitimacy of children and the breaking up of families, will keep the lawyers busy for many years to come. Whether a way out of these difficulties will yet be found it is not easy to foretell; but there is anxious questioning, not only in Kansas, but in many "leading families" elsewhere, whose heads were put asunder in Kansas.

Those emotional Catholics who joined the English Nonconformists in the prophecy that Mr. Gladstone would soon "go over to Rome" simply because he wrote a letter about Reunion, do not know the Grand Old Man. Any one who has read Purcell's unfortunate "Life of Cardinal Manning" with moderate attention must have noted that Mr. Gladstone's idea of a church is essentially heterodox, and that his attach-

ment to the Anglican creed has always been patriotic rather than theological. An English minister of the Baptist presuasion wrote to Mr. Gladstone after his famous letter requesting a stay of judgment as to the validity of Anglican orders, expressing his regret, and asking whether the ex-Premier, if his heart's desire were fulfilled, could wish "to see the whole of Christendom under the sway and rulership of the Pope." Mr. Gladstone answered in the negative; and explained his action regarding the letter by saying that "the more we, the separate bodies of Christians, are able to acknowledge as sound the truths or usages held by any of us, the more our common Christianity is strengthened." This is not much of an explanation, but it seems to have satisfied most people.

Priestly devotion was splendidly recognized when the corner-stone of Lefebvre Memorial Hall was laid at Memramcook, New Brunswick, last week. The Rev. Camille Lefebvre, C. S. C., earned during his life the title of "Apostle of the Acadians"; and now that he is gone the people whom he loved and served so whole-heartedly have resolved to perpetuate his memory among their children. As for the present generation, there is little likelihood that it can forget him. Father Lefebvre was an apostle of religion, education, and agriculture; and, as the result largely of his labors among them, the Acadians are proverbially loyal to their faith. They have an excellent College, St. Joseph's; and their country has blossomed, if not like the rose, at least with the richest fruits of husbandry. Father Lefebvre's life is a striking illustration of the benefit which a good man can confer upon his country.

The brilliant editor of the *South African Catholic Magazine*, describing a visit made to the Abbot of a Benedictine monastery in Natal, throws out a hint which might profitably be accepted by parish priests who are much troubled by professional tramps. "Father Franz," he says, "is a born organizer: he organizes even the loafers. It is one of the first places of call after leaving Natal; so they all stop, and of course no Benedictine would send a wayfarer empty away. But the Abbot puts them through a catechism, and classifies them, according to their answers, into three divisions. The third class get only porridge; the second, some little extras and a temporary rest; the first, supper, bed, and breakfast with a blessing in the morning. I passed as a first-class loafer myself."

There is a charm about all that Dr. Kolbe writes, as witness his account of how he was invested with the Cistercian habit:

> During the long round that Brother Nivard took me on foot, we were overtaken by a heavy thunderstorm,—a storm, by the way, which we saw strike the native village over against the monastery, and which reduced its little chapel to ashes in a few minutes. A couple of miles of this weather drenched us to the skin, so I was obliged to appeal for a Trappist outfit. Some of the under garments were rather miscellaneous; but the habit, like charity, covered a multitude of defects. If there had been a telegraph station at Lourdes, I proposed wiring to my Bishop, "Put on Trappist habit to-day." He would of course reply, "Take it off again." Then my rejoinder would be, "As soon as my other things are dry." Unfortunately, there is no office there; so my joke had to go the way of Mr. Burnand's repartees.

A few years ago the name of the late Frank Hurd would have been placed on any list of "the ten most prominent Americans." He was a man of commanding ability—a statesman of great power, a leader in the legal profession, and an eloquent speaker. It is impossible to say how high he might have risen in the politics of the nation had he not been a conscientious Catholic; but Mr. Hurd had been received into the Church about thirty years ago, and party interests were never permitted to interfere with the practice of his religious duties. During the past few years he had devoted himself exclusively to his profession; but his distinguished merit has not been forgotten, as the tributes paid to him by the press, secular and religious, clearly prove. May he rest in peace!

Some of the backwoods delegates to the Chicago Convention were panic-stricken when they learned that the wife and family of Mr. Bland, of Missouri, were devout Catholics. Up to this point the Bland boom threatened to sweep all before it; but when the delegates

received printed slips asking whether they favored the erection of an altar or a confessional in the White House, the nomination of Bland became a forlorn hope. The attitude of the "Silver Senator" himself is worthy of all praise. While declaring himself an earnest Protestant, he had no apologies to make for the religion of his Catholic wife, for whose chances of going to heaven he would gladly exchange his own. Commenting on this outcropping of bigotry, *The Western Watchman* says: "In a certain sense, we feel proud of the singular prejudice that in this country is shown Catholics. It means that in the judgment of our practical American people Catholicity stands for something. A Catholic is expected to be different from the rest of men, and his religion is presumed to have some influence on his life."

It is a matter for gratitude that "realistic naturalism" in literature seems to have had its day. Since the turn of the tide in France, Denmark has experienced a change of heart no less noteworthy. One of many signs of this change is the conversion of Johannes Jörgensen,—an event "which, in a small and Lutheran society like ours," writes a non-Catholic correspondent of *The Athenæum*, "caused something like a sensation and a good deal of comment even in purely theological circles." We are inclined to believe, however, that the chief cause of comment is the publication by the convert of a small volume in which he announced his return to Christianity, and charged his former literary partisans with looseness of morals, both in their works and their private life. No attempt was made by the "decadents" to reply to this charge, and it is a notable circumstance that even his enemies give Jörgensen credit for earnestness and a high moral purpose.

The material expansion and growth of our Republic are the wonder of the world; but no observing and reflecting American will deny that, in some respects, his country is tending toward utter barbarism. Matrimony is degraded to a degree that would have shocked our forefathers could they have foreseen it. Free and unlimited divorce has borne bitter fruit. The *Church News* calls attention to a cartoon in one of the Sunday papers illustrating recent "romantic" celebrations of marriage; the first picture depicting the bride and groom standing with joined hands in the surf, in bathing costume, while a fat and ungainly preacher in a similar scanty garment appears in front, pronouncing them man and wife. A second shows a bicycle wedding on the road; all the parties, including the minister, in knickerbockers, bloomers, and similar eccentricities, standing grinning by their wheels while the ceremony goes on. The third represents a cowboy and cowgirl, apparently, being married on horseback.

As these are actual occurrences, places and dates being given, the *News* holds that "they furnish a strong exhibition of the heathenish and farcical ceremony which is taking the place of the sacred institution founded by Our Lord." It is significant, too, that the papers which present such disgusting exhibitions to their readers seem to find nothing reprehensible in them. They are only "romantic marriages," not travesties of a sacred rite.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Samuel Bolton, Clayton Green, England; the Rev. B. C. Pozzi, Elton, England; the Rev. Thomas Reilly, of the Diocese of Syracuse; the Rev. Thomas Boulger, of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati; and the Rev. D. O'Sullivan, Austin, Minn., who lately departed this life.

Prof. Charles Leloup, of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md., whose life closed peacefully on the 5th inst.

Mr. John Bird, who passed to his reward on the 28th of May, at Natal, South Africa.

Mrs. Ellen Kelly, whose happy death took place at Atlantic City, N. J., on the 9th inst.

Mr. James Campbell and Mr. Felix McGuire, of Trenton, N. J.; Mr. Peter Havey, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Ellen Cleary, Clonmel, Ireland; Mr. Edward O'Reilly, Ida, Mich.; Miss Nora McGrath, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Matthew A. Fahy, Frankfort, Ky.; Mr. William Connors, Benson, Minn.; and Mr. Jeremiah Connors, Marysburg, Minn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

In Vacation.

WHILE free as the very birdies are
In these vacation days,
They'll teach a lesson unto you,
If you but note their ways.

They're always happy, and they sing
To make our hearts more glad;
They're snug in their nests before the dark,
And never are they sad.

They keep their feathers neat and prim,
And get up early, too;
And so, you see, the birdies teach
Some lessons unto you.

Be merry-hearted all the day,
Shed happiness around;
And when you say your prayers at night,
Sweet peace will then abound.

Her Maid of Honor.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

IV.

ON Monday of the following week, upon returning from school, Alma, to her own intense relief and surprise, received a radiant smile and a most gushing greeting from Aunt Edith, who since the memorable Friday evening had deigned her neither a glance nor a word. Though wondering exceedingly at this, her heart grew lighter at once, and she returned the salutation in kind.

At this Miss Meynard grew still more affable; and, winding her arm about the waist of her young niece, drew her into her room, on the pretext of exhibiting some of the wedding-gifts which had arrived that day.

Alma examined and admired, but not with her usual unrestrained ardor. Somehow, that enthusiasm was gone.

The prospective bride, after two or three sharp glances, exclaimed:

"You queer child! you haven't even asked who is to take your place as my maid of honor."

"I—I couldn't bear to—just quite yet," stammered poor Alma; "but—but I hope you are satisfied with her—whoever she is to be," she added, forcing a smile.

"Quite!" pronounced the young lady. "She is very pretty—dark like you—a foil to me, you know,—to be attired in a 'K. gown,' and excruciatingly happy in the whole prospect."

Alma winced. So it was not to be Miss Singleton, who was blonde like Aunt Edie herself. She wondered *who* it could be.

Miss Meynard was observing her narrowly; and, though Alma did not notice it, somewhat admiringly. However, she only laughed, and said half teasingly:

"You do not deserve to know her name, so I shall not tell you. Come, look at this exquisite vase."

Glad of any way of changing the subject, though really curious about the "pretty, dark, like-you" girl, Alma went into quite satisfactory raptures over this choice gift; and no more then—nor, in fact, for several days—did she hear of the new maid of honor.

With the coming of Saturday again came Alma and Rosalie to Amy's sick room. During the week that had intervened, Rosalie had asked no questions. She was inquisitive, but she felt Alma would tell her some time.

Amy welcomed her visitors with great animation. She also impressed them as being much stronger than usual. The very tone of her voice was less dreamy, and more like that of one returning to health than ever before.

"If she *could* only get well!" Alma sighed involuntarily. But no: years ago the doctors had pronounced her case incurable. Alma banished the thought reluctantly. The mere possibility of Amy's recovery gave her such a thrill of bliss that, were the realization probable, she generously felt that she herself could be "perfectly happy forever," in spite of all and any personal disappointments.

For nearly an hour Amy—not Alma this time—chatted incessantly; and this in itself was so unusual that the young visitors presently began to grow alarmed. She must be feverish; perhaps they ought to call Mrs. Clayton. But they were all at once partly reassured, and partly rendered still more astonished, by the sudden cessation of the busy tongue, and a still greater brightening of the flushed little face, which had all along been turned toward the door of the inner, or sewing-room. They, following the direction of her eyes, perceived what at first glance seemed like nothing more tangible than a great cloud of filmy white bearing down upon them from the doorway.

Alma's eyes, if we may use the expression, nearly flew out of her head as the at first indistinguishable object revealed itself in all the glory of its tulle, lace, and ribbons—a dream of a gown indeed. At the same time it also revealed the bearer—no less a personage than good Madame K. herself.

Amy clapped her hands softly together and uttered a little cry of rapture. Alma was rendered utterly speechless.

"Cousin Mary, cousin Mary, tell her to try it on!" cried Amy excitedly. "I want so to see her as a maid of honor!"

"Miss Alma has proved herself that already," remarked Madame K., smiling at bewildered Alma. "And," she added, resuming her play upon the words, "even *I* never disappoint a maid of honor."

To describe Alma's emotions, or even her rather incoherent method of expressing them, would be quite beyond the limits of this tale. To describe Alma in the beautiful new gown would be easier, but we shall do neither. Even the Rosalies who read can imagine that vision.

Almost before the feminine raptures had subsided, a new personage suddenly appeared upon the scene. Alma's eyes opened still wider as she recognized Aunt Edith's *fiancé*, the skilful young surgeon, Dr. Hallet. Evidently he was neither unknown nor unexpected. She felt at once that this was a professional visit, and not the first either, judging by the greeting he received from Mrs. Clayton, Madame K., and Amy herself.

Soon she and Rosalie found themselves ushered politely into the sewing-room, where they remained wondering and speculating, till the physician came himself to recall them. In his familiar, teasing way, he had at first pretended to shield his eyes before Alma's magnificence. Now, however, he had dropped that manner, and was quite grave, though evidently very confident.

"Well," he said, looking approvingly down upon her, "our little friend can be cured, and in a few weeks."

Alma did not start this time, but she turned so pale that the Doctor himself started and drew her quickly to the window, which he threw wide.

"Come! come!" he protested, kindly. "That is not the way to receive good news, especially when it is all owing to the

bravest, most unselfish little maid in all the world."

Alma could control herself no longer. She began to cry—quietly, but unrestrainedly. It was enough. Dr. Hallet fled.

Any explanation in words seems unnecessary. Madame K., who had seen Alma upon one or two occasions in the company of her mother, had experienced an unusual attraction toward the bright young girl. From Amy, whose mother's distant cousin and main support she was, she had, of course, heard all about the "Sunshine Club." Upon this, however, she had not at first looked with the favor which Amy expected.

"Very nice indeed, my dear," she had said; "but—will it last? Rich young ladies have many fancies. The test will come some day, when there is something more attractive in prospect. Don't cry when you are forgotten for a new hat."

All which goes to show that Madame K. and Miss Meynard were of much the same mind in their idea that this was what the latter had called "a charity fad." And quite unexpectedly, but quite designedly also, the test *did* come through Madame K. herself. The famous *modiste* had issued her decree for that particular Saturday afternoon with that particular end in view. We have seen how Alma stood the test, and how Amy was not forgotten even for a new "K. gown." As Mamma Chase was immediately let into the secret, Alma's measurements were easily obtained, and little alteration was necessary when Madame herself put on the gown.

In an entirely different way did Dr. Hallet come to know of the whole affair. In her chagrin and disappointment, Miss Meynard had that same night naturally confided to him her woes. Of course he had been consolatory and sympathetic, but his view of Alma's conduct had differed from that of his betrothed. A human as well as a professional interest was awakened by the mention of an "incurable case." He made inquiries, pondered, considered, and next day *acted*. One call at the flat convinced him that, owing to a very important recent improvement in a particular line of surgical science, this case was *not* incurable. Immediately he asked and obtained a willing permission from the overjoyed mother to assume charge of the case.

In conclusion, mamma and papa had been won over, and no longer objected to seeing a certain little school-girl in a certain prominent *rôle*.

"Of course it will be only this once," admitted mamma, with a smile. "Circumstances alter cases," she added, with a loving glance. "Our little daughter has been tried and not found wanting."

"Well," observed Rosalie, sententiously, when she and Alma were alone, "pious books do sometimes say the truest things. Do you remember, Alma, what Mother Dupré read to us last 'Instruction Day'? 'Whenever you do anything for God, even the least thing, you never know where it will end.'"

And Rosalie looked unusually serious.

. . . . . .

Aunt Edith's wedding-day dawned at last, bright and beautiful as Rosalie's faith had predicted it would. Alma, immediately preceding the bride at the entrance to the grand cathedral, felt, as she passed beneath their outspread wings, that "Amy's angels" were indeed smiling a benediction upon the happy party. And, with the thought of Amy—little Amy, so soon to be freed from her couch of pain—our Alma felt that her cup of joy was truly full to overflowing.

(The End.)

ALL pleasure must be bought at the price of pain. The difference between false pleasure and true is just this: for the true the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the false, after you enjoy it.—*John Foster.*

LIBRARY

Cano's Masterpiece.

Cano's most beautiful picture is that of "Our Lady of Belem," or Bethlehem, painted at Malaga for the cathedral of Seville. In serene, celestial beauty this Madonna is excelled by no image of the Blessed Virgin to be found in Spain. Her glorious countenance would seem to be a revelation in answer to prayer. The drapery is a crimson robe, with a dark blue mantle drawn over the head. The head of the Divine Child is childlike, and yet not childlike; but there is much infantine simplicity and grace in the attitude, as He sits with His tiny hand resting on that of His Mother. These hands are admirably painted; and the whole picture is finished with exceeding care, as if the painter had determined to crown his labors and honor Seville with a masterpiece.

Cano was the artist who was once engaged to model a statue of St. Anthony for an accountant; and after the work was finished and the price spoken of was deemed large, the accountant asked how many days' labor it had cost. The answer being that it took twenty-five days, the patron at once rather indignantly observed that at the rate charged it would be four doubloons a day—a most extravagant sum. To this Cano rejoined: "Yes; but I have been fifty years learning to make such a statue as that in twenty-five days."

Our Lawless Language.

A writer in the *Commonwealth* has produced the following rhymes to illustrate some of the difficulties of the English language, which seems so easy to those who learned it in childhood. No wonder that foreigners call it a lawless tongue. Although we may not experience any of the difficulties so amusingly set forth, it is easy to understand that to a foreigner the English language must be the hardest language "you ever did see."

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes;
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
The one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese;
Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a cow if repeated is never called kine;
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.
If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
If the singular's this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese?
Then one may be that and three would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose;
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.
We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother we never say methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him;
But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim!
So the English, I think, you all will agree,
Is the greatest language you ever did see.

The meanings of English words, no less than their inflection, often embarrass Europeans. We know of an American editor who was addressed as "Egregious Sir," by an artist who wished him to advertise some of his "artful designs on the American people."

A Legend of St. Christopher.

In the Goslar Cathedral, of which now but a small remnant remains, once existed a colossal wooden statue of this renowned Saint with the Christ-Child on his back. St. Christopher once walked from Goslar to Halberstadt and Harzburg, and on the way shook on the ground a pea which had got into his shoe. The pea grew and became the sandstone rock called the Clus. The interior of the rock was hewn into a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, which was a shrine of great celebrity. A castle once stood on the Clus, traces of which are still to be seen.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Cathedral Library Association, of New York, announces for publication in the autumn a life of Father Charles Perraud, the saintly brother of his Eminence Cardinal Perraud; also a new edition, with illustrations, of "Clara Vaughan," one of the most charming books of its kind in the language.

—Two highly important German books are soon to appear in an English dress—Dr. Pastor's "Life of Janssen" and Herr Meister's "Recollections." The translation is by Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell, of Washington, D. C., to whose indefatigable labors we are indebted for the excellent English version of Dr. Janssens's great "History of the German People."

—We rejoice to see in cheap pamphlet form Cardinal Manning's admirable little work "Religio Viatoris," the object of which was to present in fewest words the reasons for Christian Faith. These four truths are forcefully demonstrated: "A necessity of my reason constrains me to believe the existence of God; my moral sense, or moral reason, or conscience constrains me to believe that God has revealed Himself to me; my reason and moral sense constrain me to believe that this revelation is Christianity; my reason is convinced that historical Christianity is the Catholic faith."

—The late Rev. Denis Murphy, S. J., the well-known historian, had almost completed a record of those who suffered for the Faith in Ireland under the Penal Laws. His researches involved a vast deal of labor. The sketches of the martyrs are in all cases, as far as possible, taken from the works of writers who were either their contemporaries, or lived very soon after the events they describe. The great majority of these works are exceedingly rare. Many of them were printed in the Continental refuges of their authors—at Prague, Innsbrück, Madrid, Douay, Liège, Lisbon, and Paris. The reverend author has supplemented his authorities by a series of most important notes and illustrations drawn from his own comprehensive reading in the history of Ireland. An adequate history of the Irish martyrs has yet to be written; however, Father Murphy's work will furnish important material for it. As a contribution to the historical literature of Ireland "Our Martyrs" is of the highest value. It is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Fallon & Co., of Dublin.

—There are two features of special value in "Frye's Home and School Atlas." These are the relief maps and a system of map division which enables the reader to locate any city or large town in a moment. There are not as many maps, however, as atlases usually furnish. Ginn & Co.

—The *Weekly Register* regards the translation of "The Dialogue of St. Catherine of Siena," by Mr. Algar Thorold, as "a welcome sign of the times, showing that the mystical movement has of late years been noticeably spreading in England." Mr. Thorold is a convert to the Church.

—The biography of Cardinal Lavigerie by Mgr. Baunard, of the University of Lille, is already in sheets. A special interest attaches to this work from the fact that the Holy Father himself has read the proofs of the chapter dealing with the Cardinal's famous speech, of November, 1890, in which he proclaimed the friendliness of Leo XIII, for the French Republic. It is said that His Holiness also furnished Mgr. Baunard with a number of unpublished documents bearing on that important subject.

—The Rev. Silliman Blagden, whose written and spoken words have been effective in suppressing bigotry and in promoting Christian Reunion, has issued in handsome pamphlet form an essay on "The Royal and Divine Physical Beauty and Glory of Christ Almighty, when on Earth." It is evidently the fruit of careful and devout study. In an appendix the reverend author makes a fresh plea for Christian Unity in an earnest letter, addressed to the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of the 5th Ave. Presbyterian Church, New York. Mr Blagden declares that he is 'stirred up more and more to do all in his power to break down the diabolical bars of ignorance, bigotry, prejudice, sectarianism and hate; and to sow

the good seed for . . . . the gathering together into one organic body all Christians of all creeds.' Brother Blagden is a man after the heart of Leo XIII. More power to him!

—An author whose initials are S. M. M. X. has produced "Elise: A Story of the Civil War." The events of this tale date from the period of the Rebellion and deal with the fortunes of a family whose head, M. de la Roche, though a resident of the South, was a staunch Unionist. The escape of the several members of the said family is attended with the usual haps and mishaps and give the element of interest to the story. The principal characters are a weak, lachrymose mother, a pair of mischievious twins, and the girl heroine Elise whose health is restored by a miracle. The book is published by the *Angel Guardian* Press, Boston.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

The Religion of a Traveller (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser. Cathedral Library Association.* 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Dairy of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. 5*s*.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* May & Williams. $1.25.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25.

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

The Monk's Pardon. *Raoul de Navery.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Are Anglican Orders Valid? *Rev. Dr. MacDevitt.* Sealy, Bryers & Walker. 60 cts.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8*s*.

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury, Mass. $2.10.

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. $6.25.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo. $3.50 net.

The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena. *Algar Thorold.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Woman, What Have I to do with Thee? *Presbyter Anglicanus.* Kegan Paul & Co. Crown 8vo, 60 cts.

Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. *Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 3 vols. $4.50.

Christian Reunion. *William Delaney, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. *K. M. Barry.* Fallon & Co. 60 cts.

Retreats, etc. *Father Dignam, S. J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Jewels of the Imitation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* Burns & Oates. 60 cts.

Questions of Honor in the Christian Life. *Katharine E. Conway.* Pilot Co. 50 cts.

Conscience and Law. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. $1.60.

In a Walled Garden. *Bessie R. Belloc.* Ward & Downey. $2.

Evolution and Dogma. *Rev. John A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C.* McBride & Co. $2.

Saint Philomena. *From the French.* R. Washbourne. 5 cts.

Mooted Questions of History. *H. J. Desmond.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts.

Catholic Directory, 1896. *Hoffmann Bros. Co.* 50 cts.

Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism. *Rev. William Humphrey, S J.* Thomas Baker. 65 cts.

Our Own Story. *Rosa Mulholland.* Catholic Truth Society. $1.00.

Christian Unity. *Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.* Catholic Book Exchange. 50 cts.

Father Furniss and his Work for Children. *Rev. T. Livius, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

Lyra Hieratica. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* Burns & Oates. $1.00

St. Antony of Padua. *Franciscan Fathers.* Burns & Oates. 75 cts.

Jesus, His Life; A Diatessaron. *Rev. Henry Beauclerk, S. J.* Burns & Oates. $1.40.

A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven. *M. C. Bishop.* Benziger Bros. $2.

The Christian at Mass. *Rev. Joseph L. Andreis.* Murphy & Co. 12mo, net, $1.00.

Poems. *Father John B. Tabb.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.00.

Prehistoric Americans. *Marquis de Nadaillac.* McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, *net*, 50 cts.

The Rhythm of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Copeland & Day. Octavo, $1.25.

Guide to Confession and Communion. *St. Francis de Sales.* Benziger Bros. 32mo, cloth, 60 cts.

The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon. *The Rev. Joseph Spillmann.* B. Herder. 8vo, cloth, $1.50.

Cuckoo Songs. *Katharine Tynan Hinkson.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.50.

Summer School Essays. 2 vols. McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, 50 cents each.

Poems. *Lionel Johnson.* Copeland & Day. Octavo, $1.50.

Meditations on the Gospels for Every Day in the Year. *Père Médaille, S. J. Edited by the Rev. W. H. Eyre, S. J.* Burns & Oates. *net*, $2.25.

Poems. *Francis Thompson.* Copeland & Day. Square octavo, $1.50.

Petronilla, and Other Stories. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Benziger Bros. 12mo, cloth, $1.

Sister Songs. *Francis Thompson.* Copeland & Day. Square octavo, $1.50.

The Circus-Rider's Daughter. *F. v. Brackel.* Benziger Bros. 12mo, $1.25.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Father Searle, C. S. P.* Catholic Book Exchange. 5 cts.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, I. 48.

Vol. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 1, 1896. No. 5.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

As the Rose.

BY A MONK OF THE 13TH CENTURY.

O ROSE! of the flowers, I ween, thou art fairest;
But thorny and worthless the stem that thou bearest,
Fleeting thy beauty, unlovely thy fruit.
World, I would liken thee unto the roses:
Sweet are thy flatteries, sad are their closes;
Virtue and goodness in thee have no root.

Red is the berry, O Rose! on thy bushes;
Bitter its taste, though fairly it blushes.
So, World, dost thou lure us and mock us with lies:
Outside, thy seeming is gracious and sunny;
Outside, thy greetings are sweet as the honey;
Bitter thy kernel.—O man, then, be wise!

An Early Client of the Blessed Virgin.

BY THE REV. JAMES BELLORD.

I.

IN some minds the idea of Christianity is associated with the nations of Europe, as if it were a peculiar product of Western civilization, and out of harmony with the Oriental cast of mind. Yet, returning upon the past, we find that those vast tracts where Mohammedism now prevails were for centuries the seat of flourishing Christian churches. Christianity was, so to speak, indigenous there: being planted at the first by the Apostles, and carried on by a native episcopacy and clergy, without being dependent on the missionaries of a foreign race.

It did not die out through any incompatibility with the characters of Eastern peoples, but was quenched in blood by the conquering hordes of Arabia and Tartary, and was prevented from reviving to any extent by the sheer, unrelenting persecution of a thousand years. Until it was trampled out, it showed itself to be as vigorous, constant, and adapted to the circumstances of these lands as it was in Italy, Spain, France, pre-Reformation England, and modern America. The course of historical events has brought about the fulfilment of Our Lord's promise—that Peter should be the rock-foundation of His Church; that his faith should never fail, and that to him his brethren should look to be confirmed. The other apostolic sees quickly sank into obscurity; the See of Peter alone has always reared its crest above the swelling waves; his successors are the only line of patriarchs who have continuously held a prominent position in Christendom and in the world, from the days of the Apostles to those of Leo XIII.

The Syriac Church was one of the most distinguished in the East. Its principal centre was Edessa, now Urfa, which was

glorified by the presence and labors of St. Ephrem. It was situated in Mesopotamia, at some distance east of the Upper Euphrates. St. Jerome and St. Isidore of Seville state that this city was founded by Nimrod, and that in its early days it was called Arach, or Iarch. It received the name of Edessa when it was rebuilt by Seleucus, the first King of Syria. It became the capital of the district or kingdom of Osrhoene, and had for a long time a dynasty of its own — princes of Edessa or Osrhoene, who all bore the title of *the great.*

Eusebius informs us that the second of this line was reigning in the time of Our Lord; and that, being afflicted with an incurable disease, he sent a letter inviting Him to visit him. The same author says that Our Lord wrote in reply, promising that in due course one of His disciples would go, who would cure the King's disease and communicate the true life to him and his subjects. It is said that after Our Lord's Ascension St. Thomas sent St. Thaddeus, who healed the King miraculously and converted many. The chronicler refers to the public annals of Edessa as the authority for his statements.

Edessa was certainly one of the first cities that embraced Christianity, and it was distinguished throughout the East for the piety of its inhabitants, their zeal and constancy under trial, and the number of holy recluses who dwelt in its territory. St. John Chrysostom informs us that during Diocletian's reign of terror many Christian women fled thither from Antioch. The Emperor Julian the Apostate, having crossed the Euphrates on his expedition into Persia, turned aside his march from Edessa, and would not enter a city so obnoxious to him for its fidelity to Christ. In the Arian persecution, under Valens, the whole population, even the children, so bore themselves as to merit the title of Confessors of the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

This "City of the Faithful," as Rufinus calls it, was no less celebrated for its culture and science. Cut off from Greek and Roman influences, it was an intellectual centre whence light radiated over the whole of the Orient. What Alexandria and Antioch were to the Greek Christians of the Levant, such was Edessa to the faithful of Armenia, Parthia, Persia, and even the Malabar coast. Here St. Ephrem spent the principal part of his career; and the humble deacon, doing with all his might such work as God threw in his way, became the most illustrious of all the doctors who by their teachings and writings adorned the Eastern Church.

No conditions of life could differ more than these of the nineteenth century in Western Europe from those which prevailed around the Syrian peasant in the solitudes near Nisibis, or the monastery of Edessa, sixteen hundred years ago. All things else are changed, but the identity of the one Church is the link between those days and these. The life and writings of St. Ephrem prove that the same ideal of Christian perfection, the same maxims of the spiritual life, the same doctrines, and the same devotions, are observed to-day on the banks of the Tiber, the Thames, and the Mississippi, as then upon the Euphrates. There has been no gradual change and ultimate *volte-face* in the principles of the Catholic Church, but a permanence of belief and of sentiment, joined with a perfect adaptability to every age and every place.

St. Ephrem was born at Nisibis somewhere about the year 300 A. D. This city, originally Achar, one of the chief places of the empire of Nimrod, was called Nisibis by the Assyrians, and Antiochia Mygdoniæ by the Greeks. It is now Nezib, the seat of a bishopric, in the Turkish pashalic of Aleppo. It was situated on the river Mygdon, a tributary of the Upper Euphrates, about fifty miles west of Edessa. The ancestors of the Saint were

poor laboring people, who had migrated from elsewhere and established themselves near Nisibis. His parents had raised themselves somewhat above the ancestral condition of penury, and had acquired some little property, which they cultivated for themselves. Their worldly condition was not one of any distinction, but in the eyes of Christians they were ennobled by the blood of martyrs that ran in their veins, and by the fact that they had themselves confessed the name of Jesus Christ before the tribunals in the persecution under Diocletian. These devout people, like the parents of Samuel, consecrated their child to the service of God from his cradle; yet he was not presented for baptism and did not receive that Sacrament till his eighteenth year, when on the point of embracing the religious life.

Ephrem's early education was indeed scanty; very little was thought necessary for one who was destined to the peasant's life of unremitting labor. But, although his parents had little of worldly wealth and advantages to bestow upon him, and possessed nothing of the polite culture of Athens and Alexandria, they were able to educate the higher spiritual faculties of his soul, and endow him with that refinement of morals and manners which comes only from religious training. Syrian scholars of Edessa had translated the Holy Scripture into their own idiom about two centuries earlier, for the use of Oriental Christians. This was the first and perhaps the only literature with which the young Ephrem was acquainted, and his soul was enriched from the first with its spiritual treasures. The simple people among whom he lived showed him an example of earnest piety, excited in him a horror of the wickedness of the world, and stirred him to enthusiasm with stories of sufferings and death bravely endured for the name of Christ by the martyrs of the recent persecutions, among whom were numbered near relatives of his own.

During the time of his youth, before his conversion to a more perfect life, our Saint appears to have been addicted to certain faults—of small consequence as compared with the sins generally dominant in the world, but full of danger if allowed to go unchecked; and serious, if judged by a saint's estimate of the holiness of God and the fidelity which men should render to Him. In his two books of "Reprehensions," or confessions, he accuses himself with shame and bitter contrition of the faults of his youth; and chiefly of envy and contentiousness, and a readiness to give way to anger on the smallest provocation. He begins with the words, "Have pity on me, all ye that have bowels of compassion!" then declares himself to be a useless, abandoned vessel, and begs prayers that he may find mercy from God. He bewails his spiritual miseries, and trembles lest, as flames from heaven devoured him who dared to offer profane fire on the altar, so he should meet with a like judgment for appearing before God in prayer without having the sacred fire of divine love in his heart. His purified sight detected faults which were invisible to other men. The extraordinary progress he had made in virtue was patent to all, but he could discern nothing in himself but covetousness, jealousy, sloth, and other vices.

In the second book he holds up more particularly his pride to general reprobation. "This sin," he says, "destroys God's graces in the soul; blasts all its virtues, and turns them into an abomination. At the last day all human virtues will be tried in a fire which will reduce them to ashes, unless humility is present to preserve them." He laments that pride infects the whole world; that some, with strange madness, seek to satiate it with certain empty fooleries on which men have stamped an unreal dignity and value. He notes that even spiritual persons are in danger of sinning by taking pride in virtue

itself, and that all virtues are a free gift infused by God; so that even when most enriched by His mercy we are still, in ourselves, base and unprofitable servants.

He goes on to condemn himself as guilty of vainglory, lukewarmness, immortification, irreverence in church, talkativeness, contentiousness. He fears lest his repentance should be only like that of Esau, and begs the pity and prayers of all men for the infamous blind leper, as he calls himself. He weeps to see that some men had conceived a high esteem for him, while he deserved nothing but contempt; and he cries out to them: "Take off my false covering, and you will see in me nothing but worms and filth. Remove the cloak of my hypocrisy, and you will find me to be a hideous and nauseous sepulchre."

He compares himself to the Pharisees, as wearing the habit of prophets and saints only to his deeper condemnation; and, as in their case, his vices are more odious and detestable for being covered with the appearance of virtue. In another place, after accusing himself of sloth, pride, and uncharitableness, he again entreats all men to pray for him. He wishes they could see the extreme miseries of his heart, and be excited to compassion; although they would hardly be able to endure the sight of his hideous and monstrous iniquities. From his infancy he has resisted grace, nurtured his passions, and neglected virtue; he fears to live longer, lest he should go on falling still more deeply into sloth and all other crimes.

The sins which occasioned him such vehement self-denunciation were probably such as would amount only to the merest unconsidered trifles in the record of an ordinary Christian. They were devoid of any real malice; they were no more than the infirmities of nature—the imperfections which God allows to survive in the most strictly regulated souls, in order to supply them with grounds for watchfulness and self-distrust, with motives for humility and contrition, with occasions for conflict and victory; in fine, they were the necessary elements of struggle, of virtue, of perfection.

Amongst these more general accusations of sinfulness the Saint specifies two particular "crimes," which demanded a lifelong penitence. He had been tempted for a time to doubt the existence of God's all-seeing, overruling providence, and had been inclined to think that the events of life are the result of blind chance. The second "crime" was hardly more than thoughtlessness and a mischievous sally of the exuberant spirits of youth. The first error was corrected by the merciful punishment of the latter. Ephrem was convinced of the reality of Providence, and discerned the secret workings of a divine purpose in events which, at first sight, seemed accidental, and not in accordance with infinite justice, as apprehended by the superficial understanding of men.

"When I was young," he writes, "my parents sent me one day on a distant errand. Toward evening I came across a cow, that was near the time of calving, grazing quietly. I picked up stones and hunted the poor animal about pitilessly till she fell from exhaustion, and became the prey of wild beasts during the night. A little later I met a poor man, the owner of the cow; he asked me if I had seen her, and I answered him only with abusive language."

About a month after this escapade Ephrem was on his way to a remote pasture; night overtook him, and he accepted the hospitality of a shepherd whom he met with. The man got into a state of intoxication and neglected to keep the usual night-watch over the flock. Wolves got in among the sheep, worried some, killed and carried off others, and scattered the remainder far and wide. Next day the owners discovered the mis-

chief. The shepherd endeavored to throw the blame on Ephrem, as being in league with cattle thieves who had stolen the sheep during the night. The two were seized and maltreated, and carried, tightly bound, before the nearest judge. Ephrem vehemently protested his innocence; but appearances were not in his favor, and he was cast into prison until further evidence should be forthcoming.

After forty days there appeared to Ephrem one night a person of majestic aspect, who asked, in kindly tones, how he happened to be in such a place. Ephrem related his story, and bewailed his hard fate in having to suffer so much without deserving it. His visitant answered: "Remember your suspicions about God's providence. You are innocent, in truth, of the crime for which you are here; but see if there be not something else for which you deserve punishment." He then spoke of two other men who were also awaiting trial; said that they, too, were innocent of the things laid to their charge, and bade Ephrem inquire of them concerning other offences that had not come to light.

On awaking, Ephrem told his dream to his fellow-prisoners, who at once admitted the truth. One of them was accused of murder. He was not guilty of this charge; but he related that not long before he was passing a bridge outside the city, and observed some men a little way behind, who were quarrelling violently. Presently one of them seized hold of another and flung him over the bridge into the river. He struggled toward the bank; but, as it was steep, he was not able to gain a footing. "He saw me," continued the prisoner, "and called to me for assistance. I could have saved him by stooping down and giving him my hand, but I was afraid of the other men; and so watched him struggling, till at last he sank and was drowned before my eyes. God is not unjust, and I know it is on account of this sin that I am now falsely accused."

The second prisoner was under a false charge of adultery. But previously he had been suborned by two brothers, for fifty pieces of silver, to bear false witness against their sister, a young widow of devout life, who had lately succeeded with them to their father's property. By his evidence these wicked men had finally convinced the judge that she was a person of infamous life, and had her share of the inheritance conveyed to themselves.

The following night the messenger of God appeared again and said: "To-morrow you will all be brought face to face with those who have accused you." This news cast them into a state of terror and fearful suspense as to what the result would be. Next morning the governor took his place in court, and the prisoners were brought before him, heavily ironed. The other two prisoners were first put to the torture and their cases investigated. At last they were admitted to be innocent and set at liberty, while Ephrem was remanded to prison.

Another long delay occurred, and during the interval three other prisoners were brought in. Ephrem related the story of his earlier companions to them, and then ascertained that two of them were the brothers who had wronged their sister, and the other had committed the murder at the bridge. Again the court assembled and the cases were called; and again, as being the youngest, Ephrem was left to the last. For several hours the other criminals endured the torture of the wheel, and at last confessed not only the crimes they were charged with, but the others which have been mentioned. The murderer was condemned to have both his hands cut off, the two brothers lost their right hands.

During all this time Ephrem was overwhelmed by the sight of the horrible torments inflicted, and by apprehensions for himself. To add to his misery, the

executioners rudely jeered at him, saying: "Young man you are not going to get off to-day: it will be your turn in a minute to have a taste of these little things." And the bystanders added that his shudders and tears were not much use now, and that he ought to have thought of the consequences before he stole the sheep. He was brought out and stripped, and was on the point of being scourged with the sinews of oxen when the assistant judge observed that it was now time for dinner, and that this next case could wait. Thus did Ephrem again escape. The trial was not resumed; and, as there was a change of governors to take place, there was a suspension of proceedings for a month or so, during which time he continued to endure all the privations and miseries of an Oriental dungeon.

After some days the angel appeared again and said: "Ephrem, have you yet learned that Providence rules the affairs of men with care and justice?"—"Yea, my lord," he answered, with tears. "But, since you have given me the grace to know this, will you not have further pity on your servant and deliver me from this prison, so that I may become a hermit and spend my life in the service of Jesus Christ?"—"You will be examined once more," said the angel, "and then set free." Ephrem urged his dread of the judge's severity and the cruelties that would accompany even the establishment of his innocence. The angel made answer: "All this is the natural and immediate consequence of your own misdeeds. How can I deliver you from that?" However, he reassured Ephrem by saying that he would be released without delay.

At length Ephrem was called forth from jail, and stood before the new governor, emaciated and clothed only in a few rags. To his astonishment, he found that the governor recognized him, and remembered his father and mother, whom he had formerly held in high esteem. He questioned Ephrem with a mildness that was quite unusual, and accepted his explanations. The torture was applied to the shepherd, who confessed the whole truth. Poor Ephrem thereupon was honorably acquitted and set at liberty. That night the angel came once more and said: "Return to your home; do penance for your sins; and know henceforth, from what has happened to you, that there is an eye which sees all things and a hand which guides them." He warned Ephrem of the terrible consequences of unfaithfulness to the call of God, and left him.

The Almighty, who destined His servant to receive great graces and to make known His law to many souls for their salvation, prepared him for the task by these afflictions and revelations. He first grounded Ephrem deeply in humility, and then inspired him with that compunction for sin and dread of the severities of divine justice which he was called to impress upon others, and which are the leading characteristics of his writings. All this is recounted at great length by the Saint himself in his authentic works. He addresses the account to his disciples for their warning, and as a means of humbling himself in their eyes. Immediately after these events Ephrem prepared himself to receive baptism, and then proceeded to carry out his vow of serving God as an anchorite.

(To be continued.)

WHAT an overwhelming horror it must have been for the Blessed Mary to witness the Passion and the Crucifixion of her Son! If Our Lord Himself could not bear the prospect of what was before Him, and was covered in the thought of it with a bloody sweat—His soul thus acting upon His body,—does not this show how great mental pain can be? And would it have been wonderful though Mary's head and heart had given way as she stood under His Cross?—*Newman.*

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART III.

IV.

SO it came to pass that Diane heard no more of the information Mr. Atherton desired to afford her; and that gentleman found himself unexpectedly checked, as if by a dead-wall, when Adrien de Varigny ceremoniously told him that Miss Prévost was perfectly cognizant both of the existence and the doings of the De Marsillac whom he had met, and therefore any communication which he had thought of making to her was unnecessary.

"I am sure you will pardon me for also suggesting," added the young Creole, regarding him steadily, "that, since this is the case, it will be best to drop the subject, as far as any inquiries for this person in New Orleans are concerned."

"In other words, to respect the mystery of the family," said Atherton, smiling slightly. "You need have no fear. I will make no further inquiries. It is very evident now that it is not, as I was inclined to suspect, a case of imposture and robbery; but that it is a family secret, with which no stranger has a right to interfere."

"It is at least a subject upon which they have a right to be reticent if they please."

"Undoubtedly; and which has, therefore, lost interest for me. Why they should make a mystery of what they had a perfect right to do is their own affair, and I shall give it no further thought."

In saying this the speaker not only promised, as many of us often do, more than he was able to perform, but he also supplied much food for thought to De Varigny. "*Make a mystery of what they had a perfect right to do.*" These words rang in the young man's mind; and, though he would have disdained to ask an explanation—in fact, it is doubtful whether he would have listened to an explanation had Atherton volunteered it, so punctilious was his sense of honor,—it was impossible not to ask himself what was meant. What had they a perfect right to do? What was it that had been done for them by this mysterious De Marsillac, in whose behalf even Diane the gentle was roused to passion?

There is nothing which has such power to change and absorb a man as a question like this, which he is continually asking himself and which he has no power to answer. Diane was not long in perceiving a great difference in De Varigny. He was all that courtesy demanded he should be in his father's house and to his sister's guest, but he was no more. The pervading attention, the absorption in herself, the constant homage of look and manner even more than of word to which she had been accustomed from him,—these things were absent. At home he was silent and apparently preoccupied; in society he drew back and allowed other men to surround her. There was no lack of other men; but, first with wonder and then with a growing pang, Diane recognized that the only man for whose attention she cared no longer cared to bestow that attention upon her.

It was singular, perhaps, that she did not connect this change with the mystery which in her conversation with Octave she had left unsolved. But Diane possessed no great power of imagination. She had attached no importance to her own refusal to satisfy the curiosity of her friend or to answer Atherton's inquiries. She had been greatly relieved that the latter had not appeared to press his inquiries in person, and that the De Varignys had abstained from questions which it wou'd have been difficult to answer; but she never for a moment thought of connecting the marked change in Adrien with her own silence on a subject which she would

have said did not concern him at all.

How much the change in him concerned her, however, she felt daily more and more. With what a light heart she had come to New Orleans, relieved from the strain of financial trouble, and from the terrible possibility of having to sacrifice herself to the obnoxious Burnham; free to take up her—what shall one call it? Flirtation is too vulgar, love affair too serious a term to characterize what had existed between Adrien de Varigny and herself. It had been impalpable as a perfume, but as exquisite, tender, delicate; the first dawn of an attraction that needed only opportunity to broaden into the full glow of love. Diane had whispered no articulate hopes to her heart as she sped on her way toward New Orleans; but she had been filled with a sense of delightful expectation,—of something indefinite, yet certain as the coming of spring, the opening of flowers, the advance of roseate morning. And now suddenly a strange frost came into the air,—a strange bar to all advance. What was it? Were men indeed so fickle? Had Adrien forgotten all that he seemed to feel when they last met? Poor Diane, waking to a knowledge of how little *she* had forgotten, asked herself these questions, but found no answer to them.

And then, even in her sweet nature, something like resentment roused. Was it necessary for him to indicate so plainly that he had changed? Need he be so distant? Need he, who last winter had claimed every moment of her society which he possibly could, now draw aside and leave her to others in a manner so marked? She lifted her graceful head with pride, even if her lip quivered, as she said these things to herself; and, while it was not possible for any one to be less of a coquette, there is not perhaps a woman living who would not, for the pang of wounded feeling and wounded pride at her heart, have smiled a little more sweetly on those who thronged around her to take the place of the one who had withdrawn.

Matters were in this state during the crowded, gayety-filled days of the Carnival, in which New Orleans excels all other cities of the world. Indeed, the true Carnival spirit survives here alone, whatever fictitious attempts may be made to revive it elsewhere. Mardi Gras in New Orleans means not only gorgeous processions, magnificent scenic displays, but the abounding mirth of all classes of the population,—a casting aside of the cares of life; a return, as it were, to the Golden Age of childlike enjoyment for this brief period. And during these scenes, on Mardi Gras itself, when Canal Street is thronged from wall to wall with masks and revellers, the playful fooling never becomes disorder; the whole city indeed gives itself up to mirth, but the mirth does not degenerate into license. It was this which struck Atherton most as he sat, on that famous day, in the window of the club where his cousin had introduced him, and looked over the gay and motley throng which filled the street before him.

"This is the genuine thing," he said to Langdon, who sat beside him; "this is the Carnival. In other places its attempted celebration is either a dismal failure—for more and more are the people of the world forgetting what mirth is,—or it becomes a mere spectacle: a parade at which the populace stare, but in which they take no part. Here, however, it is the Carnival of the people. This scene carries one back to Carnivals in the Rome and Naples of the past. There is nothing perfunctory or make-believe in the gayety of these maskers; and their pranks are to me better worth seeing than even the gorgeous procession of Rex."

"Rex's procession wasn't bad," observed Langdon, with the moderation of one who had witnessed many Carnivals. "In fact, it was expected to be better than usual this

year, because Harvey—who is Rex, you know—is not only a very rich man, but a man of great taste. By the bye, I suppose you have heard who is to be his queen?"

"Not I. Names are merely names to me here, you know. My acquaintance is very limited."

"That" (in an injured tone) "is your own fault, I am sure. You might know everybody, if you would, and be *fêted* to your heart's content. We are not more fond of millionaires than our neighbors—perhaps not quite so fond,—but we appreciate them, nevertheless; and are quite ready to kill our fatted calves for them. But you will not eat the fatted calf after it has been killed."

"Perhaps I have been surfeited with fatted calves, and would prefer to be distinguished in some other manner than by the ticket 'millionaire.' Not that I go in for cheap cynicism on the subject of the world's worship of wealth. It has existed from the beginning, and will, of course, continue to exist until the end. But I am not fond of profiting by it. Besides, I did not come here to enter society."

"I wonder what you did come for!" thought Langdon; but he only said aloud: "Of course it's a matter of taste; but there are a good many people here who would like to meet you, and whom I think you would enjoy knowing. You must certainly look in on the balls to-night, however. Rex's ball will be a magnificent affair. As I began to tell you, he has the most beautiful girl in Louisiana for his queen."

"Who is she?" (indifferently.)

"Miss Prévost—Diane Prévost. She—but what is the matter, Atherton? Do you know her?"

"No," answered Atherton, who had given a start and glance of awakened interest at the name. "I do not know her at all, but I have—heard of her."

"From the De Varignys, I suppose? She is visiting them. Her family have not been living in New Orleans for some time, but she was here last winter and made a great sensation by her beauty. Adrien de Varigny was considered to be first favorite then, but this season he has rather lost his place; and Harvey, who is desperately in love with her, is making the best running. I'd like you to see her. She is not of the ordinary Creole type."

"I chance to admire that type very much."

"You can't fail to admire Diane Prévost, and she will be a sight worth seeing in royal robes to-night. I wonder" (with a laugh) "what Burnham will think of her?"

"And who is Burnham?"

"A young cad whose father has made a great deal of money, and who has therefore crept into the outskirts of good society. The story runs that, seeing Miss Prévost last winter, he was deeply smitten; and, being unable to approach her in any other manner, induced his father—who held a mortgage on Madame Prévost's estate—to offer him as a suitor, threatening to close the mortgage at once if he was refused. Details of the result are not clearly known. However, it is said that Miss Prévost took into consideration sacrificing herself, but that somebody or something came to her rescue. At all events, the debt was paid in money, not in flesh and blood; and Miss Prévost is here in more brilliant beauty than ever, to be the Queen of the Carnival."

"I have heard a story something like that before—in a dream perhaps," said Atherton, quietly. "In my story the girl's brother obtained her ransom by a rather wild adventure."

"It was not *this* story" (very positively); "for there is no brother in the case. Miss Prévost has none."

"Then, of course, she is not the heroine of my story. There is a sufficient similarity, however, to induce me to take the trouble of seeing her; so you may count on me for Rex's ball to-night."

(To be continued.)

On Arras.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

AN old purple tapestry
Swayed within an ancient chamber;
There I saw the Virgin Mary
Robed in fading amber.
Her blue eyes adored her Child,
Her pale mouth of roses sweet
Opened fair and faintly smiled.
When she stirred her little feet
Under her gold drapery,
Silver lilies round them curled:
Feet that walked a thorny world.

That old purple tapestry,
When the wind arose and shook it,
From its folds a many angels
Hurried forward and forsook it.
Crowned with flame of heavenly fires,
Some had lutes and some had lyres,
Harps and cymbals, mandolinas,
Rose-encircled tambourinas.
Their gold plumage swept the stair,
Purple wings hung down the air;
Faces shone like flush of flowers
Dropt from paradisaic bowers,
And their hands that swept the strings
Fluttered each like a small bird—
Hark, one of them sings!
Blesséd Mary smiled and heard.

One sang: "Maid divine,
Worship thy sweet Son for me;
Kiss the Babe-lips close to thine,
While I sing and bend the knee!"

Sang another: "O good Mother,
Give to us our little Brother!
Sin's abroad, but He is God,
Lord of Love: there is no other."

Then stepped forth and sang a third:
"Virgin blest, let man and bird—
Everything that hath a voice,
Let it speak forth and rejoice!"

That old purple tapestry!—
Faded is the western glory,
Shrouded is the chamber high,
Broken off the angelic story.
Mary hides away her Son
In the folds of purple shadow
Till the long night's swoon is done,
And gold lights dance in the meadow.
Through the dark doth Peter weep,
Listening for the cock's faint crowing,
While the songful angels sleep,
Till the clear morn-trumpets blowing
Out of Paradise shall summon
Soul of man and soul of woman—
All that liveth in creation,
Unto morning adoration.

And as the wind-gusts rise and blow,
And as the sun-flares come and go,
The Virgin Mary in her amber
Sweetly haunts that ancient chamber,
Her sweet Son upon her arm,
Her rose-face all love-light warm;
Saints around her knees in hiding,
Angels from the shadows striding;
Feet that stir 'mid lilies gleaming,
Mother-light from her eyes streaming.

Where I saw that ancient chamber,
In a wood of sycamore,
Never can I quite remember
With the sunlight on its floor.
This much I do know
It was centuries ago,
When the baby Christ was young,
And His carol still was sung.
I can hear those cymbals ringing,
Hear the angel-voices singing,
See gold plumage fan the curtain
By our Mary's robe of amber,
Fluttering with a sheen uncertain
As the sun filled all the chamber;
See the blue within her eyes,—
Blue that veileth mysteries;
Lips that did to softness melt
As the minstrels prayed and knelt,
Where the folds hang dusk and high
Of that old purple tapestry.

UNWONTED circumstances may make us all rather unlike ourselves; there are conditions under which the most majestic person is obliged to sneeze, and our emotions are liable to be acted on in the same incongruous manner.—*George Eliot.*

The Wonder-Worker of Padua.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

X.—Anthony the Lector.

THE Provincial of Romagna, who was present when Anthony delivered his first sermon, at once appointed the young apostle a preacher in his province; and St. Francis, hearing of the extraordinary effect produced by that sermon, not only confirmed the Provincial's appointment, but greatly enlarged Anthony's sphere of usefulness by giving him leave to preach anywhere and everywhere, whenever an opportunity offered. And yet to preach *only* was not his mission.

St. Francis desired that Anthony should apply himself to the study of theology, in order that he might speak with more confidence and authority, and likewise be able to instruct others of his brethren. Neither St. Francis nor any one else was aware of the nature and extent of Anthony's learning; and he was therefore sent to Vercelli to study theology in the Monastery of St. Andrew, of the Canons Regular, then under the discipline of Abbot Thomas, the greatest living doctor in all Italy. Thomas was one of the Canons Regular whom Mgr. Sessa, Bishop of Vercelli, had called from the Monastery of St. Vincent of Paris to that of St. Andrew of Vercelli, on account of their many virtues and accomplishments.

We may readily imagine the rapid progress so holy a religious as Anthony must have made at St. Andrew's,—he who had already enjoyed the hidden treasures of heaven. A companion in his studies was Adam de Marisco, of Somerset, diocese of Bath, England, afterward Doctor of the University of Oxford, and finally Bishop of Ely,—a man famous for piety and learning. These young men were received by Abbot Thomas with the utmost tenderness, and in them he found pupils devoted to their studies, of intense application and surpassing intelligence. Anthony was still living under the rule of his Order; for St. Francis had obtained from the Bishop of Vercelli a convent situated near the ancient Church of St. Matthew; and here he dwelt, going at appointed hours to class at St. Andrew's.

Franciscan historians assure us that, though Anthony applied himself most diligently to his studies, he did not fail to preach the Lenten sermons in Milan and other places near at hand; and that on these occasions his lucid exposition of the Scriptures astonished and delighted his hearers. Even in the classroom he was a marvel. One of his teachers says that while explaining to his pupils a work on the "Celestial Hierarchy," Anthony spoke concerning the different orders of celestial spirits with great precision and wonderful intelligence, and it seemed to all who heard him as if he were in the presence of that hierarchy and were speaking from personal knowledge.

So rapid was Anthony's progress in his studies, so comprehensive his grasp, and so felicitous his treatment of every theme under consideration, that his classmates with one accord urgently begged that he would impart to them something of the knowledge that seemed his birthright. He hesitated; they persistently implored. Anthony knew that the rule of the Order was founded upon poverty, humility, the scorn of all things worldly; and he feared that a show of learning might be considered scandalous rather than edifying. Holiness and humility come first of all; science and the polite accomplishments should follow in their course.

That he might observe to the letter the holy rule and give no cause for scandal, Anthony wrote to St. Francis asking his will in the matter. Now, there is not the shadow of a doubt that St. Francis had the good—the best good—of the Order

at heart; that for this reason he desired gradually to work certain reforms; that he feared a tendency on the part of his followers to an over-interest in the affairs of this life to the neglect of those of the life which is to come. So he wrote to Anthony. The letter has fortunately been preserved in "The Chronicles of the Twenty-Four Generals." It runs as follows:

"To his dear Brother Anthony, Brother Francis sends greeting in the Lord.

"It is my wish that thou teach the brethren sacred theology; yet in such a manner as not to extinguish in thyself and others the spirit of prayer and devotion, according as it is prescribed in the rule.

"The Lord spare thee!

"BROTHER FRANCIS."

Thus was Anthony chosen by the patriarch of Assisi to depart into Bologna and there assume the office of Lector of Theology. Unhappily, no notes of his lectures then and there delivered have been preserved to us; but from his "Commentary on the Psalms" we can judge of the spirit that pervaded them. Because of the nature of this spirit there have been those of his brotherhood who have assured themselves that Anthony was the author of "The Imitation of Christ." The authorship of that inspiring work has long been a vexed question; but Francis Richard Cruise, M. D., in his ingenious and exhaustive work on "Thomas à Kempis,"* seems to have finally settled it.

In his lectures Anthony avoided dry speculation: he brought youthful enthusiasm, coupled with the purest and loftiest mysticism, to bear upon the minds and the hearts of his pupils. "To know, to love!" this was his teaching. To know, so that one may love highly and holily; to love, so that one may acquire the knowledge that is born of ardor, devotion, self-sacrifice, singleness of purpose—the flower and the fruit of love.

* London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1887.

XI.—ANTHONY THE FATHER OF MYSTIC THEOLOGY.

St. Francis was the inspirer and St. Bonaventure the most illustrious representative of the mystic school of theology; but Thomas Gallo, Pope Gregory IX., and St. Bonaventure himself, have styled Anthony the father of the school. He was certainly its most eloquent exponent.

Many were the titles conferred upon the inspired gospeller. Cardinal Guy de Montfort, being dangerously ill, was miraculously healed through the intercession of St. Anthony; and he therefore made a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Saint at Padua, and left at that shrine a splendid reliquary, embellished with verses wherein the Saint is hailed as the "star of Spain, pearl of poverty, father of science, model of purity, light of Italy, doctor of divine truth, and glory of Padua."

This father of mystic theology and founder of the mystic school of the Middle Ages was from the very beginning a wonder-worker. His preaching was nearly always confirmed by miracles; the very sermon itself was in some senses miraculous. He must have possessed the gift of tongues. While in Italy he preached in Italian; yet all the knowledge he possessed of that mellifluous tongue he got during his brief intercourse with the six illiterate lay-brothers at the hospice in the solitude of Monte Paolo. While in France he preached in French, though he had never studied the language. Perhaps more remarkable still is the fact that the simple-minded and the most ignorant listeners were capable of fully comprehending all he said; and his voice, though gentle and sweet, was distinctly heard at a very extraordinary distance from the speaker.

In that charming volume, "The Little Flowers of St. Francis," it is quaintly recorded: "That marvellous vessel of the Holy Ghost, St. Anthony of Padua, one of the chosen disciples and companions of

St. Francis, who was called of St. Francis his Vicar, once preached in the Consistory before the Pope and his Cardinals; in which Consistory there were men of divers nations—namely, Greeks, Latins, French, Germans, Slavs, and English, and men speaking other divers tongues. Fired by the Holy Ghost, so efficaciously, so devoutly, so subtly, so sweetly, so clearly, and so plainly, did Anthony set forth the word of God, that all they which were present at the Consistory, of whatsoever divers tongues they were, clearly understood all his words distinctly, even as he had spoken in the language of each man among them. And they all were struck dumb with amaze; and it seemed as that ancient miracle of the Apostles had been renewed, when as at the time of the Pentecost they spoke by virtue of the Holy Ghost in every tongue. And they said one to another with admiration and awe: 'Is not he who preaches come out of Spain? And how do we hear in his discourse every man of us the speech of his own land?' Likewise the Pope, considering and marvelling at the profundity of his words, said: 'Verily, this man is the Ark of the Covenant and the vehicle of the Holy Ghost.'"

Anthony appeared in a most opportune moment. The Church was sorely in need of him. St. Dominic had gone to his reward; the labors of St. Francis were at an end: he could only guide and encourage by his advice and his approval, and, at intervals, instil new life into his children and confer a benediction upon them by appearing, if but for a moment, in their midst. The honor and the glory that had been shared by St. Francis and St. Dominic were his now; for to Anthony fell the lot of continuing the work of these two illustrious patriarchs.

(To be continued.)

ABHORRENCE of lies is the test of character.—*Bishop Spalding.*

A Loss of Caste.

I.

THE *Holyhead* packet steamed into Kingstown Harbor on a lovely morning in the year 186—. Her passengers, in view of a speedy landing, or attracted by the beauty of the prospect, were nearly all on deck. Leaning over the bulwarks, and quietly contemplating the scenery, stood a tall, handsome man of distinguished bearing, whose bronzed face showed he had been a considerable time in tropical countries. Although he was still on the sunny side of thirty, he looked older; while the young man beside him, with his fair Saxon face and laughing, blue eyes, appeared considerably his junior. In fact, both had past their twenty-ninth birthday; and, after several years' residence in the East, had returned to Europe for a well-earned holiday.

Basil Nesbitt was First Secretary of the British Legation in Constantinople. He had been given to understand that an important mission in Afghanistan was about to be confided to him; and he had been granted six months' leave of absence, with an intimation that he might be called upon to start at short notice, and would do well not to be out of speedy reach of the Foreign Office.

His cousin, Lance Trenton, had been some years in Turkey and Armenia, employed as civil engineer in the construction of various railways. Having succeeded to a large property by the death of an uncle, he was returning to England when he heard of Basil's recall. He determined at once to travel home with his friend and cousin. Both had reached the city of London some three weeks before, and were now about to visit their Irish relatives.

Trenton, who was busy securing a chain to a splendid dog, straightened himself and exclaimed:

"So, old fellow, you are pretty secure now till I get you through the crowds at the station.—I say, Basil, another hour will see us in 'dear, darling, dirty Dublin.' I wonder shall we find it as attrative as of old?"

"I think, my dear fellow, after our experience of the East, we sha'n't be too exacting even with the Liffey. However, we shall certainly miss the beautiful sunshine if Erin treats us to her usual 'mist of tears.'"

"This morning she welcomes us with radiant sunbeams," said Lance, gaily; "so we'll e'en hope she will continue to smile on us. And now, Nesbitt, change your mind and run down with me at once to Ardnaglass."

"I really can not, Lance. Yesterday's post brought me a pressing letter from Una, saying my uncle is most impatient for my arrival, and telling me his health is much impaired. He has scarcely recovered from a serious illness, and is anxious to consult me on business affairs."

"I am sincerely sorry for it. Is Una his daughter?"

"Only by adoption. Uncle Maurice never married. He was deeply attached to a Miss Fenton, but she did not return his love. In fact, she was already engaged to a Captain Lynne when my uncle first met her; so his was a hopeless passion from the first. A few years after their marriage Captain and Mrs. Lynne were swept away by cholera, which broke out in A——, where they were staying; and Mrs. Lynne left the four-year-old Una to my uncle's guardianship."

"Poor little mite! How did he manage to rear her?"

"His twin sister, a childless widow, had resided with him since her husband's death. She acted as a mother to the little Una, who fell into the habit of calling her Aunt Margaret, and Mr. Nesbitt Uncle Maurice. Now they look on her as their own child."

"Your father was a younger son,—was he not, Basil?"

"Yes, but my mother was rich; and her fortune, by the marriage settlements, belonged to the younger children; so that both he and their sister, Mrs. Cantwell, were very well off; while, somehow, a succession of misfortunes, aided by mismanagement, so injured my grandfather's property that the eldest son inherited only Mona Castle and estate, mortgaged to their full value."

"Where did your father meet my aunt, may I ask?"

"In London. He embraced the diplomatic career, and carried off the beauty of the season, Miss Trenton. They mostly lived abroad, and he never revisited Mona Castle; for some ten years ago a coldness arose between the brothers on account of commercial pursuits, in which Uncle Nesbitt engaged, and which my father resented. I may as well confess that I share his opinions. Until the present head of the family undertook this work, no Nesbitt had ever stooped to trade."

Lance Trenton looked at his cousin in surprise and some amusement. Practical, hard-headed Englishman as he was, this touch of absurd Irish pride astonished him in a man of Basil's largeness of mind and knowledge of the world. However, he merely said:

"I am glad to know something of your relatives on your father's side. Oddly enough, I was under the impression that they were all dead. Did you ever visit them before?"

"I spent a month in Mona after I came of age, and became very fond of Uncle Maurice. The house and estate were in a ruinous state, and the whole district painfully poverty-stricken. But the scenery is very beautiful along that northwestern coast, and the shooting and fishing were first-rate."

"What commerce did Maurice Nesbitt undertake?" asked Trenton.

"Some months after my visit a German artist, on a summer tour, remarked a vein of clay which reminded him of that used in the famous German potteries of Saxony. He communicated his idea to his host, my uncle, on whose estate it lay. Uncle Maurice took up the affair with great energy. He got down experts to examine the clay, borrowed sufficient capital to start the enterprise, and the result was a complete success. In a very short time he was able to return the money borrowed, to pay off the heavy mortgages on the estate, and is now a comparatively wealthy man."

"It was well done," said Lance, with hearty appreciation. "Such works must have been an inestimable boon to the surrounding population."

A shriek from the escaping steam, as the packet drew near the pier, cut short all further conversation. Both young men hastened to land and take their places in the waiting train, which brought them to Dublin in less than half an hour. A few hours later Basil started for Mona Castle; and Lance promised to run down for the famous 12th of August, to make Mr. Nesbitt's acquaintance, and help in the grouse slaughter which would begin on that day.

II.

A very stylish equipage stood before the great door of Mona Castle. A groom, in the dark green Nesbitt livery, held the head of the impatient horse, while an elderly gentleman descended the steps and approached, with the evident intention of mounting to the somewhat high seat. Ere he could do so a young girl hastily crossed the lawn from an open French window, and laid a detaining hand on his arm, as she exclaimed:

"Surely, Uncle, you are not going to drive in this open cart under the burning July sun! It would be very imprudent. What would Dr. Gray say?"

"What *could* he say, Una?" answered the old man, testily. "I am entirely well now, and you would not have me omit to welcome my nephew and heir after his long absence?"

"He knows you have been ill," persisted Una. "And if you are seized by one of your attacks of dizziness, you will have to turn back, and then he will find no conveyance at the station."

"It is too late to order out the closed carriage now. As it is, we shall scarcely catch the train."

"Then let Martin go alone, Uncle, and make your excuses to Basil. Tell him it was my fault," she continued, laughing, as she drew her half-unwillingly convinced listener toward the steps.

Martin looked at his master; and, at his assenting nod, the groom let go the horse's head and sprang up behind, while the light equipage whirled down the avenue.

Mr. Nesbitt re-entered the house with Una on his arm; and in the room from which she had issued by the window they were welcomed by a silver-haired, gentle old lady in a widow's dress, who had watched their return with evident pleasure. The large, cool apartment retained the old massive furniture, which harmonized with its thick walls and general air of antiquity; but large bay-windows, several arm-chairs, with a profusion of flowers, made it a most attractive apartment, and it was the favorite sitting-room of the family. Una drew a large arm-chair near a table on which lay a portfolio of drawings, and in it established Mr. Nesbitt; then she took a low seat beside him, and they were soon absorbed in the discussion of various designs.

When Miss Lynne left her convent school some years previously, she had, at her own request, been sent to Germany, where, under direction of a careful and clever governess, she had cultivated her really remarkable talent for painting, and made herself in particular thoroughly

conversant with all that related to China painting, as she took an enthusiastic interest in Mr. Nesbitt's undertaking. On her return to Mona she became his right hand, and by her refined, artistic taste contributed largely to the success of the Mona ware. Aided by Herr Stein, the clever German artist whom she had persuaded to follow her to Ireland with his wife and family, she established an art school, which she supported from her own income; and it had proved an unequivocal success. Herr Stein was surprised at the quickness and talent of his pupils; while the workmen were not slow to perceive the many advantages the school would afford the rising generation, and were only too willing to send their sons and daughters to attend it when they showed signs of taste or ability.

At the time our tale opens the Mona ware was the fashion, and the potteries formed a large and flourishing colony. More than a thousand workmen were employed in the works. Mr. Nesbitt had built them a hospital and large schools, which he placed under the care of the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of Mercy; the latter also attended to the hospital. A patriot of an unfortunately rare type, Mr. Nesbitt aspired to serve his country by developing useful industries, which afforded a fair field for the abilities of his people, and prevented their seeking in other climes the opening which their own too often denied them. Hampered by narrow means in early life, the accidental discovery of the porcelain clay at last placed in his hands the means of realizing his plans.

Within the Mona works neither idleness nor factions were tolerated. "I want good workmen," Mr. Nesbitt declared at the opening of the manufactory. "I offer them good pay and fair treatment, but I will have no ranting idlers or drunken loafers among my men." Sobriety was strictly enforced. Although not obligatory, the Temperance League flourished in Monabeg, which, from a squalid village, rose to the prosperity of a neat, clean town; possessing, besides the hospital and schools already mentioned, debating clubs, a reading-room, and a lecture hall,—all of which institutions prospered.

Mr. Nesbitt, who, like most of his race, was a devout Catholic, had built a very beautiful little Gothic church in honor of the Sacred Heart. The Lady-chapel was Mrs. Cantwell's offering; and it was the highly-valued privilege of the Children of Mary (whose Association the venerated parish priest, Monsig. Dalton, had founded and placed in charge of the Sisters of Mercy) to care for and ornament Our Lady's shrine.

The only cloud that hung over this busy and prosperous hive of human industry was the failing health of its founder. Though scarcely fifty-five, Mr. Nesbitt looked much older; and he knew better than any one else on what a frail tenure he held his life. So he wished to come to an understanding with Basil Nesbitt, his nephew and heir. He would have been very happy to leave the work in his hands; but he hardly hoped that one brought up as Basil had been would be free from class prejudices, and he judged rightly. Still, it was imperative to come to a decision, and for this reason he had urged his nephew to pay him a visit. If Basil would not undertake to continue the work he had so much at heart, then Una should do so. Helped by Mr. Sullivan, the acting manager—a young man in whom Mr. Nesbitt placed much confidence,—and by Herr Stein, she was fully competent to carry out his plans, and develop the resources of what promised to be a source of blessings and of great prosperity to the whole country side; and the girl's filial devotion assured him of her ready co-operation in any scheme he proposed to her.

Never having known any parents but

Mr. Nesbitt and his sister, Una loved them with all the devotion of her warm, young heart; and, happy in her home and in her useful, busy life, she had never yet met any one for whose sake she could have left all. Naturally enough, the girl had many suitors; but none received the least encouragement, although she frankly declared she felt no religious vocation, and would never be a nun.

Mr. Nesbitt had embarked all his capital in the potteries; but the castle and estate were in perfect order, and the income of the latter had been much increased, since the house-rents of Monabeg had risen threefold by reason of its prosperity.

(To be continued.)

A Sicilian Shrine.

BY DAWN GRAVE.

THE history of Sicily—perhaps the most beautiful of Mediterranean islands to which the first tidings of Christianity were carried by St. Paul—is a bewildering bit of mosaic, full of color and intricate interlacing of fact and fiction. The mind pleases itself in imagining the "oxen of the sun" pastured in the rich plain of Milazzo; Daphne piping pastoral lays to the green stillness of the listening forest; and Hercules lifting into place the corner-stones of those mighty temples whose ruins still adorn its shores. Then the coming of the Greeks, driving before them into the mountain fastnesses the native flock-tending Siculi: a flood-tide of civilization—Athenians, Corinthians, Dorians—choosing their own sites, and founding thereon separate states. The Grecian is the most glorious period in Sicilian annals; white days of peace, when the kings of its rival cities, Syracuse and Agrigentum, meeting in Olympian games, contended only for the palm of excellence,—days memorialized in the immortal poems of Pindar. Many crimson days were to come later.

Passing successively under Roman, Byzantine and Saracen dominion, Sicily in the twelfth century saluted as its king the Norman Roger, brother of "William of the Iron Arm,"—a young knight who, leaving his native land with only his sword, had crossed to Italy in quest of adventure; and, defeating the Mohammedans in several battles, eventually subdued the whole island, and was crowned at Palermo, A. D. 1130.

It is of the best beloved and one of the last of the Norman dynasty that we must now speak—William II., "a monarch whose manifold virtues," according to an ancient chronicler, "forced the people to forget the manifold vices of his predecessor, and remember William 'the Bad' only as the father of William 'the Good.' He made no conquests, but maintained the honor of his domain; respected by friend and foe, feared only by the wicked. In his time there was more security in the thickets of Sicily than in the sentried *piazzas* of other kingdoms." And it was he who founded that wonder of Christian art, Monreale, by many deemed "the noblest church in the world." Thus runs the legend, so dear to Palermitans, repeated from father to son.

One summer afternoon, wearied with hunting in the forest, William the Good lay upon the ground to sleep; and while he slept our Blessed Lady appeared to him, commanding the erection upon that spot of a church in her honor. Joyfully awaking, the King slept not again till he had given orders for the immediate carrying out of the divine will; first taking care to mark by a golden lamp, suspended thereon, that tree beneath which the glorious vision stood. "For here shall be the high altar," said the King; and while all other trees of the virgin forest were being felled to make place for the Virgin's shrine, that favored one, its lamp kept

perpetually burning, was left standing till the last.

Therefore, together with the vast Benedictine abbey and cloister—"a monastic Alhambra" (now, alas! falling to ruin)—was quickly begun and slowly builded on the mountain's slope this grand old Norman stronghold of Our Lady; created a cathedral in 1682 by Pope Lucius III., who, looking on the work, exclaimed: "The like of this church hath not been constructed by any king, even from ancient times; and it is such that it must compel all men to admiration!"

If, externally, in the first view of Monreale, disappointment awaits one, that may be because, on the way there, one's eyes have grown too accustomed to beauty of God's and man's creating, and lips weary of uttering at each step "*Bello, bello!*" For that same morning one may have seen the sun rise from the ivied chapel behind Santa Maria di Gesù; looked thence down upon the mountain-girdled plain and white-domed city of Palermo, curving round the azure bay. On climbing Monte Pelegrino, flanked by its sheer precipices nineteen hundred feet above the sea, to whose solitude "from the bray and bustle of worldly life" fled the twelve-year-old child Rosalie, there with prayer and penance to mould her pure soul to perfectness, you may have heard the noon Angelus bell float skyward from all Palermo's towers, and breathed your orison before the grotto where she lived and died; from whose entrance her marble effigy, robed in solid gold, overwatches the city, whose patron saint she is. Then, as the sunbeams begin to slant, the dreamy ride up from the valley of the Concha D'ors, under blossom-starred boughs of almond and orange trees, past the old Convent of San Martino—gray hermit, cowled in pines,—up and up to Monreale.

If the dome appears small and the towers plain, the eastern portal compensates for all. Great richness is produced by the mode of its ornamentation: the interlaced arches, upheld by slender pillars, being formed of alternate blocks of black and white marble; the panels diversified with multi-colored mosaics. The three beautiful doors are of bronze elaborately adorned with Scriptural designs and arabesques, the largest one executed by the architect of Pisa's Leaning Tower.

Within, the blending of different styles is remarkable. In form, according to the founder's wish, a Latin cross; its columns are borrowed from Roman temples, their capitals Greek; the Byzantine mosaics, in which Monreale is the richest of all medieval churches, wrought upon a gold ground, time has mellowed into a delicious purple haze of glory. The nave is ample, and the arches slightly pointed. Narrow windows cast a tempered radiance over the flat, gorgeously embellished roof. There is a single aisle; the east end consists of three apses, the largest one terminating in the magnificent high altar.

Above it, unique in design and effect, is the famous fresco, a half-length figure of Christ, so colossal that the whole edifice seems merely a mantle thrown about it. The right hand is outstretched in benediction; the left holds an open book wherein is written: "I am the Light of the world."

"It was during a night service that I first entered Monreale," says a traveller of the last half century. "Every stone of the tessellated floor was hidden by a worshipping multitude. Pausing near the door, my uplifted eyes discerned, looming through the incense clouds high above the candle-blazing altar, which alone seemed to conceal the rest of the mighty form, the head of Christ the living God. And, in the shadow, truly seemed it breathing, moving. How describe the effect of this picture, in beholding which the terrors of Judgment Day, and the dread meeting face to face, *forced the soul, trembling, to its knees!*"

But, as though to give hope in recalling to the trembling soul its most powerful intercessor, just below the representation of Our Lord's divinity is suspended one of the tenderest, most compassionate of Madonnas, into whose mother-eyes smiles the Infant, while He leans upon her with all the touching dependence of human childhood.

The Sainte Chapelle at Paris claims possession of the heart of St. Louis of France; but here, in the north transept, is inurned part of his body,—relics held in veneration by the Sicilians even when throughout their land the name of his brother, Charles of Anjou, was spoken with deserved execration.

Over the "King's chair" a portrait of William the Good represents him humbly offering to Our Lady the church she bade him build—one of royal Faith's most royal tokens—Monreale; to quote the words of Dantier, "sculptured in whose stones, enamelled on whose mosaics, all the religion, all the poetry of that age was left to the admiration of succeeding ones."

Some Curious Timepieces.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

TIME, I know, is looked upon as the enemy of romance, and a clock as the executioner of happy hours; but, nevertheless, the subject of timekeepers and timekeeping is full of interest; and, although the historic clocks of the world are long, long ago a twice-told tale, the curiosities in this field of mechanical skill are countless.

The queerest timepiece I ever heard of is said to be still in the possession of the imperial family of Russia, and was the work of one Jules Curzon, a Polish mechanic, who had made so many valuable inventions that a gold medal was awarded him. This attracted the Tsar's attention, and such stories were told him of the man's ingenuity that he determined to test him. He put into a box a broken bit of glass, an old cracked teacup, some cribbage pegs, a few copper nails, some chips of wood, and some wire, and sent them to Curzon, with the request that he make them into a timepiece.

Nothing daunted, the clever Pole set to work, and in eight hours dispatched such a remarkable clock to the Tsar that the latter, delighted and surprised, sent for the ingenious artisan, conferred several distinctions upon him, and awarded him a pension. The case was the teacup, the works being made of the odds and ends; and not only did the wonderful clock keep good time, but it did not have to be wound up oftener than once in three or four days!

Close upon this in interest follow two Japanese clocks, such as were used from the seventeenth century until 1872, when they and the old time-system were discarded as cumbersome and obsolete, and with such reason! The outer form is graceful, and not unlike our own in outline; but, instead of the familiar numerals on the face of the first, the hours are represented by the signs of the Japanese zodiac, beginning at midnight with the rat, and working round pictorially to the right, through the wild boar, the dog, the cock, the monkey, the she-goat, the horse, the snake, the dragon, the rabbit, the tiger, and the ox.

I say "pictorially," because if any one tried to tell time in this sequence the results would be as disastrous as the happenings in our Sioux legend of "The boy who snared the sun"; for the Japanese system of counting the hours was peculiarly complicated at the period when this dial was in use: the civil day then consisting of twelve hours—six for the day and six for the night. As the day was from sunrise to sunset, the complications

at the summer and winter solstices may be imagined.

However, as "that was the universal way of reckoning in ancient times, it was of little consequence; but 9 being considered a perfect number, midday and midnight are marked 9; so that midday was at '9' in the afternoon, and midnight at '9' at night; while sunrise and sunset were called 6 in the morning and 6 in the evening, regardless of the actual length of the hours as we understand them. The first number is 4; and, the 'perfect number' being 9, the intermediate ones were developed as follows: 2 multiplied by 9 equals 18; suppress the 1 and leave the 8, which becomes the next number after midnight or midday. 3 multiplied by 9 gives 27; suppress the 2, and the 7 remains as the next number," etc., etc., which carries the correct reading of the dial around by the left—like a bottle of Glenlivet at a Highland supper.

The second dial is very complicated, and shows the months, the moons, and the symbols of the hours. But by the time I conquered the fact that there are also represented the five chief elements—wood, fire, water, earth, and metal; and the five subordinate elements—lumber, artificial light, reservoir water, pottery, and tools; and that the gearing presenting the moons and months to the eye revolved once in a year of 360 days, I felt too stupefied to follow my informant's fluent and able explanation that "all these combined give a most complete record of the entire system of noting time under Japan's old *régime*." What becomes of the other five days I never expect to find out; for, although I have heard the "calendar stone" of Mexico (at the National Museum) explained, and still survive, *that* was as simple as a Holland "moon-face" by comparison.

The timekeepers of Yucatan have been made familiar by Col. Le Plongeon; and the poetry of the passing hours has been very happily done by Rogers, especially the description of the music-emitting clepsydra of the Hindu temple. And, by the way, the clepsydra is really the last romantic survival; for chimes, music, and movement, no matter how ingenious, are, after all, nothing more than tricks of the mechanic's skill and the artisan's cleverness of touch.

One of the fashions of the First Empire was for night clocks,—the outgrowth, perhaps, of Napoleon's sleepless vigilance and disregard for any fitness of time except the emergency of the hour; but it was a revival distinctly, and not an invention on which we moderns can pride ourselves. They are as old as the hills, it seems; for one of the Chinese Legation declares that in the Tchan-Li (a Chinese book written about 200 B. C.) there is mention of a clepsydra with a lamp attachment. And we know that the Arab clepsydra in the mosque at Damascus, toward the close of the twelfth century, was celebrated by the Crusaders as "telling the hours by night."

One of the prettiest of these old night clocks was bought in Paris after the Commune. It was of seventeenth-century work,—a lamp of the Catacombs fixed at the base of a glass cylinder filled with oil, feeding down on the principle of the student lamp. Up and down the length of the cylinder were two bands of metal with the so-called "night-hours" (4 p. m. to 7 a. m.) enamelled, so the falling level of the oil showed the wasting moments; and the watcher could tell how near the day was without the exasperation of hearing the strokes of hours and half-hours.

That our ancestors also had their "Poor Richard" and were afflicted with "early to bed and early to rise" doctrines, while "shrill alarums" played their evil tattoo, is proved by the clock of Caravagius of the sixteenth century. At the appointed hour it fired a pistol,—the spark from the flint igniting sulphur, which, in turn,

lighted a candle. Isn't that awful—a noise, a flare, a vile odor, and a light simultaneously! Three senses affronted at once, and nothing to show for it except early rising—which always engenders a sense of superiority as exasperating to the general public as it is demoralizing to the individual—and perhaps a headache.

Dickens' clocks in "Bleak House" and "Dombey & Son" are as real as though made by hands; and the solemn "eight-days" that ticked away our Southern generations, and thrashed out their wealth, their loveliness, and their joy, can never be forgot.

They are fine preachers, these clocks, from the humblest Danbury to the best chronometer made. And when we look higher to the great clock of the Lord, with the heavens for its dial, the stars for its figures, and the earth for its swinging pendulum, and realize it is telling the seasons and centuries just as it told them to the Chaldean seers and the Shepherd Kings, to the sentinels of Rome and the vanished hordes of the Middle Ages, to the legions of modern conquering armies and the cohorts of modern scientists,—we, the spoiled children of the world's most fevered age, will do well to remember that Day of the Lord whose measure will be eternity—eternity, across whose changeless face all the ages and æons of time will have passed like a pointer that turns in the dark; and, breaking, falls unseen, leaving no trace.

Yes, there's something in clocks besides their works!

THE marble keeps merely a cold and sad memory of a man who else would be forgotten. No man who needs a monument ever ought to have one.—*Hawthorne.*

A MAN has enough to do who regulates the little moral commonwealth within his own mind, without extending his dominion unwarrantably to that of his neighbor.

A Simple Remedy for a Great Evil.

IF all that could be done for the cause of temperance were limited to the labors of organizations, even though they were much stronger and more numerous than they are, those who witness the evils resulting from drunkenness might well yield to discouragement. The various temperance and total-abstinence societies no doubt accomplish a vast amount of good, by directing public attention to the ruin wrought by strong drink; the addresses made at conventions, and the literature circulated by these associations, unquestionably exert a beneficial influence over many people. The most effective temperance work, however, is done not by organizations, but by the individual members thereof; and it is for those who would promote the cause of temperance to exert their personal influence. Much is done to combat the evil of strong drink of which the public never hears; and if drunkenness is less general now than it was twenty-five years ago, the blessed change is the result of individual action rather than organized endeavor. Good men, seeing the ravages of intemperance, have exerted themselves, each in his own way, according to the measure of his influence, to stem the headlong current; while enlightened philanthropy realized that the victims of intemperance were to be reached only by sympathy, personally exercised. Prohibition, high license, and other legislative measures, have reformed no drunkards. Legislation has always been powerless to arrest human degradation of any sort.

One hears little now of the Gold Cure, which was to reform the army of inebriates and remove a curse from the land. It has been fairly tried, and reluctantly found wanting. Men and women still fly to strong drink to drown grief, to find relief from pain, to lessen the

miseries of life—the grind of daily toil, the meagre pay, the comfortless home. Temptation is offered everywhere, and on all sides the weak succumb. One would like to believe that drunkenness has decreased in the last quarter of a century, but this is a question. It has become useless to depict the evils of intemperance. There is hardly a home in this broad land that has not experienced them. Everyone has seen men of highest talent, greatest usefulness, and brightest promise go to destruction through strong drink. Every cemetery holds graves of drunkards. The evil effects of intemperance are too palpable to escape any one's observation. The question is how to suppress this monstrous vice.

Of all the plans proposed to counteract the evil of intemperence, the most promising, to our mind, is the administration of the total-abstinence pledge to children. If boys were urged when receiving Confirmation to abstain from intoxicating liquors until the age of twenty-one, and exhorted to make a solemn promise to this effect, they would willingly do so; and thus be protected from danger until they had seen for themselves how good temperance is, and realized the evils that spring from indulgence in intoxicants. The occasion is a memorable one, and the circumstances are not likely ever to be forgotten. The solemnity of the moment, the sacredness of the place, the presence of the parish priest, the attendance of parents and friends, the bishop of the diocese urging the importance of the step,—all will be remembered. And there is no telling what might be the effect upon adults witnessing a scene so impressive, or what a beneficial influence might thereby be extended to homes and to society in general. A young man who is under promise never to set his foot in a saloon until he is twenty-one is not likely to become a drunkard afterward. A habit of temperance has been formed and become a second nature. It can not be questioned that a boy is most impressionable at the age when Confirmation is generally administered. Then is the time to start him on a sober and temperate course of life. A boy's future may easily be determined by the good or evil habits he has begun to form at the age when he is admitted to Confirmation. It is the age of peril as well as of promise. If parents and priests only realized what might be done then, and what possibilities may be buttoned up under the jacket of the seemingly ill-starred boy!

The plan which we advocate has been followed in the Diocese of Peoria with the happiest results. If it were general, we venture to say that drunkenness would be comparatively unknown to the next generation—at least among Catholics.

Notes and Remarks.

Catholics are naturally shocked to see the solemn truths of their holy religion treated as open questions by men who claim to be Christians; while the confusion of mind and seeming perversity of judgment displayed by many who write on the subject of Christian Reunion are disheartening to those who hope for grand results from the Holy Father's recent Encyclical on the relations between the See of Rome and Christendom. These impatient spirits would be calmed if they were to read the sermons preached by Cardinals Manning and Newman while they were still outside the Fold. The former was most zealous in combating Romeward tendencies, and the latter was a firm adherent of the Branch Theory. In his "Apologia" he expresses his "extreme astonishment" that he could ever have regarded the Establishment as a part of the Church of God. Grace has its seasons and its mysterious modes of action. There are many souls among the non-Catholics of the present day who will become apostles in God's good time. It is a serious matter to charge any

one with being in bad faith simply because he is fighting on the wrong side. There is no reason for losing patience, and there is every reason for employing prayer on behalf of our separated brethren.

A very remarkable celebration was lately held in Rome: the centenary of the prodigies of 1796. One hundred years ago the report went forth that the eyes in a picture of the Madonna plainly and unmistakably opened and closed in the sight of a large congregation. The same phenomenon was noticed in the case of other Madonnas, both in churches and homes, until the number reached twenty-eight. A commission was appointed by the Pope to make a rigid examination of the occurrences. The city was in such excitement over the marvels that the commissioners deemed it prudent to use extra precautions; and it was only when ladders were placed against the walls, so that the motion of the eyelids could be plainly *felt* by the fingers, that a favorable report was sent in. The enthusiastic celebration of the "prodigies" last month proves that these pictures are still held in special veneration.

That New York preacher who achieved notoriety by visiting dens of vice in the metropolis in order to secure evidence for the conviction of the unfortunate inmates, has had, we regret to notice, many imitators. Chicago, Denver, Cincinnati, as well as many smaller cities, have their Parkhursts, who do evident evil that questionable good may come of it. Two of these notoriety-hunting ministers, who had played detective in a malodorous case in Cincinnati, were thus rebuked by Judge Sage:

> Jesus Christ lived in this world at a time when there were about as many bad laws and as few good laws as at any time in the world's history. It does not appear that He ever asked for the repeal of any existing law, or for the enactment of any new law. Certainly, if He made any proposition clear and distinct it was that His kingdom was not of this world. I have sometimes thought that in these modern times some of His followers, some even of His ministers, have practically committed themselves to the proposition that it will be impossible to evangelize this world without an act of the legislature. I do not believe it. I believe exactly what was said by the Saviour of the world Himself: that the devil is the prince of this world. I believe that Christianity is the exhibition in this world of the power of the love of God Almighty through Jesus Christ His Son; and it is my opinion that whenever one of His ministers appeals from the Bible to a statute-book, or from the Almighty to the governor of a state or the mayor of a city or the judge of a court, he makes a mistake and lowers his standard. History teaches us that the most wonderful — nay, miraculous — progress of Christianity was achieved in the first centuries after Christ, when the power and the wealth and the learning of the world were opposed to it, and the strong arm of its governments was applied to persecute its disciples even to torture and to death.

It has always been the mistake of these clumsy clerical reformers that they trumpeted legislation before the world as the great moral "cure-all." Legislation, loosely or stringently enforced, never made anybody moral; and the evil results of Parkhurst's policy are a byword in the land. If these pious men would preach religion and morality from their pulpits instead of discussing politics, history and bicycles, there would be less need of stringent legislation. In any case, a clerical detective is a stench in the nostrils of Christendom.

The sermon preached by Father O'Connell, of Toledo, at the funeral of the lamented Frank Hurd was remarkable for its power and elegance of diction. Referring to those Christians who wish to choose their own manner of worship, Father O'Connell said:

> Truth is before us and after us; therefore it is ours to accept, not to fashion. And as the essence of all things is in God, ultimately we look to Him for what we are to know, and in that knowledge we work out our salvation It is no man's, then, to lay down conditions or elect the way: these belong to God. And when man assumes to himself to be sole judge, he casts aside God and destroys religion, which means right on the part of God, and obligation and duty on the part of man. Never was failure so terrible as the life that too late discovers man's true position: that he is but a creature; that it is God's to indicate the truth and the way, and ours to follow without question.

Nor will the tender tribute to Mr. Hurd by his pastor abate the enthusiasm of those who sought and followed the political counsel of the departed patriot:

> More keenly than others we may feel his loss; for this had been the church of his devotions, the house of his communion with God, where nevermore

will the kindly upturned face, that might be noted among thousands, encourage others, with a docility that was admirable and a patience most edifying, to listen to the word of God. No child could be more reverent than he has been to the priests of this church. I expressed some regret that he should be the first to call when I came to Toledo. And when I intimated that it would have been proper for me to anticipate his visit by calling upon him, his answer was: "Father, I would have felt rebuked had you done so." Nor shall I forget his letter in reply to a note of mine calling attention to a trifling error in some business matter, in which he said: "If you have no occasion to call attention to a greater fault of mine, I shall be satisfied indeed." These are but the signs of his greatness, and at the same time the indication of his deep, abiding faith.

Some years ago the superintendent of schools in an Eastern town undertook the systematic instruction of all his pupils in everything pertaining to ornithology. Children were taught the habits of birds, of their migrations, their usefulness in ridding the fields of destructive insects, and the wickedness of destroying beautiful and innocent little beings either by shooting or nest-robbing. The kind-hearted professor finally set aside a day known as Bird Day, in which were celebrated the use and beauty of man's little feathered brothers. The Secretary of Agriculture has heard of the Bird Day of Oil City, and has written a letter recommending its observance everywhere.

There is much nonsense taught in the public schools which ought to be done away with; but surely no kindly person could look with disfavor upon a suggestion which has for its object the preservation of the native wild birds, and the inculcation of humane impulses in childish hearts.

President Schurman, of Cornell University, is one of the foremost minds in America. He has written ably on educational and ethical subjects, and directs one of the leading colleges in our country. His published works are in the hands of everyone who strives to keep current with the best thought of the age. Mr. Schurman is generally sound in his religious opinions, but now and then he expresses views from which even those of his own way of thinking must dissent. In a recently published essay on Spiritual Religion he declares that its resurrection depends upon the decay of dogma. "The mistake of theologians," he says, "has been in supposing that there could be no religious life without a correct theory of life [*i. e.*, dogma]. As though there could be no digestion without a knowledge of physiology, or no imagination without a knowledge of psychology!" If the religion of dogma, of which Dr. Schurman has so poor an opinion, were vulnerable by arguments of this sort, it might indeed be crushed to earth. The most perfect digestion, as everyone will admit, is altogether unconscious, and yet dyspeptics know most about the action of the stomach. But Dr. Schurman must agree that there is no digestion without digestive organs. Religion is life with God, but dogma is something more than a theory of that life.

An American multi-millionaire was visiting the English University of Oxford. He walked about in a patronizing manner, and appeared to be much impressed with the beauty of the velvety turf in one of the quadrangles. He found the gardener, and inquired the method of caring for the grass, which that good fellow kindly explained with much minuteness. "I shall follow your directions when I return to America," said the rich man. "Have you any more to give." The gardener's eyes twinkled. "Well, sir, that's all we do to the turf; but we generally leave it three or four centuries to settle." The American concluded that there were some things in the Old World that money could not buy.

That most genial of lecturers and showmen, Mr. Artemus Ward, laid it down as his deliberate conviction that Shakspere would have failed as a newspaper correspondent, because "he hadn't the rekisite immaginashun." It must have been "immaginashun" that ailed Mr. Harold Frederic, novelist and European correspondent to one of the "great dailies" of New York, when he announced the other day that England is on the eve of a long and bitter "anti-popery crusade." At least, we have failed to see any sign of it in reading the comments of the English press

on the late Encyclical, which surely might have furnished an occasion for a display of bigotry. The *Spectator*, which probably knows England as well as Mr. Frederic, says pointedly:

There are minds, no doubt, in England which will be disappointed by the Pope's proud utterance,—minds which are filled with the modern passion for compromise, which can not rid themselves of the hope that the Papacy will concede something, will declare that two plus two make three and ninety-nine hundredths, and that then there will be a restoration of visible unity and a ceasing of varieties of faith. We do not believe those minds are numerous, but still they exist; and they may be driven by the Pope's trenchancy into a sharp recoil, which will take them farther from perfect submissiveness than ever. But there must be many more minds in which any fresh perception of the unchangeableness of the Roman Church, of its unbroken continuity, of the haughtiness with which it disregards not only opinion but its own apparent interests, will develop admiration; and with admiration, love; and with love, belief in the institution loved. Only the possession of truth, they will say, could give the Church such impenetrability to modern ideas, such scorn for all that seems powerful outside herself, such profound confidence in herself and her own permanent teaching. The English minds that long for Rome are usually tired of their own fluctuating judgments, and longing to be guided by some peremptory and final authority; and here is the authority asserting itself, unfearing, unhesitating, as incapable of doubt as it claims to be of error; calmly demanding the one thing—submission—which those minds have hitherto refused. Even we ourselves, who reject the Papal pretensions as founded on unproved assumptions, can not avoid feeling a certain sympathy for the frankness and disinterestedness of the Encyclical.

Protestants have always regarded the Pope as a "trimmer" and compromiser; but the *Spectator* asks most earnestly: "Where do you find trickery in this Encyclical? If this is trickery, where is directness?"

Bishops and priests are celebrating jubilees of silver and of gold without regard to convictions about the currency question; and the number of such jubilarians is now so large that they would, of themselves, constitute two very respectable political parties. But not often in the history of the Church has it been given to any prelate to have ordained a thousand priests. This distinction, which we believe to be unique, has fallen upon Mgr. Fabre, the venerable Archbishop of Montreal. The occasion was celebrated with great enthusiasm in the Archbishop's city, and emphasizes anew the wonderful growth of the Church in America, and the astonishing number of priests who have made their studies in Montreal.

A "star was quenched on high" when ex-Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, died in his prime; for he was a type of public man not too numerous in our country or any other. The lesson of his noble life—which should be an upward call to all boys, rich or poor,—is thus set forth by our valued Boston contemporary, *The Pilot:*

If the "boy Governor," as he was lovingly called, received much from his State, he had earned it all. Well-born, as the phrase goes, he did not choose to enjoy ignobly the ease won by the work of his progenitors. Gifted with rare abilities as a lawyer, he did not devote those abilities to mere money getting, as he might have done without discredit to his profession. While keenly alive to every manly pleasure, he did not seek a life of pleasure. There was no earthly reason why William E. Russell, graduating with high honors from his college, holding an assured social position, stepping almost without an effort into a practice warranted to give him wealth and ease for life, might not have elected to tread the smooth path of prosperous selfishness. There was no earthly reason, surely. But there was a reason, not of earth, why this fortunate youth should seek a harder and less flowery path, at whose end there were rewards not to be found by traversing the pleasant roads. He believed, and rightly believed, that the man of culture owes something more than the mere enjoyment of its blessings to the social conditions which have made the road smooth for him. He was a patriot: he was not a *dilettante*, a scornful critic of existing affairs, an indifferent observer who said: "That which is, is wrong; but let somebody else right it."

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.
ST. MATT., vi, 18.

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A Legend of the Child Jesus.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY MARY E. MANNIX.

A ROSE-GARDEN once had the little Child Jesus;
He watered it always at close of the day;
And there came at twilight the children of Nazareth,
Eager and frolicsome, romping and gay.

Bright in midsummer the flowers were blooming,
Bounteous and fragrant; and each happy child
Loud clamored and begged for the beautiful roses,
While the grave little Gardener listened and smiled.

"Garlands for all!" He said, plucking the roses,
Crowning their tresses with blossoms and flowers,
Till the Mother called softly from where she was spinning:
"My generous Boy, Thou hast rifled the bowers!"

"So He has!" cried the children: "the garden is empty.
See, Jesus, not one for Thyself hast Thou left!"
"Ah! well," said the Boy; "but the thorns still remaining
Remind me that I am not wholly bereft."

Then they fashioned a fillet of thorns, those glad children,
And placed it right softly upon His bronze hair;
Beneath it His brow shone transparent and spotless,
His eyes beamed like lakelets—blue, placid and fair.

But when one close pressed the rude crown on His forehead—
That strange, bristling crown, with its points sharp and fine,—
Lo! bright drops of crimson oozed forth from the whiteness,
And He said, "Now I, too, have red roses in Mine."

Then, their hearts all aggrieved for His wounds, they flocked round Him
The thorns to remove; but He said, "Let it rest!"
And the Mother? Half hid in the shade of the casement,
She wiped the sad tears that welled up from her breast.

How Susie Proved Her Cleverness.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

MARK DAYTON'S farm, one of the best in the county, was situated about a mile from the little western village of M——. His wife, Barbara, was cheery and thrifty; and the farm-house, although weather-beaten and sadly needing a new coat of paint, was a cozy, comfortable place.

There were three children: David, Susie, and little Pollie, or Pudgie, as she was more frequently called. David and Susie

went to school in the village,—being so accustomed to the long walk to and fro that they did not mind it at all. In September, when the new term began, Pudgie begged to be allowed to go also.

"I don't know but what it would be a good plan," said the hard-working mother. "Sometimes it 'pears as if I had more than I could do to manage the house, let alone keeping an eye to the little mischief."

"Oh, yes! send her to school," agreed the father. "It will put more life in her. What is the use of keeping her shut up like a canary-bird in a cage? She's as chipper as a young robin, she is; and won't be hurt by roughing it a bit."

"Put more life in her!" responded Barbara, with a sigh. "Then I should give up! She is the liveliest child in these parts, I reckon. It is as though she were on springs all the time. As for being a canary-bird or robin, she is a good deal more like Spry, the young colt, when you've had him penned up in the box-stall a spell,—all frisk and frolic."

"Well, I allow the child has an awful lot o' spirit," chuckled the farmer, who enjoyed his small daughter's roguish escapades. "But, like Spry, all she wants is plenty of exercise and a chance to spend her energies."

To school, therefore, Pudgie went. The first morning Mrs. Dayton felt a pang of regret that she had given her consent, as she tied the blue-checked sunbonnet over the little one's brown curls, and kissed her rosy mouth.

"Take good care of her, Susie," she said.

But Pudgie protested that she could take care of herself; and ran on ahead to catch up with David, casting a merry glance backward at her mother.

The forenoon seemed unusually long to Mrs. Dayton. She accomplished more work than ordinarily, but the house was very lonely. Mark noticed it, too, when he came in to dinner.

"'Pears sorter still, and like as if there was no brightness in the rooms, wife," he complained. "Throw open all the windows and shutters, and let the breeze and sunshine in."

"Lands, Mark! Can't you see they *are* all open 'cept in the best parlor?" she replied. "It is only that you don't know the house, everything being so quiet without Pudgie. But I suppose we'll get used to having her go off to school with the others."

She sighed unconsciously; and the farmer went back to the fields without his usual romp with his little daughter.

"Well," said he in the afternoon when the children returned, "Pudgie, what did you learn to-day?"

"Oh, nothing!" answered Pudgie, whose dream of the joys of school-life had evidently not been realized.

"Why! Did you not have anything to say or do?"

"No," she insisted. "'Cept the teacher didn't seem to know much, and I tried to help her all I could."

She looked astonished and hurt when they all laughed.

"That was right, my girl!" continued Farmer Dayton, growing grave again, save for the twinkle in his eyes, as he drew her toward him. "And how did you do it?"

"Oh, teacher wanted to know how to spell *cat*, and lots of other words! And I was so sorry for her that of course I told her."

The peal of merriment which greeted this sally was inexplicable to Pudgie.

"I don't care! You are real mean!" she pouted, beginning to cry.

"The poor child is tired and hungry," interposed her mother, coming to the rescue with newly-baked cookies; "and no one shall tease her."

By the time winter came Pudgie considered herself a fully fledged school-girl. With a show of importance, she carried her primer in a salt-bag she had begged

her mother to starch stiff and iron for her, since she had not a twine-woven satchel like Susie. In the depths of the salt-bag was usually stowed away a ruddy-cheeked apple, quite independent of the lunch basket which was the elder sister's charge.

"In very cold weather Pudgie must stay at home," Mrs. Dayton told the teacher.

But Pudgie was a hardy little creature, and was seldom marked absent except when a snowstorm came and blocked up the roads, so that even David and Susie had a hard time plodding their way along.

It was toward the end of February. The traditional hedgehog was supposed to have ventured out of his hiding-place; and, not seeing his shadow, remained to take an airing. An early spring was predicted.

One morning the air felt peculiarly keen, and the rays of the sun were concealed by a fleecy veil of clouds.

"'Pears as if it were going to snow," declared Mrs. Dayton, looking out.

The farmer thought of his fields, so rugged and brown; and of the seed which a thick blanket of snow would keep warm and safe.

"Oh, let it snow!" he exclaimed, testily.

"We are going to," answered Pudgie, meekly; at which David and Susie giggled.

"I'm doubtful about having Pudgie start for school," hesitated her mother.

"Please, mother!" pleaded the child. "It is only going to be a little scattering of chickens' feathers." (So she called the snowflakes, because they reminded her of the downy feathers that flew about when a fowl was plucked for dinner.) "And I have my rubber boots," she continued.

She was ready by the time she had won a half-reluctant permission; and hurried down the path after the others, "for fear mother might change her mind."

Mrs. Dayton watched them from the door. At the gate Pudgie turned and waved a little mittened hand reassuringly. Presently the bend in the road shut off the last glimpse of David's fur cap, Susie's Tam O'Shanter hat, and Pudgie's red knitted hood. Then the mother went to her work, sorry that she had let them go.

"I ought to have kept Pudgie indoors, at any rate," she said to her husband.

"Don't worrit," he replied, cheerily. "If it storms hard, I'll hitch up old Dapple to the farm sleigh, and drive to the village for the children when it is time for them to come home."

During the morning the wind rose, the sun became obscured, and the clouds grew heavy with snow. That day everything seemed to go wrong with Susie. She made a mistake in the geography lesson; this so disconcerted her that she failed in spelling—missing on a word she knew perfectly well. And then, to add to her misfortunes, the examples in arithmetic were particularly difficult; and the poor child had no head for mathematics.

"Susie Dayton, you will stay after school to do your examples," said Miss Andrews, the teacher.

About noon the snowflakes began to come down in flurries. By three o'clock, the hour for dismissal, it was snowing steadily. There was a pleasant fire in the school-room stove, however; and the teacher—a good-hearted but somewhat sentimental young person—had a new novel which she wished to finish reading. She was therefore heedless of the indications of an inclement afternoon, and did not think of excusing Susie from her task.

"I'll wait for you at Tom Dobbins', Sue," said her brother, in a low tone, as he passed. "Tom has rigged up a pair of snowshoes that he wants to show me."

When all the scholars had gone except Pudgie and herself, Susie again wrestled with the examples, but without success. She grew discouraged, and her tears began to fall upon her slate, blotting out the queer, crooked figures, and making worse confusion than before.

Little Pudgie crept close to her.

"Don't cry, Sue!" she whispered, stealing an arm around her sister's neck.

Sue hid her head behind the slate.

"I can't help it if I am stupid!" she faltered, with a faint sob.

"Oh, I know you can't!" said Pudgie, soothingly. "But, never mind, dear! We love you just the same."

She could not understand why Susie "flared up" and tried to shake off the caressing arm. The little sister's well-meant attempt at consolation had a good effect, nevertheless: it spurred Susie to renewed effort.

"If folks think I'm so dull, I'll show them that they deceive themselves," she soliloquized.

In a brief time she worked out two examples; and then, having proved them, carried her slate up to Miss Andrews, who looked it over, murmured, "Very good!" and then, chancing to glance out of the window, started up, exclaiming:

"Goodness gracious! a regular snow-storm has set in. My dears, you must hurry home as fast as you can."

The teacher locked her desk, covered the fire with ashes, put on her own cloak and hat, buttoned Pudgie's coat and straightened the red hood. She and the children left the school-house together.

"Be sure you do not delay," she said when parting with them at the crossroads; for she thought uneasily of the long tramp before them, while she herself had but a short distance to go.

They answered blithely and set off in good spirits,—Susie plodding on ahead, and Pudgie following in her footprints. The snow was now falling thick and fast. Their progress was very slow; but they trudged bravely on for perhaps a quarter of a mile, although the wind buffeted them about unmercifully.

"I'm so cold!" complained Pudgie at last, beginning to cry. "Let us sit right down here, Susie, and wait until a team comes along."

"No, no: that would never do!" cried her sister, dismayed; "for, you know, so few teams pass this way."

She stopped a few moments to allow Pudgie to rest, bade her stamp her feet to keep them from aching so; and tried to warm the child's poor little hands, grown blue with cold, by blowing upon and chafing them. Although she herself was thoroughly chilled, her courage did not fail. The wind was piling great drifts in the road.

"We shall have to cut across the fields," she said. "By so doing we shall get home all the sooner."

They turned into a pasture, crossed it diagonally and continued on in this way for some time. The snow had changed to sleet, which, blown in their faces, stung like a thousand nettles. It closed in about them like a mist, so that they could see only the distance of a few feet.

After a little while the children grew bewildered, and before long discovered that they were wandering around a field without advancing at all. Finally Susie paused, with a feeling of consternation clutching at her heart. It was nearly dusk; benumbed and well-nigh exhausted, with Pudgie clinging to her trembling with cold and crying bitterly, she realized that they were lost in the storm.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Three Cheers for Paderewski!

A pretty story is told of the great pianist Paderewski. The other day the people of Norwich in England were celebrating the anniversary of the founding of their cathedral, and Paderewski was invited to play on the occasion. He, being a good Catholic, was so impressed by the architecture of the structure, which rose in the Age of Faith in old England, that he strolled there the next morning to make himself further acquainted with

its beauties. At last he lost his way in the close; and, hearing music near by, entered a room from which it proceeded, and which proved to be a choir-room, where a number of the smaller choir-boys were practising. Several of the little fellows had sung in the festival chorus the night before, and were enthusiastic in their praise of the playing of the Polish pianist. While waiting for a number of the older boys to arrive, one of the lads cried out:

"I'll tell you how Paddy plays!"

So he ran his hands through his curly hair until it stood out like a brush heap, seated himself at the piano and gave a very unique imitation of the amused *virtuoso*, who listened from an obscure corner. Then, to the boys' astonishment, the Paderewski of their dreams quietly came forward, saying:

"I can do better than that. This is the way 'Paddy' plays." And he played for them the very fantasia he had rendered at the festival.

It did not take the boys long to discover that "Paddy" himself was entertaining them; and when they had recovered from their amazement, they gave three hearty and admiring British cheers for their distinguished and unexpected guest.

A Four-Year-Old Hero.

Some babies (like the young King Alfonso of Spain, for instance,) are born great; but some others achieve greatness. One of this latter sort is a little French boy, Eugene Poiret, who lives at Marly-la-Ville, and who has just received a grand gold medal from the Government of France. A few months ago Eugene was playing with his two-year-old brother near their home, when the younger child tumbled into a large tub filled with water. Eugene rushed to the rescue, and with great difficulty was able to hold the head of his little brother above the water. His cries of "Mamma! mamma!" brought no response, and his tired little hands were about to release their hold when he remembered that his papa used to call his mamma "Julie." At sound of that name, Madame Poiret knew that something was wrong; and, hurrying out to the tub, she rescued the baby.

The children were consoled with an extra lunch, and in a few minutes had forgotten all about their adventure; but the French Government thought that Eugene's pluck and presence of mind ought to be remembered by other people, and that is why it has given him the beautiful gold medal.

A Sage in the Woods.

Emerson, the Sage of Concord, once spent a season in the Adirondacks, and exhausted the patience of his guides, who, though most kindly disposed toward the genial and gentle writer, could not help thinking that he spent altogether too much time with his "worthless scribblin'," when he would be far better employed in hunting or fishing. Emerson was more plain of face at that time than when age had softened his rugged features, and the guides were unanimous in the opinion that the only beauty he possessed was beauty of heart and loveliness of spirit. Steve Martin, the most noted of the Adirondack guides, thus expressed himself to one who tells the story:

"Wal, sir, Mr. Emerson was every inch a gentleman; as nice a feller as you ever did see; pleasant and kind, and a good scholar, too; always figgerin', studyin', and writin'. But, sir, he was the homeliest critter for his age that ever came into these here woods."

With Authors and Publishers.

—Mr. Wilfrid Ward, a leading Catholic publicist in England, contributes to the *New Review* some intensely interesting "Talks with Tennyson." Mr. Ward's article is the most valuable contribution to Tennysoniana within many years.

—Even remembering that Archbishop Seghers was a Belgian, it is a little curious that the first adequate biography of the martyred prelate should be in the French language and by a Belgian writer. It is a monograph by the Abbé de Baets entitled "Mgr. Seghers, l'Apôtre d'Alaska."

—In his latest novel "Quo Vadis," Mr. Henry Sienkiewicz has returned to historical fiction, taking for the background of his story the first persecution of the Christians at Rome. The tragedy of that time is a fitting theme for the genius of "the modern Scott." We hope that Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, who has done so well with the other works of the Polish novelist, will speedily give us a translation of this story.

—A learned brochure from the pen of Monsig. Charles de Harlez has just been issued from the press of J. B. Istas, Louvain. It deals with "Tchu-hi: His Doctrines and His Influence," and is chiefly a correction of the estimate of Tchu-hi made by the well-known Sinologist, Father Legall. Monsig. de Harlez triumphantly establishes his thesis that the Chinese philosopher was not an atheist but emphatically a believer in a personal God. Many other points of no less importance to sound scholarship are set forth with the lucidity and learning characteristic of the eminent professor of Louvain.

—"A Fatal Resemblance" by Christine Faber comes from the Excelsior Catholic Publishing House. This story, though built upon somewhat antiquated lines, has in it many of the elements of the sensational. There is an heiress stolen when a mere babe. She is found shortly after, but in company with another child so exactly resembling her as to render identification impossible. The father —the child's mother is dead—is thus forced to take to his home and heart the two children, if he would not run the risk of abandoning his own child. This circumstance gives rise to the complications of the story. By the irony of fate, he selects the wrong girl as his own, though both children receive equal educational advantages. The fraudulent heiress develops into an utterly heartless and unprincipled young women, the real heiress, into an estimable character. The latter undergoes many trials and tribulations from the machinations of the former, but in the end all is well. The story gives promise of better things.

—We are not altogether pleased with "Lessons in Literature," just published by Ainsworth & Co., though it is an improvement over most of the text-books used in our schools and academies. The purpose of the work is to assist in imparting both knowledge and culture,—knowledge by its historic facts, culture by its illustrative material. The needs of Catholic students have been considered, and due prominence is given to many standard Catholic writers. An excellent feature of this book is the illustrative selections.

—In an interview just before her death, the well-known journalist and author, Kate Field, who had been commissioned to make an exhaustive study of the Sandwich Islands, expressed the conviction that "If the Catholic Church can not help Hawaii, nothing else can." An English exchange informs us that Miss Field's grandfather was one of the most prominent Catholics in Dublin. He lost all his property in the insurrection of '98, and moved to Baltimore, Md., where he published the first American Catholic almanac. Kate Field's friendliness to the Church was shown in many ways, but it is not known when or how her family lost the old faith.

—The name of the venerable Monsig. Nugent, the Apostle of the Poor, will no longer appear on the editorial page of the Liverpool *Catholic Times*. He has handed the exclusive management of the paper over to the Rev. John Berry, who in his first number pays fitting tribute to his predecessor. Few can fancy the labor and expense incurred by Monsig. Nugent in making our

Liverpool contemporary one of the most influential Catholic journals in the language. The best wish we can offer Father Berry is for the continuation of the success achieved by the venerable prelate who has now laid down his pen.

—Nowhere in the world is literary activity among Catholics more vigorous than in Bohemia. Two of the most influential journals in the country are professedly devoted to religion, and round them is grouped a body of aggressive authors whose purpose is to compass the regeneration of their literature by giving it a strong religious character. They are filled with zeal for both religion and art, and exact from one another a marked Catholic tone in all their work. A prominent writer of the old school, Julius Zeyer, has now joined them.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

Lessons in Literature. Ainsworth & Co. $1.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, 50 cts.

The Religion of a Traveller (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser.* Cathedral Library Association. 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. 5*s*.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* May & Williams. $1.25.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25.

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

The Monk's Pardon. *Raoul de Navery.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Are Anglican Orders Valid? *Rev. Dr. MacDevitt.* Sealy, Bryers & Walker. 60 cts.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8*s*.

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury, Mass. $2.10.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, $6.25.

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.50 net.

The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena. *Algar Thorold.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Woman, What Have I to do with Thee? *Presbyter Anglicanus.* Kegan Paul & Co. Crown 8vo, 60 cts.

Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. *Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 3 vols. $4.50.

Christian Reunion. *William Delaney, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. *K. M. Barry.* Fallon & Co. 60 cts.

Retreats, etc. *Father Dignam, S. J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Jewels of the Imitation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* Burns & Oates. 60 cts.

Questions of Honor in the Christian Life. *Katharine E. Conway.* Pilot Co. 50 cts.

Conscience and Law. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. $1.60.

In a Walled Garden. *Bessie R. Belloc.* Ward & Downey. $2.

Evolution and Dogma. *Rev. John A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C.* McBride & Co. $2.

Saint Philomena. *From the French.* R. Washbourne. 5 cts.

Mooted Questions of History. *H. J. Desmond.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts.

Catholic Directory, 1896. *Hoffmann Bros. Co.* 50 cts.

Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism. *Rev. William Humphrey, S J.* Thomas Baker. 65 cts.

Our Own Story. *Rosa Mulholland.* Catholic Truth Society. $1.00.

Christian Unity. *Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.* Catholic Book Exchange. 50 cts.

Father Furniss and his Work for Children. *Rev. T. Livius, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

Lyra Hieratica. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* Burns & Oates. $1.00

St. Antony of Padua. *Franciscan Fathers.* Burns & Oates. 75 cts.

Jesus, His Life; A Diatessaron. *Rev. Henry Beauclerk, S. J.* Burns & Oates. $1.40.

A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven. *M. C. Bishop.* Benziger Bros. $2.

The Christian at Mass. *Rev. Joseph L. Andreis.* Murphy & Co. 12mo, net, $1.00.

Poems. *Father John B. Tabb.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.00.

Prehistoric Americans. *Marquis de Nadaillac.* McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, *net*, 50 cts.

The Rhythm of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Copeland & Day. Octavo, $1.25.

Guide to Confession and Communion. *St. Francis de Sales.* Benziger Bros. 32mo, cloth, 60 cts.

The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon. *The Rev. Joseph Spillmann.* B. Herder. 8vo, cloth, $1.50.

Cuckoo Songs. *Katharine Tynan Hinkson.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.50.

Summer School Essays. 2 vols. McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, 50 cents each.

Poems. *Lionel Johnson.* Copeland & Day. Octavo, $1.50.

Meditations on the Gospels for Every Day in the Year. *Père Méaaille, S. J. Edited by the Rev. W. H. Eyre, S. J.* Burns & Oates. *net*, $2.25.

Poems. *Francis Thompson.* Copeland & Day. Square octavo, $1.50.

Petronilla, and Other Stories. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Benziger Bros. 12mo, cloth, $1.

Sister Songs. *Francis Thompson.* Copeland & Day. Square octavo, $1.50.

The Circus-Rider's Daughter. *F. v. Brackel.* Benziger Bros. 12mo, $1.25.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, I. 48.

VOL. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 8, 1896. No. 6.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Hymn of the Portuguese Fishermen.

THE clouds foretell a storm, Lady,
The sea-gull skims the wave
Which, ere the nightfall closes,
May be our lonely grave,
If thou be not our refuge,—
Save us, O Mother, save!

We must dare the tempest, Lady:
Our bark rides in the bay;
Our wives and children ask for bread,
We can not now delay;
But, ere we weigh the anchor,
Mother, to thee we pray.

We come with trusting love, Lady,
And kneel before thy shrine;
Be with us in our dangerous path
Over the salt sea's brine.
And guard thy lowly fisher sons;
For, Mother, we are thine.

A Great Historical Work.

BY A. J. FAUST, LL. D.

PROVIDENCE has given to the French the empire of the land, to the English that of the sea, and to the German that of the air." Out of the mouth of Jean Paul Richter, the most humorous of German writers, comes this sentiment, unwittingly embodying the gist of English and American insensibility to the literary greatness of Germany. For a long period the distinctive mental mould and characteristic manners of the life of Germany were as wholly unknown to the English-speaking people as the peculiarities of the inhabitants of Tartary. The insular Englishman of a few generations ago may have heard, through his more airy Gallic neighbor across the Channel, of a race of men who eclipsed his own in the number of its poets and historians; but British reserve is shy of aerial denizens, especially of those who run counter to the traditional optimism in which it is encased. His survey of literary history expended its admiration on the Elizabethan era, when Shakespeare, "wide, placid, far-seeing as the sun, the upper light of the world," and rare Ben Jonson chatted at the Mermaid over English beer; when ill-starred Raleigh, with the dash of the cavalier, braved the dangers of transatlantic voyages; when Spenser,

> "Among the coolly shade
> Of the green alders by the Mullaes shore,"

pictured in bright allegories the days of chivalry; when the courtly Sidney, "the jewel of her dominions," lost royal favor, and withdrew to the quiet shade of Wilton Oaks to beguile uneasy days in writing "The Arcadia"; when Bacon, the bribe-taking chancellor, disgraced the woolsack, but honored science as the author of "Novum Organum"; when quaint old

Ascham waxed warm with indignation, in his "Schoolmaster," at "our Englishmen Italianated" in language and in manners, and who having "in more reverence," says he, "the triumphs of Petrarch than the Genesis of Moses; making more account of Tully's Offices than St. Paul's Epistles; of a tale in Boccace than a story of the Bible."

Even in the dreary days of Queen Anne and the first George, the age of liveried wit and pensioned learning, the average man of English speech a few generations back could think of no German compeer worthy to sit with Gay and Swift, Bolingbroke and Arbuthnot, on the charming parterres of the Thames listening to the gall and bitterness of "the wicked wasp of Twickenham." Splendid as are the groups of distinguished men of letters in the history of English intellect, they do not rival the brilliant assembly that Amelia, Duchess of Weimar, gathered around her court through her love of literature. Ferrara, in the best days of Alfonso, could boast no loftier names than this little principality of thirty thousand souls. Goethe and Schiller, Wieland and Herder, have associated Weimar with the literature of modern Germany, and rendered it more noteworthy than many of the proud capitals of the continent. The American, inheriting by right of speech the literature of the English-speaking race, inherited with it the narrow views of its insular position; and although German emigrants made settlements in several of our own States, and adapted themselves to our institutions, they held intact with ancestral veneration their mother-tongue as the medium of daily intercourse, and of religious and intellectual affiliation with the Fatherland.

For this ignorance of German literature there were many reasons which, in part, affected both the English-speaking nations. A discussion of them is beyond the scope of the present writing. In the first half of our century Besser, the partner of Frederick Perthes the publisher, wrote the latter from England that "there is scarcely a single German work to be found among the twenty great booksellers of Oxford." It is true that a few individual scholars here and there in England were acquainted with the German, particularly its Protestant theological literature; but the peace which dawned on Europe after the defeat at Waterloo marks the beginning of the study of that language in the great universities. When the mine of German thought began to be worked by such men as William Taylor of Norwich, Carlyle, Coleridge, Dr. Thirlwall, and Archdeacon Hare, an immense field, rich in every department of learning, opened "as with the stroke of an enchanter's wand." Sudden indeed was the rise as was the efflorescence of the literary movement in Germany; and if we seek for the Catholic reawakening in modern culture, we must retrace our steps to the very dawn of the century, when Count Friedrich Stolberg, in the maturity of manhood, abandoned the creed of his inheritance and returned to the faith of his fathers. The Catholic reaction was coeval with the advent of the literary spirit in Germany, whose modern life was but shaping itself after the traditions and models still extant among the German people at the close of the Middle Ages.

This return to Catholicity, which made Stolberg and his friend Schlegel the intellectual pioneers of Catholic learning in modern Germany, is the starting-point of a rich inheritance, from whose garnered treasures English readers are beginning to gather their share. It is a truth well-nigh axiomatic with Catholic thinkers, if somewhat strange to Protestant, that every clearly defined reaction toward Catholicity is the revolt of an anti-revolutionary genius that loves and holds intact the ancient and the grand of Christian civilization. The reality of dogmatic truth may

not be its beginning, but it is inevitably its end. The artistic like the literary inspirations which the Catholic Movement awakened in Germany would have soon spent themselves in vain efforts to draw sustenance from the dreary and barren religion of negation. Art, like literature, is but the outcome of a people's aspirations; and a creedless nation is not in the ascending but in the descending scale of civilization. Before the august mysteries of the Catholic faith the art, like the sacrificial fire of the pagan temple, was extinguished—

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion;
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had her haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths,—all these have vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of reason."

The art of our day that speaks articulately to the soul is that which caught its first, fresh glow in the morning of this waning century, when Friedrich Overbeck felt the holy inspirations of the Catholic Movement in Germany and became a devoted son of Mother Church. His school to-day is the representative of that intellectual reaction which I have called the anti-revolutionary genius of religion.

The Catholic Movement in Germany was widespread in its influences. It not only touched the soul of Goethe and of Schiller in their best moments, but it created an all-pervasive thought which has entered into the very heart of intellectual culture, thereby rescuing it from the domination of a rationalistic spirit whose logical and ultimate outcome is seen in "Das Leben Jesu" of Strauss. Historical science, true to its early Catholic instincts, was revivified by this new temper of mind, that resisted the force of the so-called verdicts of the past as out of harmony with the relations of the present. Even a mystical philosopher like Jacobi was constantly echoing the thought of Pascal, that "the things that belong to men must be understood in order that they may be loved; the things that belong to God must be loved in order to be understood."

The Catholic Church, in this great movement of German thought, came before the people not as in England, under kindred conditions, as if from the Catacombs of the elder day, but as a divine institution, demanding the investigations of history whose voice had been falsely turned against her as the civilizer of the Teutonic tribes. Incisive criticism and unwearied research had begun their labors long before the present Pontiff, Leo XIII., had uttered those memorable words: "History, the guide of life and the light of truth, is one of those arms most fit to defend the Church." Heinrich Leo, Friedrich Hurter, and Johannes Voigt were impressed with the necessity of probing historical testimony; and their investigations, in conjunction with those of Friedrich Schlegel, turned the tide of popular opinion into new channels of thought. It can almost be said of them as Professor Stokes says of the Bollandists: "Their majestic tomes stand as everlasting protests on behalf of real and learned inquiry; of accurate, painstaking, and often most critical research into the sources whence history, if worth anything, must be drawn."

It is not strange that eminent Protestant scholars like these just named, two of whom became Catholics, exercised large influence both at home and abroad. They invested historical science with a new interest, and at the same time broadened its principles of investigation. The school of theology in the German Reformed communion of our own land, whose organ was the once famous *Mercersburg Review*, owed much of its distinctively Catholic complexion to the advancement of historical science in the Fatherland. The late Rev. Dr. John Nevin, its leader, pointed out the ways of historic truth in those memorable papers entitled "St. Cyprian"

and "Modern Civilization," which he contributed to its pages when that periodical was at the height of its power. It is a sad reflection that the movement toward Catholicity which Dr. Nevin guided, and which brought to the Church many of the finest spirits of the German Reformed communion, left him, like Dr. Pusey in the Oxford Movement, the solitary witness of Catholic principles without logical concordance in a system of pure individualism. It must be remembered that it was Dr. Nevin who recognized in the power of the Holy See in the Middle Ages "the only one that carried in it any principle of order, or that offered any promise of stability"; and that on the Church "devolved accordingly, as by divine commission, the sovereign care of society and the duty of training it for its proper destiny."

Historical science, as developed in modern Germany, has attracted busy students in all civilized lands. It is quite beyond the scope of this paper to point out its advance among the English-speaking people. From year to year our Catholic literature is receiving notable contributions in the department of history, of which we are justly proud. Our venerable Pontiff Leo XIII., with that far-sighted vision which has characterized his reign, was not unmindful of the value of historical science as the handmaid of Catholic truth. The establishment of a school of history within the Vatican and the methods formulated for its guidance are among the master acts of the Holy Father's ecclesiastical polity. The historical school of the Vatican has already yielded an abundant harvest.

The appearance, within a few weeks, of the first two volumes of the English translation of Johannes Janssen's "Geschichte des deutschen Volkes seit dem Ausgang des Mittelalters" * supplies abundant proof that the Catholic reading public are fully alive to the fact of the great wealth of German historical literature. It is true, however, that except among scholars here and there, the name and work of the author of "History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages" are comparatively unknown to English readers. Thanks to the indefatigable labors of Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell, both are now destined to become as familiar as household words. The translation is admirably well executed, and the English is idiomatic and pleasing to ears the most fastidious. With this part of the work there is no ground for criticism; in fact, Mrs. Mitchell has shown signal ability as a translator, and the public are now prepared to await with interest her English rendition of the remaining volumes of Janssen's great work. It is regrettable that no index accompanies the volumes issued. In comparing them with the original, I find many valuable notes omitted in the English edition, and others greatly abridged. I have evidence in my possession, however, showing that these defects are due to the English publishers, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., and not to the translator.

Janssen's "History of the German People," as the name implies, deals with the conditions of society in general at the close of the Middle Age, and not with the dynasties of particular rulers. If Green's "History of the English People" be excepted, English literature is sadly wanting in historical works constructed on the principles which have guided Janssen in his masterly delineation of the national growth and development of his country. Before Green put pen to paper Janssen had learned from Böhmer, once librarian at Frankfurt, that same lesson which the historian of the "English People" expresses in these words: "A State is accidental; it can be made or unmade, and is no real thing to me. But a nation is very real to me. That you can neither

* "History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages."

make nor destroy." Fortunate was it for Janssen that he had so enlightened a teacher as Böhmer; for it is of him that Lord Acton, the present Professor of History in the University of Cambridge, said just ten years ago, in speaking of the early writers of this century: "Among the historians of that epoch the most eminent, though he never wrote a page of history, was Böhmer. Of him it can be said that he raised drudgery to the rank of a fine art." It is indeed fascinating to linger over these early days of Böhmer and Janssen, and to recall the illustrious names associated with them in the most brilliant days of our century. But I must return to Dr. Janssen's great history, the rich fruit of an intellectual companionship which in the Providence of God resulted so fortunately for Catholic historical literature.

It would be no easy labor, if desirable for readers, to reduce into merest outline the contents of two volumes of Janssen's "History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." Such a course, when possible, lessens the work of criticism; but it is questionable as a method. It is apt to make the reader content with the *résumé* rather than seek the luminous pages of the great writer; and thus, in part, defeats the primary object of criticism. If I can but induce the reader to have recourse to the work itself, I shall have rendered a service which I am sure he will acknowledge in thought if not in word. Matthew Arnold says, in speaking of the so-called Reformation period in England, that "it is not easy for a reflecting man, who has studied its origin, to feel any vehement enthusiasm for Anglicanism." And further on, in his essay entitled "A French Eton," he adds: "I know that with men who have reached or passed the middle of life, the language and habits of years form a network round the spirit, through which it can not easily break." Such is especially the intellectual environment in which most of us find ourselves, from various causes, when we are drawn to consider the conditions of the peoples of Europe immediately preceding the times of Luther. The self-styled history of the period has come to us either through bitter Protestant writers or through Catholic apologists wholly unable to break the network woven in what Count Joseph de Maistre calls a "conspiracy against truth."

The Middle Ages have been recovered to their just position in European history; and their traducers stand in the background when the splendid work of Maitland, Balmes, Digby, and Montalembert is brought into comparison with that of a class of writers whose only historical aim was to make the wish the father of the thought. Far otherwise has it been with the history of the fifteenth century in Germany. Protestant prejudice poisoned the wells of historic truth, and the English Catholic reader looked in vain to English Catholic literature for anything like a succinct and reliable account of that memorable period in intellectual progress. The average reader of ordinary sagacity found quite enough in Robertson's "View of the State of Europe," forming an introduction to his "Charles V.," to awaken his suspicions that a truthful portrayal of the conditions of civil society had yet to be given to the world of letters, especially in regard to the German people. At length this great intellectual mission has been fulfilled by Dr. Janssen; and Catholic readers may now turn to the shining pages of the two volumes given us in translation of the monumental work, as all critics call his "History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages."

There is to be found, in the first volume of Mrs. Mitchell's translation, a subdivision into three books, which treat lucidly of the spread of the art of printing, elementary schools and religious education of the people; the older humanists, universities, and other centres of learning;

architecture, sculpture and painting, wood and copper engraving; popular life as reflected by art, music, poetry, prose, and popular reading; and agricultural life. In the second volume, book third (treating of political economy) is continued under the titles of the condition of the artisans, commerce, and capital. Book fourth gives us a chapter on the Holy Roman Empire, its relations to foreign countries, its constitutions and its laws; introduction of a foreign code, foreign policy and efforts for union under Maximilian I.; and position taken by the princes in the election of a king, concluding with an admirable survey and retrospect.

It is simply impossible to arise from a careful reading of these two volumes, so beautifully printed, without a profound desire to see, at an early day, the remaining portion of Janssen's "History of the German People" in English dress and from the skilful hands of the same translator. Dr. Pastor's "Lives of the Popes" and Janssen's "History of the German People" are two monuments of erudition to which Catholics may point with unstinted praise. When their English translations are completed, they will bring home to us all an increased appreciation of those noble words of the Holy Father, Leo XIII.: "The first law of history is to dread uttering falsehood; the second, not to fear stating the truth; and the last, that the historian's writing must be open to no suspicion of partiality or of animosity." Historical science, followed in the spirit of Janssen and of Pastor, and under the happy inspiration of Pope Leo's golden maxims, will soon become the great defender of truth, and its results no longer merit the irony of Frederic the Great when he said: "*La plupart des histoires que nous avons sont des compilations de mensonges mêlés de quelques vérités.*"

As I reach the conclusion of this notice of a great historical work, I am more and more impressed with the fact that a marvellous change is everywhere visible in the intellectual world about us. Look where one may, and this change from the old order of hate and prejudice to the new order of love and justice is clearly manifest. In ways that we see not and with methods that we comprehend not, the Catholic Church, in the mysterious plans of its Divine Founder, is leavening the world. In this environment of the anti-revolutionary genius of the age I seem to catch the meaning of the prophetic words of one of Germany's greatest poets. Schiller says in "Wilhelm Tell":

> "Das Alte sturzt, es ändert sich die Zeit,
> Und neues Leben blüht aus den Ruinen."

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART III.

V.

REX'S ball was indeed a very magnificent affair; and Rex himself, an extremely good-looking young man, was a very imposing figure, in his royal attire. But he and his brilliant court were alike thrown into the shade by the dazzling beauty and stately presence which stood beside him as queen. Dress, which is becoming to everyone, was becoming to Diane in superlative degree; and it is doubtful if a lovelier sovereign ever smiled upon the mimic pomp of a Carnival or the real splendor of a court. The costume which she wore was so carefully copied from the period which her appearance strikingly suggested that she seemed to have stepped directly from Versailles in the days of the Grande Monarque, or from the frame of some ancient portrait hanging upon its walls. Her robe of shining white-and-gold brocade, trimmed with priceless lace—the last the chief treasure which adverse fortune had spared to Madame de Marsillac,—was fashioned in the mode of

that by-gone court. About the rounded whiteness of her fair neck was clasped a *rivière* of diamonds splendid enough for a queen; while above the luxuriant masses of her sunny hair—coifed high, but unpowdered—rested a crown composed of diamond stars, which flashed with every motion of the graceful head.

"Isn't she superb?" said Langdon, in a tone of intense admiration, as Atherton and himself came in view of this radiant figure. "There's not a woman to compare to her here to-night, and indeed one would have to go far to find one. Did you ever see a more striking resemblance to the type of many of the famous court beauties of the past?"

"I never did," Atherton answered, very sincerely. "The type is wonderfully preserved. Some one of those beauties must have been among her immediate ancestors." And as he spoke he recalled the miniature of Yvonne d'Aulnay, at which he had looked in the brilliant tropical moonlight, and of which a well-remembered voice had cried, "Diane looks like it!"

And Diane did look like it—marvellously, wonderfully like it. In her present attire she might have been thought to be its original; and the last doubt which Atherton had entertained of her being the identical Diane of whom he had heard so much was finally and altogether dissipated.

"Well," Langdon remarked, "I must go and offer my homage. You will come, of course, and be introduced?"

Atherton assenting, they made their way through the crowded room to the dais where the mimic court was assembled. Before the splendid young figure which was its centre, Langdon made his obeisance; and then, drawing aside, said:

"Your Majesty will graciously allow me to present to you my cousin, Mr. Atherton."

Ah! Diane, Diane, was it not in your power to restrain that start, which had in it something of terror, and that glance of dismay as the tall figure of the stranger bowed before you? Happily, no one noticed either except the stranger himself. But he must have had eyes in the top of the blonde head which he bent so low; for even before he raised it he knew what he should see: he knew that he should encounter just that look in the lovely, startled eyes which met his own,—a look at once apprehensive and unconsciously appealing.

The appeal touched him; for he perceived now what a very charming as well as beautiful face it was into which he looked,—a face so sweet that to see it was to be fascinated by it. And he remembered that this, too, had been said to him: "Everybody loves Diane. Young and old, rich and poor, white and black,—she fascinates everyone" He remembered how he had listened with a smile, and now he felt and saw that it was true. No one could resist the charm of this lovely countenance, on which was plainly to be read the stamp of a nature gentle and guileless as that of a child. In the deception which had been practised upon him he could not believe that she had any part, or at least any blame. But she evidently knew enough of it to fear some revelation from him; and, anxious to relieve her apprehension, he spoke at once:

"Your Majesty is kind enough, I am told, to welcome strangers to the court of your Carnival. You will allow me, then, as a stranger, to express my delight at all that I have witnessed; and to hope that I may have the honor to—shall I be medieval enough to say it?—'tread a measure' with your Majesty in the course of the evening, so that I may the more happily enshrine the occasion in my memory."

He purposely made his speech long, in order to give her time to recover herself; and fanciful, in order to reassure her. Meanwhile his eyes were fastened on her, so that he saw the quick rise and fall of the diamonds on her bosom,—those

diamonds, in their antique setting, which he had held in his hand in the garden of Beaulieu, and had fancied clasped around just such a white young throat as that which they now encircled. In answer to his last words, she murmured something inaudible and held out her ball-card. He glanced over the list; and seeing only one number vacant, placed his initials against it. Then, returning the bit of pasteboard with a bow of thanks, he was forced to draw aside to make room for others.

"I am sorry I came," he said to himself as he walked away. "I fear I have spoiled this girl's pleasure in the evening. And that is a pity. She is no actress,—that's certain; for what a look of recognition and apprehension there was in her eyes when she saw me! I would like to have an opportunity to reassure her—to let her know she has nothing to dread from me. But that is impossible, surrounded as she is at present. I must wait until our dance is due, and I only hope she may be able to put me out of her mind until she sees me again. Why did I ever come here and mix myself up with these people? What possible concern was it of mine who Henri de Marsillac might be, or what right he had to the treasure he carried off? I am rightly served for my quixotry, both on the island and here, by the dismay and fear with which that girl regarded me."

Pricking himself with the memory of that look, he found little interest in the scene around him, however well meriting the epithets of "brilliant," "enchanting," "superb," with which the reporters of the press would characterize it in the morning papers. A floor of glass, perfect music, lavish decoration, beautiful faces and beautiful toilettes,—each and all had long since ceased to have any intoxicating effect upon him, even if his mind had not been occupied with other thoughts. Hence the young ladies to whom he was introduced found him disappointing; and, notwithstanding the aroma of millions which surrounded him, were not sorry when his perfunctory dances with them were over and they could turn to more agreeable, if less heavily gilded, partners. And, ungallant as the admission writes him down, there is no doubt the relief was mutual; since the only event of the evening to which he looked forward with the least interest was his promised dance with Diane.

The time for this seemed to him very long in arriving; and it is possible that his interest might have waned before it did arrive had it not been stimulated now and then by a vision of Diane, like some princess out of a fairy tale presiding over the revels of the gay throng. The very gleam of her diamonds had a fascination for him, linked as they were with the memory of the distant, blood-stained island where they had been found, and the mystery of the boy who had vanished out of his life. At length, as all things come to him who has the patience to wait for them, he found himself again bowing before her, saying deferentially, "This, I believe is our dance, if your Majesty is good enough to remember it," and walking away with the radiant figure on his arm.

It need scarcely be said that there was no thought of dancing in the mind of either, although the most seductive strains of the orchestra were ringing through the ball room. A quick glance showed Atherton that a corridor without was almost entirely deserted; and that a small apartment at the end thereof—a luxurious retreat, all foliage and soft-toned lamps and pleasantly-placed seats, carefully arranged for purposes of repose and flirtation,—might be counted on to be empty. He turned and looked at his companion.

"Do you care to dance?" he asked, speaking with deference, but dropping the tone of fanciful homage he had before employed. "It strikes me that you may be tired and would perhaps prefer to sit out this waltz. If so, do not hesitate on

my account. I am by no means fond of dancing, and I shall be glad of an opportunity to improve our acquaintance."

"I *am* a little tired," replied Diane, tremulously. "It is not easy to dance in a court train. I—think I would prefer to sit out this dance, if we can find a quiet place."

"That is easily found," he said, and led her down the plant-decorated corridor to the room at its farther end.

This they found so far empty that only one pair of persons, engaged manifestly in a deep flirtation, occupied a palm-shaded corner. These gazed disapprovingly at the intruders, until, finding that the latter had no intention of retiring, but, on the contrary, calmly established themselves in another corner, they presently rose and sauntered slowly away toward the ball room. It was when this event occurred that Diane, breaking in on some rather absent-minded remarks which Atherton was making, turned abruptly toward him.

"Mr. Atherton," she said, quickly, "I can not endure for you to believe—as you must at present believe—that we are unmindful of all that we owe you. Don't think us ignorant of it; don't think us ungrateful for it! We know and feel it more than we can say. It is with all of us written here"—she laid her hand on her heart,—"and will never be forgotten."

This was so different from anything that Atherton had anticipated—the eager impulsiveness of the speech and the spontaneous acknowledgment of indebtedness took him so much by surprise—that for an instant he did not reply. He looked steadily at the beautiful face, all alive with feeling, as if admiring its charm or sounding its sincerity; and then said, calmly:

"May I ask, Miss Prévost, to whom you allude as 'we'?"

She flushed deeply; but her eyes still met his own, frank and innocent as those of a child.

"I allude," she said, "to my family—my mother—all of us. We know that but for your assistance the—venture which saved us from ruin could never have been successfully accomplished."

He bowed. "You do me too much honor," he answered. "I speak with sincerity when I say that I am glad to have served you,—glad that so much was true of the story which moved me: that there *was* ruin to be averted from one like yourself, and that I was able to assist in averting it."

"Do you mean," she cried, as if stung by his words, "that you doubt any of the story which was told you? You do injustice—great injustice—to one who does not deserve it. Believe me the—person who told it you would never utter an untruth."

"Indeed! How, then, am I to reconcile the statement of this person that his name was De Marsillac and that he was your brother, with the equally positive statement of your friends that there is no De Marsillac living and that you have no brother?"

She looked at him for an instant without speaking, the lovely color dying out of her cheeks, and her eyes seeming to plead against the sternness of his words; and then she said in a low voice:

"It must seem very strange to you, and I can not explain; but both statements are true."

"Both, Miss Prévost? That is a bold assertion."

"It *is* a bold assertion,—I know that; but it is true. The person whom you know has a perfect right to call himself De Marsillac, and he has been a brother in every sense to me."

"I think," he said, coldly, "that you are playing with words. But it does not matter. It is no concern of mine who has or has not a right to call himself De Marsillac, and far less whom you have a right to consider 'a brother in every sense.'

I am glad, however, that you have opened the subject of a mystery upon which I had no intention of touching, because it allows me to explain how I have chanced to interfere with it at all. Briefly, then: I was not only foolish enough to be both wounded and indignant when a boy for whom I had conceived a liking which amounted to attachment, and which I fancied was returned on his part—"

"It was, it was!" Diane interrupted, earnestly.

"Threw me aside and vanished with a melodramatic farewell into mystery; but I began to ask myself if I had not been lending my aid to imposture and possibly robbery."

"O Mr. Atherton!"

"Do the words shock you? What else could I think? I have seen much of the world, but I have never yet found an honest man who veiled in mystery transactions in which there was no disgrace. The whole thing looked to me very suspicious; and, besides being the dupe of a clever impostor, I had no mind to be his unconscious accomplice. As soon, therefore, as I received a letter—of which, since you know so much, you may have heard,—I left Santo Domingo for Cuba, and thence came here, determined to discover if such a person as Henri de Marsillac really existed. I was speedily assured on all sides that he did not exist, that no one of the name was known in Louisiana, and that your family alone represented the De Marsillacs of the past. It seemed then my duty—since I did not wish to be an accomplice, however unconsciously, in possible robbery—to inform some representative of your family of what had been done in Hayti. To my inquiries as to how this could best be accomplished, I was informed that you would soon be in New Orleans, and that I could make my communication to you. This I was fully resolved to do until I heard from Mr. de Varigny that you did not desire to receive any communication on the subject. Such a decision relieved me at once from all responsibility in the matter; and from that time to this I have had no intention of approaching or addressing you on the subject. But to-night"—he paused a moment,—"to-night I read, or thought I read, in your eyes an apprehension. And this I felt bound to dissipate. I felt bound to tell you that you have nothing to fear from me."

"What could I have to fear from you, Mr. Atherton?" asked Diane proudly, her crowned head lifted high.

"That you alone can answer," replied Atherton. "Believe me I have no desire to press any inquiry into your mystery, or even to speculate why none of your friends know of the existence of the man who found the treasure of your ancestor. I am only glad to see that a part at least of that treasure has come into rightful hands"—he looked directly at the diamonds,—"and I have no intention of taking any one into my confidence with regard to what I accidentally witnessed and knew. I fancied that you might like to have this assurance, which is my excuse for touching upon the subject."

She was again silent for a moment before answering, and then she said:

"I do not deny that I am glad to be assured that you will not continue to make inquiries which can only annoy and embarrass us. Nobody but ourselves—nobody at all—was, or is, concerned in the finding of what you call the treasure of our ancestor. Have we not, then, a perfect right to maintain any mystery that we like regarding it? That mystery conceals nothing wrong—so much I assure you,—and has but one drawback of which I know: its seeming ingratitude toward yourself."

"That," he said, "is of no importance at all. In any inquiry which I have made, nothing was further from my mind than any thought of myself."

"I have no doubt of it," she replied,

earnestly; "but the fact remains that this apparent ingratitude has been a matter of great concern to all of us, and a positive grief to one. I should like you to believe this."

"Do not press my powers of credulity too far, Miss Prévost," he said, quietly. "Since you assure me that the mystery hides nothing wrong, it is difficult for a plain man to see a reason for its existence, and quite impossible for him to believe in regret on the part of any one for conduct which had no necessity to justify it."

"I did not say *that!*" cried she, quickly. "I did not say there was no necessity to justify it—for there is such a necessity. I only said that it concealed nothing wrong, and that we have a right to preserve a mystery if we like about our own affairs."

"It is a right which I, for one, have not the least intention of challenging," said he, gravely. "If you will allow me to repeat my apologies for having ever touched upon the subject at all, and my earnest assurance that I shall not do so again, we will consider it closed. There is, however, one thing which I should like you to do for me, in acknowledgment, let us say, of the small part I played in recovering the jewels which at present adorn you; and that is"—to her great surprise he drew a ring from his finger—"to give this, as I suppose you are able to do, to the person who called himself Henri de Marsillac; saying from me that, since the friendship of which it was to be a token has evidently no longer an existence on his side, I, on my side, must decline to keep his trinket longer."

Diane, who had evidently never heard of the ring before, stared at it in helpless dismay.

"Did he give you that?" she asked. "Was it one of the jewels you found?"

"It was one of those jewels. To gratify him I consented to keep it as a remembrance of an adventure which I now wish to forget. Will you, therefore, oblige me so far as to return it to him?"

"I can not—I dare not!" said Diane, shrinking back from the ring which he offered. "O Mr. Atherton, don't ask it of me! It—you don't know—it would break his heart."

Atherton smiled incredulously. "Will you try the effect?" he said, dryly. "I have little faith in broken hearts."

"I think you have but little faith in anything," answered Diane, with sudden spirit. "You certainly have not any in a—person who deserves better thoughts from you."

"How has he proved that he deserves them? By desertion, by silence, by utter lack of faith in me—but this is folly! What" (sternly) "have I to do with your mystery or your jewels! Take the ring, Miss Prévost. It is yours, if those diamonds which you wear are yours."

"It is *not* mine," said Diane, putting her hands behind her; "and I will not take it. If the person who gave you that had given you all the jewels, including the diamonds which I wear, he would have been clearly within his right; since but for him and but for you they would never perhaps have seen the light, and certainly never have been beheld by us. Nothing will induce me to take that ring from you, Mr. Atherton; so it is useless to offer it to me."

"You refuse absolutely to deliver it—with my message?"

"I refuse absolutely."

"Then you will force me to discover the whereabouts of this Henri de Marsillac for myself."

"If that is a threat," said Diane, "I have nothing to reply further than that it is somewhat out of keeping with your assurances of a moment or two ago."

"You are right," he said, suddenly recollecting himself. "It is out of keeping with them, and was but an expression of irritation. You will perhaps acknowledge that I have some cause to be irritated."

"Yes," replied Diane, with unexpected candor. "I do acknowledge it. You have great cause to be irritated, and to judge harshly; but if you would believe—"

"You have already perceived that I am a person of little faith, Miss Prévost," he interposed. "Don't, therefore, try that faith by asking me to believe impossible things. And, to prevent further rudeness on my part, here, I think, comes some one in search of you. It will not do for the queen of the evening to disappear, even for a short time."

(To be continued.)

Notre Dame des Neiges.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

THE narrow day is dim with snow,
And frost-ferns cloud my casement pane,
Yet, Mother, where thy dear feet go
I see long lilies nod again.
No more beside the billowy grain
Doth sweet-briar blush or poppy grow,
But comelier thou than blooms that blow
When sun laughs through sad April's rain.
Though blinding drifts fill every place,
All springtide lingers in thy face,—
Its timid joys, quick mystic fears;
Yet I scarce can see beyond thine eyes,
So deep the love that in them lies,
Thou Christlike Lady, Queen of tears.

The hours slip fast unto that night
When men nor work nor women weep;
And should it close this evening's light,
Dear God, how grateful were that sleep!
We plant our blood and night-shade reap,
"High failures" fools alone requite
Who piteous strive in hell's despite
To dam with shells the maddened deep.
Lady, how oft, thy dear Son gone,
Thou call'dst to Death in the house of John!
Be mindful of those weary years,—
For sake of thy last eucharist,
Show us that face the Babe Christ kist,
Mother of Peace, though Queen of tears.

NOTRE DAME, IND.,
April 23, 1896.

The Wonder-Worker of Padua.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XII.—ANTHONY THE HAMMER OF HERETICS

WHEN Anthony girded on his armor and went forth to fight the good fight, the affairs of Europe, especially the religious affairs, were in a sad state. Heresy was rife. These heretics, known as Partorini, Cathari, Waldenses, Albigenses, and others almost too numerous to mention, were more or less united in an attempted revival of Manicheism; for the most part they taught the eternal existence of the principal of evil, denied the responsibility of the rational creature, recognized fatalism, and advocated the right of rebellion.

These secret societies, wherein the Jew was a rank element, had for their maxim: *Jura, perjura, secretum pandere noli.*—"Swear and forswear thyself, provided thou keep the secret." Their cry was: "Down with the Pope! Death to the Catholic Church!"

That was a sorry time. In his "History of France," Michelet says: "This Judea of France, as Languedoc has been called, was not only remarkable, like ancient Judea, for its bituminous pits and olive groves: it also had its Sodoms and Gomorrahs."

"Italy," says the old Franciscan chronicle, "was all overturned and filled with confusion by all the other nations, who came in to blooden their barbarous swords in her body; invited so to do by the Italians themselves, who called them in to take part in their intestine feuds, and who were all to be in the event their prey—as it turned out. And thus very soon there not only failed among them those sweet manners which used to make the Italians like to angels on earth, and placed them above all nations in courtesy

and charity; but there died away also in them that blessed faith, for the love of which they had renounced the empire of the world, placing their necks under the most sweet yoke of Christ, and of His Immaculate Holy Roman Catholic Church. And as it happens so often that people take their customs from the company they keep, even the Italians drank of that horrible chalice of heresy and abomination; and, owing to license of life, which was then at its highest point, heretics began to multiply in the land."

Anthony seems to have been singled out by Divine Providence to combat the prevailing evils of his time; to have had all his own sweet dreams, high hopes, and noble aspirations thwarted; to have been kept in the background, a silent, unknown man, until the moment when he was called to the front, to battle and to victory; for he achieved what perhaps he alone of all men could have achieved—a glorious and triumphant victory. How well he knew the nature and requirements of his sacred office! He says:

"It behooves a preacher to lead on earth a heavenly life, in keeping with the truths he is charged to announce to the people. His conversation should only be concerning holy things; and his endeavors must tend to but one end—the salvation of souls. It is his duty to raise up the fallen, to console them that weep, to distribute the treasures of divine grace as the clouds send down their refreshing showers. And all this must he do with perfect humility and absolute disinterestedness. Prayer must be his chief delight; and the remembrance of the bitter Passion of Christ must ever accompany him, whether in joy or adversity. If he acts in this wise, the word of God, the word of peace and life, of grace and truth, will descend upon and flood him with its dazzling light."

He not only preached, he practised what he preached. The serenity and beauty of his countenance, the gentleness and meekness of his demeanor, were an example—a living and a lasting sermon unto all. Having once asked one of the brethren to go with him while he preached, the two went forth, and by and by returned, Anthony not having uttered a word during all the time. The Brother, turning to him, said: "Why have you not preached?" And Anthony answered: "We have preached: our modest looks and the gravity of our behavior are as a sermon unto those who have followed us with their eyes."

He was absolutely without fear, and proved it on many occasions. Ezzelino of Treviso, having placed himself at the head of a party of Ghibellines, made himself master of Verona, Padua, and indeed most of the cities in Lombardy. For forty years this tyrant ruled there, and his bloody and horrible reign terrorized the people. He defied the anathemas of Popes Gregory IX., Innocent IV., and Alexander IV. Hearing that the long-suffering Paduans had revolted, he put to death in one day twelve thousand of the citizens.

Ezzelino lived at Verona. The horror of his presence had caused the Veronese to fly, and the city was nearly depopulated. Armed guards, as savage as their master, patrolled the almost deserted street. Anthony, going alone to Verona, sought audience of this monster. He entered the palace of Ezzelino and was conducted to the audience-chamber, where sat the bloodthirsty one upon a throne surrounded by his murderous troops. At a word from Ezzelino these human tigers would have fallen upon the defenceless Anthony and rent him limb from limb.

Anthony, undismayed, at once addressed the tyrant; assuring him that his plunderings, his sacrileges, were as a myriad tongues crying to Heaven for vengeance, and that his innumerable victims were living witnesses before God against him. The ferocious guards stood ready to spring upon the accuser; they awaited only

the word. What was their astonishment when they saw merciless Ezzelino, pale and trembling, descending from his throne, and, putting a girdle about his neck for a halter, prostrating himself at the feet of Anthony, tearfully imploring him to intercede with God for the pardon of his sins!

When Anthony had departed, turning to his soldiers, Ezzelino said: "Be not astonished at my sudden change. I will tell you the truth. While Anthony was reproaching me I saw in his countenance a divine splendor; and I was so terrified that, if I had dared to take vengeance, I believe that I would have been suddenly carried off by demons and cast into hell."

Some time afterward Ezzelino, wishing to test Anthony and see if he were really more than human, sent him a costly gift. The gift-bearers were cautioned to press the treasure upon Anthony; but if he accepted it they were to slay him at once; if he declined it, they were to come away and use no violence. These orders were obeyed. Bowing before the friar, they said: "Your faithful son Ezzelino has sent us to you. He earnestly recommends himself to your prayers, and beseeches you to accept this gift we offer you."

Anthony of course declined it, and begged that they would return to their master and say to him that it was God's wish that he should restore unto the impoverished whom he had laid waste all that he had cruelly wrested from them; and that he should make this reparation before it was too late. With shame, they withdrew from the presence of the friar; and when they had reported to Ezzelino all that had passed between them, he replied, thoughtfully: "It is well. This is truly a man of God. Leave him in peace. I care not what he says of me."

For a considerable period after this Ezzelino showed a disposition to mend his ways; he was less cruel, less bloodthirsty, a little more considerate of the rights and the feelings of his subjects. But after the death of Anthony he relapsed into his former mood, was in 1259 taken prisoner by the Confederate princes of Lombardy, and perished miserably in close confinement.

Anthony's success as a preacher was phenomenal and unparalleled. That fine old chronicler, John Peckham, says of it:

"From all parts of the city and its neighboring villages people flocked in crowds to hear the sermons of the great Franciscan. The law courts were closed, business was suspended, and labor interrupted. All life and movement were concentrated at one point—the sermons and instructions of the mighty wonder-worker. Soon the churches could not contain the audiences: he had to preach in the open air. The plant, dried up by the heat of the sun, thirsts for the dew of the early morn; more lively and impatient was the desire of the Paduans for the coming dawn and the hour for which the conferences were announced. From midnight the city was in motion. Knights and great ladies, preceded by lighted torches, pressed round the temporary pulpit. A motley multitude covered the plain; while the bishop, accompanied by his clergy, presided at the services. The numbers often reached thirty thousand.

"At the hour fixed Anthony would appear, in outward demeanor modest and recollective, his heart burning with love. All eyes were fixed upon him; and when he began to speak, the crowds, hushed into silence, listened to his words with an immovable attention. At the conclusion of the discourse the enthusiasm of his hearers could not be contained: it burst forth in sobs, shouts of joy or applause, according to its effect upon each listener. The crowd would rush upon the Saint. Each one wished to see him closer, to kiss the hem of his habit, or his crucifix; some even went so far as to cut bits of cloth from his habit, to keep as relics. A body-guard of young men kept near him, to prevent his being crushed by his admirers.

"But the most admirable effects he achieved were the following: Enmities were appeased, and contending families publicly reconciled; usurers and thieves made restitution of their ill-gotten goods; great sinners struck their breasts in humble repentance; abandoned women fled from the haunts of vice and gave themselves up to penance. The confessionals were besieged, vice disappeared, virtue revived; and within the space of a month the aspect of the ancient city [of Padua] was transformed."

Having entered the campaign, which proved a veritable holy war, within three months he became known to all as Anthony the Hammer of Heretics.

(To be continued.)

An Early Client of the Blessed Virgin.

BY THE REV. JAMES BELLORD.

II.

ALREADY in these earliest days of Christianity the monastic life was as distinctive a feature of the Church of Christ as it is at the present day, although it had not been organized into fixed and well-defined forms. Monasticism in its first stages was the spontaneous outcome of the spirit of Christ working independently in many different minds. Enormous numbers found themselves moved to fly from the corruption of the world and its troubles, to cultivate perfection in solitude and self-denial. The vast deserts of Syria, Arabia, and Egypt became the refuge of ascetics in hundreds of thousands. The limestone formation prevailing there, which abounds in fissures, ravines and caverns, furnished them with shelter; the wild herbage was sufficient for their food.

There were some who retired into the remotest wilds, and spent years there without ever looking on the face of a fellowman. Others dwelt in the vicinity of towns, where they sold mats and baskets and other products of their labor; and so provided sustenance for themselves and means for assisting the poor and afflicted. Some lived alone; others, to the number sometimes of a thousand or even five thousand, would occupy the caverns, or build themselves huts round the cell of some hermit of distinguished holiness. He was known as their father, or *abba;* he instructed them in the ways of God, and gave them some kind of common rule of life. Their solitude was only partial: they met for prayer in common, and sometimes for their meals; and thus the early desert community, or laura, was formed.

Mount Sigoron, between Nisibis and Edessa, was one of the great centres of the cenobitic life in Syria; and here probably was the abode of the celebrated hermit and bishop, St. James of Nisibis. This holy man, one of the great lights of the Syrian Church, was endowed with rare talents, which he had cultivated by the study of all the science of that day. While still a young man he retired to the desert and devoted himself to prayer and the study of the science of God. His food was roots and raw herbs, his clothing a coarse tunic of goat's hair. During the summer he lived in the woods; in the winter he took refuge in a mountain cave. The fame of his austerities, his learning and his miracles attracted a number of disciples, and later caused his elevation to the See of Nisibis. As bishop of that city he attended the Council of Nicæa in the year 325, and his name was noted there with special honor as one of the confessors who bore the scars of torments endured for the faith in the days of persecution.

To this venerable servant of God Ephrem betook himself after his release from prison, in pursuance of his vow and the command of the angel. He related with deep contrition all the errors and crimes of his youth, as he considered them to be; he obtained the favor of being

admitted amongst the disciples of St. James, and established himself close by in a cell, or cavern. Under so competent a teacher he made extraordinary progress, and unconsciously prepared himself for the great work he was to do and the high position he was to occupy one day in the Church.

St. Ephrem was a man of remarkable natural talent and energy, and showed great versatility in the different tasks and modes of life to which he was called. Up to this time his faculties had received no special cultivation, and he now began to study for the first time. His principal science was drawn from the Holy Scripture. He meditated profoundly on it, and ultimately wrote commentaries on most of the books of the Old and the New Testament. He also acquired a thorough knowledge of theology, and informed himself about all the controversies carried on by Catholics against the heresies of the time. He never learned Greek, although it was the *Lingua Franca* of the ancient world; and he probably knew no other language than his native Syriac. Of this he made himself a perfect master, so that he spoke it and wrote it with classical elegance. He tells us himself that he was completely ignorant of Greek culture, and that he had not studied human sciences; but he seems to have devoted some attention, probably under the guidance of his accomplished master, to such secular sciences as might be useful in the service of religion, and notably to logic and the rules of reasoning. He was described by St. Basil as the most eloquent orator of his day; and he proved himself, when the occasion unexpectedly arose, to have poetical powers of no mean order.

St. Ephrem, in his pursuit of spiritual science, did not deem himself exempted from the lowly but divine task of labor, which is at the same time part of the curse pronounced on humanity and the source of its chief alleviations. It was a rule in the monasteries of Mesopotamia and Egypt that each religious should perform a daily task of manual labor, and give an account of it to his superior at the end of the week. The work of the monks was always severe, in order that it might count as a penitential exercise; and it was of such a nature that it might be carried on simultaneously with prayer, and should not interrupt the constant union of the mind with God. In order to be able to work and pray together, it was the first duty of a young monk to learn the whole Psalter by heart. All the profit of his work, after deducting the small amount required for a bare subsistence, was distributed to the poor. St. Ephrem, after the example of St. Paul, followed the trade of a sail-maker.

The one aim of the Saint, however, was the attainment of evangelical perfection—the reproduction of the life of Christ in himself. In this task he gave full scope to his fervor and all his energies. He had first to trample on self; to mortify the irregular impulses that proceed from the lower nature of man; to subject the flesh completely to the spirit; to clear the ground of all that was natural, in order to raise upon it the edifice of the supernatural life. To accomplish this he carried on a warfare of rigid austerity against his body. He denied himself every comfort, and all that was not absolutely necessary for the support of life. He fasted rigorously, and sometimes for days together tasted no food; he snatched a brief repose lying on the bare ground, but spent the greater part of the night in prayer. So great was his tenacity in this conflict with self that he quickly surmounted the faults of his natural character, and advanced to a high degree in the practice of every virtue.

He was naturally of a very passionate disposition, but he kept it in check from the moment that he entered on a more perfect life. He was never known to give way to anger or impatience, and never

disputed or contended with any one. Even toward the most obstinate sinners he did not use the language of threats or violence, but only of entreaties and tears. He was spoken of as the "meek" or the "peaceable man of God"; and it was supposed that he was of an easy, phlegmatic temperament.

Once, when he had fasted several days, and the time had arrived for his meal, the brother who was bringing him a mess of pottage made of herbs dropped the pipkin and shattered it to pieces, scattering its contents on the ground. The Saint, seeing him ashamed of his awkwardness and frightened, said pleasantly: "As the supper can not come to me, I must go to the supper." And, sitting on the ground, he picked out what he could from among the fragments, and so made his meal.

With regard to evangelical poverty, he lived in such a state of complete destitution of all things that he was regarded as a perfect model of this virtue, and his poverty was likened to that of Our Lord Himself and His Apostles. In his last testament, addressed to his disciples, he was able to declare that he had literally obeyed the command of Jesus Christ: that he had never owned gold or silver or even a staff; and that he had never had any wallet or purse or coffer, because he had no earthly possessions of any kind to keep in it.

The extreme austerity of St. Ephrem was rewarded by God with a gift which can come only from His special grace—the gift of perfect chastity. His love for the angelic virtue caused him to be compared to the patriarch Joseph; and the purity of his heart could be distinctly read in his external demeanor. Although possessed of this great grace, he never neglected a strict custody of his senses and the avoidance of dangerous occasions. Satan raised up temptations at various times against him; but he always emerged victoriously from them, to the confusion of the enemy of souls.

Amongst the many virtues of our Saint perhaps the most conspicuous was that which is the necessary foundation of all the others—the virtue of humility. He never sought his own honor, but desired beyond all things to promote the honor of God. For himself he desired not the glory that comes from men, but only the glory which is from God. Looking to the Creator always and alone, he felt that all service, all honor, all praise, belonged solely to Him; he could not endure that any part of these divine rights should be diverted to himself. Any sign of esteem affected him most painfully. St. Gregory of Nyssa relates that once when a person praised him in his presence, he changed color, did not know which way to look for confusion, became unable to speak, and broke out into a heavy perspiration. He regarded himself as a hypocrite, deceiving men by false appearances; and he thought of the last judgment as an unveiling of his pretences and his worthlessness before all who had ever heard and believed his praises.

It is related that one morning, starting on a journey before daybreak with two companions, he called their attention to the unclouded depths of the sky, spangled with glittering stars, and exclaimed: "If the lustre of these stars be so dazzling, how will the saints shine when Christ shall come in glory!" Then suddenly the thought of that terrible day occurred to his mind; he trembled in all his limbs, and, in an agony of fear, sobbing and weeping, he was seized with convulsions and cried out in bitter anguish: "How shall I then be found! How shall I stand before that tribunal,—a monster infected with pride among the humble and perfect; a goat among the sheep; a barren tree without fruit! The martyrs will show their torments, and the solitaries their virtues; but thou, alas! O sinful, vain, and

arrogant soul, wilt bear only thy sloth and negligence." His companions, terrified by his vehemence, mingled their tears with his.

The Saint was elected bishop of a certain city, as Sozomene informs us. On learning that he was being sought in order to be consecrated, he at once counterfeited madness—tore his garments, *ate his food in public*, and so conducted himself as to excite the contempt of the messengers, who returned, declaring him to be utterly unfit for the dignity. As soon as they were gone, Ephrem took to flight, and remained in concealment until he heard that another had been elected and consecrated in his place.

The spirit of profoundest humility is impressed on all the writings of the holy Doctor. One example has been already quoted from his book of "Confessions," where he gives an account of his conversion; and the same feature is to be noted in the "Testament" to his disciples, which he wrote toward the end of his life. He is ever seeking to veil his eminent virtues, and create an impression that he is full of imperfections and sins of every kind.

Compunction of heart is the natural result of sincere humility face to face with the consciousness of one's sinfulness in the sight of God. The Saint had received this gift in such abundance that the torrent of his sighs and tears flowed without cessation. They burst forth as often as he raised his heart to God, or remembered the tenderness of divine love, the miseries of our souls, or the rigors of God's judgments. St. Gregory of Nyssa, speaking on this subject, writes as follows:

"We can not call to mind his perpetual tears without ourselves melting into tears. It seemed almost as natural for him to weep as it is for other men to breathe. He wept by night and by day, and he seemed never to cease except during the moments he gave to sleep. At one time he would weep for the sins of the world, and at another for his own. Sobs succeeded tears—or, rather, they were the effect of his abundant tears. There was in him an unbroken circle of sighs which ended in tears, and of tears which led anew to sighing. One could not tell which was the source of the other; for they followed each other without interruption."

The mere sight of the holy man, even when silent, was thus a vivid instruction in contrition and holy fear, and an exhortation to repentance. This spirit of compunction gave a singular energy to all his words, whether spoken or written. It never forsook him. Even when treating of subjects of spiritual joy—the sweetness of divine love, the felicity of paradise, the triumphs of the saints—he never lost sight of the motives of compunction, and always ended in tears. This continual weeping, so far from disfiguring his countenance, seemed, on the contrary, only to increase its serenity and gracefulness. Greek art represents St. Ephrem as an old man of lofty stature, of majestic but gentle aspect; his eyes streaming with tears, and his gesture as of one who depicts the terrors of the last judgment.

The servant of God has left several treatises on this subject of compunction. In the first of them he begins by inviting all—rich and poor, old and young—to join him in weeping, thereby to purchase eternal life and be delivered from everlasting death. By weeping with the blind man in the Gospel, and crying out for the opening of our eyes, the soul will, he says, be enlightened to see its miseries. God, the angels, and the whole of heaven, invite us earnestly to these tears. God's terrible judgment is at hand. He then describes that day at length; and adds that, to escape its just severity, we must weep, not one day only, but all the days of our life, as David did, with continual prayer, austerities, and almsgiving.

Only those who so act can pass through the narrow gate: the Judge will exclude

all those who pampered their bodies and sought their joy on earth. Then it will be too late to trim our lamps and seek for the oil of good works; then no poor and suffering persons will be at hand, to afford us the opportunity of redeeming our sins by works of charity. He laments his spiritual miseries, especially his sins and his sluggishness, which have lasted all his life up to the eleventh hour. He reminds his soul that only a short space of time yet remains, and even that is uncertain.

Cultivating these virtues and advancing daily in holiness, St. Ephrem remained many years in his solitude, under the direction of the venerable anchorite, St. James. The elevation of this latter to the See of Nisibis did not interrupt his relations with his favorite disciple. He appears to have taken Ephrem with him, in 325, to the first general Council of Nicæa, where he took part in defending the divinity of Jesus Christ and the dignity of the Blessed Virgin as Mother of God. Many years later Ephrem was still with the Bishop of Nisibis when that city was besieged by Sapor, King of Persia—A. D. 350 or perhaps 338. During three months these two servants of God were the life and soul of the defence. St. James directed the inhabitants in throwing up inner lines of fortification when the outer ones had been destroyed by the enemy. St. Ephrem composed hymns and songs, which had a wonderful effect in keeping up the spirits of the people and encouraging them to resistance.

At length, when the resources of the town were exhausted, and men had done all that was in their power, Ephrem urged the Bishop to beseech God to undertake their defence and overthrow their enemies. St. James would not pray God to destroy any one, even their ruthless foe: he would only implore the divine mercy, and ask deliverance for the besieged. Mounting the highest tower, and surveying the multitudes of men and beasts and engines of war that encompassed the city, he cried out: "O God, who art able by insignificant means to overthrow the pride of Thine enemies, scatter these armed hosts with a handful of flies!" Scarcely had he pronounced the word when clouds of gnats and mosquitos began to rise on the horizon, and were carried by a breeze toward the investing army. In a few minutes they settled down on the camp; they penetrated into the trunks of the elephants and the ears and nostrils of the horses, which, irritated to madness, broke from their fastenings, trampled on all before them, and threw the whole army into utter confusion. At the same time provisions began to run short with the Persians, and then a pestilence broke out. Sapor, recognizing that the Lord Himself was fighting for the citizens, flung his javelin against Heaven in impotent rage. He abandoned the siege, burned his warlike engines, and returned to his country with a loss of 20,000 men.

Shortly after this event St. James was called to his reward; and so also was St. Julian, another solitary and companion of St. Ephrem in the desert. Having thus lost his friends and spiritual guides, our Saint proposed to himself to make a pilgrimage to Edessa, to honor the relics of St. Thomas the Apostle, and to confer with a certain great personage—not named—on the things of God. St. Gregory of Nyssa adds: "He did not make this change on his own account, but under the interior impulse of the Divine Spirit, who directed his movements for the greater good of souls. With perfect submission to the heavenly voice, and imitating the obedience of Abraham, he went forth from his own country and betook himself to the great city of Edessa; for it was not fitting that a light so brilliant should remain any longer hidden under a bushel."

(To be continued.)

A Loss of Caste.

III.

MARTIN arrived at the gates of the station of Monabeg just as the train from Dublin glided in. Basil, from the window of his compartment, surveyed with surprise the bustling scene until recalled to himself by the civil salute of the station-master, who pointed out to him the vehicle waiting at the gate; while he dispatched a porter with the groom for his luggage.

Young Nesbitt recognized the old coachman with pleasure, and warmly shook hands with the kind old retainer, who had been the only servant at the Castle on his former visit.

"Will you take the reins, sir?" asked Martin, his honest face beaming with pleasure.

"By all means," said Basil, as he swung himself up to the box-seat. "This is a different nag from old Roxy, Martin."

"The poor old horse! See now, Master Basil, how you remember him. And many a gallop you knocked out of him. But it's other times now, your honor. The Master has a fine mount for you, and he got this trap for you last week."

The young man was touched at this proof of his uncle's affection, and asked how he was with sincere interest.

"Poorly, sir,—poorly," replied the old servant, and a look of deep sadness crossed his weather-beaten face. "It went to his heart not to meet your honor and welcome you at the station; but Miss Una coaxed him not to come out in the hot sun, and said you would know it was from no want of will on his part."

"Surely," returned Basil, eagerly, "he could not think otherwise. I am grieved to hear of his ill health. I remember him a strong, stalwart man, in the prime of life, on my last visit."

Martin shook his head. "It's the heart, and that's in the family. The old Master died of it; and Mrs. Cantwell has it too, though he won't have her told."

"My father also died of it, Martin. We found him dead in his chair after a long ride."

"I heard of it, sir; and very sorry I was for him. I knew him well when he and Mr. Maurice were growing up together. I carried their guns or their fishing-tackle many a bright day, and there wasn't a crag nor a cavern in the cliffs but we scaled. You are the only Nesbitt left of the old stock, Mr. Basil; and I'm heartily glad to see you back in Mona."

"Thank you, Martin!" responded the young man, with a kindly nod.

This loyalty to his race, so characteristic of the Irish peasant, moved Basil more than he cared to show; and few of his friends would have recognized the rather reserved diplomatist in the gracious young gentleman who conversed so cordially with the old servant. In truth, Nesbitt, like many others, concealed a warm, impressionable heart and deep affections under a cold exterior. He had passed through society unscathed, and resisted all attempts to draw him into matrimonial snares. His ideal was a high one, and thus he had gained the reputation of a very cold, haughty young man, who was wrapped up in his ambitious projects, and incurred the deep displeasure of many fair ladies. Of both facts he was serenely unconscious this lovely July day, as he drove toward Mona Castle, and, well pleased, noted the signs of prosperity and good management around him.

They passed through the demesne gates, and for more than a mile the avenue led between magnificent beeches; then Mona Castle came in view, standing on a slight eminence, with a fine sweep of emerald lawn before its massive front. Terraces in Italian style, brilliant with flowers, extended on each side,—bounded on the left by an extensive deer park, but

reaching on the right to the very edge of the cliff, which fell sheer twenty feet to the Atlantic, which bathed its base. As they approached, Basil saw how skilfully the ravages of time had been repaired without injuring the air of antiquity that hung round the Castle, once a stronghold of the Septs when they strove for mastery with the Pale.

Mr. Nesbitt, Mrs. Cantwell, and Una came out on the steps before the door as the vehicle came in sight. Its driver drew up in first-rate style; and, throwing the reins to the groom, sprang down to greet his relatives. Cordial indeed was the welcome he received from all; but, the first effusions over, it pained him to see how frail his uncle looked, and how bowed the form which he had last seen in all its manly vigor. With some curiosity he turned to look at the girl, whom he remembered only as a mischievous, teasing elf; and Una, who had stood a little aside, now came forward with frank greeting.

"What a lovely girl she has become!" was his mental comment, while he laughingly claimed her as his old playmate. She deserved the encomium. Una Lynne was beautiful and clever; but, better still, she was sincerely pious and good.

It was a very animated and happy party that sat down to dinner that evening in Mona Castle. Monsig. Dalton, the parish priest of Monabeg; Dr. Gray, Herr Stein, and Mr. Sullivan, the young manager of the potteries, were the only guests. As the evening wore on Basil was fain to confess that his uncle had gathered round him a circle of cultured and intelligent friends whom it would have been difficult to surpass in any land.

Monsig. Dalton had spent most of his life in Rome, where he held several important offices, and, by his relations with the Propaganda, had come into contact with the first men of the day. Some five years previously he had been ordered native air, to recover from a severe attack of Roman fever; and had accepted, from his college friend Mr. Nesbitt, an invitation to Mona Castle. The work at the potteries interested him greatly; and being advised by the London physicians not to return to Rome, he had thrown up his appointments there, and accepted the charge of pastor at Monabeg, which district the bishop had just erected into a separate parish on account of its increased population.

Dr. Gray was a middle-aged and very clever physician, who kept himself well up to the topics of the day and the newest scientific discoveries. He contrived to spend some months each year with his old university friends in the capital—"to take off the rust," as he used to declare,—but resisted all their efforts to make him settle down there. His private fortune was considerable; and his medical services were always at the disposal of the poor, so that he was greatly beloved. But he was an obstinate bachelor.

Herr Stein was a skilful artist and a talented musician. He had travelled over all Europe and a great part of America; and his genial temperament, joined to his many accomplishments, made him a most attractive member of society.

Frank Sullivan, the last of the little group, was a young man of great promise, belonging to an old, impoverished family. Bright and enterprising, Frank had his way to carve in the world, and esteemed himself most fortunate to have obtained his present position; while Mr. Nesbitt congratulated himself on the acquisition of a very able manager.

The topics of the day were discussed with keen interest in this little corner of Ireland,—Una taking an intelligent part in the conversation; while Mrs. Cantwell, who was indeed a model hostess, gracefully cared for the welfare and comfort of her guests.

Under such circumstances time passes rapidly. Music and song helped to while away the hours, and Basil could scarcely

believe the clock when it chimed midnight. Monsig. Dalton had slipped away before ten; Herr Stein now accepted a seat in Dr. Gray's gig, but Frank Sullivan preferred to walk; and thus the party broke up for the night.

Basil felt no wish to sleep. Lighting a cigar, he strolled up and down the terrace on which his window opened, and gave himself up to a mental analysis of the varied impressions of the day. It was evident that his musings were of a very pleasant nature; and when he did seek his pillow to enjoy the sound sleep of youth and health, he had acknowledged to himself that trade had in no way interfered with the perfect tone and breeding of social intercourse in Mona Castle.

(To be continued.)

Talks on Social Topics.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP!"

THE president of the Board of Police Commissioners in one of our large cities has his own way of accounting for the prodigious number of tramps who roam about in summer, and seek shelter at the station-houses in cold and inclement weather. His theory is partially based upon the fact that a large proportion of these unfortunate fellows are expert penmen and good accountants, and competent to fill positions where accurate business knowledge is required. He has taken the trouble to question many hundreds of these nomads, and has arrived at the conclusion that, although now and then a man may tramp from choice, many of them are driven to desperation and the highway because women have usurped the occupations by which men formerly earned their livelihood. "Heaven help the boys!" he adds.

Any one will admit that there is much cause for solicitude, if these things be true. Unwilling to make assertions which can not be verified, I have taken the trouble to ask others equally well informed concerning what may be termed the peripatetic department of economics, the cause of the spell of the wandering foot. The answer is almost invariably the same. Armies of women and girls are employed at low wages, and the result is the demoralization of the labor market and the untidy man at the backdoor.

I do not refer to the girl whom necessity drives forth to earn her own bread or that of others. It is legitimate for her to drive a dray or carry a hod; but it is not, ordinarily, for these reasons that the girl exchanges the safe shelter of her home for a cashier's desk or a seat at a typewriter. The average young business woman has her mental eye upon a vacation at the sea-shore, or a lace parasol, or a new bicycle,—things innocent enough in themselves, but harmful when some poor lad is bereft of shelter in order that they may be obtained.

If the tramp problem were the only disastrous result of this universal desire of young women to do the work hitherto performed by their brothers, it would be enough to warrant a protest. But another danger confronts us. The most cursory glance at the social life of to-day will show that marriages are becoming, in proportion to the population, more rare year by year. "I can't afford to marry," says the young man, hopelessly casting about for a situation. "I don't *have* to marry," remarks the independent young woman, pocketing her dollars weekly.

There is a tendency toward a reversal of all time-honored precedents. Unless the pendulum swings back again—and of this the genial optimist declares that he sees signs,—there will be a still greater decrease of marriages; and that means the extinction of the home. What the extinction of the home means is too appalling to contemplate.

A Hint to the Catholic Public.

IT is well known that Americans do not resent being "humbugged." The man who can successfully impose upon his fellows is generally praised for his cleverness,—at least those who have been deceived do not resent the imposture, provided it involves no serious loss to them. Frauds, like the Cardiff Giant and "the great and only woolly horse," have always been successful with us. The greater the number of those imposed upon the greater the enjoyment. This is a notable characteristic of the American people. We are indeed a wondrously good-natured and eminently sane race. Many things that would fret other people only amuse us.

American Catholics, it would seem, like to be insulted,—at least the great majority of them encourage those who do this. Take the press, for instance. Some of the "great dailies" constantly cast slurs on Catholics and their religion; but those to whom such obloquy ought to be offensive, and by whom such insults ought to be resented, never think of withdrawing their patronage, and the offending publisher continues to offend. "What does my support amount to?" each one will say. "What effect could its withdrawal have?" Let us reason together. One ought not to patronize anything that one condemns. Your influence is as great as that of most other people, if you *are* a Roman Catholic. Catholic influence is not felt for the simple reason that it is not exerted. Your support of the daily press is as important as that of any other individual; and as it is the aggregation of single subscriptions that produces the "immense circulation," publishers watch closely the current of individual support. Each subscription to a paper, every copy sold, every advertisement inserted, helps so much. The subscriber or reader or advertiser may not reflect that "many mickles make a muckle," but the publisher always does.

A shopkeeper may have a large trade and crowds of customers, but he is careful that all shall be treated with justice and courtesy. A clerk or salesman who should give needless offence to a single person generally forfeits his situation as soon as the case is reported. It will not occur to the proprietor to inquire about the religion or nationality of his offended customer. The question is one of dollars and cents. Business men are wise in their generation, and the publishers of newspapers are no exception.

If those who meet with insults to their religion in the papers which they read were to withdraw promptly their subscription and advertising support, the newspaper men would soon inquire the cause. *Your* "Stop my paper" may not command attention; but if some other aggrieved Catholic writes to the same effect next day, and another the day after, the publisher will want to know "what is up." A business man never continues doing anything that doesn't pay. "Business is business." Should it be found unprofitable to offend the Catholic public, the newspaper publisher may be trusted to offend no more. The proprietor of the company will instruct the editor and the editor will instruct his staff to "avoid wounding the sensibilities of our Catholic friends. This sort of thing doesn't pay."

One of the leading journals of New York city never prints a line reflecting on the Jews; but, on the contrary, publishes much that is calculated to interest and gratify them. Why? Because Jews are among its chief advertising patrons, and because many of its readers are Jews. Why again? Because the Jews are self-respecting enough to resent insults, and will not lend their support to those who go out of their way to offend them.

Our hint to the Catholic public is just here.

Notes and Remarks.

The magazines are just now devoting considerable space to estimates and portraits of Washington; but, to our mind, the most interesting is undoubtedly the account of his "Relations with Catholics" in the current issue of the *American Catholic Quarterly*. There is an old tradition to the effect that the Father of His Country, while living in Philadelphia as President, had a full-length picture of the "Immaculate Conception" hanging in his bedroom; and when a priest who was visiting him expressed surprise, he said: "How can I know the Son without honoring the Mother?" Another tradition says that he used to make the Sign of the Cross; that he was visited by a priest on his deathbed, and that he abjured Masonry. Dr. Clarke rejects these stories as wanting authentic confirmation, though the first is related on authority as reliable as his own. It is unquestionable, however, that Washington's relations with Catholics were closer and more frequent than is generally supposed. It is a notable fact that Archbishop Carroll, who knew him well, harbored the belief that Washington would have become a Catholic had his life been prolonged; and it is well known that he ordered public prayers for him "who was deprived of life *before his initiation into our Church.*"

The trial of a "heretic" in the Presbyterian Church two years ago put practically before the public the ancient but unanswered difficulty about the "Bible alone" as a rule of faith. Since that time even the secular newspapers of discernment have insisted that Protestants have no right to anathematize heretics until they agree upon an intelligible canon of belief and a definite code of dogma. One point is certain: the "Bible only" theory will never regain its old ascendency over men of thought. Mr. Balfour is only one of many cultured and outspoken Protestants who have publicly abandoned this folly; for in his study of "The Philosophy of Belief" he says:

> Indeed when we reflect upon the character of the religious books and of the religious organizations through which Christianity has been built up; when we consider the variety in date, in occasion, in authority, in context, in spiritual development, which marks the first; the stormy history and the inevitable division which mark the second; when we further reflect on the astonishing number of the problems—linguistic, critical, metaphysical, and historical—which must be settled, at least in some preliminary fashion, before either the books or the organizations can be supposed entitled by right of rational proof to the position of impossible guides, we can hardly suppose that we were intended to find in these the *logical* foundations of our system of religious belief, however important be the part which they were destined to play in producing, fostering and directing it.

The widespread interest aroused by his book in Catholic circles must have surprised Mr. Balfour; for he expresses the belief that he will count few Catholics among his readers. He knows better now.

The "crucifixion of labor on a cross of gold" and the allusion to the crown of thorns were bold ventures in metaphor, and even from the religious view point they may easily be forgiven in a political harangue. But it was an offence against Christian delicacy for a political party to parade the streets (as was recently done in a Western city) with a banner representing the Cross and the Crown. These sacred symbols are held in veneration by all who own the name of Christ, and to make them the shibboleth of a party is to outrage religious sentiment. Apart from convictions about the money question, the Cross and the Crown have no place in a political torch-light procession.

We have already reviewed and quoted Mr. Coventry Patmore's "Rod, Root, and Flower"; but it is not a book to be read and then put on a shelf. One wants to have it ever in sight—within arm's reach. Although Mr Patmore's poetry is to be read only in moments of high mental elevation, his prose is for all times. The chief excellence of "Rod, Root, and Flower" is that the author gives the finest literary form to truths which, though old, need to be constantly reiterated. The only true learning, as the author remarks in his preface, is to know better that which we already know. Greatness of thought and perfection of expression

are admirably combined in such epigrams as the following, and the little book holds scores of them:

Men would never offend God if they knew how ready He is to forgive them.

Divine favors are forced upon the soul in proportion to her detachment from them.

It is one thing to be blind and another to be in darkness.

The Catholic Church alone teaches as matters of faith those things which the thoroughly sincere person of every sect discovers, more or less obscurely, for himself, but does not believe, for want of external sanction.

The ardor chills us which we do not share.

"Enthusiasm" is a foul mockery of pure zeal. True goods are peacefully desired, sought without eagerness, possessed without elation, and postponed without regret.

Do the right, and God will enable you to do it rightly.

The promises of the devil are kept to the letter and broken in the spirit; God's promises are commonly broken to the letter and fulfilled past all hope to the spirit.

Three new names that have lately been added to the necrology deserve more than passing mention in obituary columns. The first is Cardinal Monaco la Valetta, who has been an invalid for years, but was once the most active and valued assistant of the Holy Father. Another is Cardinal Bourret, one of that famous group which embraced Lacordaire, Gratry and Montalembert, and who "will rank among the prelates of the nineteenth century who yearned with almost physical suffering for union with Christians of divergent beliefs." The third is Mr. William O'Byrne, author of the monumental "Dictionary of Naval Biography." The amount of energy required for the compilation of this work is almost beyond belief, but the English Government, recognizing the greatness of the service, assisted Mr. O'Byrne in the work, and rewarded him handsomely on its completion. *R. I. P.*

The cynic who said that the least reprehensible form of dotage is "anecdot-age" would surely not visit his mild condemnation on the charming stories about the late Frank Hurd, which "R. C. Gleaner" contributes to *The Catholic Columbian*. There is edification as well as amusement in the way he attended Mass during the great Hayes-Tilden contest in Congress, when he was a member of the House. The session had lasted all Saturday night and well on toward noon on Sunday.

The sergeant-at-arms would permit no member to leave the house. Mr. Hurd waited until the last moment when it would be possible for him to leave and get to the last Mass. Coming to the door of the House, the officer stopped him, and a few friends besought him not to leave until the House should come to a vote. They were so persistent that he finally said, a little tartly, pushing his way past them and going out the door: "You go to the mischief! I'm going to Mass." And he did go to Mass.

Mr. Hurd, it is well known, was a convert; and when his aged mother, in answer to his fervent prayers, received the grace of faith, he hailed an old friend in the streets of Toledo to tell him the good news, adding: "It is so unexpected I can hardly appreciate it as I should." And when he was summoned from Washington to her deathbed, his first anxious inquiry was: "Has mother had a priest?" In arranging for her funeral he merely requested that the full ritual of the Church be carried out. When he was defeated in the election of 1888, he jokingly announced his intention to "take a little rest, make a good general confession and begin life over again." And when asked how he settled certain knotty points not covered by the Federal Constitution, he answered: "I turn to the Catholic Church, that gave to humanity the principles of our Declaration of Independence and of our Constitution."

A daughter of Thackeray contributes some interesting *memoranda* of her father to the current *Cornhill*. When that magazine was begun Thackeray was its editor, and he "declined with thanks" a poem by Mrs. Browning because it dealt with "an unlawful passion." Thackeray seldom read novels—he himself said: "Though I bake cake, I eat bread,"—but we wonder what he would think if he were alive to-day, and could know the sort of dirt that passes for fiction in our magazines and bookstalls. The old novelist himself was not particularly squeamish, but he knew that purses are not made of sows' ears, nor are classics raked out of the gutter. Historians have "constructed" the whole system of pagan immorality from the mural

decorations of Pompeii; it is unpleasant to think what would be the judgment of posterity upon our age if that judgment were to be based solely on our fiction. But there is little fear of this: even the wickedness of the "modern novel" will not long condone its stupidity.

One of the signs of the times is the lessening of interest in the work of philanthropic organizations. The public has come to realize that such labor is vain for the most part. Men's eyes are gradually opening to the fact that the removal of the consequences rather than the *causes* of social misery may even tend to increase crime. The real cure of human degradation is the moral and social reform of individuals and institutions. "I know the best way to renovate the world," Pius IX. used to say to social reformers. "Let everyone begin with himself." The man who sets to work earnestly to regulate his life according to the maxims of the Gospel is doing more than he will ever realize in this world toward the regeneration of society. As Ruskin says: "Every noble life has the fibre of it mysteriously interwoven in the web of the world."

A link between the old era of American politics and the new was the late Senator George N. Jones, of Iowa He was ninety-two years old when the end came; and in his long public life had met Lafayette, and had known Jackson, under whom he served as drummer-boy in the year 1812. His early service was given to Michigan, but he afterward earned the title of "the great organizer of Territories" because of the number of new States whose admittance to the Union he secured. He gave Wisconsin its name, and became the first Senator from Iowa. Twenty-seven years ago he was received into the Church by Archbishop Hughes, of New York. May he rest in peace!

By a singular coincidence, two memorials were unveiled in London on the 15th ult.: one to Matthew Arnold and the other to Cardinal Newman; but there could be no doubt as to which of these brilliant men all England desired especially to honor on that day. The memorial to Newman is the same statue which was refused a place at Oxford, and represents the Cardinal fully robed and holding the Scriptures in his hand. One who was present at the unveiling thus describes the memorial: "The face is finely chiselled, and bears the impress of culture and of sanctity which one is accustomed to see in portraits of the Cardinal. The dreamy, far-away look of the churchman poet is finely portrayed; and not a little dignity is added to the appearance of the venerable figure by the image of Our Lady and the Child which surmounts the monument—placed over an arch, or dome, gracefully outlined, and supported by substantial pillars. One can not help thinking that, as the stately figure looks, as it were, upon the teeming multitudes of this vast metropolis, though the silver tongue is hushed and the strong right hand can no longer clasp the pen, the dignity and the sanctity of his life still live and breathe, and that the song of the harbinger of the Second Spring is not buried within the tomb."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Andrew Ziegler, C. SS. R., who passed to his reward in New York on the 18th ult.

Mr. William Stoner, whose life closed peacefully on the 26th ult., at Monroe, Mich.

Mrs. Catherine Barnes, of Charlestown, Mass., who departed this life on the 17th ult.

Mr. Thomas Reilly, who breathed his last on the 5th ult., in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Jeremiah Finnegan, of Worcester, Mass., who died a happy death on the 19th ult.

Mr. John J. Lucey, of Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Catherine Vaughan, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. Thomas Callaghan, Waterbury, Conn.; Miss Nora Hurley, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. Edward Delaney, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. John McDonough and Mrs. Thomas O'Rourke, Co. Limerick, Ireland; Mary Hannan, Menlo Park, Cal.; Mr. Casper Carl, St. Augustine, Pa.; Mr. Patrick Ores, Patton, Pa.; Mr. James T. Luckett, Altoona, Pa.; Mrs. Mary E. McGonigle and Mr. Charles M. Timmons, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Patrick S. McNulty, Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. Philomena McGrath and Mrs. Mary Gleckner, Davenport, Iowa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

How Susie Proved Her Cleverness.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.

IT happened that a lumber merchant from a neighboring city came to the Dayton farm that afternoon to see about buying timber. Mr. Dayton having gone with him into the woods, could not get back in season to go for the children as he intended. This gave him no concern, however; for at the time when they were due at the farm-house, though it was snowing fast, the roads were not obstructed.

But Mrs. Dayton felt a strange foreboding which she could not overcome. Early in the afternoon she took her sewing, and stationed herself at the window to watch for the children. When they did not appear at the usual hour she grew restless, and, as time passed, alarmed.

About half-past four o'clock David came tramping up the road alone. She met him at the door. His ulster was encrusted with sleet, his cap covered with beads of ice.

"Where are the girls?" was her eager inquiry.

"Haven't they come yet?" he asked, in surprise. "Teacher kept Sue after school to do her sums, and Pudge stayed with her. I was going to meet them at the corner near Tom Dobbins', but Tom and I began tinkering with something in the barn, and I forgot how late it was. I thought they had reached home long ago."

His mother's anxious face was a sufficient rebuke to him.

"I'll go to meet them!" he cried.

"Go as far as the corner, but if you see no trace of them come back," she directed. "Father will be in by that time surely, and he will make all possible haste to the village; perhaps they are in the school-house all the while."

David obeyed, but soon fought his way back to the house. He had discovered no sign of the wanderers.

Mrs. Dayton became nearly frantic. Just as she was on the point of rushing out into the storm to search for them herself, Farmer Dayton came in. Pudgie would have thought he looked like Santa Claus; for his coat was white and tiny icicles hung from his beard.

"A wild night," he said, stamping the snow from his great top-boots.

"Yes, and the girls are out in it!" began the mother, distractedly.

"Merciful Heaven!" he ejaculated. "Hurry!—somebody fetch me a lantern."

David ran to get it; while Mrs. Dayton brought a bottle of cordial, and suggested the one comforting reflection—"The children might not have left the school-house."

"It is of no use to take Dapp'e," continued the farmer; "he would be sure to get stuck in a drift. I'll call out neighbor Dobbins, and we will make our way to M. as best we can. Likely it will turn out that the young folk are all right, and if not—" Mark's voice broke as he thought of the alternative. "Well," he said, brushing his hand across his eyes, "we won't come back until we find them anyhow."

Meantime Susie and Pudgie had come to a stand-still in the field, and the elder child, at least, understood the hopelessness of trying to proceed.

"I'm going to lie down here and die, and the snow will blow over and bury me!" sobbed Pudgie.

"We must not give up, dear!" protested Susie, who was crying herself. "Better say a prayer instead."

Down went Pudgie on her knees in the snow, and made the Sign of the Cross.

Susie raised her quickly, stammering:

"Oh, don't stop, but say a little prayer in your heart!" Through the mist the older sister noticed a dark object a few rods distant. It proved to be a haystack. "Come, Pudgie, let us creep in here!" she said, thankful that they had found even this rude shelter.

Burrowing into the hay until she had made a small space, she bade Pudgie creep in first, and then crowded in after her.

"This is splendid!" cried Pudgie.

Susie next bethought herself of the lunch basket. It contained two bits of bread and an apple. These they divided; and, although there was not enough to appease their hunger, it was better than nothing.

Soon Pudgie said in a drowsy tone:

"I'm beginning to feel lovely, Susie. I'm not nearly so cold now, and when I shut my eyes it seems just as if I was floating off somewhere."

"Oh, don't!" begged Susie, thinking of a story in the Fourth Reader, which told of the danger of going to sleep in the snow. "Don't go to sleep, because you might get frozen and never wake up."

"Then I had better say my prayers over again," murmured Pudgie, artlessly; "'cause I'm afraid I *can't* stay awake."

Susie began to experience a similar sensation. She no longer suffered from the intense cold: her limbs were benumbed and seemed not to belong to her. She struggled against the delightful lassitude; bestirred herself, took off her shoes and Pudgie's, rubbed the child's icy feet and then her own. After keeping this up for some time, Susie had the satisfaction of arousing Pudgie. The latter awoke screaming, however, and impatiently pushed her away.

"Augh! augh! I feel as if I were walking on a million of needles. Why did you not let me alone?" lamented the little sister.

Susie knew then that Pudgie's feet had escaped being frozen.

"It is the sense of feeling coming back," she said. "They won't hurt you long."

An excruciating pricking in her own feet reassured her on her account as well. Despite her efforts, Pudgie dropped asleep again. This worried her greatly; but she remembered that napping in the hay, even with the wind blowing through, was not like going to sleep in the snow. She shook Pudgie every little while, however, briskly continued the rubbing, and set herself with all the power of her will to keep awake.

Thus a weary time passed. It seemed as if she could hold out no longer. Faint and exhausted, she could hardly refrain from throwing herself on the hay and giving up the fight. Her head sank lower and lower, her brain grew confused; the gusts of snow borne past by the wind seemed like the fluttering garments of a white-robed being come to carry Pudgie and herself away. Had the Blessed Mother sent an angel to help them? By and by a light twinkled in the distance; another gleamed forth. Was it as her little sister had said? Were she and Pudgie floating away beyond the clouds, so far that they could look down upon the stars?

Suddenly a loud shout sounded through the storm. Susie started up from the lethargy which had been stealing over her. With senses once more alert and active, she listened breathlessly. Again came that vigorous halloo. It was her father's voice.

With a cry of joy she sprang forward and sent back a ringing answer. Then upon the wind was borne to her a glad chorus of cheers. The lights came nearer and nearer, led by the call, which she repeated at intervals. She heard the tread of hurrying feet crunching through the snow. Lanterns flashed upon the haystack; they lit up the faces of five or six stalwart men; but Susie saw only her father, heard only his fervent "Thank God!" and the words, "My brave, precious daughter!" which he uttered as he clasped her to his heart.

Pudgie, now thoroughly awakened by the confusion and the glare of the lanterns, bounded toward him. He took her in his arms, saying lightly to control his emotion:

"What a saucy little mouse to be hidden in the haymow!"

"I knew you would come, father!" she whispered, *naïvely*.

In a few moments her old friend, Farmer Dobbins, claimed her and bore her off in triumph on his shoulder. For Susie, now that the strain upon her endurance was relaxed, had sunk upon the ground, weeping and laughing hysterically. Her father took her up gently, and carried her as easily as if it had been Pudgie.

What a joyous home-coming that was! In spite of the storm, the eager mother rushed down the path from the house to welcome them. And it was David who acted like Spry, the colt, now; for he was so happy that he capered around, and in his efforts to be of service committed many ridiculous blunders.

The next day, as soon as the roads were passable, the teacher and several of the school-children came up to see Susie and Pudgie, over whose experiences the whole village was in a state of excitement. Miss Andrews shed self-reproachful tears, and said she should never cease to blame herself for her carelessness in not hurrying the two little girls home directly after school.

Pudgie, in her artless fashion, did not fail to tell everyone how brave and sensible and unselfish her sister had been; so that Susie was puzzled to find herself regarded as quite a heroine.

"Why, I only did what I thought was right, and tried to do it as well as I could!" she demurred, when Farmer Dobbins praised her before them all.

"Ah, yes!" replied the good man, with a nod of the head. "But I reckon it is just the grit to keep to what a body thinks is right, through storm and hardship, without losing courage or giving up,—I reckon it's this, I say, that makes the heroes and hero*wines*."

(The End.)

How Knights are Made.

Every little while we are told that Queen Victoria has bestowed knighthood on some one who has distinguished himself in science or art. The custom of "making knights" is as old as the Crusades, and the ceremony attending the act has varied in different countries and ages.

In "Catholic times," when knights were regarded with reverence, the ceremony was elaborate and religious. It was preceded by fasts and vigils. The candidate was bathed as a sign of purification, and then vested in a white garment, in token of the new life he was to put on. On the morning of the ceremony he was accompanied to the church, where he received a slight blow upon the cheek and offered his sword to be blessed. He then took an oath that he would speak the truth, maintain the right, protect the distressed, practise courtesy, and vindicate, at whatever cost, the honor of the Christian name. "God and Our Lady" was his motto.

For a long time the knights fulfilled their mission nobly. Any one could invoke their aid, and they were the terror of thieves and marauders. But at length men of evil

character sought the honors and privileges of knighthood, and the religious character of the institution was lost. The ceremonies were no longer performed by priests or in churches. The king, according to an old tome, "kissed the new-made knight on the left cheeke, and used these words: 'In honour of the Father, of the Sonne, and of the blessed Holy Ghost, I make you a knight.'" A slightly different form of the ceremony was this: "The oath taken, two of the chief lords led him unto the king, who presentlie drew forth his sword and laied the same upon his head, and said: 'God and St. George (or other saincts) make thee a good knight.'"

The knights of to-day, of course, are not expected to fight with lances, and the title is chiefly honorary. Much of the ancient ceremony, however, is still preserved. The candidate kneels before the sovereign, who, with a stroke of the sword over the right shoulder, says aloud: "Rise up, knight, in the name of God!"

The title of knight is bestowed only on those whom the sovereign selects, but the duties of knighthood lie upon us all. We may not all ride on splendid horses or fight with swords and lances; but even the least among us can do his part to maintain truth and justice, to assist the needy, and vindicate the weak and the oppressed; to despise the allurements of an easy life; to preserve our honor, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world.

A Friend of Poor Children.

Not a great while ago a man died in Boston. He was a tailor, doing his own cutting in a little shop outside the business quarters of the city. He was very busy with his shears; for the most exclusive people in town thought that no one but Rondidge could use them properly. He was a quiet, modest man, never seeming to be proud of the fact that his services were sought by the "smart set," and willing to cut a suit of clothes for any one who could pay his price. He was never known to go into society, and his only recreation was found in driving about the city with his wife behind a span of milk-white horses.

No one thought that Rondidge was rich, but when his will was read it was found that he had left fifty thousand dollars, the income of which was to be devoted to sending poor children to the country for the summer. He had no children of his own, but God's poor little ones are to be made happy because this good tailor thought of them as he worked away at silk and broadcloth in his tiny shop in Boston town.

"Mister."

There is no limit to the pleasure and instruction that one finds if he takes the trouble to inquire into the history of words. You probably address your grocer or teacher as "Mister," without a thought of the meaning of the term. Long ago the common people of England were known only by their Christian names. After a while many of them became skilled artificers, and cast about for a term that would indicate that they were distinguished above the rest. In those olden days the secrets of a trade were kept by all who worked at it, and the workers were referred to as persons who had learned a mystery. In time they became known as mysters, or master mysters, and the change from that to mister was easy. The expression, "What Mister Wight is that?" is often to be found in very old books, and means simply "What is his trade?" Some authorities, however, will have it that mister is only a corruption of master, or *magister*. It may be interesting to consult authorities and decide the matter for yourselves.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Those who read French will enjoy the sumptuous volume written by Prof. Kurth, of the University of Liege, to commemorate the fourteenth centenary of the baptism of Clovis, the first Christian King of France. The author's erudition is well known, and his style has much of Chateaubriand's vigor and wealth of color.

—The Pallegoix dictionary prepared by Catholic missionaries in Siam is said to be a notable contribution to philology. The introduction forms a sort of grammar of the very imperfect Siamese language, and affords a mass of information on weights and measures, currency, time, etc. The work comprises three languages—Siamese, French, and English.

—Some interesting Benedictine books have just been published in Rome. They are a Life of St. Benedict; biographies of two nuns of the Order, Helen Lucretia Piscopia and Joanna Mary Bonomo; and a volume entitled "St. Benedict and Grotta Ferrata." The Life of St. Benedict is the translation of the second book of the "Dialogue of St. Gregory."

—If the bigots who infest the land had the faintest germ of honor in their soul, they would be shamed by the words which the venerable Mr. Webb, of Louisville, Ky., has written in his pamphlet "Knownothingism as It Was—A. P. A-ism as It Is." The Hon. Benjamin J. Webb has won many titles to remembrance during his long life, and we notice with gladness that the hand which guided his pen has lost neither its art nor its strength. His appeal for justice on behalf of his co-religionists can not fail to do much good in Kentucky, and there it is badly needed. C. A. Rogers, publisher.

—The Rev. Patrick Cronin, LL. D., has rendered a service—the last of many notable ones—to the late Bishop of Buffalo by the publication of a tender memorial of his life and labors. From what we know of Father Cronin's relations with the lamented Bishop Ryan, the preparation of this tribute was a grateful task. We doubt not it will also be a solace to the people whom the saintly prelate governed, and to all his friends far and near. The chief phases of Bishop Ryan's activity are dwelt upon with affection and admiration. Some of the notable thoughts to which he gave utterance are also included in this volume. Buffalo Catholic Publication Society.

—It is often forgotten that Spanish literature is one of the richest in historical writing, and that activity in this field has not diminished in recent years. We may mention as among the more important publications of the last year, the "Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu," which has now reached the eighteenth part.

—Matthew Arnold was the first who attempted to do justice to the "Celtic Influence in English literature." A pamphlet bearing this title has now been published by the Rev. Dr. Conaty, of Worcester, Mass. It was delivered as a popular lecture, and hence it will be of little interest to students of literature; but we recommend it heartily to those who wish to know in a general way something about what the Celts have done for our literature.

—The *Dial*, of St. Mary's, Kansas, is one of the most enterprising and meritorious of our Catholic College journals. The Alumni Number, issued last month, will be read from cover to cover by many who have never seen the institution from which it hails. The sketches and reminiscences contributed by the "old boys" are pleasant reading even in hot weather, and the illustrations are many and beautiful. We heartily congratulate Father Higgins on the success of his administration.

—Two pieces of music have reached this office through the courtesy of the publishers, Lyon & Healy. "O'er Rippling Waves," by a Sister of Mercy, is a pleasing composition for the piano, which will be of use to teachers who seek music to help in the mastery of technical difficulties.—The song, "Old School Days," is so satisfactory from a musical point of view that one wishes that the words corresponded. The little paper balls which small school-boys are so fond of constructing

do not lend themselves readily to musical interpretation. The music is by Grant Carver, the words by S. Marks.

—We congratulate the reverend editor of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* on the completion of another volume of his excellent periodical. The interest, variety, and value of its contents are remarkable. The titles of the subjects treated and the names of the writers show how indispensable the *Review* must be to its readers. It is edited with as much skill as learning, and in a spirit which has commanded our admiration in every number. The clergy of the United States owe much to Father Heuser. It would be gratifying to know that the publication which he edits so ably and so wisely was read in every presbytery and in every ecclesiastical seminary in the land.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

Lessons in Literature. Ainsworth & Co. $1.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, 50 cts.

The Religion of a Traveller (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser.* Cathedral Library Association. 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* May & Williams. $1.25.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25.

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

The Monk's Pardon. *Raoul de Navery.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Are Anglican Orders Valid? *Rev. Dr. MacDevitt.* Sealy, Bryers & Walker. 60 cts.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8s.

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury, Mass. $2.10.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, $6.25.

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.50 net.

The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena. *Algar Thorold.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Woman, What Have I to do with Thee? *Presbyter Anglicanus.* Kegan Paul & Co. Crown 8vo, 60 cts.

Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. *Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 3 vols. $4.50.

Christian Reunion. *William Delaney, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. *K. M. Barry.* Fallon & Co. 60 cts.

Retreats, etc. *Father Dignam, S. J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Jewels of the Imitation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* Burns & Oates. 60 cts.

Questions of Honor in the Christian Life. *Katharine E. Conway.* Pilot Co. 50 cts.

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THE CORONATION.
(Fra Angelico.)

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, I. 48.

Vol. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 15, 1896. No. 7.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Thrice Crowned.

THOU wert crowned, O Queen, with stars
From eternity
In the Almighty's thought!
Crowned, O stricken Queen, with woe
'Neath the blood-stained Tree
Which our ransom bought;
Weave we now with prayers sweet flowers,
Culled from heart's white-blossomed bowers,
A crown for thee in courts above—
A coronal, O Queen, of love!

The Feast of the Assumption in Bosnia.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

IT was our good fortune last year to spend the Feast of the Assumption in the midst of surroundings of rare beauty and interest, in a land where thirty years ago the Crescent reigned supreme, and where the children of the Church remained faithful to their religion at the cost of great suffering and sacrifice. Our readers are aware that, until the fifteenth century, the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina formed independent States; from that period till 1878 they belonged to the Turks. They were annexed to the Austrian Empire only seventeen years ago, by the treaty of Berlin; but they still preserve much of their former aspect. Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, the ancient Bosna-Serai of the Moslems, has, in spite of its modern official buildings, a thoroughly Turkish character, which is notable at once. Veiled women still pace the narrow streets of the old quarters of the town, while the *muezzin* still calls the faithful to prayer from the minarets of its mosques.

In a distant past Bosnia and Herzegovina were governed by native rulers, under the patronage of the kings of Hungary. In the twelfth century they were infested by the heresy of the Bogomiles, whose doctrines had many points of resemblance with those of the Manicheans; and, owing to the weakness of the "bans," or sovereigns, of Bosnia, the heretics rapidly spread their influence throughout the country. Although the kings of Hungary strove at different times to crush this dangerous heresy by the force of arms, its adherents formed a powerful party; and, sad to relate, they prepared the way for the final conquest of Bosnia by the Turks. These were only too ready to take advantage of the distracted state of the country to extend their dominions. In the fourteenth century Mourad, caliph of Turkey, having conquered Maudonia and Albania, threatened the frontiers of Bosnia. The Christian princes for once laid aside their rivalries and prepared to face the common foe. Hungarians, Wallachians and Slavs

united their forces under the command of Lazarus, Prince of Servia; but they were defeated at the battle of Kossovo in the year 1389.

Another crusade against the Ottomans was begun in 1457 by Stephen Thomas, ban of Bosnia; it resulted, however, in an inglorious compromise. Four years later, in 1461, Stephen Thomasevitch, the last independent sovereign of Bosnia, ascended the throne; and, in spite of the support lent to him by Pope Pius II, who sent a legate to crown him in solemn state, his power was of short duration. At the head of an army of fifty thousand men, the Sultan Mahomet invaded the country; and the people, demoralized by long religious and civil dissensions, submitted without an attempt at resistance. The Bogomile heretics, who in secret had been the Sultan's allies, loudly proclaimed that they preferred his authority to that of the Pope. The King himself was far from being a hero: the general discouragement influenced him also; he made his submission to the Sultan, who caused him to be beheaded.

Thus the history of Bosnia as an independent State closes in sorrow and humiliation. The kings of Hungary, it is true, made an attempt to rescue the unfortunate country from the grasp of the Moslems; but their efforts were vain, and early in the sixteenth century Bosnia was cut off from Christian Europe, and incorporated into the Ottoman Empire, to which it belonged till 1878, when, with its sister province of Herzegovina, it was united to Austria. This change, unwelcome to the Mahometan inhabitants, was hailed with joy by the native population, a portion of which had remained loyal to its faith through three hundred years of isolation.

This fidelity was often put to a hard trial. Although there was no open and official persecution of the Christians, they were at the mercy of the petty officials—*agas* and *begs*—who ruled the country in the name of the Sultan. Generally, the Christian peasants were very poor, and fell an easy prey to the rapacity or tyranny of their Mahometan neighbors. In some instances vexation and tyranny were fanned into open and bloody persecution. Thus, in this century, Ali Rizvaubegovitch, a descendant of renegades, governor of Herzegovina, showed himself the barbarous oppressor of the faithful. In 1849 he put to death a number of peasants whose only crime was that they were Christians; and the heads of these martyrs were brought to adorn the Pasha's palace at Mostar. During his twenty years' sovereignty, Ali Pasha is said to have executed over a thousand Christians. In 1850 he happened to incur the displeasure of the Sultan; he was arrested, and, it is generally believed, secretly put to death.

Among the many sufferings which the Christians had to endure one seems to have been especially trying to them: they were forbidden the use of bells for their chapels; and the prohibition was maintained in spite of their frequent petitions and remonstrances. Great was their delight when, on the arrival of the Austrian troops, they were able once more to have bells on their chapels, and to abandon the use of the wooden planks upon which they used to strike to summon the faithful to Mass. In 1881 the Catholic hierarchy was re-established in Bosnia; there is now an archbishop at Serajevo, a bishop at Mostar, and another at Banjaluka. The Christian population continues to increase, in proportion, far more rapidly than the Mahometan; and we may believe that in the course of years, by the simple process of time, without pressure or violence, the Christian element will gradually absorb the other.

As is always the case in countries where the faith has been kept at the cost of sacrifice, the native Catholics of Bosnia

are remarkable for their piety and fervor. Living side by side with Moslems and schismatics, they cling to the faith of their fathers with an earnestness that is the natural result of persecution and suffering. This fact struck us forcibly on the 15th of August last year, when we had the privilege of celebrating the glorious anniversary of Our Lady's Assumption among the gentle and picturesque peasants of Bosnia.

Midway between Serajevo, the capital of the province, and Illidze, a watering-place whose popularity is rapidly increasing, at a station named Stoup, may be seen a modern church dedicated to the Blessed Mother of God. It stands alone in the open country, with Serajevo in the distance, its white minarets gleaming in the sun, its Turkish houses nestling under the shadow of the hills.

The peasants of the province of Bosnia were flocking, as is their habit, to celebrate Mary's festival at this her favored shrine. When we arrived, the church bells were ringing out gaily, breaking the silence that for well-nigh three hundred years weighed upon them; and many peasants had already assembled near the church, their picturesque dresses forming a medley of bright colors, in harmony with the blue sky above and the glorious sunshine. The women wear white Turkish trousers, over which are flowing robes of a light creamy-colored material; their sleeveless vests, gorgeously embroidered, open over their white bodices; heavy necklaces of gold filigree, clasps of gold and silver, are also worn; and on their hair is a bright-colored handkerchief—orange, red or green,—folded square, and adorned with golden pins or sprays of beautiful natural flowers. The men, tall and remarkably handsome, are also dressed in white, with embroidered collars, white vests, colored leggings, red sashes, and turbans of red and white.

The small church was soon filled to overflowing, and by far the greater portion of the pilgrims had to remain outside. Until Mass began, some walked round and round the church, reciting their Rosary with downcast eyes and clasped hands; others, gathering round a picture of our Heavenly Mother, kissed it devoutly, pouring forth their prayers and petitions with childlike earnestness.

When at last Mass began the crowd of pilgrims fell on their knees; not a movement could be seen, not a sound heard, as the Holy Sacrifice proceeded within the church. Tall young men, singularly picturesque with their bronzed faces and white tunics; mothers and their little children; young girls, with their bright headgear and large, dark eyes; aged men and women, bent under the weight of years,—all knelt silent and motionless; many with hands outstretched, in the attitude of the *orantes* in the Catacombs, their eyes fixed on the open door, through which we distinctly heard the solemn words of the Mass.

It was a sight not easily to be forgotten. Above us a sapphire sky, truly Eastern in its cloudless beauty; around us the mountains where for three hundred years the Crescent had triumphed over the Cross. In the distance Serajevo, "the Damascus of the West," with its hundred mosques, its white minarets whence the *muezzin* still summons the believers to worship Allah. On the other side, Illidze and its background of wooded hills. Around us, free at last—thank Providence!—to worship their God in security and peace, the faithful descendants of a long-suffering race.

As we watched the white-robed women and the bronze-faced men, so earnest, so absorbed in prayer, we wondered what was the past history of these obscure Christians. Close to us may be kneeling the descendants of a martyr; and those aged worshippers, so bent and broken, have perhaps, at no very distant period,

suffered for the faith. Through long years of oppression, cut off from the Christian world, forgotten by their brethren in the faith, by how many deeds of patient self-denial and obscure heroism have they kept alive the light of truth amidst their hostile surroundings! We realize how, on this day of her glorious Assumption, Mary's mother-heart must warm toward her faithful children kneeling at her shrine; how she, who was the witness and confidante of their past sorrows, now whispers to their hopeful hearts promises of better days.

While these thoughts are passing through our minds the Holy Sacrifice is ended; and the people, slowly rising from their knees, disperse far and wide. We watch them forming picturesque groups by the roadside. Some are resting on the grass; others, gaily chatting together, unpack the provisions they brought with them. But over the whole scene still hovers an atmosphere of recollection and heavenly peace.

As we bend our steps toward Illidze, we bid a silent adieu to the peasants by whose side we have prayed to-day, but whose path on earth now diverges from ours, probably forever in this world; and we feel that, through time or distance, we can never forget our Feast of the Assumption in Bosnia.

FOR thirty years Christ lived with Mary and Joseph and thus formed a shadow of the Heavenly Trinity on earth. O the perfection of that sympathy which existed between the three! Not a look of one but the other two understood, as expressed, better than if expressed in a thousand words; nay, more than understood: accepted, echoed, corroborated. It was like three instruments absolutely in tune which all vibrate when one vibrates, and vibrate either one and the same note or in perfect harmony.—*Newman.*

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART III.

VI.

IT was De Varigny who entered, and whose glance around the room showed that he came in search of some one. When he caught sight of Diane, it was at once apparent of whom he was in search; and when he saw Atherton, it was as plainly perceptible that he had not known who her companion would prove to be. He looked surprised, and paused abruptly. An instinct told him that these two people—unable at first to banish all traces of earnestness from their faces—had not been talking ball-room platitudes; and mingled with the sense of intrusion which everyone, save the most hopelessly obtuse, feels under such circumstances, was a pang of jealousy so keen and sharp that it made him for an instant forget good manners. Only for an instant, however. He belonged to a race and a class with whom good manners might almost be defined as the religion of life, and with whom their observance is so strongly ingrained by tradition and habit that no crisis of life justifies their forgetfulness. So his pause was only momentary, and he then came forward with quite perfect courtesy.

"I was told that I might find you here," he said, addressing Diane; "and, since this is our dance, you will pardon me for seeking you. I hope that I do not interrupt—"

"Nothing of more importance than a conversation in which everything has been said that there is the least necessity to say," answered Diane, rising. "I have thanked Mr. Atherton for his kind intentions toward us—at least, if I have not thanked you before, let me do so now," she added, turning to that gentleman.

"Believe that we deeply appreciate *all* your kindness."

Perhaps it was her queenly appearance which lent a queenly grace to these words; but the smile with which she uttered them was that smile of Diane's which all her life had laid hearts low before her, and the memory of its sweetness remained with Atherton like a perfume after she had taken De Varigny's arm and moved away.

But it was natural that its sweetness seemed less irresistible to the man to whom it was not addressed. De Varigny had indeed often before seen such smiles bestowed by Diane upon others; but he had never before been conscious of the anger which now burned within him like a flame. "*All* your kindness!" What did that mean? What was meant to be understood under that comprehensive emphasis? What part had Atherton played in the doings of the mysterious De Marsillac, which resulted in the payment of Madame Prévost's debt? For the first time a flash of the jealous suspicion with which he regarded the unknown man was directed toward Atherton; for the first time he remembered the wealth of the latter and his reticence concerning all the details of his acquaintance with De Marsillac. These suspicions necessarily took no definite form; but they were enough to feed the fire within him, and to provoke resentment more from the very fact of their vagueness, which was in itself an offence; for why should this stranger be admitted to Diane's confidence in a matter from which her oldest friends were excluded?

Occupied with these thoughts, he hardly knew how silent he was as they walked down the corridor toward the ball room; and had nearly reached the door of this apartment when he suddenly felt how impossible it was to enter and join the flying throng of dancers, while his mind was so disturbed and his heart so sore.

"You have sat out one dance," he said abruptly, turning to Diane. "Will you give a few minutes from another to me? I should like, if I may be permitted, to ask you a question."

"I am not at all anxious to dance," Diane replied, quietly. "As I told Mr. Atherton, my train very much interferes with my pleasure in dancing. It is one of the penalties of royal state."

"Then we will take another turn," said De Varigny, facing around as he spoke to walk again down the length of the corridor. The waves of music rising and falling in the ball room had, like a spell of enchantment, summoned all but a few couples lingering here and there in shaded recesses; and the long vista of the gallery, with its palm-lined walls, its glistening floor, along which stretched a broad strip of crimson carpet, and its fanciful lamps, was at this moment entirely deserted.

Diane felt her heart beating quickly as they turned. What did Adrien wish to say? Would he explain the change that had come over him? She still felt a little resentful of this change, yet was conscious that only a few words were necessary to sweep away all resentment in a flood of tender and exquisite emotion. After a moment's pause Adrien spoke—very stiffly.

"The question which I wish to ask," he said, "is briefly this: do you think it wise, Diane, to admit to your confidence an entire stranger, at the same time that you refuse to explain to your friends a mystery which this stranger has, by his inquiries, made notorious?"

The tone in which this question was uttered, even more than the words themselves, so much astonished Diane that for a moment she was unable to reply. It was absolutely her first intimation, not only that De Varigny had given a thought to the subject of which Octave alone had spoken to her, but that any injurious misconception might arise in the mind of any one from the mystery to which he

alluded. He saw her surprise; and, since she did not reply, went on in a gentler tone:

"Is it possible you have not considered this? Is it possible you have not reflected that both the mystery and the confidence are likely to afford food for such gossip as—as I can not bear that you should incur?"

"No," said Diane, startled by the tone of the last words, "I have not thought of it. It has not occurred to me that a matter which concerns only ourselves—I mean my own family—can be of interest to others. We have certainly a right to preserve reticence about our own affairs."

"A right—yes. No one questions that. But do you know the world so little as to imagine that it gossips only of matters into which it has a right to inquire? On the contrary, it is in the things which do *not* concern it that it takes the deepest interest, and to which it gives its worst interpretations."

"But what interpretation could possibly be given to that of which you speak?" she asked, pausing to regard him with astonished eyes.

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"How can I tell?" he answered. "But you may surely see for yourself what a morsel it is for gossip to roll upon its tongue. This man Atherton comes here a stranger (no one knowing anything of him except his reputation for wealth), and inquires on all sides for a non-existent person—a De Marsillac of Louisiana, whom he says that he met. He talks of some mysterious transaction in which this person has been engaged, which is connected with the payment of your mother's indebtedness, and he expresses a desire to see you as soon as you arrive, to give information on some point deeply affecting your interest—"

"I have told him," interposed Diane, "that his information is unnecessary; that we are perfectly aware of everything which he wished to tell; and that we endorse all the actions and statements of the—person called De Marsillac whom he met."

"And do you think that this will satisfy the world? Do you really imagine that it is possible to maintain secrecy on such a point without giving rise to gossip which your friends can neither answer nor resent? Even if you have not given Mr. Atherton your full confidence, he certainly knows far more than any of us of this matter, in which figure an unknown man and a large sum of money."

Diane's astonishment now began to give way to indignation. She could hardly believe that this was Adrien de Varigny speaking to her so coldly, almost sternly. "An unknown man and a large sum of money!" Even more offensive than the words was the manner in which they were uttered. She had too little knowledge of the world to be aware how far he was in the right, and the anger which it was so difficult to rouse in her began to stir.

"Do I understand," she said, meeting his glance with a fire in her own which he had never seen before, "that you mean to imply that there is anything in our reticence on these points which the world would have a right to censure?"

"I think," he answered, "that such reticence is unwise, and certainly uncalled for, if there is not anything in the facts which would demand censure."

"You are kind enough to qualify your last words with an 'if,'" said she, proudly. "It seems that it is rather from our friends than from the world that we have to expect harsh judgment if we do not satisfy their curiosity."

De Varigny started as if he had been stung. Indeed had a humming-bird suddenly developed the stinging power of a wasp, he could not have been more astonished than by these words from Diane.

"Is it in this manner that you interpret what I have said?" he asked, in a tone

of the deepest surprise rather than of offence. "Then, indeed, I must apologize for having spoken at all. Believe me I have no curiosity on the subject of your mystery,—none. I have felt an interest and concern at seeing you put yourself in a false position, which I fancied our old friendship warranted. But I shall not need to be informed of my mistake again. Let me take you back to the ball room."

"One moment," said Diane, who felt as if something choked her. "Since you are evidently right in saying that the world, including one's friends, has only unjust suspicion and censorious comment for whatever it does not fully understand, I must tell you, for the sake of others if not for my own, that in what you are pleased to call our mystery there is no wrong involved; nor anything that concerns any one but ourselves."

"Here you are mistaken," he replied, impulsively; speaking as he had not the instant before had the remotest intention of doing. "Whatever concerns you concerns me, Diane. You know that I love you; and, knowing this, you might understand how bitter it is to me that you should withhold your confidence from me; and that a stranger should know more of what affects your interest than I do."

How often it occurs that the good gift which would fill our hearts with delight and gratitude did it come at the moment when we are longing for it, is delayed by fate, or by the fault or infirmity of others, until that moment is past, and another has come in which it loses half—nay, sometimes all—its sweetness and value! Such was the case now with Diane. Had these words been spoken by De Varigny even so short a time before as when they turned from the ball-room door, they would have filled her with happiness; but now, angered, indignant, resentful of unjust censure and suspicion, she could only feel that they made the attitude of the speaker more unpardonable. Her pulses were throbbing with excitement; a conflict of feeling, in which it was impossible to say what emotion was strongest, possessed her, as she lifted her proud young head like the queen she looked.

"And do you call *that* a reason for what you have said to me?" she asked in a low, vibrant tone. "It seems to me that it rather makes it worse. If you—loved me, you would have faith in me. You would not, you could not, think of suspecting anything wrong in a mere reticence about our own affairs. I do not believe in a love which has no trust."

"In other words, you know nothing of love," answered De Varigny. "If you did, you would understand that it demands as well as gives trust. And do you trust me? Will you tell me who this unknown man is, and how he is so closely connected with you that you answer for his acts as if they were your own?"

"Will I tell you—when you ask me in such a tone as this? No. I should despise myself if I did."

"Then that is enough. I am answered. If I am not worthy of your confidence, I am not worthy of anything else."

"And if I am not worthy of faith, I am worthy of nothing."

They had ceased walking; Diane had dropped his arm, and they stood facing each other like two duellists, forgetful of their surroundings in the excitement of the moment, when suddenly, with a loud, final clash, the music ceased, and an immediate rush from the ball room of dancers, eager for the cooler air of the corridor, ensued. De Varigny instantly offered his arm again.

"I think," he observed, in his usual manner, "that this is all we have to say. Forgive me for detaining you so long. And, now that our dance is over, allow me to take you back to your court."

(To be continued.)

An Early Client of the Blessed Virgin.

BY THE REV. JAMES BELLORD.

III.

AS Ephrem approached Edessa, he besought the Almighty that the first person he met might be directed to impart to him some lesson from Holy Scripture for his guidance. But he was taken aback when, instead of some grave and holy personage, he found a woman of light character loitering by the city gate. He turned away his face in disappointment, and complained inwardly to the Lord that He had not hearkened to his prayer; little thinking that such a person could be the medium of any spiritual communication. The woman stared hard at the uncouth figure and emaciated face of the hermit, who had just emerged from the depths of his mountain solitude. Ephrem paused and rebuked her for her brazen impudence. She replied: "I am doing quite right in looking toward you; because woman was drawn by the hand of God from man, but man was taken from the slime of the earth; so you should look upon the ground and not at me." He was struck by the wisdom of this answer, and praised the incomprehensible ways of God, who uses means that seem most unsuitable for the purpose to convey the graces that we need. He acknowledged that he had received much spiritual profit from those words, and afterward wrote a book upon them. It has not come down to us, but we learn from Sozomene that it was esteemed as one of the best of his writings by the Syrian Church.

The venerable man took up his abode in Edessa, and entered a community of recluses with a view to continuing his solitary life of meditation and manual labor. But such was not the will of God; and events quickly revealed his merits, and opened out a new and different sphere of labor to him. He had already begun to commit to writing the overflowing abundance of his brilliant intelligence and fervent heart. One day a neighboring anchorite, visiting him for holy converse, found him completing his commentary on the Book of Genesis. He asked permission to take it away and read it; and was so much impressed by its excellence that he communicated it to some of the learned men of Edessa, and directed their attention to the unassuming stranger within their gates. Henceforth Ephrem's light was to be set on a high place for the illumination of the house of God.

A few persons at first, and afterward increasing numbers, began to resort to the cell of the Saint, attracted by the fame of his holiness, his practical wisdom, his skill in spiritual direction, his kindness to all comers. Private conferences had soon to be replaced by public instructions. Then the Bishop of Edessa, in order to give him the right to preach, raised him to the diaconate and attached him to the service of his cathedral church. Henceforth he was known as the Deacon of Edessa (in one instance he is called Archdeacon); his humility would not allow him to ascend to the priesthood.

Thus was his vocation forced upon him without his own seeking. Out of obedience to his superior he undertook the duty which was principally exercised by bishops—that of preaching,—a duty very rarely committed to a simple deacon. This honorable office he exercised, not willingly but with serious misgivings; for he feared to incur a greater condemnation from God for announcing the divine precepts, which, in his deep humility, he believed he never practised as he ought. The ministry of the word, and principally the preaching of penance and the terrors of divine justice, became henceforth the chief work of St. Ephrem's life.

This office of the great Doctor, it is said, was indicated to his parents in a prophetic

dream while he was still a child. They imagined they saw a vine proceeding from his mouth; it grew until it filled the whole space between earth and heaven, and put forth rich clusters of grapes. From all parts the birds of the air flocked to the tree to nourish themselves with its fruit; and when they had taken all that they wanted, there still remained a great abundance unconsumed.

Another vision is recorded by St. Gregory of Nyssa. A certain one out of a number of holy men saw companies of angels descending from heaven, bearing a great rolled volume covered without and within with the words of God. They called out: "Who is fitted to receive and guard this treasure?" Some angels named different saintly men, but the companies answered: "Truly they are holy and just, but to none may the roll be committed but to Ephrem, the meek and humble of heart." Then that venerable man appeared, and the book was given to him to eat. Presently a fountain of devout words gushed from his mouth, telling of the horrors of sin, the rigor of judgment, and the second coming of the Lord Jesus in His glory. Early next morning the seer of the vision rose; and, entering the church, heard Ephrem pouring forth such a flood of sweet and moving eloquence that he recognized the truth of what he had seen, and felt convinced that the words of the preacher were directly suggested to him by the Holy Ghost.

To all the natural qualities which go to the making of a great orator our Saint joined those interior virtues which secured the unction of the Holy Ghost and gave efficacy to his words. He had the imagination of an Oriental, the theological knowledge and acuteness of a scholastic, the courage of a martyr, the zeal of an apostle. When he spoke his ideas were abundant, his conceptions clear, his words copious, his style free from all affectation. The deep emotions of his heart, his vehemence and sweetness, his force and clearness, exercised an irresistible power over the hearts and minds of others. Thus he was a mighty instrument of the divine word, breaking down all that exalted itself against God.

St. Gregory thus describes the fecundity of ideas and the eloquence of St. Ephrem: "Although the words flowed from his mouth in a torrent, they were too slow to express his thoughts. However rapid his tongue, it could not keep up with the tide of ideas that flowed from his brain. His speech was rapid enough to keep pace with the ideas of an ordinary man, but not with the swiftness of his own. He used to pray the Lord to moderate the generosity of His inspirations, saying, 'Hold back, O Lord, the deluge of Thy graces!' The ocean of divine science that was rushing to find vent through the organs of speech submerged him, as it were; and he was incapacitated in instructing others by the very excess of his capacity."

The same author speaks of the effect of such discourse on its hearers. "Hardly one who heard him could resist the force of his sermons, or could fail to turn to God, moved by the tears that accompanied his life-giving words. Where is the heart which, though hard as adamant, was not brought to weep for its sins with sincere repentance? Where is the brutalized character that was not changed to sweetness and gentleness by the salutary honey which flowed from his lips? Who was ever so averse from penance and so abandoned to the pleasures of sense as not to correct his life, and wash out his sins with tears of contrition, after hearing him speak of the punishments that God inflicts on the impenitent when life is done?"

The following passage is frequently quoted as being a typical instance of the substance and manner of St. Ephrem's preaching. The subject is the second coming of Jesus Christ:

"Beloved of Christ, give your full atten-

tion to what I am going to say about the dreadful coming of the Lord. When I think of that moment I am filled with an exceeding fear. Who can speak of those terrible things? What tongue can describe them properly? Descending from heaven, the King of kings, raised high on a throne of glory, and sitting there as Judge, will summon before Him all the dwellers on this earth. At the mere thought of it I am ready to swoon away; my limbs quake for fear, my eyes fill with tears, my voice quivers, my lips tremble, my ideas are in utter confusion. I am obliged to declare these things to you, but my terror will hardly allow me. We were all unnerved by to-day's thunder: how, then, shall we be able to bear the sound of those trumpets, more fearful than any thunder, which will wake the dead to life? The bones of dead generations deep in the bowels of the earth will hear that sound, will unite again with their respective bodies and start into life; and in the flash of an eye we shall all be risen and assembled for judgment. On the word of the great King, the tottering earth and the furious sea will give up all that they hold of human dust, though it were long ago devoured by beast and bird and fish. In one moment all humanity will be present, and not one hair of our heads shall be missing."

He then goes on to describe the flames that will burn up the whole earth; the angels parting the sheep and goats; the standard of the Cross, glittering with light, carried before the King; then all mankind—the just beside themselves with joy, and the wicked in despair, crushed with consternation, sick with mortal anxiety; the angelic choirs also chanting the glories of Him who is holy, holy, holy; the heavens open, and the Lord revealed in such glory that neither earth nor heaven can stand before Him. He then describes the opening of the mighty books, in which all the deeds and words and thoughts of men are written, and exclaims: "What tears ought we to pour forth night and day, who are ever expecting that dreadful moment!"

Here the venerable man could no longer restrain his sobs, and ceased to speak. But the audience cried out: "Tell us more! What other terrors will follow?" He continued: "Then will all men stand with downcast eyes before the Judge, in suspense between life and death—between heaven and hell; and each individual will be called forth to undergo a searching examination. Woe is me! I try to tell you what will happen, but my voice fails me, my fear upsets my thoughts,—the mere mention of these things chills me with fright."—"For God's sake," said the people, "tell us the rest! It is for our good and for the salvation of our souls."—"Then, beloved of Christ," he went on, "every Christian will be called upon to show the seal of his baptism and the deposit of the faith committed to him; and to show also the accomplishment of what he promised before witnesses—the renunciation of Satan and of *all* his works; not of one or two or five of those works, but of all at once and entirely."

Here again he was stopped by his tears and sobs, and once more his hearers urged him to keep on. He answered: "I will do so as far as I can. But these things are too terrifying; they can hardly be spoken. Their terrors are better conveyed by weeping than by speech."—"O servant of God," they rejoined, "do not refuse us the instructions that we need!" Then the blessed man, striking his breast and weeping more bitterly, said: "Ah, my brethren, what frightful things you want to hear! O fearful day! Woe is me! woe is me! How can I tell, how can you listen to, the lamentable ending of these scenes! Let those who can weep, weep with me; and those who can not, let them learn the fate that attends them, and no longer neglect their salvation. Then shall men be divided forever, each

from each,—bishops from bishops, priests from priests, deacons from deacons, subdeacons, lectors, and the others; children from parents, friends from friends; and kings will be no better off than if they had been slaves. Then the great ones of the wicked world, rulers and rich and learned, will cry out to the blessed as they look their last upon them: Farewell forever, saints and servants of God! Farewell, parents, children, friends! Farewell, prophets, apostles, martyrs! Farewell, O Lady, Mother of the Saviour! Ye prayed for our salvation, but we refused to be saved. Farewell, life-giving Cross! Farewell, Paradise of delights, heavenly Jerusalem, eternal kingdom! Farewell to all! Nevermore shall we look upon you. The abyss of endless woe is closing on us forever."

(To be continued.)

The Wonder-Worker of Padua.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XIII.—Anthony's Sermon on the Monastic Life.

THE secret of Anthony's marvellous success we do not know; one may have thought it his voice, another his manner, and yet another his beautiful countenance. His piety, his fervor, his persuasive eloquence were all important aids; yet, perhaps, these alone might not have swayed the masses as he swayed them. He was master of the situation: alone, unrivalled,—in a word, he was altogether irresistible.

It is a marvel that we know so little of one so great. One of the most conspicuous figures of his time, he is yet but as a shadow in the history of that time—or, rather, as a bright and shining light; illusive, like a Will-o'-the-wisp; startling and evasive, like the meteor. The truth is, he was not of this world.

The details of his life are scanty. Some one in the fourteenth century cried out, almost in despair: "We know not half of the beautiful actions of our hero! Most of them have been allowed to fall into oblivion, either by reason of the deplorable carelessness of his first biographers or through lack of authentic documents." This is the more surprising when we find the little testimony that is preserved to us aglow with almost boundless enthusiasm. In the Lucerne manuscript, "St. Antoine," Père Hilaire observes:

"His soul was like a fair garden fertilized by the showers of divine grace, where bloomed the sweetest flowers of Heaven, spreading around their fragrant odor. These flowers were meekness and humility, poverty and penance, fervor and zeal, wisdom and prudence. Beyond all praise were his eloquence, the gracefulness of his manners, his nobility of character, his gentleness and kindness. Whether in the pulpit or the confessional, with the clergy or laity, he everywhere and at all times evinced that spirit of prudence which gives the golden mean to all the virtues, and exhibited that utter forgetfulness of self which won him the love of all. In a word, he was indeed the beloved of God and men."

When Anthony went to Limoges, in 1226, he preached in the cemetery of St. Paul's Church, probably on All Souls' Day. A Benedictine writer has preserved the beautiful text, which was taken from the sixth verse of Psalm xxix.: "In the evening weeping shall have place, and in the morning gladness." A brief exposition of the text has been found among his notes—most likely a synopsis of this sermon. "There is a threefold evening and a threefold morning," he says; "a threefold weeping and a threefold gladness. The threefold evening is, first, the sad evening of the fall of our first parents in Paradise; second, the sad evening of the passion and death of our Redeemer; and

third, the sad evening of our own fast-approaching death. The threefold morning is, first, the glad morning of the birth of the Messias; second, the glad morning of the Lord's Resurrection; and third, the glad morning of our own future resurrection." Conceive what an effect this sermon must have produced as it fell from those inspired lips upon the ears of the mourners among the graves!

On the day following his address in the cemetery, Anthony preached in a Franciscan abbey, not far from the Church of St. Paul; and his notes of this sermon on the monastic life, happily preserved to us, are so full we gain from them a pretty clear idea of his treatment of a theme. On the text, "Who will give me wings like a dove and I will fly and be at rest?" he says:

"Such is the cry of a soul that is weary of this world and longs for the solitude and peace of the cloister life. It was of the religious life that Jeremias spoke when he said: 'Leave the cities, and dwell in the rock, you that dwell in Moab; and be ye like the dove that maketh her nest in the mouth of the hole in the highest place.' 'Leave the cities'—the sins and vices which dishonor, the tumult which prevents the soul from rising to God, and often even from thinking of Him. 'Leave the cities'; for it is written: 'I have seen iniquity and contradiction in the city. Day and night shall iniquity surround it upon its walls; and in the midst thereof are labor and injustice. And usury and deceits have not departed from its streets.' There is to be found iniquity against God and man; contradiction against the preacher of truth; labor in the ambitious cares of the world, injustice in its dealings, knavery and usury in its business transactions. 'Ye that dwell in Moab,'—that is, in the world, which is seated in pride as the city of Moab. All is pride in the world,—pride of the intellect, which refuses to humble itself before God; pride of the will, which refuses to submit to the will of God; pride of the senses, which rebel against reason and dominate it....

"But to leave the world, to live remote from the tumult of cities, to keep one's self unspotted from their vices, is not sufficient for the religious soul. Hence the prophet adds: 'Dwell in the rock.' Now, this rock is Jesus Christ. Establish yourself in Him; let Him be the constant theme of your thoughts, the object of your affections. Jacob reposed upon a stone in the wilderness; and while he slept he saw the heavens opened, and conversed with angels, receiving a blessing from the Lord. Thus will it be with those who place their entire trust in Jesus Christ. They will be favored with heavenly visions; they will live in the company of angels; they will be blessed as Jacob was, 'to the north and south, to the east and west.' To the north, which is the divine breath mortifying the flesh and its concupiscences; to the east, which is the light of faith and the merit of good works; to the south, which is the full meridian splendor of wisdom and charity; to the west, which is the burial of the old man with his vices. But as to the soul which does not repose upon this rock, it can not expect to be blessed by the Lord.

"'And be ye like the dove that maketh her nest in the mouth of the hole in the highest place.' If Jesus Christ is the rock, the hole of the rock, in which the religious soul is to seek shelter and take up her abode, is the wound in the side of Jesus Christ. This is the safe harbor of refuge to which the Divine Spouse calls the religious soul when He speaks to her in the words of the Canticle: 'Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come!... My dove in the clifts of the rock, in the hollow places of the wall.' The Divine Spouse speaks of the numberless clifts of the rock, but He also speaks of the deep hollow. There were indeed in His Body

numberless wounds and one deep wound in His side; this leads to His Heart, and it is hither He calls the soul He has espoused. To her He extends His arms; to her He opens wide His sacred side and Divine Heart, that she may come and hide therein.

"By retiring into the clifts of the rock, the dove is safe from the pursuit of the birds of prey; and at the same time she prepares for herself a quiet refuge, where she may calmly repose and coo in peace. So the religious soul finds in the Heart of Jesus a secure refuge against the wiles and attacks of Satan, and a delightful retreat. But we must not rest merely at the entrance to the hole in the rock: we must penetrate its depths. At the mouth of the deep hollow—at the mouth of the wound in His side—we shall indeed find the Precious Blood which has redeemed us. This Blood pleads for us and demands mercy for us. But the religious soul must not stay at the entrance. When she has heard and understood the voice of the Divine Blood, she must hasten to the very source from which it springs—into the very innermost sanctuary of the Heart of Jesus. There she will find light, peace, and ineffable consolations.

"'And be ye like the dove that maketh her nest in the deep hollow of the rock.' The dove builds her nest with little pieces of straw she gathers up here and there. And how are we to build up an abode in the Heart of Jesus? This Divine Saviour, who so mercifully gives us the place wherein we are to make our abode, furnishes us at the same time with the materials wherewith to construct it. O religious soul, dove beloved of Christ, behold those little pieces of straw which the world tramples under its feet! They are the virtues practised by thy Saviour and thy Spouse, of which He Himself has set thee an example—humility, meekness, poverty, penance, patience, and mortification. The world despises them as useless pieces of straw; nevertheless, they will be for thee the material wherewith to construct thy dwelling-place forever in the profound hollow of the rock—in the Heart of Jesus."

Thus Anthony preached to thousands and tens of thousands. And they followed him when he had finished speaking; for it seemed that they could never have enough of him. It was his custom to preface his sermons with this prayer, which he himself composed:

"O Light of the world, infinite God, Father of eternity, Giver of wisdom and knowledge, and ineffable Dispenser of every spiritual grace; who knowest all things before they are made, who makest the darkness and the light: put forth Thy hand and touch my mouth, and make it as a sharp sword to utter eloquently Thy words. Make my tongue, O Lord! as a chosen arrow, to declare faithfully Thy wonders. Put Thy spirit, O Lord! in my heart, that I may perceive; in my soul, that I may retain; and in my conscience, that I may meditate. Do Thou lovingly, holily, mercifully, clemently and gently inspire me with Thy grace. Do Thou teach, guide and strengthen the comings in and goings out of my senses and my thoughts. And let Thy discipline instruct me even to the end, and the counsel of the Most High help me, through Thine infinite wisdom and mercy. Amen."

So shone this light, with a glow as of fire from heaven, in the midst of the so-called Dark Ages.

(To be continued.)

Her Assumption.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

JUDEA'S Dove—Dove of the white, wide wings,—
Eternal sunshine on her silvern breast,
Upward to-day to heights empyrean springs,
To build in God her everlasting nest.

A Loss of Caste.

IV.

NINE o'clock was the regular breakfast hour in the Nesbitt household. But Basil awoke at seven; and, tempted by the sparkle of the green Atlantic rollers which he saw as he threw up the sash of his window, he hastened to the cliff, and, descending by a rock-hewn stairs which led to the beach, enjoyed a most refreshing bath, followed by a brisk walk along the shore.

As he returned he met his uncle and Miss Lynne, and asked them whether they, too, had been for a morning ramble. They answered that they had been at Monsig. Dalton's Mass, which he said every morning at eight o'clock. Basil mentally resolved to accompany them in future; for he was an earnest Catholic.

"Father Denzil, our curate, says Mass at five for the workmen," remarked Una.

"Do you mean to say that they attend daily Mass in those days of independence, trades-unions and advanced ideas?" said Basil, with comic surprise.

"We have no such folly here," replied his uncle, briefly.

"I should think not," laughed Una. "Socialists and anarchists find small mercy from Uncle Maurice. He is an awful deceit, Basil. He looks so benevolent you would think him incapable of sternness; but the Grand Inquisitor of other days was nothing to him if his men's faith or principles are tampered with."

The old gentleman shook his finger at her, but his still handsome features assumed a very resolute air as he said:

"I will have no pestilential doctrines preached to my workmen. It is my duty to preserve to them the one priceless treasure they possess—that faith for which their fathers died. While they are in my employment I consider myself responsible for them."

Basil nodded approval.

"It may sound illiberal, but the people are everywhere what the French philosopher styled them—'grown children,'—and they must have a master."

"God help those who wander, as Our Lord said, like sheep without a shepherd!" murmured Una, softly, as they went in to breakfast.

During that repast Basil congratulated his uncle on the improvements he saw around him, and added that he could not recognize the place until he entered the demesne. Mr. Nesbitt seemed gratified, and detailed for Basil's information the various establishments he had founded, and the prosperity the people now enjoyed compared to their former destitution.

"Do you find the people grateful and anxious to profit of these advantages?" asked his nephew, who had listened with much interest.

"I do and I don't," was the reply. "The young generation now being trained by the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of Mercy are fairly promising, and I am content on the whole; for I know human nature too well to hope for a Utopia."

"You must have had a hard struggle to bring things to their present state."

"I had indeed. I was often tempted to give up in disgust and leave them to their thriftless ways; but, with God's help, I persevered. And now, although much still remains to be done, the work seems firmly founded. I shall take you over the works after luncheon; but first take a stroll round the gardens or a ride with Una."

"Which shall it be, fair Ladye?" asked Basil, smilingly.

"I prefer a ride," replied Una,—"unless Aunt Margaret will allow me to drive her round the demesne."

"Do, Margaret!" urged her brother,—"do. Let Una drive you in her basket phaeton, and Basil can ride. Or take the landau and the greys and bring him to

visit the Blakes. The air will do you a world of good."

"Not to-day, Maurice dear: I feel too feeble," replied Mrs. Cantwell. "Let the young people have a canter."

Mr. Nesbitt exchanged an anxious glance with Una, but he made no further effort to induce his sister to go out; and half an hour later he saw Basil riding down the avenue with Miss Lynne.

"They are a handsome pair," he mused; "and if they take a fancy to each other, Basil would surely continue my work. But marriages are made in heaven, and my time is too short to afford leisure for castles in the air. I must speak to Basil to-morrow, and send for Cranstoun to draw up my will."

V.

However, several weeks passed before Mr. Nesbitt was able to hold the desired communication with his nephew. A slight attack of syncope, which reminded him on how insecure a tenure his life was held, obliged him to keep his room for a day or too. He decided to profit of this circumstance, and sent word to Basil to come to him after breakfast. When the young man appeared, Mr. Nesbitt plunged at once into the matter he had at heart, and Basil listened in silence to all he had to say.

"You are my heir," he began; "and I have the pleasure of bequeathing to you the family estate in perfect order, with its rent-roll nearly trebled by the value which house property has attained in Monabeg and the numerous edifices erected there. As it stands, Mona Castle, with its dependencies and the estate, represents a clear income of £6,000 a year."

Young Nesbitt made a movement of surprise, but his uncle continued:

"The potteries, with the contiguous quarries and all the necessary buildings and ground, I have alienated, and they form a separate property. All my available capital is sunk in these works, which have been the labor of my life; and that life is fast drawing to a close. It is incumbent on me, therefore, to take measures for the continuation of these manufactories, which are the support of over a thousand workmen with their families, and have proved an inestimable boon to our poverty-stricken countrymen. You are the person naturally fitted to inherit this lucrative and flourishing undertaking, and I am only too anxious to leave it in your hands. But your education and perhaps your prejudices make you averse to such a life, and you may be unwilling to sacrifice your diplomatic career. Decide now, my dear nephew. I have wished to know your mind on the subject, and to have your approval before alienating from you so large an inheritance."

"My dear Uncle," said Basil, with some emotion, "I have no claim whatever to this inheritance except what your affection gives me. The addition of Mona Castle and estates to my present income will make me a rich man. I acknowledge that I was prejudiced, and that what I considered a derogation from the traditions of our family inspired me with a dislike for the potteries. This visit has cured me of a foolish prejudice. I have seen the enormous power of doing good which the manufacturer wields, who, influenced not by the desire of sordid gains, but by the noblest principles, devotes his life to the welfare of others, and uses the wealth which his ability wins for him in alleviating and assuaging the woes of humanity. I have been greatly impressed by the results you have obtained, and hope you may be spared for long years to direct and foster the beneficent creations of your generosity. Still, I do not feel inclined to take this work in hand. Were I to do so, it would require me to give up at once the position I hold in the diplomatic service. In view of the engagements I have made, and of the mission, not unattended with danger, on which I am about to be sent, I can not at least choose the

present time for doing so. Place, I beg of you, the future of your undertaking in security, and believe that it is with my hearty and free concurrence."

Mr. Nesbitt stretched out his hand, and his nephew cordially grasped it.

"When I return from Afghanistan it is my intention to woo and, if possible, win Una for my wife. Will you give her to me, Uncle?" said Basil.

A quick glow of pleasure lighted up Mr. Nesbitt's pale face.

"Will I not, my boy! It is the dearest wish of my heart. Now I shall feel doubly secure in leaving her the potteries."

"To Una!" exclaimed his nephew, surprised. "Won't that be too heavy a charge for a woman, and one so young?"

"Not for Una. She is a woman in a thousand, and has been my right hand for years."

"Then, Uncle, I must all the more beg of you to give her no hint of my intentions. I wish her to remain perfectly free until I return—if I *do* return."

"And if another should win her owing to your silence?"

"She will never give her hand without her heart, if I judge her rightly; and if she gives the heart, she must have no inclination for me. It would be dishonorable to bind her now, while my future is so uncertain."

"Be it so, Basil. You have lifted a load from my heart, and I know now that my life-work will be in good hands."

A knock came to the door; and the servant being told to enter, acquainted his master with Mr. Cranstoun's arrival.

"Show him up," was the answer. "I am ready for him now."

Basil rose to depart, but his uncle asked him to remain until he had introduced him to the family solicitor. Mr. Cranstoun, a tall, thin, keen-looking man, entered, followed by his clerk bearing a portentous roll of legal documents. After the customary greetings Mr. Nesbitt said:

"It is well you brought some one who can witness the will; but we require two witnesses. Send up the butler, Lennon. He will do with your clerk, Cranstoun. I have arranged all with my nephew; just fill up the names so." And he handed Mr. Cranstoun a slip of paper on which he had scribbled his directions.

The man of law set to his work, and Basil slipped out quietly.

As they were separating to their pursuits after breakfast on the following morning, Mr. Nesbitt, who had risen early and declared himself quite recovered, called Basil into his study; and, opening a cabinet, took from it a morocco case and a packet carefully sealed.

"This is my will," he said, putting the document into the breast-pocket of his coat. "I am going to lock it up in my office safe at the potteries."

"Is the safe fire-proof?" asked Basil.

"Well, no. It is very strong and secure, and I think of getting a fire-proof safe put up in this room. Meanwhile I put all my important papers in the potteries, except the title-deeds and insurance vouchers, which are at my banker's. But now look at this, Basil." He pressed the spring of the morocco casket: the lid sprang open, and revealed an entire set of ruby ornaments, with a ruby of unusual size and brilliancy cut in the shape of a heart, which served as a pendant to the necklace. "These," he continued, "are family jewels. We kept them through all our difficulties; and I had them lately reset, and this pendant added, which your father gave me years ago when he thought I was about to bring a bride to Mona."

"Why, Uncle, it is a most precious gem! Where did my father pick it up?"

"He saved the life of an Indian rajah as they were tiger hunting, and this was a token of the rajah's gratitude. I give you the jewels now, Basil; and if ever you give them to Una, tell her that my blessing goes with them."

"Uncle," answered Basil, with sincere emotion, "I earnestly trust you will be the donor yourself. I'll place them in your hands on my wedding eve."

The old man shook his head, but immediately added:

"I must make up for my laziness now and work hard until dinner. Good-bye till then, my boy!"

As young Nesbitt repaired to his room to lock up the precious rubies, the temptation to speak at once to Una, and to secure her pledge before he left Mona, was strong within him; but he fought it manfully, and sternly repressed all manifestation of his real feelings in his intercourse with her. On her part there was frank, cordial friendship, such as suited their relative positions. If there were anything more, Una Lynne was far too modest to be even conscious of its existence; and she gave herself up to the happiness of her surroundings with the innocent gayety of a child.

(To be continued.)

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

The Little White Old Woman.

ONE beautiful summer evening, about five o'clock, on returning from town, I found the children gathered around an old white-haired woman who was sitting on the piazza.

"O mamma, see the little white old woman!" whispered the youngest, as I reached the top of the steps. "She is just like a fairy. See her little sharp black eyes; and she is so funny."

She was indeed a curious-looking old creature, as she leaned back composedly in the great rustic chair, fanning herself with a clean white sunbonnet which she had taken from her head. Her skin was of a pallid whiteness, intensified by the blackness of her small but remarkably brilliant eyes. Her hair, which seemed still abundant, was white as flax. About her shoulders she wore a little white flannel shawl, shrunken from many washings, but scrupulously clean. Beneath this could be seen a spotless cambric jacket, or short gown, confined at the waist by a long, well-starched and well-ironed white apron. Her skirt had originally been of some spotted light calico, but was now faded almost white. It was very short, betraying a pair of old-fashioned stockings and a pair of good, stout, low-cut shoes. Her whole appearance left the impression of spotless cleanliness. She looked at least seventy years of age.

"Good-evenin', ma'am!" she said, as I approached, without waiting for me to speak. "The little children is havin' great sport out of me. I'm tellin' them of an accident I had the day—losin' my bit of change. I was wonderin' how I'd foot it home down the avenue an' through the town across the bridge; for I haven't a penny to go aither by bridge or ferry. I was loath to ax the loan of a dime of any one; but the children looked so cute playin' among the trees that I thought I'd make bould an' ax them would they call their mamma, an' maybe she'd loan me enough to take me over the river some way. Wherever there does be a lot of little ones, there you'll find kind hearts."

I opened my pocket-book at once and put two nickels in her hand; for, though quite familiar with the old trick of "Please give me three cents to cross the ferry: I've lost my ticket," it never occurred to me to place the request of the old woman in the same category.

"Thank ye, ma'am," she said; "an' may God increase your store! You have a fine little family. 'Tis visitin' a friend on the East Hill I was the day, an' had my money tied in the corner of my handkercher. I thought to walk to the foot of the avenue an' take the car there. 'Twas a good handkercher too. I dislike to be

without a handkercher an' the day so warm. The sweat does be rollin' off my face an' I walkin'. Would ye have an ould one ye could give me, ma'am? I'd like one of the master's: them small ones is no good at all."

Her simplicity amused me. I dispatched one of the children for a partially worn handkerchief of their father's, which I gave to the old woman.

"That'll do fine," she said, shaking it out and eying it all over. "There's only a pin-point of a hole in this end. Oh, 'twill do fine, barrin' the letter"—pointing to the initial in one corner. "Some might think I stole it. There's mane people about, ma'am. My own name's Cunningham" (she pronounced it Cunnigum). Replacing the sunbonnet on her head, she arose to go. Then, as if struck by a sudden thought, she said, wistfully: "Maybe they'd give me a cup of tay in the kitchen. They'll be gettin' the supper ready by now. I lives my lone, and I'm dead tired, and 'twill be late when I gets home."

"Certainly you shall have a cup of tea," I answered. "You say you live alone. I hope you are not obliged to work at your age."

She looked at me sharply.

"I works hard—in my own way. But I has a trifle comin' to me every month. I'm not badly off, ma'am, thank ye!"

Having sent her to the kitchen in charge of one of the children, I went upstairs. When I came down to the piazza again she was about to descend the steps. Seeing me, she looked around; and, pointing to a group of red chimneys in the valley below, she asked:

"What place is that, ma'am?"

"That is the Home for the Aged, kept by the Little Sisters of the Poor," I said.

"What!" she exclaimed, hurriedly and as if in some trepidation. "Would there be any danger of any of them comin' about at this hour? They're great vagabonds, so they are."

"Oh, you must not say that!" I replied. "You can not know them at all, or you would not call them vagabonds."

"Faith, I knows them only too well," she retorted; "an' I meets them often. They're the bane of my life, so they are. First tryin' to find out wasn't I poor, an' wouldn't I come to them; an' now interferin' an' even threatenin' me whenever I meets them. Too well I knows them. Sure they do be turnin' up everywhere I goes. An' that's where they has their Home, is it? 'Tis many a long day again before I'll take this route; for I'd rather meet an army of sojers than any two of them. An' 'twas a good day's work I made of it, too," she added; "bad cess to them!"

And, without further salutation, she picked her way down the steps. Before she reached the pavement, I saw her stoop down among the bushes; and when I caught my last glimpse of her she was laboring slowly down the road with a large covered basket on her arm.

I began to suspect that "the little white old woman" was a professional beggar; and this suspicion was confirmed by Mary the cook, a woman of excellent heart but strictly honest principles.

"I don't like that old woman, ma'am," she remarked. "I think she has a dale of impidence; an' she's next door to a thief, besides."

"Why, Mary?" I inquired. "What did she say or do?"

"Well, I sat her down there at the side-table with a clane white napkin foreninst her—she looked so clane herself,—an' a fine cup of tay, an' a bit of cold ham and mustard; for the victuals weren't cooked. She sipped the tay, and looked all about her till she spied the custard coolin' through the pantry door beyant; an' says she, pushin' the plate away from her: 'I don't care for coorse food: couldn't

ye give me a bit of the puddin'?'—'No,' says I, 'I couldn't. I'll not spoil the looks of it for the like of ye. If ye were to the fore an' we atin,' says I, 'you'd have your share; but it won't be broke for ye, old lady.' After that, ma'am, she ate her food contented; but when she got up to go away, she came over to the stove where I was seasonin' the soup, an' says she: 'My honest girl, have ye a grain of tay or a handful of sugar ye'd give a poor ould woman?'—'Did the mistress tell ye to ask me?' says I, turnin' about on her.—'No,' says she, 'of coorse she didn't; but 'twill never be missed.'—'Never!' says I, 'while Mary Burns—an' that's my name—is to the fore in this kitchen. Shame on ye, an' be off with ye,' says I, 'for a mane ould woman!' An' what do ye think she did, ma'am, as she went out of the door? She shook her fist in my face. That crathur is a great ould rogue,—I'll lay my life on it."

Confidences exchanged among the servants in the neighborhood proved that Mary was right. The old woman had made the tour of the avenue with the plea of having lost a dime; her age and cleanly appearance having excited such sympathy that she had everywhere obtained the desired relief. She never returned, and for some months we heard no more of "the little white old woman."

One day, however, the papers were filled with accounts of a clever trick which had been practised by a very old woman, soliciting small loans all over the city. Some one had followed her across the river, where she really resided in a tiny house on the outskirts of C——. Further investigation discovered that she was in the habit of selling handkerchiefs, shoes, gloves, and other articles of clothing, to second-hand dealers in the city, thereby realizing quite a nice sum from her collections. Many valuable trinkets and some jewelry were found in her room; and, shortly after her confession, some were recovered from pawnbrokers.

It was also learned that with the ill-gotten gains which she had acquired in various cities of the United States, going from one to another as she exhausted the resources of each, she had educated and provided for her daughter, a supposedly respectable woman residing in a small town on the Ohio River, married to a railroad engineer, and living in a comfortable house presented to her by her mother. She denied all complicity in the affair, refusing at first to see her mother; and nothing was proven against her. Thus the old woman, left to the mercy of the law, without friends or paid counsel, was sentenced to imprisonment for three years. There was at the time no doubt in my mind but that the culprit and our former visitor were one and the same, the description and names being identical.

Several years passed; and, while visiting a friend in one of the Eastern States, I went to the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor. As I had a letter of introduction from the good Mother in C——, they gave me the freedom of the place, making me very welcome. One day I came upon an aged woman sitting on a bench under a tree in the sunniest part of the garden. She was the perfection of cleanliness; and as her eyes—small, black, bird-like and brilliant—met my own, I thought I recognized her. From the indifferent look with which she glanced at me, I saw that the recognition was not mutual. But how could that have been expected, as she had seen me but once, and there was nothing remarkable about my personality?

Although I knew that the Little Sisters often stretch a point with regard to the lines of respectability to be drawn about their *protégés*, I had an idea that, under ordinary circumstances, they did not give shelter to persons who had served a sentence in the penitentiary; and I felt certain that the old creature had used her

sharp wits to good effect in order to gain admittance to the Home. So it was with an expectant curiosity which was not disappointed that I asked, in a casual tone:

"How long have you been here, grandmother?"

"Better than two years, ma'am," was the answer. "An' I'll not be very much longer in it, I'm thinkin'; for I'm an ould woman an' a lonely one."

"How old?" I inquired.

"Turnin' seventy-seven," she said.

"Have you no friends or relatives?"

"One daughter, ma'am," she replied, bitterly; "but she forsook her poor ould mother when she fell into sorrow."

I was now assured of her identity; and I said, at hazard:

"Your face seems familiar to me. Did you ever live in the West?"

She looked at me fixedly for the space of a second. My soul quailed before her.

"I was never out of New York State since I come from Ireland. There's many faces alike in the world, ma'am," she said.

"That's true. You like being with the Little Sisters?" I inquired, changing the subject.

The small, beady eyes sought mine again, as she answered curtly:

"Indeed then I don't, ma'am. But ould age an' poverty forced them upon me. What I likes is a neat little room to myself, where I can be in peace an' quiet; an' a neat goffered cap of lawn or muslin cambric, not one of them ould hoods; an' a fresh white apron every day, instead of them checkered blue ones,—that's what I'd like."

I remembered a crisp white apron worn by a neat old woman one day five years ago, and I could not repress a smile.

"Why d'ye laugh, ma'am?" she asked, rather sharply.

"I once knew an old woman who looked very much like you," I answered; "and she, too, was fond of clean white finery."

"Well, it wasn't me, ma'am," she said, darting fire from her beady eyes. "An', whoever ye are or wherever ye come from, ye never saw *me* before this blessed day of the world. An' don't ye go for to say ye did naither," she continued, speaking very fast; "unless ye'd be that mane that ye'd try to get a poor crathur out of a home. I sits here my lone all the day, when they lets me; an' I does be thinkin', thinkin' all the time. I only wants to be left alone, ma'am,—please lave me alone."

She looked up at me fearfully, and my heart melted toward her.

"Have no fear of me," I said, kindly. "I would not disturb a hair of your head. I am glad to see that you have found a refuge in your last days."

I dropped a quarter in her hand. She clutched it silently, but looked up with grateful eyes, from which I saw her wipe tears a moment later.

At the turn of the path I met one of the Little Sisters.

"I see you have been talking to poor Mrs. McGeoghegan," she said. "Is she not a clean old creature? When I see them dainty and particular about themselves as she is, I often wish we could have a separate department for that kind of people."

"Yes, it seems a pity that you can not," I remarked. "You say her name is McGeoghegan? Has she always lived hereabouts?"

"I think so," was the reply. "One of the Passionist Fathers recommended her. He had known her a long time; and, for some reasons which he did not mention, considered her a great object of charity."

I said no more; but, reflecting that the Passionists travel much and far from East to West, and that there are none more Christlike in their imitation of Him whom they follow, I felt more than ever convinced that the poor wasted creature sitting under the maple-tree was in truth our "little white old woman."

Notes and Remarks.

Though a convert to the Church, the late Mr. Hurd was a Catholic of the old school in regard to his devotions. Like Coventry Patmore, he had no use for the aids which are so indispensable to many devout people. To a priest who expressed surprise at never seeing a prayer-book in his hands when he attended Mass, Mr. Hurd replied: "Father, I always meditate on the Passion of Our Lord during the Holy Sacrifice." If this practice were more general, the religious life of modern Catholics would be more real and more vigorous than it is; and it would be found that the modern prayer-book is rather a hindrance than a help to true devotion. Mr. Patmore maintains that the manuals of devotion compiled since the Council of Trent are enough to drive a sensible Christian crazy by their extravagance and unreality. A comparison of the prayers composed in modern times with the old liturgical prayers, which our forefathers loved, will convince any one that there has been a great falling off in eloquence as well as unction. It must be acknowledged, however, that the prayer-books which are intended to aid us in hearing Mass with devotion are fully as effectual as the music that is wafted from the organ-loft.

The advantage of constantly reiterating the truth is forcibly illustrated in the matter of religious education. The mere politician and the bigot, it is true, still shriek about unsectarian schools; but the educators and thinkers of the country are seeking for some escape from the drawbacks and perils of Godless education. This blessed change is at once a tribute to the sanity of Americans and to the force of Catholic opinion. It is especially pleasing that professedly educational periodicals are gravely discussing the feasibility of inviting clergymen of all the denominations to impart religious instruction to the children after school hours. The influential *School Journal* heartily approves the plan, but adds regretfully: "The time has not arrived as yet when the Protestants care enough about the matter to provide for such instruction, if the plan were adopted; the Catholic priest would probably attend." The plain duty of Catholics at present is loyally to support the parish schools while continuing the "campaign of education"; for the right cause will win in the end. Then, as the *School Journal* observes, "the schools will have religion for an ally, and they need it."

It will gratify the children of the Blessed Virgin in the United States to know that, through the generosity of a pious priest, a fac-simile of the far-famed Grotto of Lourdes has been erected at Notre Dame. The dedication took place on the morning of the Feast of Our Lady of Snow, when, during the gladsome strains of the *Magnificat*, a beautiful statue of Mary Immaculate was blessed and placed in position. The grotto and surroundings are so like the hallowed spot of Lourdes that a picture of them, taken at a certain angle, might pass for a representation of Lourdes itself. There are now many shrines throughout the world to commemorate the apparitions to Bernadette, but the grotto erected at Notre Dame is probably the only one that can be called a fac-simile. It is pleasant to know that such a reproduction has been erected in the United States, where devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes is so widespread, and where she has bestowed so many favors in the spiritual and temporal order.

"The imposition of a tax upon church property would be almost as injudicious and quite as absurd a proceeding as the taxation of government property." This is the conviction expressed by Mr. Speed Mosby in the *North American Review*. The taxation of church property is not a pressing question just now, but it has been mooted in the past, and there are evident signs that it will become a living issue. We are glad that the *North American* gives Mr. Mosby space to support his contention with reasons which, if not altogether new, are at least good enough to repeat. "Churches," he observes, "are not money-making institutions, and religious associations are not formed for private gain. These organizations are not

alone for the spiritual benefit of their members, but for the moral elevation of all mankind. A church is a strong moral force in any community. Some of the largest eleemosynary institutions of the world are maintained solely by churches and religious societies. If these institutions were not so supported, the government would be obliged to do it; for it is the moral duty of every government to care for its indigent, afflicted and insane. By disabling the promoters of these beneficent enterprises the government would simply add another expense to its own account."

Two forms of heresy were especially repulsive to Tennyson — the anthropomorphism, which makes of God a sort of "magnified clergyman," and the awful creed of Calvin. Referring to this latter heresy in a conversation with Mr. Wilfred Ward, Lord Tennyson said: "I remember one woman who used to weep for hours because God was so infinitely good. He had predestined, she said, most of her friends to damnation; and herself, who was no better than they, to salvation. She shook her head at me sadly and said: 'Alfred, Alfred, whenever I look at you I think of the words of Scripture, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire."'"

It is easy to understand what effect such conceptions of the Deity must have had on a poet who always referred to God with deepest reverence as the Supreme Being. Catholics who firmly believe and openly profess that an eternity of woe awaits all persons outside the visible pale of the Church no doubt produce a like impression on the minds of non-Catholics with whom they come in contact. The religiosity of another class of Catholics has an ill effect on their fellows, and accounts in some measure for the neglect of religious duties by men—and women, too,—not of the emotional sort.

Ever since the *Edinburg Review* was founded it has been the policy of that able periodical to make a new book a peg on which to hang an elaborate essay. The venerated victim of Mr. Purcell's biographical assiduities is thus made to support, in the current number, an exceedingly comprehensive view of the widespread "Catholic reaction," which is the most notable phase of contemporary religious life. The external agencies which have contributed most to this revival are: Chateaubriand, Montalembert, Lacordaire, De Ravignan, De Maistre, Madame Swetchine, and Mrs. Craven, in France; Walter Scott and the Oxford men in England; Manzoni in Italy; and Count Stolberg, Novalis, Schlegel, Werner, and painters like Overbeck, in Germany. But the reviewer, whose sympathies are plainly not with the Church, has discernment enough to perceive at least some of the spiritual influences that worked to this end. Of the Ven. Curé of Ars he says: "The movement, fertile as we have seen it in men calculated to do their work 'in the world's ample witness,' did not lack saints of the unlettered medieval type. Such was Jean-Baptiste Vianney, who, possessing very slender intellectual endowments and a mere modicum of education, succeeded, by pure goodness, in making his remote parish of Ars a centre to which thousands upon thousands resorted every year for the purpose of confessing to him or asking his advice in spiritual matters. 'Go,' said one who had made a pilgrimage, to a friend,—'go to Ars, and you will learn how Christianity was established; how nations were converted and Christian civilization founded. When we enjoy the blessing of being contemporary with such a prodigy we must not pass it by with closed eyes.'"

It is a relief to learn from the English correspondent of the *Living Church* (Episcopalian) that "there is no truth in the rumor that the Archbishop of Canterbury has appointed a commission of inquiry into the validity of Roman Orders." Most Anglicans, like Sandy, "joke wi' deefeculty"; but this is a very Popocatepetl of jocularity. Only it is not new: it is but a modern version of the old story about the tail wagging the dog.

Truly the world moves. Not so many years ago we used to hear Catholic countries characterized as "priest-ridden," and the one true Church classed as a sect. Episcopalians were formerly the most prejudiced of

all Protestants; at least, anti-Catholic books found great favor with them. All that is changed now. An organ of the Episcopalians, published in St. Louis and edited by a presbyter, refers to our age as a sect-ridden one, and adds: "The very principle of sect is to separate. And that, reduced to its lowest terms, is anarchy." But we find other words in the same paper quite as significant and noteworthy. They go to show that the idea of a church one holy, catholic and apostolic, is at last beginning to be grasped by our separated brethren. It is not altogether uncommon to find such expressions as the following in Anglican papers:

> How long men of learning and influence will continue to take the devil's way of disunion, instead of Christ's way of union; how long they will choose to take men's organizations instead of Christ's Catholic Church, God alone knows. We respect all these men in their efforts for good; we accuse them of no intentional wrong. Nevertheless, many of them see that the more than one hundred denominations in the United States are separations—organizations formed by men, while Christ made but one, to be universal (*i. e.*, catholic). Separation is evidence of the lack of love, while unity indicates its presence and power.

Men who have sentiments of this sort can not be far from the kingdom of God. They should pray for grace to follow the light that shines upon their pathway; and Catholics should unite in praying that such grace may be vouchsafed to them.

Sidney Smith's witty fling at Macaulay, "I wish I were as cocksure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything," will be remembered as long as our language lasts; but Macaulay was positively shy as compared with Mr. W. T. Stead, of the *Review of Reviews*. This accomplished gentleman dogmatizes upon every subject under heaven. His chief accomplishment, however, is puffery; and last month he turned his bellows upon Dr. Barnardo, the well-known philanthropist of London. To the hearty and well-merited tribute offered by Mr. Stead we cheerfully subscribe; but was it necessary to abuse Catholics in lauding the Doctor? The truth is that Barnardo is a passionate proselytizer, who sees the Pope, as Mr. Stead admits, "through lurid spectacles"; and it is natural that he should meet with opposition from priests, whose duty it is to preserve the faith of Catholic children, whether they be waifs or not. But to mourn over the Doctor as one "calumniated by Catholics" is ridiculous. It is not so long since a zealous English priest, the Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas—whom Mr. Stead would describe as a rival of Dr. Barnardo's,—paid a most generous tribute to him in these very pages.

Notable New Books.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M. G. P. Putman's Sons.

More specifically this work is "a study of the conditions of the production and distribution of literature from the fall of the Roman Empire to the close of the seventeenth century." It is a book of unusual interest. Mr. Putnam was not the first, of course, to labor in his chosen field; but none have worked more assiduously or achieved more satisfactory results. His researches are of the highest importance. The least discriminating reader can not fail to admire both his scholarship and his painstaking. Not only does he quote other authors who have written on the subject, but he verifies and sometimes even corrects their references.

Educated Catholics are well aware that full justice has rarely been accorded to those who did so much to promote learning and foster literature during the Middle Ages. Mr. Putnam had studied his subject too thoroughly and is too honest to belittle the labors of the authors and copyists of that epoch. He pays generous tribute to "the scribes of the Roman Church" as the chief agency for the maintenance of any intellectual interest or literary activities. "Upon these agencies," continues our author, "depended the existence of literature during the seven long centuries between the fall of the Western Empire and the beginning of the work of the universities; and, in fact, for many years after the foundation of the Universities of Bologna and Paris, the book-production of the monasteries

continued to be of material importance in connection with the preservation of literature."

The account of the libraries of the monasteries and their arrangements for the exchange of books is a most interesting chapter. During the time when Christian Europe was covered with monasteries and convents, thousands of monks and nuns were constantly engaged in transcribing; and consequently books were by no means rare. The loan of books was considered one of the chief works of mercy. Mr. Putnam quotes a decree of the Council of Paris (1212) ordaining that the books of communities be divided into two classes: one to remain in the monastery for the use of the religious; the other to be lent out to the poor, under the direction of the superior. Copies of the Epistles and Gospels were abundant; and it is noteworthy that the term *Bibliotheca* was very generally applied to the Bible, and often employed for a collection, large or small, of the sacred books. In proof of the fact that libraries were not neglected in those times the example is quoted of John Brome, Prior of Gorelstone, who in the fifteenth century put indexes to almost all the books in his collection. Other chapters of special interest deal with "Monkish Chronicles" and "Nuns as Scribes."

It would be impossible in a short review to give an adequate appreciation of this learned work. On the appearance of the second volume we shall write of it at length. We congratulate the author on the production of so valuable a book, and the publishers on the excellent form in which it has been brought out.

THE END OF RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY. By Bishop Milner. Edited by the Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A. Catholic Truth Society.

Some men, like Pope Leo XIII., Mr. Gladstone and Signor Verdi, remain potent and fertile long after their contemporaries fall into senility and decay; and some books retain their freshness and vitality after many others, which seemed equally permanent, have been abandoned to the moths and the dust of garrets. Such a book is "Milner's End." No religious work of modern times, not even Cardinal Gibbons excellent "Faith of Our Fathers," has enjoyed so wide a circulation; and certainly no English work has been the means, under God, of bringing so many converts into the Church. The style indeed is not as the style of Newman—it is an older flavor,—but the thought is fresh with the freshness of truth; and the erudition gathered between its covers, from every field of historical and theological knowledge, is simply amazing. For reasons easily explained, Bishop Milner's references in quotation were not always correct; but the learned and zealous convert who has now edited the work has practically removed this objection.

"The End of Religious Controversy" is an admirable work to put into the hands of a Protestant friend; and the new edition is especially timely now, in view of the movement toward Christian Reunion. For the end of religious controversy is communion with the one true Church.

STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY. Vol. III. By the Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. Pustet & Co.

This third volume brings Dr. Parsons' studies down to the seventeenth century, and, therefore, near to completion. The plan which the learned author has pursued in this work, while it undoubtedly has its drawbacks, has many advantages over the stereotyped methods of historical writing. Relieved from embarrassments as to unity and perspective, Dr. Parsons has been able to write with a freer hand, and to secure emphasis for the essential features of an epoch by completely ignoring what is not important.

The contents of this volume comprise thirty-one chapters, each dealing with a difficult and usually a disputed point of history. There are papers on the Councils of Pisa, Constance, Basle, Florence, (Fifth) Lateran and Trent; on thirteen of the Popes who reigned during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; on Huss, Joan of Arc, Erasmus, Savonarola, and Giordano Bruno; and on a dozen historical points in dispute between Catholic and Protestant scholars. As some of these "Studies" have already appeared in this magazine as historical essays, we may not express all our admiration for the way in which Dr. Parsons has done his

work. We must, however, be permitted to remark that no American scholar was so admirably fitted, by nature and laborious acquirement, for a task like this. Every page of the work bears evidence of painstaking industry, profound scholarship, and absolute impartiality. This volume and its two predecessors ought to be in the library of every priest who wishes to keep abreast of current historical knowledge.

CHRISTIAN ETHICS. By the Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J. D. H. McBride & Co.

This masterly statement of the principles of Christian ethics is another volume of the Catholic "Summer and Winter School Library." The name of the author and the immediate occasion of the lectures sufficiently indicate the character and quality of the contents. Like all that Father Conway has done, these lectures exhibit the grasp of the master. Like all the work of the Summer School, the matter is necessarily untechnical and abounding in explanation; but it is for this very reason better suited to the popular taste. Truth, lucidity, and expository force are the qualities demanded in books like this; and with these qualities "Christian Ethics" is plainly stamped.

The need of sound and attractive treatises on ethical subjects was never greater than it is now. With hazy ideas of religion have come hazy ideas of morality. A campaign of education in both dogmatic and moral theology is alone potent to meet and vanquish the forces of irreligion and license. "Christian Ethics" is a valuable addition to the literature that has grown up to meet this need.

THE SEE OF ST. PETER. By T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G. Catholic Truth Society.

It was at the request of the Holy Father that this apologia of a well-known convert has been republished in cheap form. It is now almost half a century since it first won public recognition as a fair and strong plea for the Primacy of Peter. Mr. Allies was one of that "cloud of witnesses" who followed Newman into the Church. He set himself diligently to study the Papacy, then as now the crucial point between Catholics and Protestants. His last act as an Anglican—and his last duty to Anglicanism—was to formulate the process by which he was compelled to leave that communion. It could not have been done better.

The first section of the work deals with the Primacy as an existing fact. As might be expected, there is much to thrill as well as to convince the reader in this consideration of the millions of all times and all climes who have acknowledged the supreme pastorship of the Pope. Section II. takes up the Scriptural proof of the dogma; and here we have only to express our admiration for the skilful method no less than the literary force of the author. "The End and Office of the Primacy" and "The Power of the Primacy" are followed by "The Church's Witness to the Primacy," an admirable chapter in which Mr. Allies piles argument upon argument into a triumphant proof that the primacy has been held *semper, ubique et ab omnibus.*

The Catholic Truth Society has undertaken a blessed task in the republication of such works as this. We venture to say that from no other source is so good a shilling's worth to be procured. Wherever the English language is spoken this excellent work, from the pen of a distinguished convert, should be circulated among earnest non-Catholics.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Dr. Joseph Toner, of Washington, D. C., who departed this life on the 30th ult.

Mrs. Richard Dillon, whose death took place recently at Austin, Minn.

Mr. D. J. Flynn, of Fall River, Mass., who passed away on the 20th ult.

Mrs. Catherine De Vries, of New Orleans, La.; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Doherty and Miss Margaret White, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Anna Whalen, Earlington, Ky.; Mr. David J. Carey, Mrs. J. M. Corrigan, and Mr. Catherine Kearney, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Thomas F. Kenny, New York city; and Mr. Edward P. O'Donnell, San Francisco, Cal.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

To Our Mother in Heaven.

WHEN thou didst leave us, Mother,
The lilies snowy fair
Filled all thy tomb with fragrance;
For thou hadst rested there.

Oh, touch our hearts, dear Mother,
That, like thy sacred tomb,
They may give forth white lilies,
Of virtue's plant the bloom!

How Did She Know?

BY MADGE MANNIX.

IT was daybreak. The pure, pale blue of the sky flushed with pink behind the eastern mountains; the beautiful stillness of dawn filled with the sound of waves gaily plashing upon the pebbly shore.

Out in this hushed world stood a woman, watching the figures of a horse and rider as the distance slowly hid them from her view. What loving eyes they were that strained for a last glimpse of that tiny speck on the broad *mesa*,—a mother's eyes, soft and wistful and brown! Ah, yes! and anxious, too; for her boy was taking his first journey into the world—away from the peace and safety of home, into the danger and temptation of a mining town, filled with desperate men and overflowing with wickedness. So at least it seemed to the heart of his mother. And as he vanished from her sight she sighed; and then, remembering that her boy was almost a man, she smiled faintly. But her sigh was more real than her smile.

He was her only son; all the prayers and hopes and longings of her life were for him. And doubly, trebly was this so; for the kind, firm hands that would have guided him with such love and pride had long before been folded on a quiet breast, and she had been father and mother to her child.

An Indian woman was throwing open the windows of the little sitting-room when she again entered the house.

"Well, Esperanza, he has gone."

"Yes," said the Indian, smiling. "But he come back soon. One—two days?"

"Three days, I think. Oh, yes! I know it will not be long, but it is such a rough place. And—who knows what may happen in three days?"

"Why, nothing happen to him! He is a man now."

"Oh, no! he is only a boy. But"—she sighed, half to herself—"there was no one else to send."

"Well, he is a very good boy," added Esperanza, decidedly.

"Yes—oh, yes! he *is* very good." She looked up at the picture of the Good Shepherd hanging upon the wall. "Ah, well!" she said softly, as she moved away, "he has one Friend who can take care of him."

Meanwhile the object of all this tender solicitude was riding steadily forward, across the long stretch of sage brush, going farther and farther from the sea; and, as the day wore on, approaching

nearer the foot-hills where the Mexican mining camp lay. Not the least thought of danger crossed his mind; he was full of the importance of the errand which brought him thither, making him, at least for the time being, really a man. And if he remembered the anxious heart behind him, it was with a tender little smile at the dear, foolish mother who had been so loath to let him go.

Everything was new and delightful to him on this journey: the strange, silent *mesa* lands; the gaunt, gloomy-looking cacti, with their exquisite blossoms; the little squirrels darting out of the sage brush and peering at him with bright, startled eyes. And as the sun sank lower and lower, a few straggling houses began to appear in the distance; and soon the horse and rider entered the little town.

Far away in the twilight, and long after darkness fell, his mother stood looking out toward the distant mountains, thinking of him. It was ten o'clock; the sea and shore lay white in the moonlight, and she had fallen into her first deep sleep. Suddenly, with one sickening throb of terror, she sprang up, every sense alert, every nerve straining,—wider awake than she had ever been in her life before. What had she seen? What did it mean—the vision that had flashed before her dreaming eyes, of her boy surrounded by devouring flames?

She did not wait for an answer, she did not stop to reason: in an instant she was on her knees praying as she had never prayed in all her life. For what? Not that her child might be saved from injury or death: the thought of physical danger never entered her mind. But over and over she whispered: "Strength of the tempted, save him from sin!" And as a drowning man in the instant before his death sees all the actions of his life, so she, in the midst of her agonized entreaty, saw her boy's clear eyes, so like his father's—good and innocent and true—the windows of a beautiful soul. And all her own soul went forth in her never-ceasing cry—"Strength of the tempted, save him from sin!" As suddenly as fear had come came peace,—a blessed sense of security, of comfort; and the tired mother rose from her knees with her heart at rest.

. . . . . .

At the same hour the same pale moonbeams shone down on the village among the foot-hills, lifting the darkness from the narrow streets, and fading away in the glare of the red saloon lamps like a frightened thing. In the full light of one of these stood a man dressed in the rough garb of a miner, with a face scarred and seamed with the marks of a wild and lawless life. He was speaking to a boy who stood beside him.

"You've seen everything about here, I guess, excepting this."

The boy turned his fine, clear-cut face toward him.

"What place is this?" he asked.

A smile crossed the man's face.

"Oh, this is just about everything,—this is! Just come along and see. Fine music, cards—"

As he spoke he opened the swinging door; and the boy, who was a few steps behind, had a good view of the interior. The large room was ablaze with lights; the sanded floor was covered with tables, at which rough-looking men sat drinking and playing cards. At the bar a woman was selling liquor, and from some inner room came the sound of a violin and the shuffling of dancing feet.

All this was apparent at the first glance; but before he had taken another step to follow his guide the scene before him seemed to fade away, and he saw his mother's face—not accusing or entreating or condemning, but with the look upon it that he knew so well—fondly proud, and full of loving confidence in him.

"Come on!" called his companion, looking around impatiently.

"No," said the boy; "I don't think I'll go in. I'm much obliged to you, all the same; but I've concluded to get to bed. Good-night!"

He turned and walked rapidly away, leaving the old miner staring after him, with a curious look on his hard face, and something stirring in his heart that had lain sleeping for many long years. And two days later the boy went back to his mother with the same clear, innocent eyes.

"What does it all mean?" there are many who will ask. "How did the mother know? Why did he see her face?"

How! Why! Ah! because

"Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own."

The Legend of the Holy Cross.

I.

The legend of the Holy Cross has always been popular amongst Christians, but it is generally found only in fragments. Even James de Voragine, who in his "Legenda Aurea" put together these fragments, made of them two separate legends: the Finding of the Cross and the Exaltation. During the Middle Ages, and until far into the eighteenth century, this legend furnished subject-matter for artists. The poet sang it and the copyist reproduced it in his splendid miniatures; it formed the subject of frescoes on the walls of churches; and even the chisel of the sculptor, as well as the delicate instrument of the carver, was employed in copying it for future generations. In our day the legend makes its appearance once more in the works of the new school of Christian Art. Johann Gabriel Seidl, the late Austrian poet, had sung the best part of it with a piety that reminds us of the works of better times. We follow him in our account of the legend, adding what can be gleaned from the older traditions.

For nine hundred and thirty years had Adam borne the burden of life. Broken by age and labor, he had never passed a day in which he had not felt the weight of the sentence of the Almighty: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the earth, out of which thou wast taken." When at last Adam was stretched on his bed of suffering, he called Seth to him and said: "My son, I am soon to leave thee: I feel that death is near. Death will come upon me, for it is the fruit of sin. I saw thy brother Abel die, and now the hour is come for thee to witness my death."

Seth wept bitter tears. "My father," he answered, "thou shalt not die. There must surely be in the world some herb that will cure thee. I will seek it; and, wherever it is, I will find it—even though I should have to go as far as that Garden of Eden whose wonders thou hast so often described to us, where the beautiful Tree of Life grows. Yes, I will search Paradise from beginning to end, until I discover whether there is not some plant that preserves from death."

"But, my son," said Adam, "how canst thou enter Paradise to search it, since the Lord drove me thence in His anger? Shouldst thou even succeed in finding the way thither, thou knowest but too well that its gates are guarded by an angel with a fiery sword."

"Even though there is an angel with a fiery sword at the gates," replied Seth, "I will move him by my tears and prayers. Farewell, father! Let thy blessing go with me. I go, and I will return with the herb that shall restore thee to thy former health and strength."

Adam blessed his son, but in his heart he felt that his days were numbered. Then Seth took his departure. He wandered over the whole earth in search of the Tree of Life; and at last, completely spent with fatigue, but still supported by hope,

he reached the gates of Paradise. There he was stopped by the angel with the flaming sword, who cried out to him:

"Back! What seekest thou here? The foot of mortal man must not cross this threshold."

"Alas!" answered the wanderer, "I am unhappy Seth, a son of Adam. My father is ill and possibly very near his death. I wish to see whether the Lord has not made some plant to grow in Paradise that will preserve from death."

"Return home, my friend," said the angel; "return home. It is too late to seek for a healing plant. Thy father is already dead. But still I can do something for thee. I will give thee a branch of the Tree of Life. Plant it on thy father's grave. Even though Adam is laid in the bosom of the earth, he will feel the power of this branch, and will draw comfort from it."

Seth took the branch. In his heart he still nourished some hope, and thus he resumed his journey homeward. But when he reached his father's little dwelling, he found it deserted. Adam had long since ceased to live. Seth took the branch of the Tree of Life and looked around for his father's grave. A little mound under a shady bower marked the spot where his father lay; and there he planted the branch, which was to bring consolation to Adam even beneath the surface of the earth.

And the branch took root in the earth that covered the mortal remains of the first man. It grew in the enlivening rays of the glorious sun; the twig became a tree, whose top reached above the loftiest trees of the surrounding forest. It still continued to grow taller and taller, so that at last no tree in the whole country could be compared to it; and it spread out its branches in all their strength and beauty, and threw its grateful shade over the grave of the father of mankind and over his descendants. The tree continued to grow. The dew of heaven nightly fell upon its verdant leaves; in its thick foliage the birds sought refuge from the storms; and its roots were covered far and wide by a carpet of green, in which thousands of flowers of the brightest and most delicate hues were interwoven. In the summer days bees and butterflies flew from flower to flower; whilst in springtime the songs of myriads of birds resounded through its branches.

But according as the tree grew in size and beauty, the human race, generation following generation, sank deeper and deeper into evil and perversity. In their haughtiness, they even turned the tree itself into ridicule, after having enjoyed its shade and delighted their eyes with its beauty. When mankind had filled up the measure of its iniquities, the Lord commanded the flood to come upon them. The waters covered the earth, and men and animals were drowned. But the tree was not destroyed; and when the waters began to subside, the dove that Noe sent out of the ark brought him back a branch of it as a sign of reconciliation. At a future time, another branch served Moses for a staff; it was with it that he struck the rock from which the water flowed with which the Israelites quenched their thirst.

But this first chastisement did not make mankind better. Jealous of the beauty of the tree, still more jealous of its long life compared to the short period of their own, they put the axe to its roots: cut it down as if it were only an ordinary tree. When this had been done, they dragged the mighty trunk away, and offered it for sale to the highest bidder. But no one wanted to buy it. Then they applied the axe to it once more and made the trunk square; and they threw it across a torrent that flowed from the mountains, and it served for a bridge.

One person, however, formed an exception to this. When the Queen of Saba, the beautiful Balkis, once came in that

direction, with many presents by which to testify her regard for King Solomon, she started with a strange feeling when she came to the crossing. She felt a repugnance to set her foot on the bridge that spanned the roaring torrent, and remained for a long time lost in deep meditation, as painful scenes appeared to be enacted before her eyes. She knew the origin, the significance, and the destination of the mysterious tree; she saw in spirit that the Salvation of the world would one day hang upon this wood. Therefore she threw herself upon her knees, and continued for a long time thus to honor the tree which had grown from the branch formerly given to Seth by the angel of Paradise. Then she crossed the stream at a ford, preferring to wade in the slime and to wet the golden fringes of her garments rather than place her feet on the sacred tree.

Solomon gave credit to the words of the Queen of Saba; and as he was at that time occupied in the building of the Temple, he ordered the tree to be removed in order that it might be used for pillars in the Temple. But it would not fit anywhere in the construction: wherever the builders wished to employ it, they found it either too long or too short. They once decided to cut it, and presently they found that it would be too short; so that they had to renounce the idea of using it for pillars. After many attempts, King Solomon at last grew tired of it, and ordered it to be carried back to where it was taken from.

Solomon at last fell into idolatry, and the people became so corrupt that they strove to surpass one another in sin and iniquity. One day the Lord declared in the voice of the storm and of thunder that the hour of His anger had arrived. The rivers overflowed their banks, the crops were swept away, and what was once smiling fields was in a moment turned into lakes and morasses. The banks on which the tree rested fell in, and with them also the tree.

When, after some centuries, the water had returned again to its place, the trunk of the tree was found to have been carried about by the waters from place to place, remaining at last, covered with slime, in the place where the Pool of Bethsaida was afterward dug. When the diggers found the trunk buried in the earth, they let it lie there. Hence it was not only the coming of the angel, and the motion of the water, that cured the sick: the virtue of the tree had also a share in it. But people did not think of that; they even forgot that the trunk of the old tree lay in the pond. Still, the story of the tree that had once served for a bridge was handed down from one generation to another; it was transmitted from mouth to mouth; but what had become of the tree nobody could tell.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Black Maria.

It is common to apply the term "Black Maria" to the long, black conveyance in which city prisoners are carried to jail. During the old colonial days Maria Lee, a negro woman of great size and strength, kept a sailors' boarding-house in Boston, in a very lawless part of the city. She was of great assistance in preserving the peace; and when an unusually troublesome person was to be taken to the station-house, the services of Black Maria, as she was called, were often in demand. It is said that she once took three riotous sailors to the lock-up without any help. After a while "Send for Black Maria" came to mean, "Take this disorderly person to jail." And when the dismal-looking patrol wagon was employed, it received the name which had been bestowed upon the colored woman who had been for many years the policeman's efficient assistant.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Too much can not be said in praise of H. Dumont's "Royal Mass" for unison chorus, with organ accompaniment, arranged by that veteran composer, B. Hamma. This style of music is growing in favor in every locality, and is simply indispensable where the burden falls upon male voices. This Mass is from the publishing house of J. Fischer & Bro.

—"A Catholic Priest" has translated from the German a course of sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. The translation is well done, and the discourses themselves are as good as the best found in standard collections of sermons. The translator promises that if this *brochure* proves acceptable, it will be followed by other courses. We hope it will prove acceptable. Pustet & Co.

—It is not generally known that the most widely read book of our times is Henry Lasserre's "History of Our Lady of Lourdes." "Uncle Tom's Cabin" became wondrously popular and was translated into many foreign languages, but it is now a comparatively forgotten book. Interest in the work of M. Lasserre, on the contrary, has increased instead of diminishing. Having been translated into every European language, versions of it are now appearing in the languages of India; Bengali, Tamil, Telegoo, and Canarese. It is consoling to think that in what has been called an age of unbelief the most widely circulated book should treat of the Mother of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

—We have already reviewed at some length Father Searle's excellent little book, "Plain Facts for Fair Minds," but the issue of a cheap edition in paper covers is an occasion for recommending it anew to our readers. We have always held that a great need in religious literature was a plain statement of the chief points of Catholic belief. Father Searle has supplied this. His dispassionateness and the simple directness of his style can not fail to win the sympathy of every honest reader. "Plain Facts for Fair Minds" is one of the best books in the language for converts to the Church and for distribution among all classes of Bible Christians. The objections against Catholic doctrines and misconceptions of the Church so general among Protestants have never been dealt with more satisfactorily than in these pages. We fail to see how "Plain Facts" could be improved upon. Now that a cheap edition of the work has been issued, there is no reason why it should not be distributed far and wide. There is no need now of more religious books, only a better knowledge of the merits of those already published. Published by the Catholic Book Exchange.

—A useful historical manual is Wedewer's "Outlines of Church History," translated and supplemented by the Rev. John Klute, of the Diocese of Cleveland. The volume is as small as the field it covers is large; and the title of the book sufficiently indicates its character. The translation is well done, and we commend it to priests or people in search of an outline of the chief epochs in Church history. It is issued by the *Catholic Universe* Publishing Co.

—It is always pleasant to welcome a new and efficient laborer to the field of Catholic journalism. The *Catholic Columbian* has lately secured the services of a new contributor, who signs himself "R. C. Gleaner." He writes well and interestingly, and seems to know by instinct what will afford edification and gratification to his readers. The weekly contribution of R. C. Gleaner is to the *Columbian* what Dr. Faust's department is to the *Church News*. *The Pilot* has a full staff of contributors all well equipped. Hence its readableness and its influence. The greatest need of American Catholic journals is such writers as these—writers who have something to say and know how to say it.

—The only duty of the men chosen to edit the Eclectic English Classics was to supply a few short notes, and we might reasonably expect them to discharge that duty without notable failure. They have not done so. Of the three Classics before us, only "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" is without offence. The unsectarian gentleman who edits Burke's famous oration on Conciliation could not explain the verb "to dragoon" without dragging

in the persecution of the Protestants in France. Another unsectarian gentleman who annotates Southey's "Life of Nelson" has a bad word for every unfortunate priest or prelate who figures in the book. When this becomes tame through repetition, he tries his hand on the saints, and on page 164 he volunteers this information about the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius: "If the liquefaction is slow, it is a bad omen. When the French occupied Naples, the blood would not liquefy. The French general threatened the Archbishop, and the blood, it is said, finally bubbled." Such sneers as this will react unfavorably on the Eclectic Series of Classics. There is a good deal of competition now among the publishers of text-books, and to invite, even through inadvertence, the disfavor of American Catholics is hardly wise policy. American Book Co.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages. *Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M.* Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Plain Facts For Fair Minds. *Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P.* Catholic Book Exchange. 5 cts.

The End of Religious Controversy. *Bishop Milner. Edited by Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A.* Cath. Truth Society. 1s *net.*

The See of St. Peter. *T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G.* Catholic Truth Society. 1s. 6d.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

Lessons in Literature. Ainsworth & Co. $1.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, 50 cts.

The Religion of a Traveller (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser.* Cathedral Library Association. 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* May & Williams. $1.25.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25.

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

The Monk's Pardon. *Raoul de Navery.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Are Anglican Orders Valid? *Rev. Dr. MacDevitt.* Sealy, Bryers & Walker. 60 cts.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8s.

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury, Mass. $2.10.

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, $6.25.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.50 net.

The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena. *Algar Thorold.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Woman, What Have I to do with Thee? *Presbyter Anglicanus.* Kegan Paul & Co. Crown 8vo, 60 cts.

Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. *Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 3 vols. $4.50.

Christian Reunion. *William Delaney, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. *K. M. Barry.* Fallon & Co. 60 cts.

Retreats, etc. *Father Dignam, S. J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Jewels of the Imitation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* Burns & Oates. 60 cts.

Questions of Honor in the Christian Life. *Katharine E. Conway.* Pilot Co. 50 cts.

Conscience and Law. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. $1.60.

In a Walled Garden. *Bessie R. Belloc.* Ward & Downey. $2.

Evolution and Dogma. *Rev. John A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C.* McBride & Co. $2.

Saint Philomena. *From the French.* R. Washbourne. 5 cts.

Mooted Questions of History. *H. J. Desmond.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts.

Catholic Directory, 1896. *Hoffmann Bros. Co.* 50 cts.

Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism. *Rev. William Humphrey, S J.* Thomas Baker. 65 cts.

Our Own Story. *Rosa Mulholland.* Catholic Truth Society. $1.00.

Christian Unity. *Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.* Catholic Book Exchange. 50 cts.

Father Furniss and his Work for Children. *Rev. T. Livius, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

Lyra Hieratica. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* Burns & Oates. $1.00

St. Antony of Padua. *Franciscan Fathers.* Burns & Oates. 75 cts.

Jesus, His Life; A Diatessaron. *Rev. Henry Beauclerk, S. J.* Burns & Oates. $1.40.

A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven. *M. C. Bishop.* Benziger Bros. $2.

The Christian at Mass. *Rev. Joseph L. Andreis.* Murphy & Co. 12mo, net, $1.00.

Poems. *Father John B. Tabb.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.00.

Prehistoric Americans. *Marquis de Nadaillac.* McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, *net*, 50 cts.

The Rhythm of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Copeland & Day. Octavo, $1.25.

Guide to Confession and Communion. *St. Francis de Sales.* Benziger Bros. 32mo, cloth, 60 cts.

The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon. *The Rev. Joseph Spillmann.* B. Herder. 8vo, cloth, $1.50.

Cuckoo Songs. *Katharine Tynan Hinkson.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.50.

Summer School Essays. 2 vols. McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, 50 cents each.

Poems. *Francis Thompson.* Copeland & Day. Square octavo, $1.50.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, I. 48.

Vol. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 22, 1896. No. 8.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

After the Assumption.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A WEEK ago, and through the summer air
Our Mother upward followed her sweet Son,
Unto that home where, ever bright and fair,
She will enjoy the Paradise He won.

A week ago our hearts flew up with her
In exultation; for her joy is ours.
Scarcely the lily-blooms have ceased to stir
Where her pure body lay among the flowers,
In waiting for the rapture and the glow
Of mystic union and love satisfied,—
And soul and body upborne from below
By Christ the Risen, who has also died.

A week ago we kept this feast of grace—
This feast, the seal of our best hope and love;
The promise that for each will be a place—
Through Christ—with her, the Queen, who reigns above.

The Case of Joe Crandle.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

THE study of the rector of the Annunciation opened out on a path that led directly to the sacristy. It was a sparely furnished room, rich in books, some of them sumptuously bound. *Editions de luxe* were one of the weaknesses of Dr. Garland—or Father Garland, as his flock preferred to call him; not altogether reconciled to a degree that lessened in their eyes the fatherliness of his paternity. That was his chief charm. He was fatherly, and one word of consolation from him went far to heal the wounds sin and trouble wrought in his errant or desolate spiritual children.

The rector was not without fame. He it was who had built up the parish, and it was he who had reduced the ultra-fanatical town of Hillward to reason; and in his long rule of sturdy gentleness conversions had been numerous. And now in his old age, when he might reasonably have expected to be allowed to discharge his clerical duties in peace, the Crandle-Pearson scandal occurred, and shook to its very foundation the edifice of respect for churchly authority he had builded with labor.

It was on an evening in April that Pearson came to visit Dr. Garland. He did not go to the front door of the parochial residence and ring the bell, as an ordinary visitor would have done; but went straight to the door of the study. He had visited the study once before, years ago. On that occasion he had come to protest against the influence used to save a youthful offender; and, finding his protests availed nothing, he had gone away breathing vengeance against Dr. Garland and his order.

This evening he looked through the window; and, seeing Dr. Garland seated at his table writing, he knocked on the study door. It was no unusual thing for Captain Mason, who lived close by, to drop in of an evening; so, without looking up, the rector called "Come in!" and Pearson was in the room and had spoken before he was aware of his presence.

Turning round in his pivot-chair, Dr. Garland pushed up his spectacles on to his brow, and looked at the man questioningly and with a vague feeling of annoyance.

"I have come on very serious business, Dr. Garland," said Pearson.

"Yes?" interrogated the rector; and, as he not over-cordially bade his visitor take a chair, he felt something of a glow of satisfaction that the business could in no way have to do with the old affair which had so angered Pearson.

"You have no reason to be my friend," began Pearson, as he seated himself; "but still I have come to you for counsel and advice."

"To *me!*" exclaimed Dr. Garland.

"Yes, to you," said Pearson. "Does your Church sanction you to hear the confession of an outsider?"

"It is not forbidden. Have you so changed as to wish to become a Catholic?" asked the mystified rector.

"And am I right in believing that the seal of confession, as I have often read, is inviolable,—that a priest who broke it would be ruined?"

"It has never been heard that a priest betrayed the confidence thus placed in him," replied the rector with some heat.

"I believe you," said Pearson; "and the proof that I do is that I wish to make a confession to you."

"Would it not be better for you to seek the advice of—"

"Of course you have a right to refuse to hear and advise me," interrupted the fellow, with assumed bitterness; "but the books I have read declare that the priest, so far from despising the sinner, rejoices in his penitence."

Dr. Garland was touched. People said he had too much heart; perhaps he had. At any rate, Pearson was in a few minutes launched on a tide of revelations destined to disturb the rector's peace of mind for many a day to come.

It was an old man, much shaken, that Pearson left in the study. His last words were to remind the gentle rector of his (Pearson's) threats of vengeance.

"It will be pleasant for you to think that you know what would save your nephew and that you dare not speak.

The next morning, some time before noon, Captain Mason burst into the study, swelling with excitement and indignation.

"It is infamous!" he cried out.

The rector looked up at his friend, and his hands clasped the arms of the pivot-chair.

"Why, don't you know! They have Joe Crandle under arrest for the robbery of the bank—"

He paused abruptly. Two tears rolled down the cheeks of the feeble old priest.

"I should have remembered that Joe is your nephew," apologized the Captain, in a softened tone of voice.

The rector straightened himself in his chair; then he said, and the tone of his voice was brisk, almost imperative:

"Pray be seated, Captain; and tell me all about it. No one has been in this morning."

The Captain groaned. He had not come as the bearer of news: he had come to console.

"I wish it had been some one else," he began, and paused.

"You said he is my nephew. He is more: he has been the most looked-up-to young man in Hillward. Tell me all you know!" insisted the rector.

"Sums of money have been missed—large sums at last. Marked money was

found on Joe,—the clerks had offered themselves for search. But, by the great Geewhilikins, one good thing has come out of it! Pearson cut up so roughly about the downfall of the priest's nephew that they discharged him—kicked him out!" roared the Captain.

"Pearson? Well, God forgive him!" ejaculated the rector.

The Captain stared at the rector, then cried out:

"I believe you knew when I came in! What was Pearson doing here last night? I saw him leave here. Did he come to gloat over your distress?"

"Did you not say that Joe was accused this morning?" asked the rector, quietly.

"Then what was the fellow doing here?" exclaimed the Captain.

They consulted together what had best be done for the accused; and then the rector went out to see his nephew, and the Captain returned home.

At home, to his great but concealed disgust, he found Mrs. Mason entertaining Mrs. Dickenson. Neither of the ladies had heard of Joe Crandle's fall; and the Captain waited to speak to his wife when the visitor should have taken her departure—setting himself to listen to a lengthy account of the latest escapade of Teddy Markland, Mrs. Dickenson's grandson.

"There isn't a soul in Hillward he has not a snap-shot of, and I've brought them over for you to enjoy. I'll leave them with Ella," she said, nodding her head to Mrs. Mason, and pointing to a heap of photographs that littered a table. "Look over them; you'll find yourself there," she laughed.

The women went on with their conversation, and the Captain began to turn over the photographs. Suddenly his face paled, he drew a quick breath, and then his face grew scarlet; and, looking about guiltily, he slipped the photograph he held into a pocket of his coat.

An hour later the Captain, without knocking, strode into the office of John Colt, Attorney at Law. Jack Colt had lately been admitted to the Suffolk bar, and was looked upon as a promising young lawyer. He had a fine appearance; and it was also said of him that if he fulfilled his promise he would be the mate of Jessica Wintergreen, a niece of Mrs. Mason. But with that this narrative is not concerned.

"You are at leisure, Jack?" demanded the Captain.

"Rather," responded Jack, with a laugh.

"You have heard about Joe Crandle?"

Jack nodded his head.

"Formed an opinion?"

Jack had, and elaborated it at length.

"Dupin would hardly have analyzed better," declared the Captain when the lawyer finished; and he clapped the young fellow on the back. "Now look at that!" he went on, and flung the purloined photograph on the desk before the lawyer.

"Where did you get that?" gasped Jack.

"Some of Teddy Markland's work, and it proves your theory and mine," added the Captain, modestly.

"Oh, if I could only have the case!" sighed Colt.

"You shall! Moss & Wright—I've talked to them—see nothing but condemnation for poor Joe; they'll be glad to shift the responsibility onto your shoulders. But what if we're wrong?"

"Not wrong!" exclaimed Jack Colt, with that wonderful confidence youth has in itself. It must be said, though, that Colt had genius as well as youth. "I must see Teddy," he continued; "and you must say nothing to Father Garland about the matter."

Teddy was sent for, and very important he felt himself as he gave an account of the particular snap-shot the men thought bore on the case of Joe Crandle.

"Our library window looks right into the room where the bank clerks keep their coats," he said.

"Now, Teddy, unless you want to get into trouble, you'll say nothing about this little affair till I give you leave," cautioned the lawyer as he dismissed the boy.

Teddy promised to do as he was bid, and he kept his promise.

That afternoon Jack Colt and Captain Mason more than outlined the opening speech for the defence of Joe Crandle.

Opinion in Hillward was much divided about the case. To the honor of the non-Catholic element be it said that sympathy for the rector of the Annunciation was almost unanimous. But they did believe that Crandle had erred. The Catholic population were staunch in their loyalty and hoped against hope; all but a very few — the few who styled themselves "broad and liberal," who never by any chance read a Catholic work, whose places at the altar rail were ever vacant. How they did prattle! The priest had indulged and spoiled his nephew. This was said by those who, a few hours before, had found fault with the priest for being too exacting with Joe. "The idea of a young man going to Mass every day!" had been their cry.

However good a person's will might have been, it was hard not to believe Joe Crandle guilty. It was a terrible shock to Father Garland's friends when it became known that Moss & Wright were not to be employed for the defence, and that Joe's case had been placed in the hands of an untried lawyer — "a mere boy," the elders said.

Pearson received a great deal of sympathy from the "broad and liberal." They looked upon the action of the bank authorities in discharging him as bigoted in the extreme. Father Garland had interfered with the man in the past, they said; no wonder Pearson resented it. They'd have done the same. But after a time Pearson had to be dropped; the passion he developed for strong drink was remarkable.

At first the rector was inundated with visitors desirous to console, but he would not talk of his nephew's plight. All he would do was to beg the people to pray. That he himself prayed was patent to everyone. "It is almost a prayer to look on his face," said Mrs. Mason.

And now a strange thing took place. People crowded to the early Mass celebrated by the rector. Daily people saw the rector's bent form become erect as the moment approached for God to descend upon the altar. Daily they watched with awe the strange glow on his face; and when the Mass was ended many still lingered to pray with him for his intention.

It was in May that the trial took place; and when the court opened Jack Colt had very little improved on the lines of defence outlined by himself and Captain Mason. He had laid many traps for Pearson; but, in spite of his drinking propensities, Pearson was wary, and all the new information Colt acquired was that the man was, and had been for a year past, well supplied with money.

The court-room was packed. At first it had been a question with the Catholics whether or not they should attend the trial. On this occasion the "liberals" had been well to the fore. To stay away would be to show bigotry, they said. The Catholics thought if they stayed away it would show a want of friendliness to Father Garland.

"All attend and see the triumph of innocence!" exclaimed Jack Colt; and more than one woman came up to shake his hand and bless his bonny face and cheering words.

With the prisoner sat the rector on one side and Captain Mason on the other; and behind them Mrs. Mason and her niece, Jessica Wintergreen. It was remarked at the time that the prisoner seemed the most buoyant of the little group, and that he held the unoccupied hand of the rector in a strong clasp. The other hand of the

old priest was occupied with his rosary. All through the speech of the prosecuting attorney, all through the glowing speech of Jack Colt, the rosary slipped through the fingers of the old man, whose faith was as that of a child.

One of the elements of mystery in the case was the number of witnesses to be called by the prosecution, and the fact that the defence proposed to call but one—Teddy Markland, known to all the men and women of Hillward as a mischievous dabbler in science. What could Teddy know about it? the people asked one another. Pearson was not to be a witness. He had not been present when the marked money was found in Crandle's pocket, and he now occupied a place in the court opposite the prisoner.

When the speech of the prosecution had drawn to a close, the friends of Father Garland were without hope, and very little inclined to listen to the defence. At first it appeared to them that Colt was only bent on telling them a story; but afterward, when he began to make bold assertions, there was such a stir that the judge had to threaten to have the room cleared. The pith of the speech was that a man well known in Hillward had been incensed against Dr. Garland because of his interference in the case of a young girl also well known in the town. This man, out of revenge and to prevent himself from being suspected—for he was a thief,—placed in the pocket of Joseph Crandle the money that was found there. "The defence knows this to be the truth, and it will prove it," said Jack Colt. A bold statement to make with only Teddy Markland's snap-shot to back it. But truth was on the side of the speaker.

When Colt finished his peroration there was that deep silence which precedes a storm, and then the storm came in an unexpected manner from an unforeseen quarter. A yell of rage broke from the lips of a man seated opposite the priest; and then, before he could be prevented, this man, wild with the delirium of drink and basest passion, had bounded across the court-room and into the dock, and grasped Father Garland by the throat.

"You hypocrite!" he shouted, with a volley of oaths. "You told me what was said in your confessional was never revealed, and you have told that lawyer everything."

They tore him off the half-stunned priest; and, gasping and panting, the wretch screamed:

"They may do with me what they please! I *did* put the marked money in that milksop's pocket; but I'll drag you to the dust. You have broken your priest's oath—"

Here he was interrupted; and, as he refused to be silent, was hurriedly dragged from the court.

It may be remarked that Pearson's trial never took place. He died of the effects of an ill life, and the rector was with him to the last; and one of Father Garland's happinesses is that toward the end he professed penitence. How deep was his sorrow God alone knows.

Mrs. Mason and her niece were weeping, Father Garland and his nephew were whispering prayerful congratulations to each other, and the Captain was looking about him in triumph, when Jack Colt, pale and serious-looking, rose to address the court.

"I feel as if this defence had been taken out of my hands by the Almighty Himself," he said, solemnly. "It is needless for me to tell you that Father Garland has revealed nothing of what the infernal malice of the man just taken from the court prompted him to tell under the seal of confession. I have been theorizing—and correctly, it seems,—and all I had to confirm my theory was this photograph."

The photograph was passed from hand to hand. It was that of a man placing something in a pocket of a coat hanging

against a wall. The man's face was turned, watching to see if he was observed; and the face was that of Pearson.

"A snap-shot taken by Teddy Markland," continued Jack Colt.

Some one cried out for cheers for Teddy, but the judge raised a protesting finger.

A few days after, when Joe Crandle was at liberty, and the Catholics had exhausted themselves in giving ovations to Father Garland, the principal Protestants of Hillward, headed by the Rev. Mr. Bonny and his wife, came to call on the rector, where he waited to receive them in his parlor with Captain and Mrs. Mason.

It was a Saturday afternoon, and several times a bell was heard to ring; and at every repetition of the sound the rector was observed to grow more and more uneasy. At last he said:

"I am sure you will pardon me, my friends, if I leave you in the good hands of Captain and Mrs. Mason; but it is the afternoon when people come most to confession, and Father Strong will be hard pushed if I desert him."

"I do declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Bonny when the rector had left the room. "If I were Dr. Garland I'd never want to hear another confession."

Mrs. Mason smiled politely, and her eyes lumed with pride for the dear, good priest of Hillward.

JUST as a little child trusts itself to its nurse, and if she puts it on her right arm is content, or on her left arm does not trouble itself, so long as it is cared for and has its food, so let us say, "God is my Father." Whether He places me on His right side—that is to say, gives me ease and comfort, or on His left side, which typifies the cross, it does not matter; He will sustain and fortify me; in Him is my trust.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

An Early Client of the Blessed Virgin.

BY THE REV. JAMES BELLORD.

IV.

THE writings of this Doctor of the Church are of very great importance. We do not possess them all; but those which are extant, including a number of his sermons, extend to about three folio volumes. They enjoyed a great reputation, especially throughout the East; and were translated into Greek, Arabic, Armenian, Coptic, Sclavonic, and lastly into Latin. They are not included in Migne's great collection, but are found in Caillou's "Patres Apostolici." In these works he treats of a variety of subjects, principally ascetical; and they are specially valuable as testifying to the uniformity of the faith in the early Syriac Church with that of the universal Church in all subsequent ages.

St. Ephrem's writings derive remarkable strength and picturesqueness from the genius and bold imagery of an Oriental language in the hands of so great a master; and they have a graceful beauty and force which can not be conveyed in a translation. They are not studied and artificial compositions, but the impetuous outpouring of an overflowing heart. What recommends them beyond all advantages of eloquence is that they are indeed the language of the heart, and of a heart penetrated with the most perfect sentiments of divine love, confidence in God, horror of sin, humility, and zeal for souls. The printed words seem to bring the living man actually before us; they carry light and conviction; they never fail to strike to the very depths of the heart. The efficacy of the written words, it may be remarked, seems to have been no less marvellous than that of the sermons. Here again it is St. Gregory of Nyssa who speaks:

"When we want to describe an impossible feat, we compare it to softening a flint; but, from actual experience, we know that Ephrem did this wonder; for he softened and broke by the power of his words hearts that were harder than any flint. No one can read his discourse on humility without having the inflation of his conceit reduced, and being made to despise himself. What he says about charity kindles a holy fire within us, and makes us long to suffer for God. His praises of chastity make one ready to consecrate one's self forever to God by this most beautiful virtue. How wonderful he is when he writes about the last coming of Jesus Christ! He does it so forcibly, and presents its terrible details so vividly, that we actually feel as if we were present before the throne of the Sovereign Judge. Nothing less than the positive reality could give us a truer idea of it."

There is one thing specially deserving of notice in the writings of St. Ephrem, which, with his humility and compunction, is characteristic of his spiritual life; and that is his intense love and devotion toward our Blessed Lady. This sentiment, which is invariably found in all those whom God has raised to distinguished sanctity, and which in ordinary Christians is accounted as one of the signs of predestination, is as vivid in this Syrian Saint of the fourth century as in the latest canonized saints of Southern Europe. This illustrates in the most striking manner the unity of faith and devotion which binds the present Church to the remotest past. It shows most forcibly how alien from the spirit of Christianity are those modern forms of heresy which refuse to the Mother of the Incarnate God that honor which the Catholic renders her as her due. Reading St. Ephrem, we feel that, at least in regard to intensity of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, there has been no development, and that development is impossible. St. Bernard has written nothing so mellifluous, St. Alphonsus nothing so intensely fervid, as what we find in St. Ephrem's twelve "Addresses to the Mother of God." Yet there is not in them one word that is theologically exaggerated, or that offends the unwritten canons of good taste.

St. Ephrem is like that vast inland sea which gives birth to the perennial life-giving river that fertilizes the deserts of Africa. From a thousand unknown springs and rills he gathers up and expresses the devotion of the apostolic ages to the Blessed Virgin Mother; and originates a stream, which, continually blamed as excessive, has never yet risen higher than its source. All the ingenuities of loving enthusiasm, it may safely be said, have never rivalled the tenderness and the splendid flow of diction in those twelve addresses. Here at length the Saint rises from the depths of self-abasement and the fear of divine wrath into triumphant hope and the vision of Paradise. It is like turning from the details of Orcagna's last judgment and hell in the cemetery of Pisa to the heavenly serenity of the Madonna di San Sisto. Some of these addresses are a golden litany of praises encrusted with the most glittering gems of Oriental fancy. In almost every one of them he gives expression to the belief of the Apostolic age in that which heresy accounts the modern and novel doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. The importance and beauty of the following extracts will excuse the length of them:

"O most holy Lady, Mother of God, alone most pure in soul and body, alone surpassing all other integrity and purity and virginity, who art the storehouse of all the graces of the Most Holy Spirit!... I dare not raise to Heaven my hands, which I have stained with guilty deeds; and therefore, O purest Lady! I cast myself upon thy unspeakable mercy. For I have no other hope or refuge except in thee....

God Himself rejoices in thy intercedings with Him, and considers it a glory to Himself to grant thy petitions, as being His own desires.... Thee, therefore, with a penitent heart, do I beseech, O entirely immaculate one, mediatrix of the world!

"O my Lady, most holy Mother of God, all pure, all immaculate, undefiled, untouched by corruption! Throne of the heavenly King; gate of heaven, through which we pass from earth to Paradise; spouse of the Divinity; incomprehensible miracle; revelation of the hidden mystery of God; life-giving fountain, unfathomable sea of divine grace; after the Trinity, the Lady paramount of the universe; after the Paraclete, our second comforter; after the Mediator Himself, the mediatrix of all the world; immaculate robe of Him who is clothed with light for a garment; Mother and servant of the never-setting Star; true vine bearing the Fruit of life; safety of those who stand, resurrection of those who fall; harbor of the shipwrecked, staff of the blind, guide of the wandering; most beautiful lily, rose filled with fragrance; completion of the graces of the Most Blessed Trinity; my salvation, my consolation, my light, my life, my joy, my glory! As the Mother of Him who alone is good and merciful, receive my most wretched soul, and place it, through thy intercession, at the right hand of thy Son. I have no other to aid and defend me but thee; in thee I hope, through thee shall I attain my desires and my glory. O thou far beyond all praise, whatever thou desirest thou canst obtain from God, whom thou didst bring forth! O Mother of God, greater than all thought and speech can express!

"O immaculate and inviolate, incorrupt and most pure, absolutely removed from every defilement and spot of sin, virgin spouse of God and Lady over us! who most wonderfully and gloriously didst conceive the God-Man and bring Him forth; who didst bring God the Word into union with humanity, and didst raise the rebellious nature of our human race to heavenly heights; the only hope of the hopeless,—the strong bulwark, in fine, of all Christian men; by the bowels of thy maternal compassion, do thou lovingly beseech for us thy sweet Son, our God and Saviour Jesus Christ. When my poor soul must leave this body, then, O my Lady! appear to me with thy merciful eyes, and deliver me from the terrible accusations of my enemies and of the prince of this world. Be thou my defender; cancel my debt of sin; and lead me, saved and fearless, before the judgment-seat of thy Son."

Amongst the hymns of St. Ephrem, and elsewhere in his works, are found such passages as these: "Truly Thou and Thy Mother are the only beings who are beautiful altogether and in every respect; for there is no spot in Thee, O Lord, nor in Thy Mother any stain." "Most of all, again and again I entreat and adjure Thee that Thou wouldst put down the monstrous enemy of the human race by the prayers and merits of Thy Mother." "To Thee, O Lord, together with the sweet odor of sacrifice, we offer the merits of the most Blessed Virgin Mary." "May our supplications and prayers be admitted before the throne of the Lamb, by the intercession of the Virgin Mother of God and of all the blessed, and may they obtain for us mercy and pity!"

The high excellence of our Saint's productions and their marvellous effects are not to be attributed to his exceptional natural talents or acquirements. Of early training he had next to none, and concerning his later studies he says that he had never been able to understand human philosophy and science. It was faith that gave the life to his genius; and his deficiencies, whatever they may have been, were superabundantly outweighed by the gift of divine science bestowed on him by God. The qualities in him which

commanded success were chiefly supernatural ones. By his holiness and purity of heart he was enabled to receive a deep insight into divine things. By his complete abandonment of self and reliance on God he fitted himself to be an efficient instrument of the divine purposes. He did not push his way to fame; he was not actuated by ambition for name and influence, but by the desire of obeying God's will as manifested through his superiors. His humility made him averse to the publicity and distinction that attached to the office of preacher; he would rather have been a learner than an instructor of others; and he feared that he was pronouncing his own condemnation in denouncing the sins of other men. His devotion to God's glory, and his compassion for sinners, whom he saw with grief hastening to their destruction, made him suppress his reluctance, and gave him courage to announce the terrible truths of religion.

Another cause of the great efficacy that attended his words lay in the tenderness and affection with which he addressed sinners. He felt for their unhappy state, as being one of themselves and lying under the same doom. Full of patience and love, he does not thunder and upbraid, but persuades, entreats, invites to penance; and souls that would have stood out against severity were won by his gentleness. And yet he did not hesitate to speak with vehemence, and to draw arguments from the terrors as well as from the mercies of God.

It has already been recorded that the servant of God had completely subdued the impetuosity of his natural character, and that he had acquired in an eminent degree the virtues of meekness, patience, and charity. But this meekness did not degenerate into weakness: it was a divine virtue, and virtue means strength. His humble patience in no way subdued his vigor when the honor of God and the good of souls demanded strong measures. Throughout his life he was an intrepid warrior for the faith, standing in the very front of the battle against the numerous heresies of his time. No fear, no human consideration, could make him shrink before the insolence and calumnies and virulence which were then, as always, the characteristic weapons of heresy in its warfare against the Church of Christ. He had the glory of suffering much for his advocacy of Catholic truth at the hands of the pagans, under Julian the Apostate; and of the Arians, under the Emperor Constantius.

The heresy of Arius prevailed very widely at that time; it was protected by the powers of this world, and had seduced many from the faith by its frauds and violence. Against it our Saint was in continual conflict; maintaining, by his discourses and his writings, the mystery of the Holy Trinity and the divinity of our Blessed Lord. St. Jerome awards high praise to a book which he wrote against the Macedonian heretics in defence of the divinity of the Holy Ghost. He maintained the efficacy of penance against the Novatians; and these most truculent of heretics are said to have been, when dealing with him, as feeble as children in the grasp of a trained athlete. He also contended with great success against the Millenarians, Marcionites and Manicheans. In his extreme old age, about the year 376, when Apollinaris proclaimed a new heresy, denying that Our Lord possessed a human soul, and therefore denying that He was truly man, the venerable champion once more assumed his armor and repelled with vigor this fresh assault on his Master's honor.

He was even enabled, under the divine guidance, to anticipate heresies that had not yet arisen, such as those of Nestorius and Eutyches; and to provide the antidote in advance of the poison. He is said to have crushed several heresies in their

birth, and to have stopped the development of the evil before any harm was done. He was also an indefatigable opponent of the dying paganism of the Roman Empire. Thus he overwhelmed all the adversaries of the faith with his vigorous onslaughts, brought immense numbers of idolaters to Christianity, and converted from heresy, or preserved from it, great multitudes of souls.

Amongst other heretics was one named Bardesanes, who before the time of our Saint had founded in Osrhoene a sect called after himself, and had gained many adherents. His son, Harmonius, who was instructed in all the elegancies of Greek learning, conceived the idea of propagating his father's impieties by means of verses which imitated in Syriac the most attractive of the Grecian poems. These he set to music; and the Syrians, attracted by the novelty, eagerly took up the songs, and with them the poisonous doctrines that they contained. This served to bring out a new talent in St. Ephrem which otherwise would have remained dormant. He became a poet for the glory of God, and defeated the heretics with their own weapons. Knowing nothing of the rules of prosody, he carefully studied the metres employed by Harmonius, and then composed by degrees an enormous number of poems in the same style, and set them to the same melodies.

These compositions treat of the life of our Blessed Lord and all the principal doctrines of religion. They were first committed to memory by the virgins consecrated to God—"daughters of the Covenant," as they were termed in the Syrian Church,—and were by them disseminated among the faithful at large. Enchanted with their elegance, the people gladly adopted the Catholic hymns, and thus stored in their minds the whole theology of their religion. It was not long before the heretical hymns fell into complete disuse. Intended at first for the instruction and amusement of the people, these hymns of St. Ephrem were afterward employed in the public worship of the Church for the more solemn celebration of the anniversaries of the martyrs.

In the funeral oration pronounced by St. Gregory of Nyssa over St. Ephrem the following incident is recorded. The heretic Apollinaris had "constructed an arsenal of weapons" against Our Lord and the Holy Scriptures, in the shape of two large volumes in which he had set down all his impious arguments for future use. For greater safety he gave them in charge to a certain woman among his disciples. St. Ephrem came to her and asked for a loan of the volumes, saying that by means of them he would be able to render a great service to the truth. She handed them over on the strict understanding that they were to be returned in a few days. The time was short, but sufficient for St. Ephrem, who, like another Jacob, was about to supplant this new Esau. With some fish-glue he carefully stuck all the leaves together, face to face, and then gave the books back thankfully to their custodian. "Like a woman," remarks St. Gregory, "she judged by the outside; and as that was all right, she did not inquire any further."

Presently Ephrem suggested to certain younger Catholics that good results might be expected if they would get up a public disputation with Apollinaris. A meeting took place; and the heretic, trusting less to his memory and his oratory than to his precious books, ordered his adherents to bring them, that he might crush his opponents with them. The two volumes were produced in the assembly with much jubilation. Apollinaris took up one and proceeded to open it; failing at the first leaves, he tried to open it in the middle, but found it a solid mass. He turned to the other volume; and that, too, was like a block of wood. He changed countenance with anger and confusion; he tried to

speak, but could not; and he rushed away from the assembly like one demented.

During all the years that St. Ephrem was engaged in the active duties of preaching and controversy, he endeavored, as far as possible, to live in monastic retirement. His chosen condition of life as hermit or monk was excessively dear to him; he always wore its habit and carried out its practices. Except when compelled by his duties as deacon of the Church of Edessa to go abroad, he always remained in his monastery and in his own cell; and it was there that he received those who came to him for private guidance.

From one of his letters it appears that the Saint was abbot of this monastery; but, as he was obliged to spend much of his time in the city, he delegated the management to a brother named John, and lived under him as a simple monk. In his humility, he consulted this brother on all his own proceedings; and further, in the case of those who wished to become monks, he would not exercise his own authority independently, but referred them to John, as if he were abbot in reality. His discretion and humility appeared when his opinion was asked about certain extraordinary or excessive acts of mortification and devotion practised by solitaries of that day. He used to answer that, for his part, he was too lax and cowardly to attempt such things.

Toward the end of his life St. Ephrem was moved by God to seek out St. Basil, Archbishop of Cæsarea in Cappadocia. He had heard of his wonderful deeds and sufferings, and had long desired to enjoy his acquaintance and profit by his spiritual instructions. Once, after he had long besought the Lord to make known to him the greatness of His servant Basil, he saw in ecstasy a vast column of flame whose summit reached up into the sky, and he heard a voice saying, "Ephrem, thou hast seen this column of fire: such is the great Basil in My sight." Later a heavenly voice said to him: "Arise, O Ephrem, and go where thou mayst receive instructions which will nourish thy soul!" Whereupon Ephrem took an interpreter and proceeded to Cæsarea and entered the great church. While in the vestibule he saw the vessel of election, St. Basil, surrounded by his clergy, standing before his flock, and exposing to them with celestial eloquence the mysteries of religion as contained in the holy Gospels and the Epistles of St. Paul. God then opened his eyes, and he saw the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove resting on the shoulder of St. Basil and suggesting to him the words that he spoke to the people. Thereupon he raised his voice and glorified God and His servant, saying: "Truly Basil is the Great; truly is he a column of fire; truly does the Holy Ghost speak by his mouth." The Archbishop, knowing from God that this was Ephrem, sent his deacon to invite him into the sanctuary; the people meanwhile wondering who he was that thus praised their prelate aloud in a strange tongue.

After Mass was over Basil embraced Ephrem and said: "You are Ephrem, then, who have so generously taken on your shoulders the yoke of Jesus Christ?" And Ephrem replied: "Rather am I that Ephrem who has strayed from the way of salvation." St. Basil made answer: "You are welcome exceedingly; for you have multiplied the servants of God in the Church, and cast out many devils through Christ, in whom you labor. My Father, you have come to visit a sinful man. May God grant you a reward in accordance with your labors!" St. Basil then asked: "Why do you not receive priestly ordination? for you are worthy of it." Ephrem replied: "Because I am a sinner." And St. Basil said: "I would that I had your sins to answer for!"

The Archbishop spoke of the eternal truths; of the means of rendering one's

self pleasing to God; of subduing the passions; of practising evangelical perfection; and of gaining the favor of the Sovereign Judge. This he did with so much unction that Ephrem, unable to restrain himself, broke into tears and exclaimed: "My Father, do not abandon me on account of my sloth and cowardice! Place me on the right road; soften my heart of stone. God has brought me to you that you may take charge of my soul like a skilful pilot, and guide me safely into the harbor of salvation."

After spending some time with St. Basil, to their mutual edification, Ephrem returned to his usual labors at Edessa.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Mystery.

CHRIST was a joiner in Nazareth town,
In the land of Galilee;
And He made a chest of iron-bound planks
For a pious Pharisee.
Now, this Pharisee had a miser's heart,
And he locked his hoard of gold
Within the chest wrought curiously
By Christ, the God of charity;
And the poor felt hunger and cold.

The white stars glinted o'er Nazareth town,
In the land of Galilee;
And the mist arose and the mist sank down
Betwixt the hills and the sea.
And Jesus and Joseph went up the street,
And a new-made coffin they bore;
For Death had come with the rising sun,
And twilight fell ere their work was done
And brought to the Pharisee's door.

Christ had judged this miser's soul,
And He took His saw and plane,
And fashioned a coffin to hold his bones
Till He would come again.
Joseph prayed for him in his heart,
But Christ kept silence well,
And we never shall know till judgment-day
Whether in heaven the dead man lay
Or counted gold in hell.

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART III.

VII.

"ADRIEN," observed Octave, "what is the reason that Diane is talking of going home at once, when she came with the intention of spending several weeks here?"

Adrien, whom she had arrested on his way out of the house, stood drawing on his gloves and did not look at her.

"How should I know?" he answered. "Mardi Gras is over, and Miss Prévost probably finds herself dull. The ashes received in church this morning have seemed to lie rather heavily on the spirits of everybody to-day; although, for my part, I consider them very appropriate. *Memento homo quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris;* only it is not necessary to wait until one is dust one's self to see other things resolved into ashes."

"A very good frame of mind for *Mercredi des Cendres*," said Octave, regarding him keenly; "but so unusual on your part as to rouse suspicion. You don't usually find the ashes so appropriate to the end of the Carnival. Something has happened. Come in here and tell me about it."

Despite a little resistance on his part, she drew him into the small sitting-room at the end of the suite of reception rooms, which was her favorite retreat; and there forced him into a chair.

"Now," said she, sitting down opposite him, "tell me what occurred between Diane and yourself last night. Of course I knew as soon as I saw your face and hers that something had occurred."

"I was really not aware that I had such a tell-tale countenance," he replied, flushing slightly. "But you are right. Something did occur which there is no reason to conceal. Miss Prévost was kind enough to tell me that she had no belief

in my love and no confidence in myself."

"Adrien! It is impossible! Diane could never have said that. You must have misunderstood her."

"If you know more of the matter than I do, there is no need to question me," he answered, irritably. "I am telling you—in substance—exactly what was said."

"But how did such a thing come to be said? What drew it out? Tell me" (impatiently); "for I am sure you have been stupid."

"If I was stupid, it was not for lack of sufficient explicitness on her part. To begin at the beginning, I found her with Atherton when I went to claim a dance for which she was engaged to me; and they had all the air of people who were engrossed in very important conversation. When I apologized for interrupting them, she said that they had finished what it was 'necessary' they should say; and then turning to Atherton, she thanked him with emphasis for *all* his kindness, before moving away with me."

"Well?"—as he paused at this point.

"Well, you may imagine that this brought to my mind very forcibly the singular mystery which seems to connect Atherton and the Prévosts with some unknown person whose very existence Diane declines to explain. It has seemed to me an inexplicable mystery ever since I first heard of it—more inexplicable and more serious from its connection with money,—and her tone toward this man, whom she had just met for the first time, absolutely confounded me. I found it impossible to refrain from speaking—from telling her that she was making a mistake, which the world would hold very serious, in admitting this stranger to a confidence which she withheld from her oldest friends. To this she replied that they (her family) had a right to preserve what degree of reticence they chose with regard to their private affairs; and added that it appeared to be from their friends, rather than from the world, that they had to expect harsh judgment if they failed to satisfy their (our) curiosity."

"O Adrien! that does not sound like Diane."

"Nothing that she said sounded like Diane. Some influence seems to have changed her utterly. I am sorry to say that when she declared that their mystery concerned no one but themselves, I was mad enough to lose my head and reply that it concerned *me*, since I loved her."

"And then?"

"Then she said that she had no belief in a love which showed no trust. I replied that love demanded as well as gave trust, and that if she cared for me she would not withhold her confidence regarding this mysterious man who seemed so nearly connected with her family affairs. In short, Octave, it was a dead-lock. She demanded a blind faith in proof of *my* love, and I asked confidence as a proof of *hers*. Neither of us received what we asked, and so—*voilà tout!*"

"But it is impossible that this can be the end. You were both angry—I am sure of it,—you both asked too much. But especially you were in the wrong. Why did you tell Diane in such a manner that you loved her? Why did you make your love a claim to force her confidence? Of course she resented your lack of trust. Any woman would have done so. And yet you *know* that this mystery conceals nothing wrong."

"I know nothing of the kind. How can I possibly know it? I only know that people, unless they are absolute idiots, do not make mysteries of things which there is no reason to conceal. But, right or wrong, the fact remains that Diane does not love me, or she would give me her confidence."

"If you had asked for it properly, I am sure that she would have given it."

He shrugged his shoulders as he rose from his seat.

"I don't know what would be your idea of asking properly," he said; "but of this I am sure, that I shall never ask in any manner again. Miss Prévost can hereafter have as many mysteries as she likes, and confide in whom she likes, without the least interference from me. And if she is intending to go away in order to avoid me, pray let her know that such a step is unnecessary, since I am on the point of leaving the city myself. There are matters requiring attention on the plantation, and I shall go there to-morrow."

"O Adrien, you will not be so foolish!"

But Adrien was already gone beyond the reach of remonstrance.

Octave remained silent and motionless for several minutes after his departure, until at last her meditation bore fruit in two words. "*Quelle bêtise!*" she murmured; and, rising, was on the point of leaving the room when the door opened and Diane entered.

But what a different Diane from the brilliant queen of last night's ball! She looked pale; her eyes were heavy, her movements languid; and as she sat down on a low couch and sank back on the cushions with which it was piled, there was little to remind one of the Psyche-like maiden who seemed usually to brighten the world by merely condescending to exist in it.

Octave looked at her keenly as she resumed her own seat.

"You are quite a picture of 'After the Carnival,' Diane," she remarked. "I never saw you used up by a ball before. You look as if, like Adrien, you are in a frame of mind to have found the ashes very appropriate to-day."

"Yes," said Diane, a little listlessly: "I am used up. Evidently gayety does not agree with me. As I told you this morning, Octave, I think I must go home. I am too much of a country mouse to enjoy dissipation."

"But there is no need to run away from dissipation, now that the *Carème* is here. We shall be quiet enough after this, never fear. You did not look very much like a country mouse last night. It has been long since Rex has had such a beautiful queen, or such a magnificent one either. What superb diamonds those were that you wore! Everyone noticed them."

"They are family jewels," answered Diane, quietly. "They belonged to my great-great-grandmother."

"I thought they must be family jewels, because the setting is evidently very old. I wonder you have not had them reset. They would gain so much in brilliancy."

"Perhaps we may have them reset some day. Until now we have had many more important things to think of."

"I wonder," said Octave again—and she suddenly sat erect with the energy of her thought,—"that you did not buy your release from Burnham with those jewels, instead of taking into consideration the sacrifice of yourself. They must be nearly, if not quite, valuable enough to have paid the debt."

"But we did not have them then," said Diane, without reflection.

"Oh! I thought you said they belonged to your great-great-grandmother."

"So I did"—blushing suddenly; "but, all the same, they have only lately come into our possession."

"Ah!"

Octave could hardly restrain the further questions which burned, as it were, upon her tongue. But she remembered that she touched the skirt of a mystery which was already making so much trouble, and she forbore. More and more, however, did this mystery torment and puzzle her. What could be the meaning of it? Was it only folly, or was there really something very strange—anything wrong was impossible—at the bottom of it? She said to herself that lasting misapprehensions often result from lack of plain-speaking, and she was determined that she would try if

a little of this plain-speaking could not sweep away the misunderstanding between her brother and her friend.

"Diane," she said, suddenly, "you will be angry perhaps, but I can not help it. I must tell you that I have heard from Adrien what occurred between you and him last night, and that I am very sorry."

Diane started—for she was not expecting this—and looked at her with eyes in which there was nothing of anger, but only a pained wistfulness.

"Perhaps I am sorry, too, Octave," she replied, simply. "But that does not help the matter."

"Oh, yes, it does—it must, Diane!" cried Octave, eagerly. "If you are sorry, everything is possible; for I assure you that *he* is sorry, too. And out of two sorrows joy should come."

"Not necessarily—not unless there is more than mere sorrow in the case."

"And there *is* more—there is love. Can you deny it? I know that he loves you, and I believe that you love him."

"There is no such thing as love without faith," said Diane, proudly. "I would not believe any man who declared in the same breath that he loved and that he distrusted me. What he calls love is a sentiment not worthy of the name."

"Diane, Diane," said Octave, warningly, "don't be so foolish as to ask what men are not capable of giving. *We* give the kind of faith you ask, but *they* do not. Their love is always jealous. And it is not just to say that Adrien distrusts you. He is only deeply wounded that you will not give him the confidence which you give a stranger."

"What stranger?"

"Mr. Atherton."

"You are mistaken. I have given him no confidence. He knows no more than any one else, except that he has met the—person called De Marsillac"

"And who is that person, Diane? See, I am bold enough to ask the question which is in the mind of everyone. I am bold enough to tell you that you can not maintain this mystery; that it is a folly and a mistake, since the world always puts the worst possible construction on what is concealed."

"You have learned your lesson well, Octave. That is just what your brother said to me last night; and I tell you now what I told him then: that the world has nothing to do with a reticence which we choose to maintain on our private affairs; and that while I would willingly give confidence to those who trust me, I will never satisfy the curiosity of those who make such confidence a condition of trust."

"O Diane! If you spoke to Adrien in that manner, it is no wonder he was hurt."

"And how else should I have spoken to him?" asked Diane, with the same air of pride. "Should I violate the confidence of others in order to satisfy Adrien that a matter in which my mother—mind, *my mother!*—is concerned is altogether honorable? I do not think you appreciate how deeply offensive his doubts are."

"Again you are unjust. I am sure he has never thought of such doubts as you suggest. Can't you understand—will you not understand—that he is simply wounded that you do not think him worthy of your trust? And I will not deny that he is also jealous of this unknown man who seems to have done so much for you."

Diane's gesture seemed to signify perfect indifference on the last point; and, after waiting a moment for reply, Octave pleadingly went on:

"Diane, it is a little thing to ask after all our friendship: tell me who this man is."

Diane looked at her pale and resolute.

"Octave," she said, gravely, "I would tell you in a moment, if it were not that to tell you is the same as telling your brother, and that I can not do. It would be to say that I accept his love without his

trust, and to this I will never condescend."

"You are throwing away his happiness and your own by such foolish obstinacy."

"And what is he doing? The first demand was on his side. He did not ask my love, and leave me to give my confidence as a natural result of giving *that;* but, on the contrary, he made the confidence a condition of deigning to offer his love at all."

"Diane!"

"That is an exact statement of the case, Octave. And now, if you please, we will say no more about it."

She rose as she spoke and left the room; while Octave, clasping her hands, lifted her eyes toward the ceiling and cried again, in heartfelt tones:

"*Quelle bêtise!*"

(To be continued.)

The Wonder-Worker of Padua.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XIV.—Anthony the Wonder-Worker.

THAT miracles have occurred, and are occurring even in our day, there is no shadow of doubt. What is a miracle? According to Worcester, a miracle is "an effect of which the antecedent can not be referred to any secondary cause; an event or occurrence which can not be explained by any known law of nature; a deviation from the established law of nature; something not only superhuman, but preternatural; a prodigy, a wonder, a marvel."

Thousands of eye-witnesses bore testimony in their day to the wonders worked by Anthony in France and Italy. It would seem that his fame must have preceded him, and that wherever he went his approach must have been heralded and his appearance hailed with enthusiasm by expectant and animated throngs. This was not the case. Obedient to the voice of his superiors, he went wheresoever he was bidden; went alone and unannounced; a stranger in a strange land, unrecognized of any until he had lifted up that voice whose persuasive eloquence no one was long able to withstand. Then came his triumph, complete and overwhelming. Triumph followed upon triumph, until at last the land rang with his praises. On every hand he gave abundant proof of the divine power which he was called upon to exercise. Following in the footsteps of his Blessed Master, he healed the sick, raised the dead to life, and wakened the living to life everlasting.

Preaching once upon a time in the pulpit of the Church of St. Eusebius in Vicelli—a small Italian city, then an independent republic, like many another city of that day,—vast crowds pressed about him. Suddenly a great commotion arose. With difficulty a grief-stricken family bore toward him the body of one of their number, cut down in the prime of life. A great wail went up from the people. Anthony paused in his discourse, profoundly moved. Recollecting himself, he extended his hand toward the body and cried: "In the name of Christ I say unto you, young man, arise!" And immediately the youth arose from the dead, full of joy, restored to health and to the arms of those who had bewailed him.

Great is the number and the variety of the wonders worked by Anthony. Here are a few of them taken at random from the pages of his several chroniclers.

He was preaching in the cathedral at Montpellier, in the presence of the clergy and a vast multitude. It was Easter Sunday. In the midst of his discourse he suddenly remembered that he had been appointed to sing at Solemn High Mass in the choir of a neighboring convent chapel. He had forgotten this; he had even forgotten to find a substitute, and the hour of the Mass was at hand. This

seemed to him an act of disobedience; and, in his distress, he drew his cowl over his face, sank back in the pulpit and remained silent for a long time. The people, in amazement, watched and waited. At the moment when he ceased speaking in the cathedral, though all the while visible to the congregation, he appeared in the convent choir among his brethren and sang his office. At the close of the service he recovered himself in the pulpit of the cathedral, and, as his chronicler says, finished his sermon "with incomparable eloquence."

Anthony had completed his "Commentary on the Psalms," the fruit of long vigilance and profound meditation. A novice, weary of the religious life and its ceaseless austerities, resolved to return to the world; and, coveting Anthony's precious manuscript, he captured it and fled. The young rascal could have had no sense of humor, or he would hardly have turned his back upon the cloister and sought the mixed society of the world, the flesh and the devil with a stolen copy of a "Commentary on the Psalms" as his companion. Probably he hoped to profit by it in a worldly way; but in this he was strangely thwarted. Upon discovering his loss, Anthony had, as ever, recourse to prayer. At that very moment the fleeing youth was confronted by a monstrous creature, that ordered him to return at once to the abbey and restore the "Commentary" to its author. This he was now only too glad to do. And the Saint, rejoiced at the recovery of his manuscript, as well as of the soul that was in peril, received the novice with every mark of affection. Nor was his loving kindness ill bestowed; for the lad became one of the most favored of the faithful.

As St. Francis hushed the carolling birds in the Venetian lagoon, saying, "Cease your singing a little while, until we have rendered to God our homage of praise"; so Anthony rebuked the clamoring frogs in a noisy pool at the Convent of Montpellier, and they thereafter observed a respectful silence at the hours of prayer.

At Puy-en-Velay he converted a notary of dissolute habits and violent temper. When they met in the streets Anthony would bow to the notary, and the latter would fly into a rage, believing that he was in mockery. Still Anthony saluted him reverently and more reverently; whereupon the notary cried, in a fury: "What does this mean? But for fear of the anger of God I would run you through with my sword." Then Anthony replied, with perfect composure: "O my brother! you do not know the honor in store for you. I envy you your happiness. I longed for the martyr's palm: the Lord denied it to me, but He has revealed to me that this grace is reserved for you. When that blessed hour arrives, be mindful, I beseech you, of him who foretold it you." And it came to pass even as it had been predicted.

To a lady of rank who recommended herself to his prayers, Anthony said: "Be of good heart, my daughter, and rejoice; for the Lord will give you a son who, as a Friar Minor and a martyr, will shed lustre upon the Church." This prediction was likewise fulfilled.

Many he delivered from sore temptations, and they were never again persecuted. To a poor sinner, overwhelmed with sorrow, who could find no voice with which to confess himself, Anthony said: "Go write down your sins, and bring me the parchment." The penitent did as he was bidden, returning with a tear-stained scroll. As he read out his sins one after the other, each disappeared from the parchment; and having reached the last of these, lo! the scroll was spotless.

At St. Junien, Anthony, who was about to address the public, predicted that the platform which had been erected for his use would collapse, but that no one would be injured. The fact was speedily verified.

One day, preaching to a great multitude in a large square in the city of Limoges, France, a violent storm gathered and filled the people with terror. They began to disperse in haste, when Anthony said: "Fear not: the storm will pass you by." So they remained; and, though the city was deluged, not a drop of rain fell in the square where Anthony was preaching.

At Brivé the Saint established a little hermitage similar to the one at Monte Paolo. Postulants joined him, seeking solitude and poverty. On one occasion, when they were in distress, a much-needed alms was sent them by a lady to whom they had reluctantly applied for aid. The lady's servant carried the gift to them through a severe storm; yet going and coming the servant walked dry-shod, and not one drop of water from the pouring clouds fell upon her.

One evening his companions at the hospice saw a band of marauders despoiling the field of one of the benefactors of the little community, and they hastened to complain to Anthony. "Fear not," said he. "'Tis but an artifice of the Evil One to distract you." On the morrow they found that the field had been untouched.

The Cathari of Rimini invited the Saint to a feast of poisons. His astounding success in bringing wanderers back to the fold filled them with hatred of him. He knew at once that a snare had been laid for him by the Cathari, and denounced them openly; thereupon they said to him: "Either you believe the words of the Gospel or you do not. If you believe them, why hesitate to eat? Is it not written, 'In My name they shall cast out devils; they shall handle serpents; and if they shall drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them'? If you do not believe the Gospel to be true, why do you preach it? Take, therefore, and eat. If you go unhurt, we swear to embrace the Catholic faith." Blessing the viands, the servant of God ate and was unharmed; and all those who beheld the miracle returned into the fold.

Paralysis and epilepsy he cured with the Sign of the Cross.

At Gemona, near Udine, where he was erecting a small convent on the model of the Portiuncula, he one day hailed a peasant who was passing with an ox team, and begged that a load of bricks might be brought him. The peasant, not knowing who addressed him, and not caring to be pressed into Anthony's service, said: "I can not help you, for I am carrying a corpse." The truth is, the peasant's son lay sleeping in the bottom of the cart. When the peasant, a little later, attempted to waken the boy so as to tell him how he had fooled the friar, he found that his son was dead. Then he ran to Anthony and implored him to restore the life of the boy; and Anthony making the Sign of the Cross over the body, the youth arose and blessed him.

Often, under the influence of his exhortations, penitents were moved to tears and convulsive sobs. To such he would say—to quote from his notes: "Poor sinner, why despair of thy salvation, since all here speaks of mercy and of love? Behold the two advocates who plead thy cause before the tribunal of Divine Justice: a Mother and a Redeemer. Mary, who presents to her Son her heart transfixed with the sword of sorrow; Jesus, who presents to His Father the wounds in His feet and hands, and His Heart pierced by the soldier's lance. Take courage; with such a mediator, with such an intercessor, Divine Mercy can not reject thee."

Who could resist this appeal, or fail to find strength and consolation in it?

(To be continued.)

PICTURES by Fra Angelico . . . are full of religious sincerity. When one studies them faithfully, it is like holding a conversation about heavenly things with a tender and devout-minded man.—*Hawthorne.*

A Loss of Caste.

VI.

THE 12th of August saw a large shooting party assembled at Mona for the slaughter of the poor grouse. Lance Trenton arrived a week earlier, and soon won all hearts by his frank, gay manners. He proved, by a genealogical system of his own invention, that he had a right to be considered a nephew. Both Mr. Nesbitt and Mrs. Cantwell willingly allowed his claim; but his broad hints to Miss Lynne that she was his cousin Una fell on deaf ears. They were excellent friends, however; and she often wondered at the strange contrast that existed between the merry, light-hearted companion of their pleasures and the keen, practical man of business he showed himself in the inspection of the works. Mr. Nesbitt was delighted at the interest he took in them, and gladly adopted some improvements he suggested in the drainage.

If Basil felt any uneasiness about possible rivalry it was soon set at rest. To his great astonishment, Lance confided to him, ere a fortnight had passed, that he was devoted to Gertrude Stein, a demure little German maiden, just home from her Munich convent; and that he was fully determined to win her for his *Frauchen*.

"You are not serious, Lance?"

"Never was more so in my life."

"Why, she is a mere child!"

"She was eighteen her last birthday."

"Will you propose before you leave?"

"That depends. I'll come to an understanding with her father, in any case."

"You won't go back to Turkey, then?"

"No. I shall accompany you to Afghanistan, if you take me; and afterward settle down in England or Ireland."

"Do you really mean it? Will you come with me?"

"Here's my hand on it, old fellow."

"Well, Lance, of all the world you are the man I like best for a companion."

Lance laughed gaily.

"All right, my lord. You see, I can't take lasting engagements for the present"

"And that is my own case equally," answered Basil.

Lance nodded.

"Guessed you were caught by Miss Lynne, and so I was on my guard not to interfere with you."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure."

Both young men laughed, and then Basil told his cousin of his conversation with his uncle, and his plans for the future; and they sat up half the night, smoking and building castles.

One morning Basil was walking up and down the terrace. The open window allowed him to perceive his uncle seated in his arm-chair in the morning room, with the *Times* in his hands; Trüdchen Stein intently studying the local morning paper; and Lance arranging some fishing-tackle near her, his eyes dancing with fun. Trüdchen was supposed to have learned English in Munich; but it left much to be desired, and Mr. Trenton had officiously constituted himself her tutor. The lessons were conducted somewhat in the following fashion:

Gertrude raised her big, innocent blue eyes, and, looking pleadingly at Lance, said:

"Mr. Trenton, would you have the goodness to tell me what means a speechless partner?"

"Certainly, Miss Stein," gravely replied the gentleman addressed. "But speechless partners are of different kinds. In what sense do you apply the words?"

"It has to do with a company what you call firm."

"A firm company?"

"No, no! A firm."

"I see. Well, now suppose, Miss Stein, that you and I formed a company — do you understand?"

"Yes," said Gertrude, innocently; while the newspaper which Mr. Nesbitt held

before his face oscillated strangely, and Basil leaned on the balustrade opposite the window.

"Well, if I hypnotized you and threw you into a magnetic sleep, you would be my speechless partner."

Miss Stein tried to look crushing, and only succeeded in looking very pretty.

"Mr. Trenton, I ask you for information, and you tell me fibs," she said, severely. "What means a say-nothing partner?"

"Good Heavens! what a charge, Miss Stein! *I* tell you fibs!" (With an exaggeration of her pronunciation, she called it feebs.) "Not for the world would I be guilty of such a thing. Besides, you must allow me to say that, in English, a lady never accuses a gentleman of telling fibs."

"Then, what should I say when he does?" asked Trüdchen.

"If you still harbor such unworthy suspicions, the polite way of expressing them would be: 'Mr. Trenton, you are telling me a confounded lie.' Say it now if you wish to repeat your assertion."

"Mr. Trenton," answered the young lady, deliberately, "you are telling me a big, confounded lie."

Una, who had gone for her hat to accompany Gertrude on a shopping expedition, entered just in time to hear her friend make this speech. Struggling to keep a serious face, Miss Lynne bestowed a reproachful look on her uncle, who was convulsed with laughter; and, advancing, said:

"Gertrude, I forbid you ever to repeat anything Mr. Trenton teaches you. He is abominable."

"Is he?" asked Trüdchen, sweetly.

This was too much for even Miss Lynne's gravity, while Basil beat a hasty retreat from his station on the terrace.

Basil had already handed Mrs. Cantwell into the phaeton, and the two girls followed her. Notwithstanding Lance's assurances of his good taste and general usefulness, his services were inexorably declined.

"Tell him, Trüdchen," said Miss Lynne, maliciously, "that men are a nuisance shopping."

Trüdchen showed her dimples and obediently repeated her lesson; whereupon Mr. Trenton pressed his handkerchief to his eyes and declared he was cut to the heart's core; and the phaeton drove off, with the young people's joyous laughter echoing on the breeze.

. . . . . .

"Come here, Trenton," said Basil. "I have had news by to-day's post. The chief dropped me a line telling me to be in readiness. He will telegraph in a few days, and we must then start at once."

"I am not surprised, Nesbitt," replied Lance. "Things look threatening in the East just at present. Does he say where your mission lies?"

"In Afghanistan. The mountain tribes are unsettled, and some one who knows the language is wanted to interview the chiefs."

"Well, if your time is so limited, what about Ardnaglass?"

"Of course I must see your father and mother before I leave Ireland. If we start by the early morning train we could spend a few days there."

"Better still, could we not get Mr. Nesbitt, Mrs. Cantwell, and Miss Lynne to accompany us? Then we could stay in Ardnaglass until your summons comes from London."

"That is a capital plan. And there is Uncle Maurice! Let us ask him at once."

Mr. Nesbitt willingly consented to an arrangement which would enable him to be with his nephew to the last; for he felt that their farewell, when it came, would be forever.

When the ladies returned to luncheon they were told of the plan, and gave it their full approval; only deferring the departure for a day, in order to pack, and to leave Basil and Lance time for farewell visits. The two young men rode

into Monabeg to dispatch telegrams to Ardnaglass and London; to invite Monsig. Dalton, Herr Stein, Dr. Gray, and Frank Sullivan to dinner; and to take leave of Mrs. Stein, and prevail upon her to allow her daughter to accompany them to Ardnaglass.

Frau Stein, a pleasant, bustling little woman, with a large family, willingly consented to Gertrude's accompanying Miss Lynne; only stipulating that she should come home that night with her father, so as to prepare her wardrobe. This the ambassadors faithfully promised, and they returned in high spirits to the Castle. Trenton was very anxious to make his parents acquainted with the girl he hoped would one day be their daughter; and Basil was equally glad that his parting with Una would be delayed a little longer.

VII.

On the appointed day the party of six left Mona Castle early, so as to catch the 8.30 train for Dublin. As Mrs. Cantwell felt fatigued on their arrival in the metropolis, they took up their quarters for the night at a hotel, and next morning started for the south of Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. Trenton, their eldest son Gerard, and their daughter Effie, met the travellers at the Cork terminus with a most cordial welcome; and the united group, after half an hour's pleasant drive, reached the Trentons' summer residence of Ardnaglass.

No greater contrast to Mona Castle could be imagined. It was a thoroughly modern, roomy country house, built for a large family, on a very beautiful site, and furnished with every luxury that money could buy. The River Lee ran through the spacious grounds; and the numerous guests whom the hospitable owners loved to gather round them universally voted it the pleasantest house in the county.

To Lance's intense delight, his family took a great fancy to little Fräulein Stein; and when the expected summons came to young Nesbitt, after a very pleasant week in Ardnaglass, Mr. and Mrs. Trenton would not hear of the Mona party leaving so soon. So the farewells were uttered on the banks of the silvery Lee, and then the young men hastened to London, where Basil presented himself to his chiefs. He felt deeply parting from his uncle, whom he could scarcely hope to see again; and the separation from Una, without a word or pledge, tried him cruelly.

At the Foreign Office Nesbitt found that considerable uneasiness prevailed at the disaffected attitude of some Afghan tribes; nor was much faith placed in the Ameer's loudly professed friendship and loyalty. Basil was ordered to start at once for Cabul, and place himself at the disposal of the British Minister there for negotiations with the hill tribes. No concealment was made of the dangerous nature of the mission; but to men of Nesbitt's and Trenton's stamp this only rendered it the more attractive; and the middle of October saw them well on their way to the East, in glowing health and spirits.

The winter passed quietly at Mona Castle. Mr. Nesbitt's health, if not much improved, was at least no worse; and Una was as bright and as busy as ever. In January large orders had been received at the potteries, so that additional hands had to be engaged and night gangs formed. With all his activity, Frank Sullivan could scarcely suffice for the demands on him; but he strove manfully to spare Mr. Nesbitt as much as possible.

Christmas had been spent peacefully and religiously. Midnight Mass in the beautiful church was attended by a throng of pious worshippers, and Monsig. Dalton thanked Almighty God from his inmost heart to see so many devout men and women pressing round the confessionals and approaching the Holy Table. Mr. Nesbitt took care that Christmas

cheer brightened every household, however humble; in which kindly care Mrs. Cantwell and Una zealously co-operated.

Letters had been received from Cabul. Lance and Basil were in perfect health, and just starting for the mountains. They wrote in high spirits, but warned their friends that months should pass ere they could receive further tidings from them. In the wild, hilly regions they were then about to enter communications with Cabul would be almost entirely interrupted. They sent fervent Christmas wishes; and expressed their hopes of spending the following Christmas at Mona, and finding their circle of dear friends unbroken.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Plea for the Fittest.

THE heat has its compensations, after all. It restrains the ardor of the enthusiast, silences the professional critic, and subdues the optimist. It seems a long time now since any one urged the formation of a Catholic press association, or advocated the founding of a great Catholic daily. Sweeping criticism of our periodical literature is unheard throughout the land at present, and the voice of him who holds that Catholic newspapers are doing untold good and exerting unbounded influence is silenced. The fan and the hammock and the awning are all conducive to a philosophical frame of mind. The Catholic public should now be disposed to give a little calm consideration to the subject of the Catholic press.

The need of able, vigorous, thoroughly Catholic papers is apparent to everyone. A superior Catholic press, closely united, would be a power for good in many ways. But this *desideratum* will never be realized, and the best of our journals can never improve notably or become more efficient than they are, so long as the Catholic public continues to encourage and support the inferior press. We know that this is done in a spirit of charity,—that many persons pay out money to keep any sort of a Catholic paper going as they contribute to collections for orphans. It is a common thing for our people to subscribe year after year to papers which they never read, imagining that they are thus helping the Catholic cause. This is not well-ordered charity, to say the kindest that can be said of it. The deserving Catholic journals of the country need all the support that can be given to them, and they ought to have it. It would be no loss whatever, but a positive gain in many ways, if a score or more of papers published under Catholic auspices in the United States were to suspend at once, and leave the field to those who have earned the right to occupy it.

As for the wrangling, rancorous periodicals that sow the seeds of discord amongst us, lessen respect for authority, foster the prejudices and excite the animosity of our separated brethren, it is next to criminal to contribute to their maintenance. Let those who condemn them cancel their subscriptions, and the plague will cease. Publications of this sort may not do any harm among people who think for themselves; but, unfortunately, this class is a minority everywhere. In some cases the publishers have a certain claim on the charity of the Catholic body; and it is only right, of course, to assist them to earn a living. This can be done, however, without supplying them with the means to do mischief.

There are not a few high-class Catholic journals published in the United States. Catholics ought to be proud of them and give them all the support in their power. Papers that we have reason to be ashamed of, and that afford no prospect of improvement, ought to be allowed to perish. It is a plain duty to encourage the former, and there is neither charity nor sense in prolonging the existence of the latter.

Notes and Remarks.

It is a deplorable fact that less than one-half of the voters of the United States profess any religion at all. At the last Presidential election the number of votes cast was 12,077,657. It is estimated by experts that only about 2,000,000 of these were cast by Catholics, and perhaps 3,500,000 by Protestants. The political domination of the United States, therefore, is with those who do not belong to any church. The epithets "socialist" and "anarchist" that have sprinkled political discussion so plenteously thus early in the present campaign, and the prophecies of disaster and disunion made by both of "the great parties," are not good omens. Our country has still many critical problems to solve, and the men to solve them rightly must be conscientious. We believe that the ignorance of most voters upon the vital issue of the present campaign, for instance, is a powerful argument against the unmixed blessedness of popular suffrage. But a more powerful one is the fact that the ballot, as trustworthy statistics show, is in the hands of men without religious influences and without trained consciences. Could anything show more powerfully the need of religion in the schools?

One of the most curious developments of Protestant metamorphosis is that it has become fashionable for ministers to abuse "sectarianism" and the "Reformers." While one preacher explains "why Protestantism has failed," and another tells "why the Catholic Church wins," there are still many others to denounce sectarianism and the evils of disunion. This is what the Rev. Dr. Echob does in *The Church Union*. After Luther's revolt, he says, "reformers, prophets, martyrs sprang up as the grass." He continues:

> So the denomination was born. Its father was a degenerate child of the reason, that doctrine of verbal inspiration. Its mother was that Cassandra of history—individualism gone mad. The denomination is by no means a case of survival of the fittest. It is the fruit of degeneration. Its stigmata are unmistakable—the decrepitude of doctrinalism, the insanity of individualism. Mark that I say the insanity of individualism. Right, sane individualism is a divine ordinance for man. It always has its own glorious orbit within the great, constellated life of love. If the Reformers had held to one another, not a man of them would have failed of his true place and weight in the whole balanced order. But each man or group losing faith in the divine law of community, and, of course, growing narrow and selfish, we find them thrown apart, dividing and subdividing at every whim of self-assertion. The shadow of a shade of difference on doctrine or custom or rite or polity, carried up into the court of conscience, at once took form and substance, and was planted as a standard of separation or carried as a banner of attack. This process of insane, unholy self-assertion has gone on, till this day our Protestantism is no longer a protest, but an internal disorder. An army with regiments so defined and segregated is a mob. A government with states or provinces so self-centred is an anarchy. A household so dismembered into single autocracies is a family scandal and travesty. A constellation so broken from its centre is chaos.

We wonder that the failure of the "popeless churches" has not suggested to some Catholic publicist an essay that might be entitled "The Primacy of Peter Proved by the Union of Faith among Early Christians."

Of all the idle phrases with which ignorant ranters assail the Church, the most astonishing and the most ridiculous are "mental slavery" and "popish tyranny." True mental freedom is freedom from error, and that is precisely what Catholics have and what sectarians have not. Writing in an able English secular magazine—to all of which, happily, he seems to have entrance—Dr. Barry says:

> In the Roman Church, with its peremptory decisions and infallible Chair, the Bible, the liturgy, the Sacraments, the creeds, remain unaffected by movements which elsewhere have told upon them to their irreparable injury. Nor should we fail to observe that loyal Catholics are by no means subservient from fear; neither do they chafe under this discipline. When the Pontiff speaks, he is uttering their voice and confirming their prepossessions; they hold emphatically the very doctrine which he defines; and they would rise up against any one who should lay a bold hand upon the Mass or deny the Tradition, in which they see their beliefs outside them, objective and real. M. Zola is scandalized at their passionate fervor, their exuberance in the faith, their enthusiasm which appears to him so extravagant. Human nature will not change because of the sceptic's dislike to its manifestations in a region where he is petrified. But let him not utter the word tyranny while these repeated

acclamations and plebiscites of instinctive devotion prove that nothing would be more welcome to Catholics than a Pope whom the kings and republics should accept for their supreme arbitrator. Behind the Congregations at Rome, with their silent machinery, is a real and popular religion, spontaneous, free, not manufactured,—an instinct deep as life in these innumerable hearts. And it is growing, not diminishing. The great Protestant experiment having been made, and ending, as we see, in disaster, what more natural than that the authority which it supplanted to so little purpose should gain by its defeat? Once more, history is asserting its claims; and the ancient institutions of Christendom are emerging from the shade which was cast about them by a speculative system, itself incapable of bringing to a successful issue the enterprise it had snatched from them in an hour of revolt.

If ever a phrase was unfortunate, it is the one currently used in charging Catholics with "subserviency through fear." The children of the Church have almost a passionate love for their mother. As for "popish tyranny"—when the Holy Father speaks officially he is simply expressing the belief of the faithful. As reasonably might one be offended with his tongue for expressing the thought of his mind.

The death is announced of Mr. Patrick Keeley, the distinguished Catholic architect. During his long and laborious life, Mr. Keeley designed and built over six hundred churches in Europe and America, among them being some of the most imposing cathedrals in our country. He was one of the recipients of the Lætare Medal which the University of Notre Dame annually presents to some Catholic distinguished for eminent services to Church or State. Mr. Keeley's masterpiece and his monument will be the beautiful cathedral in Brooklyn, now in course of erection, which will be dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. May he rest in peace!

It will surprise many who knew the late Prof. Huxley only through his writings to learn that the qualities of pugilist, pedant, and scoffer were conspicuously absent in his daily intercourse with others; and that in their place was a personality of singular charm. It is Mr. Wilfrid Ward who tells us this, and he knew Huxley familiarly; nor is it at all likely that the son of the philosopher Ward—who declared he never could enjoy his breakfast except when he had a new Papal bull to exercise his faith—would attempt to garnish the faults of the great agnostic who did his utmost during life to combat Christianity. It appears that in ordinary life Prof. Huxley could be pleasant enough with the theologians whom he detested so cordially in controversy. Mr. Ward assures us that—

One thing, at all events, was beyond question: his occasional flippancy in controversy represented no levity in his way of regarding serious and sacred subjects as a whole. It was in some cases provoked by real narrowness in good people; and sometimes by what I could not but consider his own narrowness, which failed to view minor details of popular Christianity in their true proportion; and sometimes by the temptation to take controversial advantage of positions current among the orthodox which theologians themselves are likely eventually to abandon. Had he lived in the early seventeenth century, he would have represented Christianity as standing or falling with the truth of the Ptolemaic system; and have depicted the theologians, who would not at once break with the Ptolemaic interpretation of Josue, as the most vivid caricatures of unreason.

No doubt this clever analysis goes far to explain the hostility of the man of science to Christianity; but one would think that so skilled a dialectician would be able, in spite of misrepresentation among Catholics themselves, "to view the minor details of popular Christianity in their true proportion." He was at least logician enough to despise the modern freethinker, who "makes use of his freedom mainly to vent nonsense"; and he was an ardent admirer of St. Thomas Aquinas, of whom he wrote that "his marvellous grasp and subtlety of intellect seem to me to be almost without a parallel."

The Portuguese Minister at Washington has formally invited our Government to participate in the celebration of the fourth centenary of Vasco da Gama's voyage to India. This hardy Portuguese, whose devotion to the faith is well known, was the first to double the Cape of Good Hope, thus adding to the geographical knowledge of the world and opening up a new road to "the wealth of Ind." It is to be hoped that our Government will take a prominent part in

the celebration; the more so as the discovery of America was wholly due to the attempts of the mariners of the fifteenth century to find a short route to India. The celebration will be marked by the issue of a new series of coins and postage-stamps, by athletic contests and an international naval review. Celebrations of this kind have a special interest for Catholics; for those doughty mariners were no less zealous for the spread of the faith than they were for the honor and profit of the country under whose flag they sailed

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The movement toward missions for non-Catholics has taken strong hold of the English mind. Not only are many of the ablest and most eloquent priests in England engaged in this work, but an admirable series of lectures by Catholic laymen has been begun. The lecturers are men of the highest repute, and most of them are drawn from the legal or journalistic profession. It has often been said of recent years that the need of the hour, in religious work, is lay zeal. These English gentlemen seem to have recognized their opportunity, and are profiting by it. Whether many conversions ensue or not, the effect of these eminent laymen pleading for the Church in the public squares and halls of London must have a wholesome effect on both Catholics and Protestants.

A voice from the organ-loft is heard in the columns of the *Catholic Columbian*. It has no uncertain sound, and we are now moved to pity the lot of those who sing as well as those who listen. Small wonder that inharmonies should proceed from the organ-loft, if it is such a place of discomfort as Mr. Watterson describes it.

It is a notorious fact that there is no other place in the church which is one-half so close, dismal and uncomfortable as the choir-loft of the majority of Catholic churches. Appearances indicate that not one clergyman in fifty ever considers that his choir needs fresh air, and plenty of it; and for that reason it is a very rare occurrence when one finds a choir-loft with any adequate provision for fresh air. The choir is compelled to take up the air which the congregation has already finished; and who can calculate how much bad music is chargeable to this?

So many things go by contraries it might have the effect of making liturgical music more popular with our choirs if the organ-lofts themselves were light and airy. But, in any case, there is no reason why the choir should be made to suffer just because the congregation does.

The Yorke-Wendte controversy recalls a story which Lincoln was fond of telling. In crossing a field he was once attacked by a young bull; and, in order to avoid unpleasantness, fled to a haystack in close proximity. But the bull was spoiling for an encounter, and the future President saw plainly that it was not to be avoided. Having the good fortune to find a stout stick, he ran with all his might, and by the time he had made two circuits of the haystack he found that he had overtaken his pursuer. The tide of battle now changed. Seizing the beast by the tail, he belabored him about the head until he howled with pain. The race continued with accelerated speed. The bull was soon entirely subdued, and thought only of escape; but Lincoln continued to beat him, shouting, "You miserable critter, who began this thing, any way?"

The Rev. Mr. Wendte can not reasonably complain that Father Yorke did not allow him to go his way in peace, since he began the controversy, and was very ready to write until he found that he was vigorously opposed. The anti-Catholics of California have slight cause to love Father Yorke, but sufficient cause to remember him.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Joseph Bellentine, who lately departed this life at Notre Dame.

Mrs. Margaret Coughlin, of West Troy, N. Y., who died suddenly on the 31st ult.

Mr. Stephen E. O'Donovan, who passed away on the 7th inst., at Leonardsville, Minn.

David J. Fitzsimons and Patrick Finneran, of Bristol, Conn.; Miss Genevieve E. Reid, Clarion, Pa.; and Katharine Burke, Co. Limerick, Ireland.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Two Little Girls.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

MRS. WILSON'S girls were at school to-day," announced Mary Conway to her little sister Margery.

"Oh, were they? Are they nice? How big are they?" asked Margery, in a breath; for her interest in their new neighbor's children was great.

"Bessie is about as tall as you are, and Jennie is smaller," answered Mary, carelessly, as she threw her satchel on her mother's bed. "I was with them to school this morning, and I told Bessie how you have been wanting to see her."

"What did she say?" asked Margery, her big eyes fixed on her sister's face.

"I don't remember. Oh, yes! She is going to wait for us to-morrow, if you are well enough to go."

"I'm going to-morrow,—mother said so. Is Bessie nice?"

"I suppose so. I don't go with her. Where is mother?"

"In the kitchen. Tell me more about Bessie, Mary."

"I don't know any more, baby; and I have my chickens to feed."

The next morning Margery was up early and ready for school long before her sister.

"Do hurry, Mary!" she pleaded, as Mary leisurely made her toilet.

"It isn't near school-time yet."

"But maybe Bessie won't wait for us," said Margery, anxiously.

"Well, you will see her at school. She is not going to fly away."

"Mother, do make Mary hurry!" said Margery, as Mrs. Conway came in with the children's lunch basket.

"What! Margery in haste to get off to school!" exclaimed Mrs. Conway.

"Bessie Wilson promised to wait for us this morning," said Mary; "and," with her daring little laugh, "I'm going to let her wait. I sha'n't hurry myself one bit just to meet Protestants."

"Mary," said her mother, sternly, "have I not forbidden you to speak in that manner of our neighbors?"

"I can not help it, mother. I do not like them, for they are so mean. Yesterday Miss Lizzie set for my copy that Leo XIII. is Pope of Rome, and that spiteful 'Bithia Mann told me I would lose my soul if I didn't copy it right."

Mrs. Conway smiled, but there was a little pain in her heart. Her home was in a Protestant neighborhood — not of cultured, liberal-minded Protestants, but a decidedly different class. And, as there was no Catholic school near, she was compelled to send her children to the district school, where the unkindness of their companions made their days a series of unpleasantnesses.

As they walked down the rough country road that morning, and Margery caught sight of their new neighbor's children sitting on the rail fence waiting for them, her heart began to beat faster. It was such an event!

"This is Margery, Bessie," said Mary to the larger of the girls.

They looked at each other,—Margery, shyly, Bessie boldly; then a pair of hands were extended, and from that moment the two little girls were sworn friends.

Near the road, without even a fence separating them, stood the old log schoolhouse, which contained but one room, divided into four parts by the aisle and space reserved for the recitation of the classes. The benches were long—often as many as six children occupying one,—and were made of heavy, coarse wood, defaced by many a penknife and upturned bottle of ink. A big stove occupied the centre of the room summer and winter. There was no bell, the children being called from play by the teacher's knocking on the outside of the house with her ruler. Not a very pleasant place, many of my readers may think; and with reason. Yet such humble schools have given to the world some of its greatest men and women.

The friendship formed between the little girls that September morning strengthened as the days passed, and was soon the comment of teacher and pupils. Bess and Margery,—where you saw one you saw the other; if one got into mischief, the other was sure to be found guilty as accomplice. Yet their characters were totally different. Bessie was as wild as a deer, impetuous, warm-hearted, but with a pitiful lack of moral courage. Margery was as shy as a violet hidden in the grass, sensitive even to morbidness, but as open as the daylight. To such natures public correction always brings the greatest humiliation; but Margery to escape it would never resort to subterfuge, as would Bessie. Gradually her good influence began to overcome Bessie's weakness; and one day the teacher, after sentencing Margery to stand for half an hour on the "back bench" for some misdemeanor, was surprised by Bessie's standing up and saying—very weakly, it must be confessed:

"I was talking too, Miss Lizzie."

"She just did that," said another child to Jennie (Bessie's sister), "to be with Margery."

The remark was carried home, and subjected Bessie to a sharp scolding from her narrow-minded mother, who began to resent the influence of the Catholic Margery. However, not wishing to incur the displeasure of the Conways, who were kind and accommodating neighbors, she did not openly oppose it; but sought, by insinuations, to poison her child's mind against Margery and all of her faith.

And a change began to come over Margery. While never a talkative child, she became more silent, always appearing to be wrapped in deep thought. This did not escape her mother's eyes; and as Mary no longer went to the district school—her father having sent her to the convent at the beginning of the second term,—and Margery never spoke of the occurrences of the day, she grew anxious and wondered if it were fear that had made the change. As she tied on the pink sunbonnet one spring morning, she took her little daughter on her knee and asked:

"Are the children kinder to you now that Mary is gone?"

"I don't play with them any more," replied Margery. "Bess and I walk up and down the road at recess, and at noon we go to the woods and gather blue-bells."

"I thought I heard the children making a noise yesterday evening. Were they tormenting you again?"

"They were making fun of Bess because she goes with me. When we passed her house they tried to make me angry too; but I crossed the fence and came home through the fields. Mother"—breaking off,—"I love Bess dearly, and I want her to be a Catholic!"—dropping her head on her mother's shoulder and sobbing aloud.

Then the great fear in the mother's

heart gave way to joy. She held the little girl closely against her breast for a moment in silence; then she said:

"Well, my child, you must pray to our dear Lord for her, and ask our Blessed Mother to pray for her too."

"But I do, mother. I have been praying for her, oh, so long! I said the Rosary 'most a hundred times, I know."

"You must keep on praying. Our Lord will hear you. Why do you not invite Bessie home with you some night?"

"Oh, may I, mother? I am so glad! I shall ask her to-day."

Margery stopped on the way to school with the invitation; and, after much pleading from the two little girls, Mrs. Wilson reluctantly consented. Mrs. Conway made Bessie welcome; and when Margery caught sight of the plate of delicate cookies on the supper table, she threw a grateful smile at her mother; for the extra sweets were in honor of her friend, and she was happy. Bessie felt strange at first. In spite of herself, the stories her mother used to tell her about Catholics would come into her mind. Suppose they would put her in the dark dungeon and never let her out again? But gradually her fears forsook her, and when bedtime came she kissed Mrs. Conway good-night as she was wont to kiss her mother.

"Aren't you coming to bed, Margery?" asked Bessie, as she slipped into her night-gown, and noticed Margery made no movement toward undressing.

"Yes, after we have said our prayers," returned Margery.

The door separating the apartment from the family sitting-room was open, and when the first words of the Rosary fell on her ears Bessie sat up in the bed. How nicely Mr. Conway's voice, with its soft Irish accent, sounded as he led the prayers, to which Mrs. Conway's gentle tones and Margery's sweet, childish treble responded! She had never heard anything so beautiful, she thought. Her mother used occasionally to read chapters from the Bible and her father sing Methodist hymns; but, somehow these prayers were prettier. And what strange prayers they were and how long!

Margery thought her friend asleep; but as she crept in beside her, Bessie whispered:

"What prayers do you all say, Margery?"

"That's the Rosary," was the answer.

"The Rosary? What is that?"

"Why," said Margery, her heart beating quick and fast—for it was the first time Bessie had asked her anything about the Catholic faith,—"a long time ago there was a great saint living named Dominic. One day the Blessed Virgin—"

"Who's the Blessed Virgin?" asked the little girl.

"Why, don't you know? The Mother of our Saviour, of course. Didn't your mother ever tell you about her?"

"No. What did she do?"

"She appeared to St. Dominic, and gave him a Rosary like the one I always carry in my pocket, and told him how to say the prayers; so Catholics pray as she taught him."

"Teach me how to say the Rosary," said Bessie.

Margery readily complied; and hours afterward, when all in the house were fast asleep, the little Protestant child lay awake repeating the beautiful prayer to Christ's Mother.

Margery whispered the conversation to her mother the next morning, who warned her not to refer to it again, unless Bessie herself should speak of it.

"And remember, Margery," said Mrs. Conway, "we can do far more by example than by preaching. Be a good girl. Say nothing bad, do nothing wrong; that is the best way to show Bessie the beauties and truth of our holy religion. And continue to pray to Our Lord and to His Blessed Mother for your little friend."

Margery obeyed, although she would have liked to ask Bessie if she remem-

bered the prayers. But Bessie said nothing to her. Margery had a statue of Our Lady and the Infant Jesus, before which she placed fresh violets every morning. After that night she gathered two bunches—one for herself, one for her friend. And what prayers went up from the childish heart for that friend's conversion! I have sometimes wondered why she prayed so fervently for this one person. She had relatives, very dear to her, who were Protestants; yet it never entered her head to say even an *Ave* that they should be led to see the truth; while every prayer, every act, was said and made for Bessie.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Legend of the Holy Cross.

II.

When the time marked out by the decrees of the Eternal had come, on that memorable night whose shadows hid the mortal agony of Christ, His enemies, having laid hands on Him, called to mind the tree buried beneath the water, as a person sometimes remembers a dream. And it seemed to them that this wood, soaked, as it were, with the misdeeds of men, and hardened by the element in which it had remained so long, would be heavier to carry than any other. With much trouble they drew it out, formed a cross out of it, and placed it on the sacred shoulders of our Saviour. When He reached the hill of Golgotha with His executioners, they fastened the foot of the cross deep into the earth. The place where the instrument of suffering was set up was the very same spot where, so many centuries before, the earth had opened her bosom to receive the mortal remains of Adam. When they were digging the hole for the cross they came to his bones, which were scattered by his sons. But the skull rolled to the foot of the Cross, where it remained lying; and the first drops of that Precious Blood shed for the salvation of the world fell upon it.

For several centuries the glorious instrument of man's Redemption remained again in oblivion on Mount Calvary; and paganism, which imagined itself to be triumphant at the time, built over it a temple to the goddess Venus. But when Constantine, in a vision, beheld the sign of the cross, which was shown to him as an emblem of victory and of the empire of the world, he conceived the desire of offering his homage to the Cross on which the Redemption of the world was accomplished. He therefore determined to build a church on Golgotha. His pious mother Helena, who was at the time over eighty years of age, undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. She wished to discover the wood on which was shed the Blood of our Divine Redeemer; and, for this purpose, she earnestly besought the prayers and the assistance of the holy Bishop Macarius.

The Temple of Venus was demolished to the very foundations; and when the digging was extended, the grotto was discovered which had served as the burying-place of Christ. In it were found three crosses, together with the nails, and the inscription in which Pilate mockingly expressed his opinion of Christ. Although this inscription seemed to fit one cross better than either of the others, the Empress and the holy Bishop did not consider this a sufficient proof by which to recognize the object of their anxious and pious search. Macarius prayed long and earnestly for a sure sign by which the matter might be settled; he begged Heaven to grant some visible sign by which the authenticity of the sacred wood on which was shed the redeeming Blood might be proved. His prayer did not remain long unheard.

At that time there dwelt in Jerusalem a noble lady who was dangerously ill:

there were no hopes of her recovery,—she was on the very borders of the grave. The Bishop had the crosses brought to her; and, in presence of the Empress, the priests, and an immense crowd of people, he touched her successively with the three crosses which had been found in the sepulchre on Mount Calvary. The first two had no effect; but when the third touched her, the dying woman arose in perfect health.

From thenceforth the true Cross was exposed to the veneration of the people. Soon after the miraculous finding—or Invention of the Holy Cross, as it is called,—the Empress sent a portion of it to her son Constantine, together with the nails. She inclosed the larger portion of the sacred wood in a reliquary of chased silver, and delivered it to the guardianship of Macarius, that he might preserve it for future generations.

In later years Chosroes, King of Persia, having taken Jerusalem and slaughtered many thousands of Christians, carried away the Cross amongst other trophies of his victory. However, when Heraclius became Emperor of Constantinople he prepared himself by assiduous prayer and fasting, gathered an army together and made war upon the Persians, whom he defeated with great slaughter. The Cross was restored to the Christian Emperor fourteen years after it had fallen into the hands of the Persians; and Heraclius, returning to Jerusalem with great pomp, bore it upon his shoulders to the hill whereon the Saviour had carried it.

The event was rendered more illustrious by the occurrence of a great miracle. Heraclius, dressed in the imperial robes, which were resplendent with gold and precious stones, was arrested at the gate that leads to Mount Calvary. The more he tried to advance, the more he was held back by an invisible power. The Emperor and all who were present being filled with wonder at this circumstance, Zacharius, Bishop of Jerusalem, said to him: "In thy triumphal robes, O Emperor, thou art far from imitating the poverty and humility of Christ!" So, throwing aside his rich garments and taking off his shoes, Heraclius dressed himself as a poor man, and went the rest of the way without any difficulty. He set the Cross up in the same place whence it had been taken by the Persians. The day on which this glorious event is commemorated, the 14th of September, is called the Festival of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

Princes and the great ones of the earth began to beg for a little portion of the sacred wood, and splinters of it were taken with which to enrich the most celebrated churches throughout Christendom. The most renowned workers in gold and silver adorned them, and no material that earth can furnish was deemed too precious to be made into cases for these sacred relics. Even imperial and royal crowns were turned into reliquaries; and it seemed as if the fragments of the Holy Cross made their power secure, and filled the wearers with the spirit of justice, fortitude, and prudence; whilst it reminded them that the mightiest emperor of the earth is only a vassal of the King of kings.

But the day will come when even the cases containing portions of the Cross will disappear; the most precious metal, the most costly productions of human skill, will be consumed by the flames of Divine Justice. Then all the particles of the Holy Cross will be miraculously united, and then it will be seen borne in triumph by the hands of angels, shining as the glory of the sun. And beneath the shadow of this sign of Redemption all men will be summoned to appear in presence of Divine Justice, and to hear the sentence that will decide their fate for eternity.

(The End.)

With Authors and Publishers.

—Really good literature, like good wine, needs no bush; and therefore "Books and Reading," by Brother Azarias, may well dispense with the plaudits of the critic. There is one service, however, which the reviewer may, perhaps, render in referring to a new edition of this well-known volume—he may remind the young reader that in our day, when the book-stalls are glutted with worthless or harmful books, the need of a guide to reading is imperative. This guide he will find in the book of the gentle Azarias. Cathedral Library Association.

—The musical readers in the Education Music Course, lately published by Ginn & Co., can not be commended too highly. We are in receipt of the first, second and third numbers of this series, which, with the primer which precedes and higher readers and chants which follow, form a complete course of training for the young voice in which the errors of the usual unsatisfactory instruction have been avoided. The vocal specialists who are responsible for this valuable series are of the highest rank in the musical circles of the country.

—The poems of Mr. Lionel Johnson, who has been acclaimed by English critics, are winning their way into favor with Americans also. According to *The Critic*, they are "not unworthy of the school which trained Pope, Otway and Collins. Mr. Lionel Johnson sings in time and in tune, and withal there is meaning in the song. He is a man of many interests and sympathies, some of which are with most men mutually exclusive. . . . As a rule, however, he is detached from the present, and is more conversant with the classics and the Fathers than with modern poets and philosophers." It is to be feared that most Catholics are not as familiar as they should be with the works of living Catholic poets; and with Aubrey de Vere, Coventry Patmore, Francis Thompson, Mrs. Meynell, Mrs. Hinkson, Rosa Mulholland and Lionel Johnson as contemporaries, it may be said that the most of the high-class poetry produced in England at present is from Catho'ic pens.

—The League Hymnal is a collection of hymns to accompany the beautiful devotion to the Sacred Heart, arranged by the Rev. William H. Walsh, S. J. There is also a complete choral service for the public exercises of the Holy League, with music by the Rev. F. M. de Zulueta, S. J. Published by the Apostleship of Prayer.

—There are not a few excellent meditation books in our language, one of the best of which, by the way, is Cardinal Wiseman's "Daily Meditations." We should think that works of this kind would be most serviceable in the preparation of sermons; however, there is no accounting for tastes, and many persons prefer collections of set sermons. A priest of the Archdiocese of St. Louis has translated three volumes of the discourses of the Rev. G. Wolfgarten. These sermons are short and practical, and have the great advantage of having been prepared for publication only after being preached from the pulpit. B. Herder, publisher.

—Our readers are aware that for months past a great controversy has been going on between the Catholics of California and the A. P. A., the cause of Catholicity being ably defended by the Rev. P. C. Yorke, of San Francisco. The letters to which the controversy gave rise are now appearing in book form, the first collection of which comprises those written by the Rev. Dr. Wendte and the able replies of Father Yorke. As many current calumnies against the Church are refuted in this volume, it will prove generally useful and be a valuable aid to those who may have to combat anti-Catholic slanders after the present controversy has ceased. The book is issued in appropriate style, and is supplied with a full index and notes, giving references to the statements made by Father Yorke.

—Kailyard literature is the mildly satiric name applied to the work of the new Scotch school of fiction, which is happily enjoying great popularity. Crockett and Maclaren and Barrie and Miss Findlater are welcome substitutes for the literary gods who have done so much to revive the ancient prejudice

against romances. The dethroned deities were usually stupid and inane, it is true, but they arrested attention for the time by their shameless defiance of reverence and decency. But the sensationalist soon burns himself out. The current *Edinburgh* well says: "The book which seeks its subject in a museum of moral monstrosities, which launches itself with the startling or shocking title that strikes the keynote to the offensive contents, may have an ephemeral and discreditable success. But the success is seldom repeated, and the sensational extravagance has a depressing effect even upon those who profess to admire it. We believe that the surest test of a genuinely good novel is that it leaves a pleasant flavor behind. Novelists of what Southey called the 'Satanic School' can have no touch on the chords to which our finer feelings will vibrate."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

The Yorke-Wendte Discussion. Monitor Publishing Co. 50 cts.

Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages. *Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M.* Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P.* Catholic Book Exchange. 5 cts.

The End of Religious Controversy. *Bishop Milner. Edited by Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A.* Cath. Truth Society. 1s *net.*

The See of St. Peter. *T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G.* Catholic Truth Society. 1s. 6d.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

Lessons in Literature. Ainsworth & Co. $1.

The Religion of a Traveller (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser.* Cathedral Library Association. 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* May & Williams. $1.25.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25.

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

The Monk's Pardon. *Raoul de Navery.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Are Anglican Orders Valid? *Rev. Dr. MacDevitt.* Sealy, Bryers & Walker. 60 cts.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8s.

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury, Mass. $2.10.

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, $6.25.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.50 net.

The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena. *Algar Thorold.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Woman, What Have I to do with Thee? *Presbyter Anglicanus.* Kegan Paul & Co. Crown 8vo, 60 cts.

Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. *Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 3 vols. $4.50.

Christian Reunion. *William Delaney, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. *K. M. Barry.* Fallon & Co. 60 cts.

Retreats, etc. *Father Dignam, S. J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Jewels of the Imitation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* Burns & Oates. 60 cts.

Questions of Honor in the Christian Life. *Katharine E. Conway.* Pilot Co. 50 cts.

Conscience and Law. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. $1.60.

In a Walled Garden. *Bessie R. Belloc.* Ward & Downey. $2.

Evolution and Dogma. *Rev. John A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C.* McBride & Co. $2.

Saint Philomena. *From the French.* R. Washbourne. 5 cts.

Mooted Questions of History. *H. J. Desmond.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts.

Catholic Directory, 1896. *Hoffmann Bros. Co.* 50 cts.

Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. 65 cts.

Our Own Story. *Rosa Mulholland.* Catholic Truth Society. $1.00.

Christian Unity. *Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.* Catholic Book Exchange. 50 cts.

Father Furniss and his Work for Children. *Rev. T. Livius, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

Lyra Hieratica. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* Burns & Oates. $1.00

St. Antony of Padua. *Franciscan Fathers.* Burns & Oates. 75 cts.

Jesus, His Life; A Diatessaron. *Rev. Henry Beauclerk, S. J.* Burns & Oates. $1.40.

A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven. *M. C. Bishop.* Benziger Bros. $2.

The Christian at Mass. *Rev. Joseph L. Andreis.* Murphy & Co. 12mo, net, $1.00.

Poems. *Father John B. Tabb.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.00.

Prehistoric Americans. *Marquis de Nadaillac.* McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, *net*, 50 cts.

The Rhythm of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Copeland & Day. Octavo, $1.25.

Guide to Confession and Communion. *St. Francis de Sales.* Benziger Bros. 32mo, cloth, 60 cts.

The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon. *The Rev. Joseph Spillmann.* B. Herder. 8vo, cloth, $1.50.

Cuckoo Songs. *Katharine Tynan Hinkson.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.50.

Summer School Essays. 2 vols. McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, 50 cents each.

Poems. *Francis Thompson.* Copeland & Day. Square octavo, $1.50.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48

Vol. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 29, 1896. No. 9.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

St. Thomas of Canterbury.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

THOU for whose Church the glorious Bishop fell,
By impious swords before Thine altar slain,
Bid, in our midst, his spirit live again;
Bid, in our hearts, his dauntless courage dwell;
That we, like him, dear Lord, may deem it well
To live for Thee, for Thee to suffer pain,
For Thee to die:—against Thy Church in vain
Shall strive the wrath of man, the powers of hell.

Slain for Thy Church! O privilege unpriced!
Branded as traitor,—so made like to Thee
In his last hour; O Thou Good Shepherd, Christ,
For whose dear flock he died, vouchsafe that we
The triumph of his martyrdom may see,
Since for Thy Church his life was sacrificed.

GREAT men stand like solitary towers in the city of God; and secret passages running beneath external nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthen and console them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not even dream.—*Kavanagh.*

An Early Client of the Blessed Virgin.

BY THE REV. JAMES BELLORD.

V.

THE following account of further relations of St. Basil and St. Ephrem is found in an ancient Greek life of the former, attributed (falsely, as is now known) to St. Amphilochius, Bishop of Iconium, who died A. D. 394. The translator of the life into Latin, Ursus, subdeacon of the Roman Church (A. D. 860), certifies that this particular passage already existed in Latin before his time. Although its correctness can not now be tested, it may at least be accepted as an account that was certainly current in the East and West shortly after the times of the persons concerned.

A certain noblewoman, worldly, vain and wealthy, was left a widow at an early age. She abandoned herself to the wildest irreligion, extravagance, and lust; "wallowing in wickedness like a sow on a dunghill." After a great length of time she began to consider the multitude and enormity of her sins, and was stricken with horror and fear. And she said within herself: "Woe is me! No one has ever sinned as I have, especially after baptism. How am I to know that God

will accept my repentance and take me back into His grace?" Moved by the Almighty, she proceeded to write out the catalogue of all her sins from childhood onward; and at the end of it wrote down separately one sin, the greatest and worst of all; then she folded up the list and closed it with a leaden seal. She went to the church and waited there till St. Basil was entering for his accustomed prayers; then rushed forward, prostrated herself and cast the document at his feet, crying out: "Have pity on me, a wretched sinner, O man of God! Behold, I have written all the crimes of my life on this paper. Do thou leave it sealed, and make them all to be blotted out by God through thy holy prayers."

The Archbishop took the paper, went into the sanctuary and remained prostrate, beseeching God's mercy during the whole night and the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice next morning. Then he called the woman and gave her back the paper; who opened it and found that all the writing had disappeared with the exception of the last great sin. Then she broke into lamentations, and besought him to intercede further with God for the pardon of that sin also. But he wept and said: "Arise, O woman! for I also am a sinner and need pardon myself. But go to the desert, to one named Ephrem, renowned among all the holy Fathers. Give him the paper: he will obtain from God what thou dost desire."

She begged the Bishop's blessing and straightway departed on the long and arduous journey to Edessa, a distance of perhaps from two hundred to two hundred and fifty miles. She came at length to the great and wonderful hermit named Ephrem, and knocked at his door, crying, "Pity, pity, O servant of God!" Ephrem, knowing in the spirit for what purpose she had come, made answer: "Depart, O woman! I am a sinful man. I want rather some one to help me." But she persisted, and threw down her paper, saying, "Holy Basil the Archbishop has sent me. The most of my sins God has blotted out at his prayer; wilt thou not take the pains to intercede for the one that is left?"—"No, my daughter," he replied; "as the Bishop has done so much, he can easily move the Lord to blot out what remains. Return without delay, that thou mayst see him before his soul departs."

The woman returned to Cæsarea, and as she entered the city met a funeral procession carrying the body of St. Basil to burial. In despair, she cast herself on the earth, and, throwing her sealed list on the bier, reproached the dead Archbishop for not having obtained pardon for her when he might have done so, but sent her on a fruitless errand to a man who also refused; and now it was too late. One of the attendants, curious to know what the sin was, took up the paper and opened it; and behold it was entirely blank and clean. And the multitude seeing this miracle returned glory to God, who gave such power to His servant's prayers, and showed mercy to those who have faith in Him.

Our Saint had been raised to so eminent a degree of prayer that St. Gregory compares him to Moses for his familiarity with God; and says that he had received many revelations, and had enjoyed the sight of the Almighty as far as man is capable of it in this life. On one occasion, when far advanced in years, he was sitting alone in a retired spot, meditating on the miseries of this life and the negligence of men with regard to the next. Raising his eyes to heaven and being ravished out of his senses, he saw the Almighty, seated on a throne of glory, reproaching him for his sins and negligences. He was seized with so great a terror at the sight of such overwhelming majesty that he endeavored to fly and hide himself from the face of God. Finding no escape, he cast himself at

the feet of the Saviour, and, with extremest humility, earnestly besought His mercy. God heard his prayer and rendered peace to his heart. He added that every time he recalled the memory of that terrible moment he trembled from head to foot with uncontrollable emotion. The Saint himself wrote the account of this event for the benefit of his brethren, and to move them to solicit for him the mercy of God.

The Parœneses, or Exhortations to Penance, date from this period of the Saint's life. He appears to have thought that they would be his last words to his disciples. Even then, after a life spent in labors and in bearing the Cross of Christ, when he was soon to enter on his reward, he is as far as ever from taking complacency in that sanctity which was the admiration of all men, and from assuming that he was confirmed in grace and secure of salvation. He says that when he lay down to take a little repose at night he reflected on the excessive and boundless love of God for us, and instantly rose to pay Him the tribute of praise and gratitude. "But, being deterred by the remembrance of my sins," he continues, "I began to melt into tears, and should have been disturbed beyond my strength had not the remembrance of the thief, the publican, the adultress, the Canaanean woman, the Samaritan, and other examples of mercy, given me comfort and courage."

He says that at other times, when about to fall asleep, the thought of his infidelities banished all idea of giving rest to his wearied body, and caused sleep to give place to sighs, groans, and floods of tears; to which he urged himself by the example of penitent David, who nightly washed his bed with his tears. Later he adds a final exhortation to all: "I, Ephrem, am about to die. I write my last will and testament to all lovers of truth who shall rise up after me. Persevere night and day in prayer. The husbandman reapeth a great crop through assiduous labor; so, too, will you if you never intermit your devotions. Pray without ceasing."

However, the labors of the aged Saint were not yet over. He had still a meritorious work of public charity to perform. One year before his death God gave him the opportunity of adding to the reward earned by his virtues and his preaching the further crown reserved for those who exercise the corporal works of mercy. The district of Edessa was afflicted by a dire famine and the diseases that follow in its wake, and the poor peasantry of the surrounding country were brought to a state of terrible destitution and suffering. Once more the venerable man girded up his loins and emerged from his beloved solitude, where he was resting from his toil and snatching a little leisure for his preparation for death. It appears that nothing was being done to bring alleviation to the prevailing misery. Some time before, the Arian Emperor Valens had sent into exile the Bishop St. Barses and eighty of his clergy; and persecution of Catholics was no doubt in full force.

It is natural to suppose that such measures were justified then, as at more advanced epochs, by the necessity of resisting the encroachments of the Church of the living God and safeguarding the "Kultur" of that early day. The inevitable result followed in the weakening of the religious sense—the demoralization of the people and the dislocation of the machinery of public charity. It would be impossible otherwise to account for the state of affairs that prevailed in a place called by St. Ephrem the "city of benediction," the most Catholic city of the East, where he himself had labored so long and with such abundant fruit. The event shows that the neglect of the famine-stricken was due rather to the want of efficient guidance than of Christian feeling.

The holy old abbot came into Edessa, called an assemblage of the many men of opulence who lived there, pictured the calamities of the people to them, and inquired: "How is it that your hearts are closed against compassion for your brethren who are perishing before your eyes? You have abundant wealth and nothing to do with it, and yet you keep it rotting in uselessness unto your own damnation." These men, who had not lost their veneration for their spiritual Father, excused themselves to him, and answered that good-will was not deficient in them, but that there was no one whom they could safely trust with the administration of their charity; for all men had become self-seekers, and would only profit by the generosity of some and the necessities of others for their own enrichment. Then said Ephrem: "Do you think I am one of that sort? Would your gifts be safe in my hands?"—"Certainly, O Father!" they replied: "we know you to be a man of God."—"In that case," he said, "entrust your alms to me. I appoint myself your agent, and will take charge of the sick and the starving in your name."

The holy man then took on himself the direction of the public relief. Large sums of money were subscribed, supplies were brought to the city; all the destitute, whether citizens or strangers, were kindly received, and a daily distribution of food was arranged. Under the direction of the Saint, the colonnades round the forum were enclosed, and a large hospital of three hundred beds established there. He nursed the sick with his own hands and helped in burying the dead. These exertions continued for almost a year. The next harvest was a very abundant one, and not till then did prosperity revive. With his strength now completely exhausted, the aged Saint retired to his cell, where he survived only one month.

The venerable Father, knowing by divine revelation that his last hour was at hand, composed his testament—a book of pious maxims to serve as a last instruction to his spiritual children. Here again we find mention of many doctrines and practices,—integral parts of the Christian inheritance which impious heresiarchs have cruelly withheld from many generations of their unfortunate followers. Here we may read of the intercession of the saints for us and our duty of invoking them; of the particular judgment after death, the sufferings of purgatory, the utility of prayers for departed souls, and the offering of the Holy Sacrifice for them; of anniversary Masses and the month's mind, and of the real presence of Our Lord in the Holy Sacrament. Of this last doctrine the Saint speaks thus in an earlier funeral sermon: "Entering on so long and dangerous a journey, I have my Viaticum—Thine own self, O Son of God! When hungry I will eat Thee, Redeemer of mankind; so it will be that no fire will dare approach me; for it can not stand against the sweet, saving odor of Thy body and blood."

St. Ephrem shows his customary horror of all marks of esteem and veneration in the instructions that he gives in his testament about the disposal of his dead body. He desires that there shall be no funeral oration, that the usual hymns o praise should not be sung over him, and that no torches or perfumes should be used at his obsequies. He orders that no special tomb shall be prepared for his remains, but that they shall be cast into the common burial ground reserved for poor strangers. On account of the vanity and sinfulness of his life, he adjures his friends not to suffer his miserable dust to be laid under the altar, nor to take any of his rags for relics; nor, in fine, to show him any honor whatever. "Take my body hastily on your shoulders," he says, "and cast it into the grave, as the abomination of the universe. Let no one praise me,

for I am full of shamefulness and the very essence of baseness. Rather spit upon me, to show what I am deserving of. Could you smell the stench of my actions you would fly from me and leave me unburied, not being able to endure the horrible corruption of my sins."

The Saint had, in particular, forbidden that his body should be wrapped in any costly shroud, knowing probably that several pious persons wanted to prepare something of the kind; and he wished that in its stead the value should be given to the poor. One wealthy admirer of St. Ephrem disregarded this command, and prepared a most sumptuous covering for the Saint's body. He was presently possessed by an unclean spirit, and tormented by it till he cast himself before the dying Saint, acknowledged his fault, and promised obedience to his wishes. The holy man raised himself on his bed, imposed hands upon him and delivered him from the evil spirit.

The whole city was assembled round the dying Saint. All were in the deepest grief at the prospect of the loss they were to suffer; each one strove to get as near as possible, so as to hear his last precious words. He protested before all that he died as he had always lived, in the one true Catholic faith; and exhorted all to be forever faithful to it. He bestowed his blessing on his disciples, with an assurance of the divine mercy in their favor. Two, however, he excepted. They were noted as eloquent preachers, but the Saint foresaw that through pride they would subsequently apostatize from the faith. After he ceased to speak he continued for some time in silent prayer, till he peacefully fell asleep in the Lord. It was most probably in the year 378.

St. Gregory of Nyssa delivered the funeral discourse at the request of a namesake of the Saint. This man had been taken prisoner by the Ismaelites; but, commending himself to St. Ephrem, he was miraculously delivered from bondage and from many other dangers. St. Gregory finished his discourse with these words: "O thou who art now assisting at the altar of the Lamb in heaven, before the Lord of life, glorifying the Divine Trinity in company with the angels, bear all of us in mind, and obtain for us the pardon of our sins!"

Heraclides of Alexandria, a hermit, wrote a "Paradisus" of short sketches from the lives of the Fathers of the desert. He concludes his brief account of St. Ephrem in the following words: "I also think it very necessary to recommend these pages of my work to the continual remembrance of those holy women, of noble and strong character, whom God has called to struggles and rewards not inferior to those of men. He has thus called them in order to deprive those who are careless and tepid of all the vain excuses that they allege; saying, for instance, that because they belong to the weaker sex they are unable to aspire to the glories of high virtue."

We may conclude with a passage of St. Ephrem himself, with which he ends his lives of St. Abraham the hermit and his niece, St. Mary the penitent:

"I marvel at myself, dearly beloved, how I sin daily, and daily repent; build up one hour, and the next hour destroy what I have built. At evening I say, 'To-morrow I will repent'; but the next day I spend in forgetfulness. Again toward evening I say, 'To-night I will watch, and pray the Lord that He be merciful to my sins'; and when the night comes on I am oppressed with sleep. Behold those who with me received their talents labor day and night to use them well, so that they receive heavenly praises and are set over the ten cities. But in my sloth I have hidden mine in the ground; and, behold, my Lord is at hand, and my heart trembles, and I bemoan the days of my negligence, and have no excuse to offer Him.

"Have mercy on me, O God! Thou who alone art without sin; save me, who alone art good and clement; because apart from Thee, O blessed Father, and Thy only-begotten Son made man for us, and the Spirit who gives life to all, I know no other, I believe in no other. And now be mindful of me, Thou who lovest mankind, and bring me out of the prison of my iniquities; for it dependeth on Thee that I came into the world, and on Thee when I shall go forth from it. Be mindful of me, who have no defender; and save me, a sinner. And may Thy grace, which in this life has been my assistance, my refuge, my only glory, protect me in the day of fear and horror under the shadow of Thy wings. Thou who searchest our hearts and our reins, Thou knowest that I have scorned wickedness, and the path of scandal, and the impudence of pride, and the allurements of heresy and error; and this not of myself, but of Thy grace, which has been the enlightenment of my mind. Therefore, I beseech Thee, O holy Lord, save me in Thy kingdom, and deign to bless me with all those who have been pleasing in Thy sight. For Thine is all glory and worship and grandeur, O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen." *

(The End.)

* This sketch has been compiled from the following sources: "Acta Sanctorum," by the Bollandists; "Vitæ Patrum," by Rosweyd; "Opera Sti. Ephremi Syri," "Les petits Bollandistes," by Mgr. Guérin; "Lives of the Saints," by Alban Butler; and "Lives of the Fathers of the Desert," by the Countess Hahn-Hahn.

KIND thoughts imply a close contact with God, and a divine ideal in our minds. Their origin can not be anything short of divine. Like the love of beauty, they can spring from no baser source. They are not dictated by self-interest nor stimulated by passion. They have nothing in them which is insidious, and they are almost always the preludes to some sacrifice of self.—*Faber.*

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART III.

VIII.

"I WONDER why I am staying here?" It was Mr. Atherton who made this remark to himself, as he sat in his pleasant sitting-room in the Hotel Royal, before a bright coal fire, and looked out through a window beside him at the quaint, red-tiled roofs of the ancient buildings, with their green-painted iron balconies, across the narrow street. He liked his quarters; and the old French city had laid her fascination upon him, as she lays it upon all who are able to appreciate what is antique, picturesque, and as far as possible removed from the crudity and colorlessness of ordinary American life. But it was certain that this was not the climate recommended to him by the doctors who had ordered him to the West Indies. Although nothing can be more charming than the winter climate of New Orleans when the weather is fine, nothing can well be more disagreeable when, as often happens, it is bad. And very bad it chanced to be at present. The sky at which he gazed was of a cheerless gray, lowering over the perspective of roofs and chimneys; and it was not necessary to venture forth to be aware that the atmosphere was of a most penetrating dampness. A greater contrast could not be imagined to the brightness of the day preceding—the day of uproarious Carnival gayety; but such changes are an established feature of the New Orleans climate.

It was natural that the change should have depressed Atherton, especially when taken in connection with other things. He had just finished reading a letter from his father urging him to return to the tropics—to Cuba, Jamaica, Santo Domingo,—anywhere he liked so that he quitted at once a climate so likely to

do him harm. And while he had little disposition to set forth again upon a round of travel without interest or occupation, he told himself that he had as little inclination to remain where he was. In fact, a sense of disappointment altogether disproportioned to the cause that roused it weighed upon him. He had come here for two purposes—to trace out the mystery of the boy who had accepted his help and then so ungratefully vanished, and to warn the people whose inheritance he had assisted to place in the hands of one who was possibly a robber and an impostor. And he had failed in both objects. He had not traced the boy—the mystery surrounding him was as deep as ever; and he had found his warning to the descendants of Henri de Marsillac altogether unnecessary. The treasure had passed into their hands—he had ocular proof of that in the diamonds which the night before had flashed upon Diane's neck,—and he occupied in their eyes the unenviable position of one who officiously meddled with what did not concern him.

Yes, there was no doubt of it, there was nothing whatever to keep him here. Even Diane—he would be quite frank with himself,—even Diane had disappointed him. His curiosity to see her had been excited by the certainty that she was indeed the Diane of whom he and the boy had talked as they went upon their treasure-quest; the beautiful maiden ready for self-sacrifice, whose ransom they were seeking. He had said many fanciful things of her then, and some of them returned to his mind when he found that there was really such a person. He had gone to see her, expecting he hardly knew what, but chiefly perhaps to find one who would remind him of the boy he had lost: to see in feminine guise the charming face, the beautiful eyes, the frank lips that had so entered into his heart that even indignation could not cast them out. And he found Diane totally different. Beautiful, yes—beautiful in the style which had been described to him,—but totally unlike the picture he had made for himself of what she would be, and hence to him a disappointment.

So he, too, had his share of those ashes of *Mercredi des Cendres* which Adrien de Varigny found so appropriate, and liked the taste of them as little as any other son of man. Life indeed seemed very tasteless altogether, as it stretched before him in immediate perspective. What was he to do with himself? Where was he to find an interest to occupy the existence which for some time he must spend in seeking for health, or in at least averting disease? The question carried his mind back to the pleasure he had taken in the adventure in search of the buried treasure; but it was too much to hope for anything like that again. If he could only find the boy, forgive him his foolish mystery, his farewell, and take him as a companion, he might find idling tolerable—nay, more than tolerable with one so sympathetic, receptive and attractive. But plainly this was not to be hoped for either; although he never strolled through the narrow, dark streets and *passages*, like bits of old Paris, without looking to see the lithe young figure and picturesque face emerge from some shadowy court or archway.

Thoughts of this kind led him to put out his hand and take up a large portfolio lying on a table near, which contained the photographs he had made in Hayti. Turning them over, he found one which represented the spot at Beaulieu where the treasure had been found—that green, enclosed circle of the garden, in the centre of which stood the old sun-dial. And by the side of the sun-dial, with one hand laid upon it, was the figure of the boy, whom he had insisted on photographing. As he looked at the picture he recalled what a degree of insistence had been necessary to induce him to allow himself

to be taken, and his reluctance appeared very significant in the light of later events. "He did not want to leave anything by means of which he might be identified," Atherton said to himself, with an intelligence in which he had been lacking at the time. "I remember now that, making an excuse of the sunshine, he even drew his hat low upon his brow, so as to shade his face deeply. But he did not succeed in rendering the picture unrecognizable. It is dark, but it is *he*. There is no mistaking it."

He looked at it intently, full of the recollections which it aroused, and with his yearning toward the original—the strong affection he had conceived for him—hardly lessened by this evident proof that his disappearance was premeditated even then. It was still in his hand when a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of a servant with a card.

"Mr. de Varigny," he said, reading it. "Show him up."

Five minutes later the two men had shaken hands and were seated before the leaping brightness of the fire.

"I am very glad to find you in," said De Varigny; "for, since I understood you to say that you would not be much longer here, I might not else have had the pleasure of seeing you again, as I myself am leaving the city to-morrow."

"I shall certainly not be here more than a few days longer, if so much as that," Atherton replied. "If your absence will be long, you would not therefore be likely to find me on your return."

"I shall probably be absent several weeks," said the other; and then a momentary silence fell.

It was broken by Atherton, who, glancing out at the gray sky and roofs glistening with dampness, remarked:

"The heavens seem doing penance to-day for the brightness with which they gilded the gay foolery of yesterday. It is fortunate that *this* is not Mardi Gras."

"Oddly enough, we almost invariably have bright weather for Mardi Gras," answered De Varigny. "But our climate can be occasionally what Englishmen call 'beastly,' and to-day merits the term. I really don't wonder you are thinking of departure. You must regret the tropical sunshine you lately quitted?"

"One fine day here makes one unable to regret anything," said Atherton. "But I believe this excessive variableness of climate is just what the doctors want me to guard against. So I must turn my face elsewhere, although where I have not yet determined."

"You are not thinking of returning to the West Indies?"

"I really don't know,—I haven't decided at all. There is unfortunately nothing to force me to choose one place more than another; and I can not at this moment think of any place with sufficient attractions to tempt me."

"My knowledge of the West Indies is limited to Cuba," said De Varigny; "but I am told that some of the other islands are even more attractive."

"The gem of the West Indies is undoubtedly the island of Santo Domingo," returned Atherton. "Nature has done absolutely everything for it, but man has so cursed it that it is the saddest spot I know."

"Were you in the French portion, now called Hayti?"

"I left that part of the island only a few weeks ago."

There was again a moment's silence; and then De Varigny, with an apparent carelessness which was belied by the nervous grasp of his slender hand upon the rim of the hat which he held, observed:

"I have always felt a particular interest in that island, because we have among us a good many of the descendants of those who fled from it at the time of the insurrection of the slaves. Some of our best friends—the Prévosts, for example—are,

on one side at least, 'San Dominguiais.'"

"The mysterious De Marsillac whom I met," said Atherton, quietly, "was there to visit the old estate of his family; and I accompanied him on the expedition. There"—he tossed over the photographs beside him, and selecting one handed it to De Varigny—"is a picture of the place as it appears to-day."

De Varigny received the photograph eagerly and looked at it with interest.

"It seems still a very handsome house," he said; "but is apparently unoccupied."

"It is a ruin," Atherton answered. "It has been a magnificent house, but what you see is merely a shell. Within those walls there are only roofless chambers filled with rich tropical vegetation. The grounds surrounding it are of great extent, and must once have been of extreme beauty, but they are now an overgrown wilderness."

"You have no other views of the place, I suppose?"

"Yes, here is the best photograph I made—a view of the superb avenue of palms which leads from the gates to the house. And here"—after a perceptible pause—"is a view of a certain spot on one of the terraces of the garden.

When De Varigny, laying down the picture of the avenue with an expression of admiration, took up the last photograph offered, Atherton, who was watching him closely, saw an immediate increase of interest in his manner.

"Who does this figure represent?" he asked, quickly.

"That," said Atherton, "is the young man who called himself De Marsillac, and whom I accompanied there."

De Varigny did not speak, but he rose at once and carried the picture to the window. Then followed silence in the room for the space of two or three minutes. Atherton, sitting motionless, looked at the fire, and said to himself that whatever revelation came—and he had an instinct of some impending revelation—it would not be of his seeking. Accident alone had led to his showing this picture; and if the intense observation which his friend was bestowing upon it resulted in a discovery of the identity of the bearer of an extinct name, this result would have no interest for him beyond the natural gratification of his curiosity.

When, however, De Varigny presently turned and came back to the fire, he was conscious of a distinct sense of disappointment; for plainly his curiosity was not to be gratified. And yet there had been a revelation. There was not in his mind a shade of doubt of that. The young Creole preserved unmoved the quiet composure of his manner, but he could not control the paleness of his face, nor the glow in his eyes—that enlargement of the pupils so significant of strong mental emotion.

"It seems," he said, in a voice which he strove to render careless, but in which Atherton detected the strain of effort, "that this—person was very young."

"A mere youth," Atherton replied: "not more than nineteen or twenty years old."

"And"—was there a note of suspicion here?—"you saw no reason to suspect him of being anything but what he declared himself while you were with him?"

"Certainly not. No suspicion entered my mind. Why should it have done so? He seemed a boy of a particularly high type, with all the frankness of nature one usually associates with boyhood, and much more than the ordinary degree of refinement. His attractive qualities were very great. It is difficult for me to believe that he was in any sense an impostor."

"An impostor, no," said De Varigny, thoughtfully. "I don't think he was that; in fact, we have Miss Prévost's word for it that he was not."

"And yet everyone is agreed there is no De Marsillac living.

"*Male* De Marsillac, no—at least not that we are aware of. But the family have

naturally a claim to know more of the subject than others can; and, since they endorse this—boy, we have no right to challenge his pretensions."

"I have not thought of doing so," said Atherton, stiffly. "It is not a matter which concerns me in the least."

"Pardon me," returned the other, quickly. "In saying '*we* have no right' I was merely using a form of speech. I am well aware of the reticence you have observed on this subject; and, as a friend of the family, I thank you for it. And now may I beg a favor? Will you lend me this photograph for a few hours?"

There was a pause. Atherton looked keenly at the young man who, full of irrepressible eagerness, stood before him. A sudden disinclination to do anything, or to allow anything to be done, which could in any way harm the boy who had been his companion in distant Hayti made itself felt with an intensity for which he was unprepared.

"Mr. de Varigny," he replied, at length, "I have just said that this matter does not concern me in the least. But I am concerned to keep a pledge which I gave to Miss Prévost last night: that, so long as her family chose to maintain this mystery, I would do nothing to interfere with it."

"Did Miss Prévost ask for this pledge?" inquired De Varigny, anxiously.

"No. It was altogether voluntary on my part. Having seemed to interfere in their affairs, I felt bound to explain why I had done so, and also to assure her that she had no further interference to anticipate from me."

"And she said—?"

"If I remember rightly, that she did not deny she was glad to hear it. Therefore I am doubly bound—by my voluntary assurance and by her expressed desire—to do nothing to dissipate a mystery which, however singular it may appear to us, it is the wish of the family to maintain. This being so, I should not perhaps have showed you that photograph—which was taken, I may tell you, against the strongly expressed wish of the original; and I hope you will not misunderstand me when I say that I can not allow you to carry it away."

"Do you think it possible that I would use it to affect any one injuriously?"

"I can not imagine that you would—at least consciously. But do you not see that I am bound to maintain discretion on my part, without regard to what yours might be?"

"If you knew me better, you would not hesitate to trust me."

"If you were my own brother, Mr. de Varigny, I could not violate my pledge for you. I greatly fear, indeed, from your eagerness, that I have violated it already, though unintentionally,—that you recognize the picture."

"Well, no: it is impossible to say that I recognize it. I am only struck by a likeness so strong that I can not account for it; and if I repeat my request that you will let me carry the photograph away for an hour, it is only that I may show it to my sister, under pledge of secrecy if you desire. Believe me"—with great earnestness, as Atherton still hesitated—"I would put my hand into the fire before I would do anything—the least thing—to injure or annoy Miss Prévost or any of her family. But to obtain a little light on this mystery is very important to me; and *I* am not pledged to respect it."

"Casuistry, as far as I am concerned, I am afraid," said Atherton, smiling. "But be it so. I can not refuse to trust you. Take the photograph, and do not misunderstand me when I say that in the use you make of it my honor is concerned as well as your own."

"I shall remember," answered the other, gravely.

(To be continued.)

My Epic.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

I PLANN'D an epic on the Reformation—
Meek Luther's gospel and chaste Henry's love.
I found it an invincible temptation:
'Twas so romantic, that immortal move!
In this true age of stories hight "sensation"
(Which means that moral people can approve),
I thought it such a pity to ignore
The choicest tale from history's teeming store.

II.

And so I groom'd friend Pegasus, and saddled;
Then soar'd for Clio* of the golden throne.†
(Since Virgil "arm'd and mann'd a canoe" ‡ and paddled,
I couldn't that—'twould not have been "my own." ||)
The old nag *went*, quite glad to be bestraddled;
For bards of late have let the beast alone:
Since, somehow, it appears, the epic mania
Was cured when Milton flirted with Urania.§

III.

But why I made for Clio, not Calliopè?¶
Because my theme was grave historic fact:
No flimsy dream like Homer's (though so high up he
Ranks, I'm aware), nor lay of giants whack'd:**
But more than, were a madman told to "dry up," he
Could drivel in his fury—put in act.
And therefore I, unlike "blind Melesigenes," ††
To Clio bent, on Helicon the ridgy, knees.

IV.

I found the goddess moping in a grove,
And bluer than her stockings—crazed, in short,
So far as goddess could be. "Mighty Jove,"
Quoth I aside, "that's not exactly sport!
From all those scribes with tendency to rove
I might have guess'd, now, something of the sort."
Then ventur'd on a "Hail" (but no "Descend"),
Which she acknowledged with the Grecian bend.

CANTO THE LAST.

I.

The sequel? Well, I'm still a little sore.
Not from the saddle. Merely that I found
My way down stairs as never bard before:
Unlike poor Mulciber,* of fall renown'd—
What time he flopt on Lemnos' favor'd shore,
The kind Ægean cachinnating round;
Nor yet kick'd off: that's not a trick of Peg's—
Not even when his tail's between his legs.

II.

But oh, *that look!* . . . Proceeding to explain
In deferential terms my little business,
I started to observe a twitch of pain,
Follow'd by symptoms of a fit of dizziness.
Then . . . flash'd a glance that set the very mane
Of my good steed a-whir with such a whizziness,
That I—well, briefly, sprang into the saddle;
Judging, by instinct, I had best skedaddle.

III.

But Pegasus flew sulkily, as feeling
Disgraced While I in vain essay'd composure.
Had Clio spoken thunder, all its pealing
Had been as dumbness to her look's disclosure.
If ever scorn and pity mix'd set reeling
The sanguine brain of youth (poor youth, who knows your

---

* The Muse of history.

† Homer's epithet, χρυσόθρονος.

‡ "*Arma virumque cano:* Arm and man a canoe." Traditional rendering in the schools.

|| "Paddle *your own* canoe." Popular ballad.

§ "Descend from heaven, Urania, by that name
If thou art rightly call'd," etc.
—"*Paradise Lost*," *B. iii.*

¶ The Muse of epic poetry. ** After Ariosto, etc.

†† Milton's phrase:
"Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd."
—"*Paradise Regained*," *B. iv.*

* "In the Ansonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements. From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day: and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star
On Lemnos th' Ægean isle."
—"*Paradise Lost*," *B. i.*

Pangs like a poet!), mine was then a-spinning:
Yet for an end which made a grand beginning.

IV.

Lo, a conspiracy stood forth reveal'd—
Stupidly blind no less than fell and base!
To *lie* Truth down, because she takes the field
With a keen Roman nose before her face—
Ay, Roman head and helmet, spear and shield—
While all the Nine march captive to her grace!...
So—leaving the great epics still a trio—
Enough for me, I've made it up with Clio.

E. H.

The Wonder-Worker of Padua.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XV.—Anthony Preaches to the Fishes.

AGAIN I return to that garden of delights, "The Little Flowers of St. Francis." So delicate, so dainty, so fragrant are these flowers one can not pass them by unnoticed. The lips of the devout fashioned them, and for two centuries they blossomed wherever the lovers of the Saint were gathered together; then they were carefully culled and brought from near and far, and a bouquet was made of them, and it was called "The Little Flowers of St. Francis."

Therein we find that "our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, desiring to set forth the great sanctity of His most faithful servant, St. Anthony, how devout a thing it was to hear his preaching and his holy doctrines, He reproved the folly of heretics and infidels through unreasoning beasts—notably the fishes,—as of old in the Bible He chid the ignorance of Balaam through the mouth of the ass. Hence St. Anthony being at Rimini, where there was a great multitude of heretics, desiring to bring them back to the light of the true faith and to the ways of virtue, for many days did preach and set forth to them the faith of Christ and of the Holy Scriptures. But they, not only consenting not to his holy words, but even, like hardened and obstinate sinners, refusing to hearken unto him, the Saint one day, by divine inspiration, went forth to the banks of the river close beside the sea; and, standing thus upon the shore betwixt sea and stream, he began to speak in the guise of a sermon in the name of God unto the fishes. 'Hear the word of God, ye fishes of the sea and of the stream, since heretics and infidels are loath to listen to it.'

"And, having uttered these words, suddenly there came toward him so great a multitude of fishes—great, small, and middle-sized—as had never been seen in that sea or in that stream, or of the people round about; and all held their heads up out of the water, and all turned attentively toward the face of Anthony. And the greatest peace and meekness and order prevailed; insomuch that next the shore stood the lesser fish, and after them came the middle fish, and still after them, where the water was deepest, stood the larger fish.

"The fish being thus ranged in order, St. Anthony began solemnly to preach, speaking thus: 'My brothers the fish, you are greatly bounden, so far as in you lies, to thank your Creator that He hath given you so noble an element for your habitation; so that at your pleasure you have fresh waters and salt; and He hath given you many shelters against storm. He hath also given you a clear and lucid element, and food by which you may live. God, your courteous and benign Creator, when He created you, commanded you to grow and multiply; and He gave you His blessing. Then when the great flood swallowed up the world, and all the other animals were destroyed, God preserved you only without injury or harm. Almost

hath He given you wings, that you may roam whithersoever it pleases you. To you was it granted, by God's command, to preserve the prophet Jonah, and after the third day to cast him up upon the land safe and sound. You offered tribute to our Lord Jesus Christ, which He, poor and lowly, had not wherewithal to pay. You were the food of the everlasting King Christ Jesus before the Resurrection, and again after it, by a strange mystery; for the which things greatly are you bounden to praise and bless God, which hath given you such great and so many benefits, more than to any other creatures.'

"Upon these and other familiar words and teachings of St. Anthony the fishes began to ope their mouths and to bow their heads; and by these and other signs of reverence, according as it was possible to them, they praised God. Then St. Anthony, seeing such reverence in the fishes toward God their Creator, rejoiced in spirit, cried aloud and said: 'Blessed be the eternal God, since fishes of the waters honor Him far more than heretic men, and the unreasoning beasts more readily hearken to His word than faithless men.' And as St. Anthony continued his preaching, the multitude of fishes was increased yet more, and none departed from the place which he had filled.

"Upon this miracle the people of the town began to hasten forth, and among them were also the aforesaid heretics; the which, seeing so manifest and marvellous a miracle, felt their hearts sorely pricked, and they fell with one accord at St. Anthony's feet to hear his word. Then St. Anthony began to preach of the Catholic faith; and so nobly did he discourse that he converted all those heretics and turned them to the true faith of Christ; and all the faithful were comforted with great joy, and were confirmed in their faith. And this done, St. Anthony dismissed the fishes with the blessing of God; and they all departed with marvellous signs of rejoicing, and likewise the people. And then St. Anthony stayed in Rimini for many days, preaching and reaping a spiritual harvest of souls."

XVI.—Anthony and the Israelite.

There dwelt at Bourges, the capital of Berry, in France, an Israelite who was of all Israelites the most bitter foe of the Catholic Church. He was the leader of the anti-Christian movement, an earnest worker in opposition to every doctrine that Anthony taught. Guillard the Jew was not an ignorant and blind bigot: he was a man of intelligence, an honest doubter. Often he had listened to the preaching of Anthony, yet he was not convinced. Shall we not say that it was his misfortune rather than his fault that he remained without the fold and persistently assumed an attitude of antagonism?

The dogma of the real presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament was naturally his chief stumbling-block. Much he could accept and much consider in a calm spirit of philosophical inquiry; but the Eucharist, transubstantiation—the perpetual miracle—was in his estimation past belief. For this miracle he demanded miraculous proof.

"The Turk does not question the word of Mohammed," observed Anthony to this fellow of Didimus the Doubter; "the philosopher accepts the philosophy of Aristotle; but you, who pride yourself upon being a worthy Israelite, will not accept the testimony of the Son of God." "I must see for myself, with these very eyes, before I can believe," replied the doubting Thomas. There are many who, like him, must put their finger in the wounds before they are convinced of the living truth.

One day Guillard said to Anthony: "Brother Anthony, if by some tangible, outward sign you can confirm the truth you have demonstrated by reasoning, I will abjure my ancient creed and embrace

yours. Do you consent?" In order to save a soul one may make great concessions; nor was it beneath the dignity of Anthony to offer visible proof to an anxious and inquiring eye. "I consent," said he.—"I have a mule," added the Jew: "I will keep him for three days under lock and key, and in all that time feed him nothing. At the end of the third day I will bring him to the largest public square in the city; and there, in the presence of all the assembled people, I will offer him a feed of oats. You, on the other hand, will come carrying the Host, which, as you believe, is the true body of the Son of God. If the mule refuses the proffered food in order to prostrate himself before the monstrance, I will become a Catholic, and no longer question the truth of the doctrine taught by the Catholic Church."

Here was a direct challenge, and it was not declined. Anthony felt that his victory was assured. The reward of that victory was an immortal soul. For three days the young apostle devoted himself to fasting and to prayer. Not for one moment did he lose faith in the success of the miracle he was about to work, but he dared not attempt it without solemn preparation. Meanwhile Guillard and his companions were so sure of Anthony's total defeat and discomfiture that there was much merriment at the wonder-worker's expense; and the interest in the approaching test increased from hour to hour.

The eventful day arrived. Guillard and his friends trooped into the public square with smiles and laughter, so confident were they that the famishing mule would instantly abandon himself to his oats. The immense throngs who had gathered to witness the impending spectacle were consumed with curiosity. As Anthony slowly approached, bearing reverently the Sacred Host, his eyes cast down, his air devotional, a great hush fell upon the multitude. He was followed by a large crowd of the faithful, singing canticles and whispering prayers.

The mule was then led forward, and the oats laid temptingly before him. At that moment Anthony drew near, bearing the monstrance. Turning toward the dumb brute, he exclaimed: "In the name of thy Creator, whose body I, though unworthy, hold in my hands, I enjoin and command thee, O being deprived of reason! to come hither instantly and prostrate thyself before thy God; so that by this sign unbelievers may know that all creation is subject to the Lamb who is daily immolated upon our altars." In the same moment Guillard and his friends presented the oats to the famished beast. Without taking the smallest notice of the food, the mule, turning away, walked to the feet of Anthony, and, bending his knees, knelt before the Blessed Sacrament and remained there in an attitude of adoration.

Great was the enthusiasm among the faithful. The heretics fled away in fright and hid themselves for shame; they dared not face the one who had proved that prayer is more powerful than the laws of nature. Many were so moved by the wondrous spectacle that, though they had long wandered from the paths of duty, they returned into the fold. Guillard likewise sought admission, for he could no longer doubt; and with him came his household. He publicly attested his faith, and in gratitude erected a church upon the spot where the miracle had taken place; and that monument endures to this hour. As late as 1850 a block of marble, carved to represent a mule in the attitude of devotion, was discovered in the wall of the façade of the sanctuary erected by Guillard, and consecrated in 1231 by Archbishop Simon de Sully.

Pierre Rosset, a Doctor of the University of Paris and a poet of the fifteenth century; Wadding, in his "Annals of the Friars Minor"; and Benedict Mazzara, in

his "Franciscan Legends," bear witness to the authenticity of this memorial of a miracle. Toulouse and Rimini claim a like honor with Bourges, and there are those who have believed that the miracle was repeated. The evidence is cloudy and conflicting in these cases, but there is no shadow of doubt that Anthony the wonder-worker worked that wonder in the ancient city of Bourges; and that Guillard the Israelite then and there built the Church of St. Peter in honor of his glorious conversion.

(To be continued.)

A Loss of Caste.

VIII.

ALAS! the shadow of impending Fate already lowered over Mona's rocky crags, when one Saturday evening Maurice Nesbitt locked up his office and proceeded homeward, feeling depressed to an unaccountable degree. His fatigue was noticed with anxiety by young Sullivan, who accompanied him to the door of the Castle, but refused to enter, as he still had some business to look after. The manager struck across the fields and reached his own house by a short cut. Before letting himself in, he stood for a moment gazing thoughtfully on the columns of smoke still rising from the tall chimneys of the potteries, about half a mile distant.

"I told Watson to see all the fires out at eleven o'clock," he muttered; "but I have half a mind to go down myself and make sure that all is safe. Pshaw! I am growing nervous, and am as gloomy as an owl to-night. A good cup of tea will drive away this nonsense."

With a cheery call to his old housekeeper, he sprang up the steps. He found a comfortable fire awaiting him, and in a few minutes was doing justice to a tempting supper. He then took up his account-books, and was only roused from his occupation by the sound of twelve from his timepiece. He rose, opened the window and looked out. The night was intensely dark, and the air was heavy and very still.

"We shall have a thunder-storm," he said, closing the window; "and I feel both tired and sleepy, so here's for bed!" And, locking up his books, he retired to his bedroom and was soon sound asleep.

The storm broke over Monabeg with a violence common on that wild coast. Flash after flash of lightning rent the inky darkness of the sky, and the almost simultaneous roar of the thunder showed that the thunder-cloud was very near.

Still the young manager slept heavily. The wind, which had risen to a hurricane, swept wildly, moaning round the house; the rain gushed from the eaves in torrents, and pattered on the panes as if to wake him; but he only dreamed of a storm at sea, and was unconscious of the tempest that raged outside. At last one frightful, resounding peal burst the bonds of sleep, and he awoke. For a time he lay listening to the roaring of the gale; but as his senses grew sharper it seemed to him that, mingled with the noise of the storm, he heard the sound of bells and hurrying feet. Hastily throwing on his clothes, he opened the window, and could perceive lanterns gleaming faintly through the pitch darkness; while a red glow on the horizon and the distant sound of the fire-alarm showed him there must be a conflagration in the town. Calling to a man who was hurrying through the street, he asked:

"Where is the fire?"

"Where, sir, but at the potteries! The lightning struck twice."

In two bounds Sullivan was out of the house. On arriving at the potteries, he saw that all efforts to subdue the flames were hopeless. The place had been on fire for some time before the bolt fell on

the chimney; and when the watchman, attracted by the noise of the falling masonry, rang the alarm, the other wing was a blazing pile. Fanned by the violence of the wind, the flames rose in columns; nd, although the engines played unceasingly on the burning building, it was futile labor.

"Does Mr. Nesbitt know?" inquired Sullivan.

"We sent a mounted messenger to the Castle half an hour ago, sir," replied the foreman. "He will soon be here."

"Come, men, and save the crates packed in the storeroom. Play the engines on the adjacent part," said Sullivan, energetically.

In a very few moments all was bustle and confusion. A valuable consignment of Mona ware was packed and waiting in the storeroom; to save this the men worked with almost superhuman energy, and they succeeded.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Sullivan, as, smoke-begrimed and weary, he saw the last crate carried out. "By forwarding this consignment by to-morrow's train, the order of Yates & Co. can be filled, and our contract is safe."

A hand was laid on his shoulder, and he turned to meet the man whose life-work lay in ruins. Never before had Frank Sullivan realized how grand and noble a spirit animated that feeble frame. Maurice Nesbitt was perfectly calm and self-possessed. He thanked manager and men warmly for their efforts, arranged for the transport of the china crates to the station, directed the firemen to concentrate their efforts on some detached buildings that might be saved, and anxiously called over the list of officials and workmen to see that all were safe.

By this time the flames had sunk to a mass of blackening embers; and the cold, grey dawn of that winter's morning looked on a melancholy spectacle of ruin and devastation.

Calling all present around him, Mr. Nesbitt addressed the men; remarking that Divine Providence had been very merciful, since no lives had been lost, and the material losses were covered by insurance. He promised that the rebuilding of the factories would be begun at once, and that every man employed in the potteries would get his full pay every week until the works were resumed.

"This misfortune, my brave fellows," he concluded, "has come to us direct from the Almighty Hand which has bestowed on us so much prosperity heretofore. Now is the moment to show our faith and submission to the will of God. Let us, before we part, repair to the church and offer our heartfelt thanksgiving that no lives have been lost."

A murmur of assent and blessing went up from the crowd as he turned and walked with a firm step to the church. Una and a group of women were praying before the Blessed Sacrament, and Monsig. Dalton was kneeling on the altar steps vested for Mass. Mr. Nesbitt took his usual place. The congregation passed in reverently, and the Holy Sacrifice began. When it was ended, Monsig. Dalton began the Rosary in thanksgiving for the preservation of the lives of his flock; and never was it more devoutly recited. When it was over he retired to the sacristy to unvest, and the people gradually filed out and went in the direction of their homes. Una glanced toward Mr. Nesbitt, whose head was bowed on his clasped hands; but, seeing he made no move to retire, she approached him, bent down and whispered:

"Dear Uncle, come now to relieve Aunt Margaret's anxiety. And you must be exhausted.

He did not answer, and she touched him lightly on the shoulder. His head fell to one side, and Sullivan sprang forward and caught him in his arms. Then all saw that the soul of Mr. Nesbitt was with his God. Reverently they laid him down, and his lifelong friend and pastor hurried

to his side; but the frail heart had been tried too much, and the spring of life had stopped. A wail of irrepressible sorrow broke from the crowd; rough-bearded men wept like children as they gazed on the calm face of the man to whom they had listened scarcely an hour before, forgetting his own losses to comfort them.

When, after a time, order was somewhat restored, a bier was procured, and the beloved remains were laid in the carriage which stood in waiting outside the church. Monsig. Dalton and Mr. Sullivan accompanied the mournful procession as it set out for the Castle.

The Doctor, who had been hastily summoned, took the broken-hearted Una home in his gig, that they might try to break the shock to Mrs. Cantwell. They found her at the door, pale and rigid. A chance word of a frightened messenger, who had hurried home to prepare for the master's arrival, had betrayed the truth to her; and she now stood awaiting the arrival of the corpse, apparently insensible to all that passed around her.

"Let her alone," said Dr. Gray, with an anxious glance. "It is not in our power to do anything now."

When the sad burden was carried up the steps, she went before its bearers and mutely led the way to the dead man's room. Mrs. Stein and the housekeeper had prepared the funeral couch, and now assisted her to array the beloved form in the white habit of a Dominican Tertiary; then his old friends bore it to the large apartment which had been hastily fitted up as a mortuary chamber, and laid it on the bier, which stood almost in the middle of the room. A small table at its head bore a crucifix between two lighted candles; a holy-water stoup, with its sprinkler, was placed at the foot. Gertrude had taken Una into her charge; and the two young women mingled their tears, until Una found relief in the sleep of utter exhaustion.

All day groups of mourners relieved one another beside the bier and kept up the constant recital of the Rosary. The hall door stood open; rich and poor found free ingress. Toward the afternoon carriage after carriage began to arrive; for the tidings of Mr. Nesbitt's sudden death had spread far and wide, and all were anxious to testify their sympathy and regret for one so generally loved and respected. Una had recovered her self-possession, and with it her usual pious resignation. On her devolved the duty of receiving all visitors.

Mrs. Cantwell never left her brother's side. Mechanically she took the food they forced on her; but her eyes never lost their strained, unnatural gaze, and she seemed unconscious of what was passing around her. Monsig. Dalton, feeling most uneasy at this mute and tearless sorrow, took her hand gently and said:

"My child, you are resigned even in this deep affliction to God's holy will? You will not refuse the sacrifice He asks you to make to Him?"

She looked at him almost with surprise and answered:

"I thank the good God for the blessed death of my beloved brother. Now I am awaiting my summons. We shall not long be parted."

Monsig. Dalton pressed her no further. They respected her silent communings with God and with her dead, and contented themselves with ministering to her comfort as far as they were able.

All the arrangements for the funeral were undertaken by Mr. Cranstoun, the old family solicitor; and by Mr. Sullivan, the manager. The following Wednesday was appointed for the funeral. Dr. Gray remained all night with his friends. Monsig. Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. Stein, Mr. Sullivan, Gertrude and Una alternately watched the living and the dead. Just at dawn Una noticed that Mrs. Cantwell's head was bent down over her brother's

pillow. She called Dr. Gray's attention, hoping it was sleep; but the physician's keen eye detected the truth, and when they reached her side they found it was indeed sleep—but sleep eternal. She had rejoined her brother in the other world.

The funeral of Mr. Nesbitt was deferred until the following Friday, and then brother and sister were laid side by side in the Castle vault, amid the unfeigned grief of friends, neighbors, and dependents. Mrs. Stein took Una home; she would not leave the desolate girl in her once happy home, where everything spoke of those she had lost. And Mr. Cranstoun promised to leave her unmolested until Sunday; more than that he could not promise, he said, reluctantly.

IX.

On the day following Mr. Nesbitt's funeral Mr. Cranstoun requested Monsig. Dalton, Dr. Gray, Mr. Stein and Mr. Sullivan to meet him in the library of Mona Castle. In the absence of the heir, he said, he wished for the advice of the deceased gentleman's most intimate friends. When all were assembled, he told them, with a very grave face, that Mr. Nesbitt's last will had been destroyed by the conflagration; that, having therefore died intestate, all his property reverted to his nephew, Basil Nesbitt; that he had communicated with the Foreign Office, and had been informed that no communication could be hoped for from Mr. Basil Nesbitt for at least six months, and that the mission on which that gentleman had started was of so perilous a nature that he might never return. Under those circumstances, without a power of attorney nor any commands from Mr. Nesbitt, he (Mr. Cranstoun) could not call on the insurance offices to pay the £20,000 required to rebuild the factories; and if they were left unbuilt for any space of time, the workmen would have to disperse, and ruin threatened the potteries, with the entire colony now so flourishing.

"According to the terms of the will," said Monsig. Dalton, after a brief silence, "the potteries belong to Miss Lynne?"

"Certainly," replied the lawyer. "And Mr. Basil Nesbitt, if he should return, will no doubt fulfil his uncle's bequest, of which he formally approved in my presence."

"Then," rejoined Monsig. Dalton, "Miss Lynne must decide what is to be done. She is of age; and should she desire to rebuild the potteries at her own expense, she can do so."

"The risk is enormous," observed Herr Stein, gravely. "If Basil Nesbitt dies in Afghanistan, all the property goes to a distant and very eccentric cousin, who detests trade and would consider Miss Lynne's claims chimerical."

"Be it so," persisted Monsig. Dalton; "but Miss Lynne alone can solve the question what is to be done."

Unwillingly enough they agreed with him, and Mr. Cranstoun asked Monsig. Dalton to accompany him next day and lay the matter before Una.

Very pale and sad the young girl looked in her mourning robes as she entered Mr. Stein's office, where Monsig. Dalton and the lawyer awaited her. After the usual greetings, Monsig. Dalton said:

"It seems cruel, my child, to ask you to attend to business so soon; but the wants and miseries of others have always claimed your first care, and now the whole future of the Mona potteries is in your hands. Mr. Cranstoun will explain to you by what unfortunate accidents the present complication has arisen. You already know that your uncle wished to bequeath to you the continuance of his work."

In clear, concise sentences the lawyer laid the entire case before Una, who was unaware of the burning of Mr. Nesbitt's will. When he had finished she asked what sum was required to rebuild the factories and retain the hands.

"From eighteen thousand to twenty thousand pounds," was the reply.

"You can draw on me for that amount, Mr. Cranstoun," she remarked, quietly. "My uncle placed all my property in the funds, and accustomed me to receive the interest and manage it. The accumulated interest has increased the original deposit to nearly twenty-three thousand pounds, and I shall at once employ it in restoring the potteries."

"But," objected the man of law, "if Basil Nesbitt does not return, you have no security of ever being repaid, and the heir at law can legally refuse to reimburse your outlay."

"That is not the question now," said Una, firmly. "My first care must be to carry out my uncle's will and save the potteries from immediate ruin. With the help of my kind friends and advisers"—and she stretched out a hand to each of her hearers, which was warmly grasped,—"the works can be resumed in two months, and their future will thus be secured. If the inimical heir at law finds them in full prosperity, he will probably dispose of them to some enterprising syndicate. For the moment we are in possession, and Mr. Sullivan can assume the complete control. If I lose my fortune I shall never complain; for it will have been lost in a noble cause."

And so it was settled, The rebuilding of the potteries was at once begun, and so energetically carried on that ere the two months allowed had elapsed the factories were in full blast, and never had business been more flourishing than during the ensuing summer.

X.

No better cure could have been found for Una's grief than the constant employment which was necessarily hers. Mr. Sullivan, Herr Stein and Mr. Cranstoun, well aware of the good it was doing her, consulted her on every occasion, and were surprised at the ability she displayed. Mona Castle was closed, and Miss Lynne had taken up her abode with her friends the Steins. Mr. and Mrs. Trenton had tried to induce Una to reside with them at Ardnaglass; but, having seen how necessary her presence was at the potteries, reluctantly consented to leave things as they were until Basil's return. When the month of July came round no trace of the ravages made by the conflagration existed. Mona Castle was uninhabited, but otherwise all appeared as fair and prosperous as on that bright summer day a year previous when Basil Nesbitt had alighted from the train at Monabeg station.

While these important events were passing in Ireland, Basil Nesbitt and his friend had penetrated into the heart of Afghanistan, and, with undaunted pluck, fought their way through incredible hardships and difficulties. Basil succeeded in bringing matters to a more friendly footing, although he plainly perceived that the wily Orientals only sought to gain time to make preparations for war; and this opinion the outbreak of 1877 proved to have been well founded. On the eve of his homeward journey, young Nesbitt was struck down by a burning fever; and had he not been accompanied by his cousin, would probably have succumbed. But Lance watched him night and day; and to him, under God, he owed his life.

May was far advanced ere, by slow stages, he could be brought to Cabul; and great were the rejoicings among the English residents when, gaunt, hollow-eyed, and worn almost to a skeleton, but still alive, he reached the embassy. Letters were awaiting them from home, and then for the first time they learned of the sad events which had taken place at Mona. Grief nearly caused a relapse to Basil; but in a week's time the steamer for Europe was starting, and the life-giving sea-breeze soon restored him to renewed health and energy.

When they had been some fourteen days at sea the two friends began to discuss their future projects. Basil said

his first act would be to sign a deed of gift, making over the potteries to Una; his second, to ask her for a much more precious gift—herself. Lance then spoke of a project he had been revolving in his mind for some time. He proposed buying a share in the potteries, and taking Mr. Sullivan into partnership. The additional capital and energy thus brought into the works could not prove otherwise than advantageous, and would greatly lessen the responsibility for Una. Basil agreed heartily to this proposal, adding that he had some unemployed capital which he would be only too glad to expend in the undertaking.

"You will see, my dear Lance, that the firm of Nesbitt, Trenton & Sullivan will soon be a power on change," was his concluding remark.

"The firm of Lynne, Trenton & Sullivan you mean," interjected Lance.

"Lynne will soon be merged in Nesbitt, I hope; and Stein in Trenton. I think, under the circumstances, Una will consent to a quiet wedding before Christmas."

"But my dear fellow," laughed Trenton, "think of the 'loss of caste.' Do you not remember how one short year ago the blood of all the Milesian kings boiled in your veins at the notion of lowering yourself to trade? What will Belgravia say to the loss of her aristocratic and promising diplomatist, the exclusive Basil Nesbitt?"

"Stop that, Lance!" interrupted Basil, with a slight increase of color. "I have learned to be thoroughly ashamed of my foolish and caddish prejudices; and my only regret is that I did not give my dear and venerated uncle the assurance that the work he so nobly began would be carried on by a Nesbitt for, I hope, many generations."

"Spoken like your true self, old man! Come and drink the health of the new firm and its lady patroness, not forgetting my Trüdchen."

What more is there to tell? Una yielded to Basil's solicitations, supported as they were by Monsig. Dalton and all her friends; so on the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity Monabeg saw a double wedding, which was private, as the year of mourning for Mr. Nesbitt and Mrs. Cantwell had not yet elapsed. And the Mona ware is now rivalling its famous competitor of Beleek; while the firm of Nesbitt, Trenton & Sullivan is as respected abroad as it is esteemed and loved at Mona.

(The End.)

The Influence of Environment.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

ONE is not obliged to agree with the sybarite who said that he did not see how any one could be unhappy as long as there was violet velvet in the world. But it must be admitted that the objects which greet the eye of the outer man have much to do with regulating the currents of conscience and behavior which are forever flowing in the deep stream we term life.

Some months ago a discontented and bloodthirsty anarchist in Chicago, after murdering his wife and six innocent children, took his own life. One who visited the house after the tragic event was struck by the pictures upon the walls. These were, without exception, portraits of the anarchists executed after the Haymarket riot,—revolutionary and inflammable cartoons, scenes taken from the most hideous events in history; and the backgrounds and frames were of the color of blood. Such sights as this make the assertion that red is the color of sin seem less fanciful. It is proved beyond question that bright red acts upon the nervous system of some animals; and these lurid reminders of crime may have

had their share in influencing this particular monster.

This rule works both ways. Outward cleanliness, for instance, is reflected upon mind and heart. Any mother will testify that her children behave with more decorum when freshly dressed; that their minds are less susceptible to defilement from bad associates when their bodies are clean.

The effect of our surroundings is simply incalculable. Who does not know the peace of mind which a systematic tidiness gives? The most wearing trials are more easily borne if the house is set in order. The ills to which all flesh is heir become less if the view from the window takes in a running brook instead of a dozen smoke-stacks. A tea-rose in a glass set by a sick man's bed is medicine. A bunch of violets given to a child has made a little poet out of a street waif. The decorative in nature is as essential as the practical. The vine which climbs over the rock has as fine a mission as the rock itself. The butterfly, preaching of the resurrection, has a nobler message than a field of pumpkins.

Men are often taught by their surroundings what no amount of precept could impart. Catholics know this well. The statues of Our Lady in the school-room, the Stations of the Cross in the temple of the Lord, the frescoes, the windows, the lights, the vestments, the crucifixes,—all help to make a sacred panorama whose influence is perpetual and akin to the divine.

Nature is a wise mother, but we will not obey her. She tells us that the objects about us help to make or to mar us, and we do not listen. She sets us praiseworthy examples, and we disdain to follow them. She spreads beauty before us, that it may be reflected in our character; and we imprison ourselves in brick walls. And Mother Nature forgives us so much and so often that we forget that forgiveness sometimes comes too late.

Notes and Remarks.

A succession of murders in one of the Western States has roused the attention of those who make a study of criminal statistics. The murders were brutal and atrocious to the last degree. In no instance was there so much as a semblance of justification; and the perpetrators, with one exception, are still at large. The fact that murders are now more frequent than ever before, and that those who commit them often evade arrest, ought to create more than a feeling of insecurity in the public mind. It proves two things—that crime is on the increase, and that the arm of the law has become too weak to check it. The idea is now prevalent that crime is like disease—something that can never be altogether eliminated from the social body, and that may become epidemic under certain conditions. The treatment of murderers during incarceration, and the number of pardons granted by state executives, are a direct encouragement to the criminal element. If condemned murderers were treated as they deserve after sentence, and executed without delay, we venture to say that the so-called epidemic would cease. With Godless education destroying the idea of moral accountability, and inoperative laws and sickly sentimentality favoring criminals everywhere, it is no wonder that an alarm has been sounded.

It is unfortunate that the scholars who have done most to advance real science are less widely known than the reckless scribblers who put forth sensational doctrines in the name of modern science. The men who work in the laboratory are known only to the thinking world, while the sciolists and hawkers of cheap "scientific" tawdry are proclaimed throughout the land. No living man is more honored by real scholars than Sir J. William Dawson, who, in addition to eminent scientific knowledge, is a diligent student of Greek and Hebrew. In an interview which has just been published in a London journal, Sir William was asked whether any discrepancy existed between science and Genesis, and he replied: "In my judgment, none. I maintain that, so far as an

inspired record can be compared with what is at best a record we work out for ourselves, the correspondence between the two is marvellous. I have held that view since 1856, and I think the proofs of its soundness are multiplying daily. To my mind, the first chapter of Genesis, in the way which it has anticipated discovery and still holds the ground as something that can not fairly be cavilled at, is itself a remarkable proof of the inspiration of the Bible."

Smart writers, like Andrew D. White "and others," must consider this distinguished old man deplorably behind the times; for he is not a believer in human evolution, but he *does* believe in miracles. On this subject he is quoted as saying: "My view is that the possibility of miracles is enormous, because God's knowledge and power are infinite, and ours very small and limited. Anything God thinks proper to carry out that goes beyond what we know becomes to us a miracle, and He may make it a sign for the advancement of our moral interests. A miracle is really God carrying out His higher designs in ways perfectly within His own power, but beyond our power of comprehension of causes."

Sir William has no great opinion of the "higher criticism" and the "new science" that have made such a noise in this century. We are glad, too, to note his declaration that, so far as his observation goes, "most scientific men are not sceptics, but pious and devout men."

The death of Miss Ernestine Nardin, of Buffalo, N. Y., who passed to her reward on the 13th inst., removes one of the most successful laborers in the field of Christian education. Gifted with remarkable talents, highly educated, and with bright prospects for a happy life in the world, Miss Nardin felt herself called to the service of religion, and rejoiced to be admitted among the Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, whose special work is the care of afflicted children and the education of young girls. This community was founded during the French Revolution; hence the religious do not wear a distinctive dress, and retain their family names. Mme. Nardin had been their superior in this country for many years, and it may be asserted that the community never had a more devoted or efficient member. Her loss will be felt for many years to come, and the memory of her saintlike example will endure until the Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and their innumerable pupils cease to be. *R. I. P.*

One of the canonical requirements for beatification is "general reputation for sanctity." It is said that in the case of Joan of Arc the Holy Father has dispensed with the usual examination into this requirement, basing his decision on the facts that her reputation for sanctity was so great even before the promulgation of the decrees of Urban VIII. that it was necessary at that time to prohibit manifestations of devotion to her; and, secondly, that popular reverence for her virtues has notably increased since that time. Certainly the Maid of Orleans seems to have captivated the imagination of the makers of books. Within the past year five large works, all of them by distinguished non-Catholic writers, have been published to celebrate her virtues and recount her wonderful career.

"The devil, the Freemasons and the Jews" are the sources commonly assigned for the grievances from which Catholics suffer in Austria and Hungary. Doubtless few will be found to offer any extenuation for the first two factors in this wicked partnership; but fair play requires that Mr. Israel Zangwill, the most capable living spokesman of Jewry, should be heard in defence of his much-abused co-religionists. Writing in *The Critic*, he says:

> That the Jew rules over the Continental press is not quite so untrue as most anti-Semitic cries. "Have you any Christians on your staff?" I said to the editor of the great Budapest newspaper, *Pesther Lloyd*,—a fine figure of a man, long-bearded and benevolent, like an ancient sage. He pondered. "I think we have one," he said. On the other hand, there are many German and Austrian papers on which there is only one Jew. And, in any case, the real meaning of the cry is ludicrously untrue. The Jews are largely responsible for the prosperity of Budapest, as they were for that of Vienna, which now turns round upon them. Fancy a country quarrelling with its coal and iron! And the true

wealth of a country is even more in its population than in its dead products. I found the Viennese comic papers full of the old anti-Semitic jokes—hashed up, I have little doubt, by the same journalists who are supposed to Judaize the press of Europe. Even so in America, are not the Jewish caricatures in *Puck* often done by a brother of M. de Blowitz? In something of the same spirit, when the notorious Lueger, whose platform was the extinction of the Jews of Vienna, was up for election as Burgomaster, a poor Jew took a bribe of a couple of florins to vote for him. "God will frustrate him," said the pious Jew. "Meantime I have his money."

The experience of Herr Ahlwardt in this country not long ago shows that Americans have very little sympathy with Jew-baiting. No doubt the Catholics of Hungary have suffered many things from the children of Abraham, but they have suffered equally from corruption among themselves. The reasonable course for them is not persecution of the Jews, but the reconstruction of their methods and an increase of public spirit and genuine religion. An English writer thus admirably states it: "Let Catholics be united amongst themselves, but in view of nothing less than the common good. Let the pastors, above all, be united and energetic; and let them come out from the depths of their palaces and show their compassion for the multitude. If the Catholics of Hungary really wish for other rulers than men like Koloman Tisza, Weckerle, or Banffy, let them send other men to the front.... As Catholics, we abhor the cry that Judaism is the enemy. Others than Jews live by cheating, usury, monopoly, and what is politely called *la haute finance*. Equal justice, not class legislation, is the only lawful and the only efficient remedy for the social evils that prevail in Austria, Hungary, and elsewhere."

It may not be generally known that a sister of the Lord Chief-Justice of England, who is now an honored visitor to this country, is the superioress of a religious community in California; and his brother, Father Matthew Russell, S. J., is the distinguished editor of the *Irish Monthly*. By the number and importance of his decisions, Lord Russell already ranks with the greatest chief-justices in history. The fact that he, an Irish Catholic, holds the highest judicial office in a country which receives little credit for religious or racial toleration, will make the presence of Lord Russell a rebuke to bigotry in America wherever he goes.

When the eminent Jewish musician, Herman, was converted to the true faith, he gave up his brilliant career before the foot-lights to join the Discalced Carmelites. Later he was brought to London by Cardinal Wiseman to introduce the Order into England; and his first recruit was Father Sebastian, a young priest who has just passed away. Father Sebastian was a man of great learning, remarkable energy, and profound spirituality, with more than a local reputation for sanctity. *R. I. P.*

The death of Sister Mary Irene, the founder and for many years the devoted director of the great foundling hospital in New York city, must have inspired higher aspirations in all who heard of it. Her long life, from girlhood up, was devoted to the poor and the afflicted. It is estimated that she had collected and expended upward of $1,000,000 for the institution under her charge. May she rest in peace!

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. E. J. Sheridan, whose happy death took place at Taunton, Mass., on the Eve of the Assumption.

Mother M. Xavier, Presentation Convent, W. Troy, N. Y.; Sister M. Annunciata, of the same community, Berkeley, Cal.; and Sister M. Hermenegilde, of the Sisters of Charity, Vancouver, who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. Alexander J. Street, of Chicago, Ill., who died on the 9th inst.

Mr. Archie J. Wilkinson, who departed this life on the 2d inst., in St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. Patrick Dowling, of New Haven, Conn., whose life closed peacefully on the 4th inst.

Mr. John H. Smith, of Perth Amboy, N. J.; Mr. Denis Behen, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. James Connor, Fort Worth, Texas; Master Charles Connors, Miss Fannie Glennon, and Mr. Edward McKeon,—all of New Haven, Conn.; also Mrs. Anna McCauley, Chelsea, Mass.

May they rest in peace!

Our Lady's Weed.

BY HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

AS the Maid-Mother walked in the meadows one day
When springtide was smiling and sweet,
Rich blossoms rose swiftly to border her way,
With balm-laden beauty replete.

Then a pale, scentless weed, growing lowlily, said:
"*I'm* not fit by her pathway to be,
But I'll soften the ground where her holy feet tread,
Too blest if they trample on me."

And so blithe was that weed by the Maid-Mother pressed
It smileth in happiness yet;
And so pure is the balm since exhaled from its breast
Men call it the sweet mignonette.

Two Little Girls.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

(CONCLUSION.)

ONE day, as the two little friends were sitting on the hard bench, tired of the endless hours, Bessie took out her geography, and, holding it before her face, said softly:

"Let's study our geography?"

Margery put down her speller and leaned over her companion's shoulder.

"Let's bound Kentucky?" said Bessie; for, being their native State, they could gallop over that lesson.

"Kentucky's bounded on the north by Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; on the east by Virginia and West Virginia; on the south by—"

"Bessie, you and Margery are studying too loud," said the teacher, rapping on the desk.

They were silent for a little while; then Bessie said, without looking at Margery:

"Margery, I want to be a Catholic."

Margery jumped almost as if she had been shot.

"But don't you tell anybody," continued Bessie, excitedly,—"Jennie or nobody. If you do, I'll get mad at you."

"I won't tell, Bess," replied Margery; then, clasping her hand, under the desk, "O Bess, I'm so glad!" While to herself she said: "O Blessed Mother, I'm so thankful! O dear Lady, you are so good!"

"Yes," Bessie went on, "I have been wanting to ever since I heard you all praying that night. What will I have to do?"

"Why," answered Margery, with an important air, "of course you will have to be baptized."

"But not until I'm a young lady."

"No: right away. You can't be a Catholic until you are baptized. Then you will have to study your catechism and say your prayers and go to confession; and when you are old enough you will make your First Communion and be confirmed. O Bess, we will go to catechism and be confirmed together! We shall have to wear white dresses and veils, and you

will have a white dress to be baptized in."

"Ma won't get it for me, I know," said Bessie, disconsolately.

"But if—"

"Margery, are you talking?" called out the teacher.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the little girl, suddenly brought back to the present.

"Then take your book and stand on the 'back bench,'" said the teacher.

"*I* was talking, too," put in Bessie.

"You will stay in after school," replied the teacher, who seconded Mrs. Wilson's effort to break up the attachment between the two children.

"I'll wait for you, Bess, at the little bridge," whispered Margery, when school was dismissed.

As the last child left the room, the teacher called Bessie to her side.

"I kept you this evening, Bess," she began, "because I want to talk to you. Why are you so naughty?"

Bessie was silent.

"I think," added the teacher, "you would be a better girl if you did not sit with Margery Conway."

"No, Miss Lizzie, indeed I wouldn't!" cried Bessie. "Sometimes when I want to talk Margery won't listen to me. And we don't talk half as much as the other girls."

"Still, dear, I think I had better move your seat. To-morrow you will sit with Nannie Johnston."

Bessie said nothing, but there came a rebellious expression into her eyes.

"And I would rather that you play with the other children," continued the mentor, "instead of going off to the woods with Margery. A snake might bite you."

"Pa says there aren't any snakes in the woods: the hogs eat them all," said Bessie, triumphantly.

"Well, it is safer for you to stay near the house."

She kept Bessie until she thought Margery was home; and was not a little surprised to see them, some moments later, walking up the road arm-in-arm.

Margery cried herself almost sick over the separation, but Bessie had her plan laid out. There was a wicked strain in her, and she gave it full outlet. In spite of repeated punishment, she talked and missed her lessons until the teacher, to preserve a semblance of order in the school, was forced to allow her to go back to Margery. All the two little girls talked of during recreation was of Bessie's becoming a Catholic. It never occurred to them that any opposition to their plan would be offered, unless in the matter of the white dress.

"Margery," whispered Bessie, "I saw a white butterfly this morning."

Now, it was an unquestioned fact among these school-girls that according to the color of the first butterfly seen should be the next new dress, which will explain what Bessie meant as she went on:

"And I said a 'Hail Mary' that ma might get a white dress for me."

"Oh, she will!" said Margery, reassuringly. "When are you going to ask her?"

"Ought I ask her this evening?"

"Yes, do."

Bessie found that asking for the white dress and telling for what it was wanted was a rather difficult task; but finally all was explained. Mrs. Wilson did not say anything, but Bessie noticed she grew very white around the lips. She was so glad her mother did not "fuss," and ran off to tell her sister of her success. But when all were at supper, Mrs. Wilson said, as she handed around the coffee:

"Dave, Bess is going to be a Catholic, and wants us to buy her a white dress to be baptized in."

Mr. Wilson laid down his knife and fork, looking questioningly from the mother to the daughter. Jennie giggled, and Bessie grew red and white by turns. It began to look serious, after all.

"Well, I declare!" he said, at length. "When do you want the dress, Bess?"

"Oh, right away, pa, if you please!" she answered, much relieved.

"Can't you wait a little—till I sell the tobacco?" he asked.

"Why, what do you mean, Dave?" cried Mrs. Wilson. "Are you in earnest? Would you allow a child of yours to join the Roman Catholic Church?"

"She may join any church she wants to, as long as you won't allow her to be a Methodist," he replied.

"Well, I'd much rather see her dead," exclaimed the mother, "than see her a Catholic!"

"I don't know but she might do worse," he returned, calmly.

At these words Mrs. Wilson burst into tears and left the table.

Mr. Wilson was a kind-hearted man, and very fond of his wife. He regretted his words; and, turning to Bessie, said:

"You mustn't think any more about it, little girl; for, you see, your mother doesn't like it."

"O pa, can't I be a Catholic, please?" cried Bessie.

"No, child. Your mother doesn't want you to be one." And he left the table to find his offended wife.

"Now, missy," said Jennie, laughing mockingly, "what did I tell you? I knew ma wouldn't let pa buy you a white dress nor let you be a Catholic; and ma said she'd much rather see you dead than be a Catholic, and so would I. I just hate Catholics."

"O mother, what will Bess do?" cried Margery, when she had finished telling her mother of her friend's trouble.

"She must obey her parents," said Mrs. Conway. "She must wait and pray, and in God's own time all will come right."

This was not the reply Margery had expected. She thought her mother would say Bessie *should* be a Catholic in spite of all opposition, and her heart seemed almost crushed with sorrow.

After that evening Mrs. Wilson forbade Bessie to go with Margery, and sent instructions to the teacher to see that her command was enforced. That was, perhaps, the greatest trial of all; and Bessie would have contrived means to see her friend by stealth had not Mrs. Conway, on hearing of the case, shown Margery it was her duty to help Bessie to obey her mother.

When the vacation came, Mrs. Wilson wrote to her father asking him to take Bessie for the summer. The child pleaded against the decision, but the mother was inexorable. Her grandfather lived in a remote country place; and Bessie, accustomed to the society of children, grew moody and discontented. Moreover, she was a frail little creature, needing care and attention; neither of which was given her by the cross, exacting old man, who was imbued with but one thought—to make a good Campbellite out of his unruly grandchild.

One Sunday he harnessed the mule to the spring-wagon; and, notwithstanding her pleading to be allowed to remain at home, as she felt very ill, he insisted on her accompanying him to church. The day was intensely warm, the church some miles away, and Bessie had no shade to protect her from the scorching rays of the sun. Her head and limbs were aching, her cheeks burning; and finally, from pain and nervousness, she began to cry; which only made the good man more firm in his resolution. During the long services one of those storms that rise so suddenly in summer darkened the sky, and half-way home it broke out in all its fury. There was no shelter; and Bessie, before burning with fever, began to shiver with cold.

The following day she was so ill that her father was sent for, and he took her home, where she soon grew worse. The Wilsons were far from being rich, and in their trouble they realized what good friends they had in the Catholic Conways. Other neighbors dropped in to inquire for the child, but none offered to share

the parents' long vigils save Mrs. Conway. And her keen eyes saw what the others did not—that the frail thread of life was being burned away.

The mother would not admit the thought into her mind until the day when the doctor told her that her child must die. God pity the mother's heart on which such a message falls! But when with it comes the knowledge that she is in a measure to blame, what words can portray her anguish! Then Mrs. Wilson fell on her knees and begged God to spare her child. All through the ravings of the fever Bessie had been pleading with her to buy her a white dress to be baptized in, and to allow her to play with Margery; and, kneeling by her dying bedside, she promised to grant the child's request, if health were restored to her darling.

The fever had passed; and, cold and white, Bessie lay on her bed, her breath coming in quick, short gasps. Mrs. Conway was by her side, chafing the thin, stiffening hands; while the mother knelt, with her face buried in the counterpane. Margery lay on the floor, crying piteously; and Jennie crouched by her mother, sobbing as if her heart would break. Mr. Wilson was at the foot of the bed, his head bowed in his hands. Suddenly he looked up and met the dying eyes of his little daughter fixed on him in agonized yearning. He recollected the scene at the supper table when her anguished voice had asked: "O pa, can't I be a Catholic?"

"Little girl," he said, between sobs, "do you want anything?"

"Yes, pa," came in gasps. "I want to be a Catholic."

"Where can I find your preacher?" he asked Mrs. Conway.

"At the village. He will say Mass there to-morrow morning."

The father went to the bed and took his dying child in his arms, while the tears fell like rain on her thin, white face.

"Good-bye, little girl," he said, kissing her cold lips. "If you live till I get back, you shall be a Catholic. If you die while I am away, remember, little girl, I tried to make you happy."

Bessie lay very still. She knew she was dying—that she must leave her parents and sister and go down into the cold ground. Her heart was breaking because this must be. How lonely she would be without them, and how they would miss her! Who would play with Jennie on the long winter evenings? Who would set the table for her mother and fill her father's pipe? Would Jennie do these little things for them as gladly as she ever had? And how her father would miss her of a morning when he would go to drive the horses to the barn! Jennie was afraid of the horses, and how could he manage them by himself? She thought of the old school-house and of Margery. Who would go with her now? Never again would they run down the white road together, nor climb the high hill searching for the first violet. No more lessons! Her books were laid aside for a long vacation. And she was sorry, for she did not want to die. However, when her father had said she might be a Catholic, all her grief was suddenly forgotten. But she had no white dress!

"Margery," she called to the friend she knew was near, although she could not see her, "can I be a Catholic without a white dress?"

But Margery's answer was another wild outburst of sorrow.

Mrs. Conway bent over the sufferer.

"It isn't the dress, little Bessie," she said, between sobs, "but the soul you must have white. Now say your prayers." And she slipped into her hands Margery's white Rosary. Over the beads went the thin fingers as the lips half formed the fondly remembered prayers.

In a short time Mr. Wilson returned with the priest. Mrs. Conway explained the case to him; and, after obtaining the

consent of the parents, he donned his surplice and stole and began the solemn rite. It was all over in a few minutes; and Bessie was in reality, as she had long been in desire, a child of the one, true, holy, Catholic Church.

Little Margery expected a miracle; and thought, with the mother, that God would give Bessie back to her. But God loved her too well, as in long, bitter after years they both realized.

A great peace settled over Bessie. She was not sorry to be going now, but she felt sad for those she was leaving behind,—those who would mourn for her while they lived. She tried to say something, but her little voice failed. Then she looked at them—one long, last, loving look of farewell,—and, her hands still clasping the white Rosary, she fell asleep, never to wake again.

And what of her little friend? Ah! many a weary step has led Margery far from Bessie's grave; and, with the editor's kind permission, I shall sometime tell you the story of the other little girl.

(The End.)

The Death of St. Columba.

The biographer of St. Columba of Iona, who died in 597, aged seventy-seven, after thirty-four years of missionary work, says that on feeling the hand of death he was, at his own request, carried out of doors in order to visit the working brethren; and then he announced to them his departure, and blessed them and the island and its inhabitants. On the following Saturday he told his friends that that would be the last day of his life. He begged them to take him out, that he might bless the barn, and the crops of corn which were the supplies of their food. On going back to the monastery, the old white pack-horse that used to carry the milk-pails came up to the Saint, laid its head on his bosom and uttered plaintive cries, like a human being. The attendant began to drive away the beast; but the Saint forbade him, saying: "Let it alone: let it pour out its bitter grief. Lo, thou who hast a rational soul canst know nothing of my departure—only expect what I have just told you; but to this brute beast, devoid of reason, the Creator Himself hath evidently in some way made known that its master is going to leave it." And saying this he blessed the poor work-horse, which turned away from him in sadness. The Saint then ascended a hillock overhanging the monastery, and stood musing and looking round; and said that, small as that place was, it would be held in after-times in great honor by kings and foreign rulers and saints of other churches.

On returning to the monastery, he sat in his cell and transcribed part of the thirty-third psalm. The rest of the night he lay on the bare ground, with a stone for his pillow. He discoursed to the brethren on the blessing of peace, harmony and charity among themselves. When the bell rang at midnight a heavenly light was noticed to surround him, and the brethren knew that his soul was departing; and, after giving them his benediction, he calmly breathed his last. The matin hymns being finished, his sacred body was carried to the church, the brethren chanting psalms; and, being wrapped in fine, clean linen, was buried after three days and nights. A violent storm had been raging all this time, preventing any person crossing the sound; but after the burial the storm ceased and all was calm.

THACKERAY tells of a lord who never saw a vacant place on his estate but he took an acorn out of his pocket and dropped it in. Never lose a chance of saying a kind word, of doing a kindly act. It costs nothing, but the little act may be productive of great good.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Prof. Nicholls Crouch, the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," died at Portland, Me., on the 18th inst.

—"Catholic School Chimes," as its subtitle implies, is a collection of popular hymns and songs adapted to juvenile voices for parochial schools and home use. There are two editions—one for schools, the other arranged with an accompaniment by that indefatigable musician, B. Hamma. This excellent compilation forms number 866 of "Fischer's Edition of Sacred Music."

—It will delight the lovers of good reading to hear that the posthumous papers of Brother Azarias have been carefully prepared for circulation in book form. These papers fall naturally into a subdivision of "Essays Educational," "Essays Philosophical" and "Essays Miscellaneous." These volumes, which are published by the enterprising firm of D. H. McBride & Co., are now in press, and it will not be to the credit of the Catholic reading public if they do not attain a wide circulation.

—At least two of the best-known secular magazines have a Catholic flavor this month. In the *Nineteenth Century*—which, by the way, owes Catholic readers an apology for some recent very stupid blunders—Father Clarke, S. J., has an article on "The Training of a Jesuit," and Mr. Wilfrid Ward has a study of Huxley's personality. In the *National Review* the unique George Meredith discusses a Catholic writer, and the eloquent Dr. William Barry has a characteristic paper on "The Secret of Catholicism."

—The care now happily bestowed on the preparation of text-books is indicated by the fact that Mr. Brander Matthews thinks it worth while to be the author of an "Introduction to American Literature." One of the things which the millennium holds in store for us is a text-book of literature that will satisfy a reasonable number of teachers. It has not been produced yet, but Mr. Brander Matthews comes as near supplying it as any other book-maker. Needless to say, the work is admirably written and the treatment of the authors eminently critical and just. We regret, however, that the Professor of Literature in Columbia College does not share the admiration which Lowell had for Dr. Brownson, whose name is not even mentioned in this "Introduction." American Book Co.

—At the time of his visit to Molokai Robert Louis Stevenson wrote the following tribute to the Franciscan Sisters who labor so devoutly among the unfortunate lepers for whom Father Damien gave up his life. These lines lately appeared in an English journal, and will probably be new to most readers:

TO MOTHER MARIANNE.

To see the infinite pity of this place,
The mangled limb, the devastated face,
The innocent sufferer, smiling at the rod—
A fool were tempted to deny his God.

He sees, he shrinks; but if he gaze again,
Lo, beauty springing from the breast of pain!
He marks the Sisters on the mournful shores,
And even a fool is silent and adores.

—Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, the venerable author of the charming "Reveries of a Bachelor," has little sympathy with the professional interviewer. To a young woman who sent him a letter threatening to "write him up" and begging that he would see her, he sent this characteristic reply:

MY DEAR MISS ——: If you had asked permission to come into the Edgewood garden and pluck at your will the ripe raspberries (which are now luscious and abundant), I would have given you neighborly courtesy and my heartiest permission. But if you come with note-book and pencil to piece out a page of those personalities with which so many journals are now drearily full, I can give you only scantest welcome. I have commissioned my daughter to say as much to you; and I hope she will do it with as much peremptoriness, and with a much larger graciousness.

—For a concise and convincing proof that the Church has never ceased to "Go forth and teach all nations," we heartily recommend "The Mission Field of the Nineteenth Century," by His Eminence Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney. The fruit of the publication of this brochure ought to be more generous support of our foreign missions.—"Folk-Lore Ex Cathedra," which we suspect to be from the pen of Mr. Britten himself, is the satiric title of a delicious bit of human

vivisection by an anonymous operator. — "Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln" (who, if we are to believe "our friends, the enemy," was a full-blown Protestant born before his time), is vindicated by Monsig. Robinson.—Father Sydney Smith, S. J., takes considerable pains to prove, in 28 pages, that the infallible Pope does not "claim to be God;" while Father Bridgett, C. SS. R. defends the divine institution of the "Christian Priesthood" and attacks that odious anachronism "The English Coronation Oath" in two admirably written pamphlets. The above-named publications are issued by the Catholic Truth Society (London) as penny or two-penny pamphlets. We may observe, in passing, that a collection of the books and brochures already published, at marvellously cheap rates, by this great Society would make a valuable library.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

The Yorke-Wendte Discussion. Monitor Publishing Co. 50 cts.

Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages. *Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M.* Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P.* Catholic Book Exchange. 5 cts.

The End of Religious Controversy. *Bishop Milner. Edited by Rev Luke Rivington, M. A.* Cath. Truth Society. 1s *net.*

The See of St. Peter. *T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G.* Catholic Truth Society. 1s. 6d.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

Lessons in Literature. Ainsworth & Co. $1.

The Religion of a Traveller (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser.* Cathedral Library Association. 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* May & Williams. $1.25.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25.

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

The Monk's Pardon. *Raoul de Navery.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Are Anglican Orders Valid? *Rev. Dr. MacDevitt.* Sealy, Bryers & Walker. 60 cts.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8s.

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury, Mass. $2.10.

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, $6.25.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.50 net.

The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena. *Algar Thorold.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Woman, What Have I to do with Thee? *Presbyter Anglicanus.* Kegan Paul & Co. Crown 8vo, 60 cts.

Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. *Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 3 vols. $4.50.

Christian Reunion. *William Delaney, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. *K. M. Barry.* Fallon & Co. 60 cts.

Retreats, etc. *Father Dignam, S. J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Jewels of the Imitation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* Burns & Oates. 60 cts.

Questions of Honor in the Christian Life. *Katharine E. Conway.* Pilot Co. 50 cts.

Conscience and Law. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. $1.60.

In a Walled Garden. *Bessie R. Belloc.* Ward & Downey. $2.

Evolution and Dogma. *Rev. John A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C.* McBride & Co. $2.

Saint Phi omena. *From the French.* R. Washbourne. 5 cts.

Mooted Questions of History. *H. J. Desmond.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts.

Catholic Directory, 1896. *Hoffmann Bros. Co.* 50 cts.

Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. 65 cts.

Our Own Story. *Rosa Mulholland.* Catholic Truth Society. $1.00.

Christian Unity. *Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.* Catholic Book Exchange. 50 cts.

Father Furniss and his Work for Children. *Rev. T. Livius, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

Lyra Hieratica. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* Burns & Oates. $1.00

St. Antony of Padua. *Franciscan Fathers.* Burns & Oates. 75 cts.

Jesus, His Life; A Diatessaron. *Rev. Henry Beauclerk, S. J.* Burns & Oates. $1.40.

A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven. *M. C. Bishop.* Benziger Bros. $2.

The Christian at Mass. *Rev. Joseph L. Andreis.* Murphy & Co. 12mo, net, $1.00.

Poems. *Father John B. Tabb.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.00.

Prehistoric Americans. *Marquis de Nadaillac.* McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, *net*, 50 cts.

The Rhythm of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Copeland & Day. Octavo, $1.25.

Guide to Confession and Communion. *St. Francis de Sales.* Benziger Bros. 32mo, cloth, 60 cts.

The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon. *The Rev. Joseph Spillmann.* B. Herder. 8vo, cloth, $1.50.

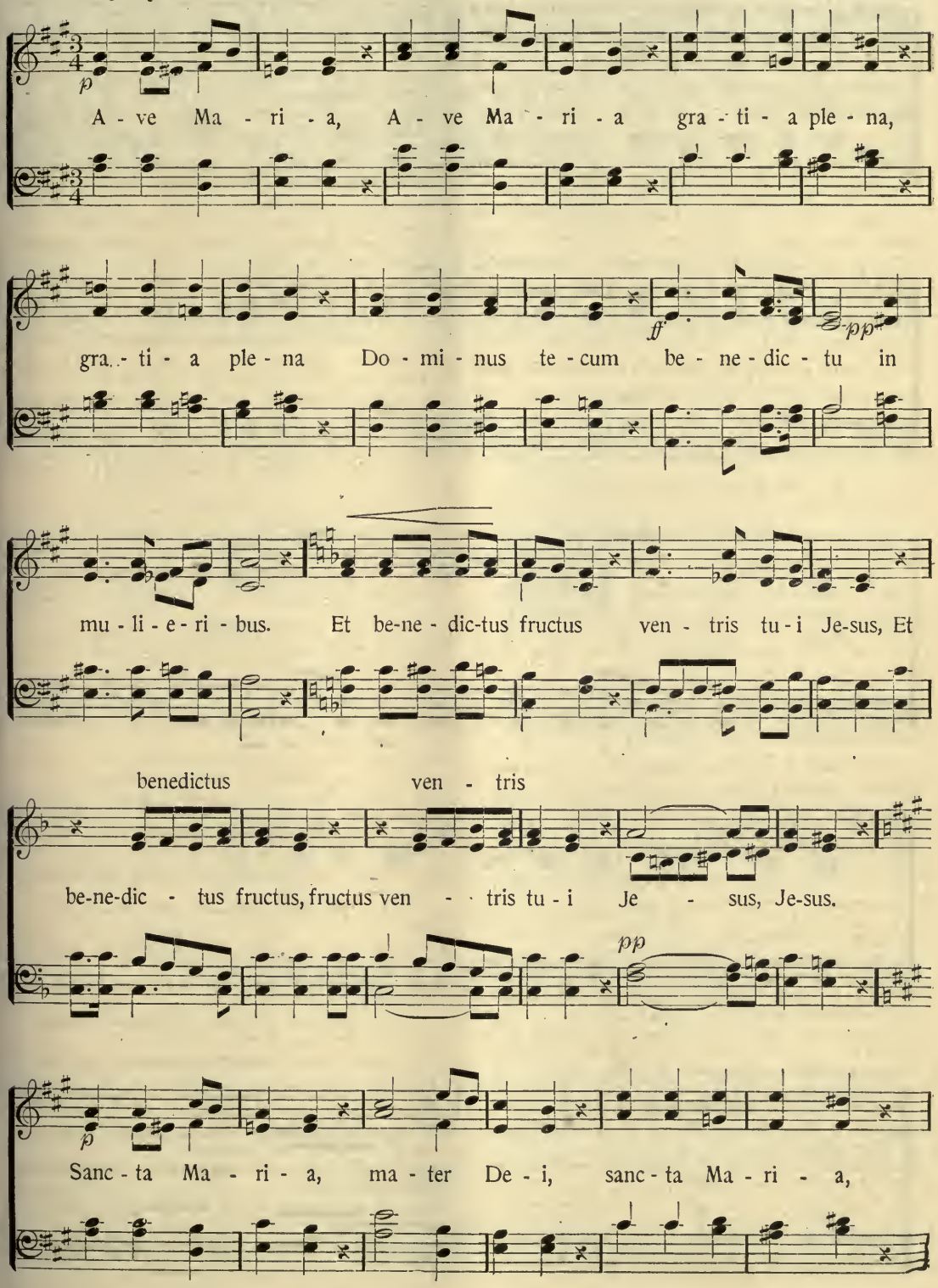
Cuckoo Songs. *Katharine Tynan Hinkson.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.50.

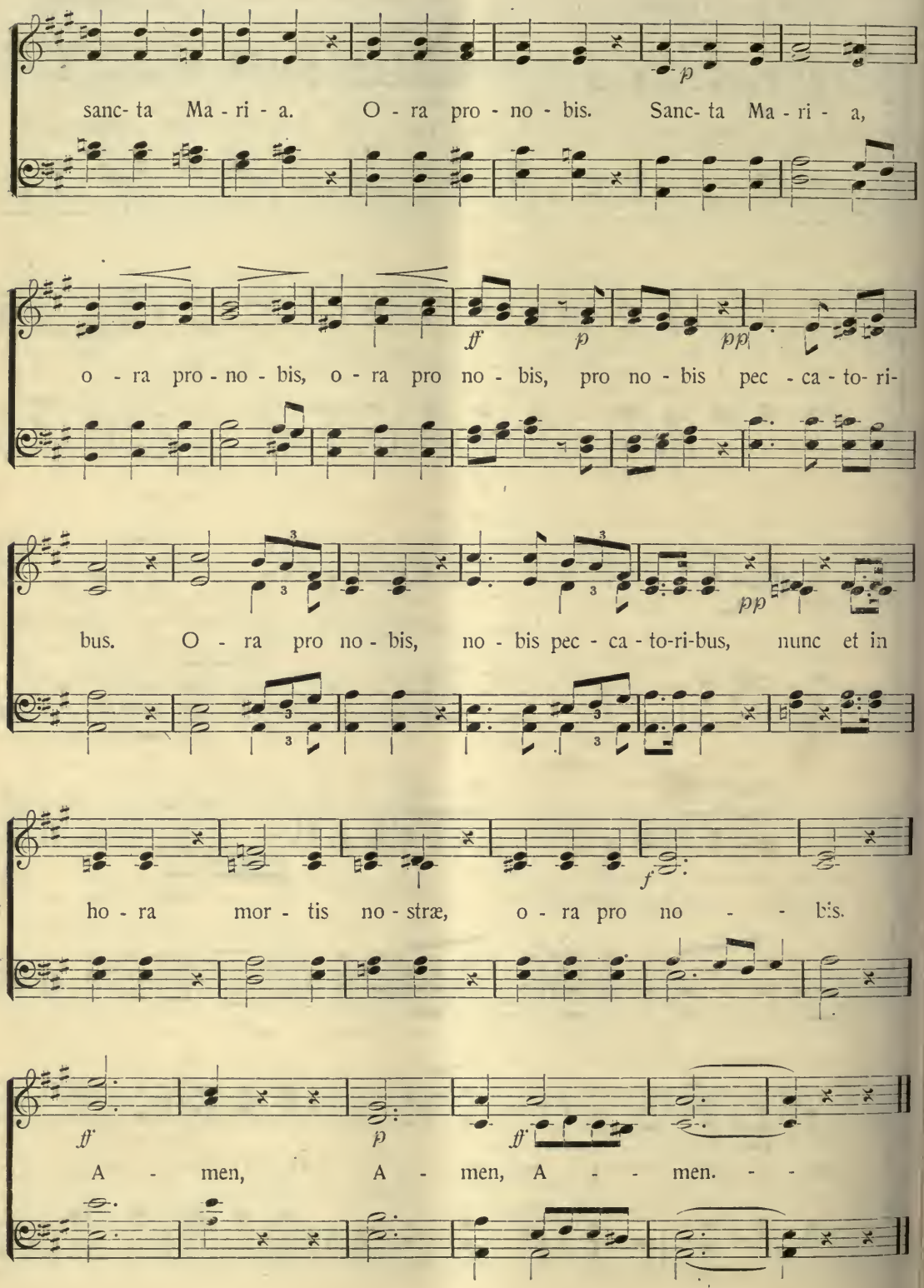
Summer School Essays. 2 vols. McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, 50 cents each.

Poems. *Francis Thompson.* Copeland & Day. Square octavo. $1.50.

AVE MARIA.

Adagio poco Andante. A. Krommer.

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THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48

VOL. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 5, 1896. No. 10.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Star of Heaven.

Respice Stellam, voca Mariam.—ST. BERNARD.

DREAR is the nightfall,
Lonely we roam,
Wandering exiles,
Far from our home;
Borne on the billows
Of life's stormy sea,
Bright Star of Heaven,
Our trust is in thee.
When night falls drearily,
When life flows wearily,
Respice Stellam,
Voca Mariam.

Gentle and beautiful
Beaming above,
Shines out all brightly
The fair Star of Love:
Rest of the weary,
Hope 'mid the night,
Guiding the lonely
By its soft light.
Yes, 'mid the darkest night
That Star still shineth bright—
Respice Stellam,
Voca Mariam.

THE will fell by the unbelief of Eve, the first virgin; and was restored through the faith of Mary, the second Virgin. The first Eve listened to the tempter, and fell; the second Eve listened to the Angel, and believed.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Business Features of the Middle Ages.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

SHOULD some enterprising archæologist of the twenty-fifth century undertake to investigate the social life of the nineteenth, would he derive any information from a perusal of one of the ledgers of any of the monstrous "department-stores" now so common in both Europe and America? Some of the account-books of these establishments may possibly survive the vicissitudes of the next five or six centuries; and possibly, though very improbably, the ink of the nineteenth century may prove to have been, in some rare instances, nearly as durable as that of the Middle Ages. But a twenty-fifth century investigator will scarcely find any eloquence in the interminable columns of dry and heartless figures which are now more distressingly monotonous to many poor book-keepers than are, to any seamstress, the stitches produced to the tune of the "Song of the Shirt." Will any idea be derived concerning the private lives of those individuals whose shopping proclivities are now the cause of the ledger's existence?

The average merchant of our day will tell you, of course, that his account-book

must necessarily deal with nothing but dollars and cents; that in his business minds and hearts have no place; and that only a madman would expect the records of his office to furnish material for a treatise on social or religious economy. Very different from this theory was that entertained by the average business man in the Ages of Faith. Then hardness of heart did not cause a mercantile register to present a record merely of monetary transactions—of things which are of no use to the philosophy of history. Of course in medieval days, as in our own, the merchant noted accurately each expenditure and each sale; but then time was found, or made, for such an explanation of each transaction as renders it, when examined by the modern investigator, an interesting and reliable source of history.

Under the auspices of the Historical Society of Gascony there was published, in 1890, a ledger of a mercantile establishment which flourished in the fourteenth century at Montauban.* The book had been unearthed in the archives of Montauban by M. Edouard Forestié; and, when read with the aid of the Introduction furnished by its discoverer, it sheds much light upon the social and economic conditions of the Middle Ages. We learn from this book of accounts that the Bonis Brothers were general merchants in Montauban. They were bankers, both of deposit and of issue; money-lenders; collectors of taxes and of ecclesiastical revenues; executors of wills; dealers in all kinds of dry-goods, made clothing, and shoes; jewellers, armorers, and mechanicians; manufacturers and loaners of all things requisite for baptisms, weddings, and funerals; manufacturers of gunpowder and of all kinds of chemicals; wholesale and retail apothecaries, confectioners, etc.

We are told that the two members of the firm lived in apartments over the immense halls in which the goods were retailed; that the younger brother, Gerard, was married, and had several children, who were educated at home by a master of arts; that during "the year of mortality"—that is 1349, the year of the Great Plague—two of these children died; and that in the following year, Pope Clement VI. having proclaimed a Jubilee, the bereaved parent journeyed to the Eternal City, that he might obtain, as the book-keeper piously notes, rest for the departed and grace for himself. The clerk describes carefully the itinerary of his master: "He who wishes to visit SS. Peter and Paul, St. John of the Lateran, and the other saints in ancient Rome, should proceed from here [Montauban] to Avignon. He will dine at Avignon. At night he will sleep at Carpentras. On the next day he will dine at Sault, and then he will sleep at Sederon.... On the twenty-third day he will dine most joyously in ancient Rome. During this year 1350 our Lord the Pope grants pardon from guilt and punishment to all repentant persons who have confessed their sins. This present Pope is a native of Avignon." Since the clerk informs us how careful M. Gerard Bonis was in complying with the conditions of the "Pardon," we are not surprised on hearing that in the house of the great merchants there is a resident chaplain, whose chief duty it is to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the living and dead of the house of Bonis.

One of the striking features of this medieval ledger is its presentation of evidence that the Bonis Brothers never charged interest to their debtors. It is undoubtedly true that many merchants in the Middle Ages were less disinterested; but a very small minority—and that minority composed almost entirely of Jews—were guilty of what was then regarded as a nefarious practice, since the ecclesiastical canons of that period prohibited it. Another important fact

* "Livres de Comptes des Frères Bonis, Marchands Montalbanais du XIVe Siècle." Paris, 1890.

evinced by this book is the not merely comfortable but the luxurious conditions enjoyed by most of the customers of the Bonis. The list of purchases shows that during the fourteenth century not only were garments of very fine texture worn by the lower middle class of the French, but that even the peasants were not unaffected by the tyranny of fashion. Much of the time and energy of the Bonis was consumed in the manufacture of medicines; and the ledger gives valuable information concerning the ingredients of many of the popular nostrums of the day. We learn that in the little city of Montauban—then of about ten thousand souls—there were eighteen regular physicians; in the suburban parish of Montricoux the pastor was the acting Æsculapius; and in some places one individual was both lawyer and physician. One of the curious items is a charge for a quantity of powder for cannon—*polveras per lo cano*—entered against the monastery of St.-Theodard.*

Luxury at the table, if we are to credit the revelations of the Bonis ledger, which speaks of sales of the finest condiments and confections to families of the middle class, was well known to the French of the fourteenth century, whatever may have been the gastronomic taste of the English and Germans of that time. There is scarcely a spice or a sweet known to us that is not charged to some *bourgeois* of Montauban. As to the peasants, their condition, as evinced by this quaint but reliable authority, is very different from that described as theirs by most modern historians. We find many of these presumed unfortunates stamping their documents with their own seals—things which are generally supposed to be prerogatives of aristocracy; we learn that their garments were lined with fur, and that they lived in brick houses rather than in the loathsome huts in which we are accustomed to picture them. Every farm laborer had his wages and other recompenses assured by written contract. As a specimen of these contracts we give the following: "He is to be in our service, with his own ox and one belonging to us, from January until the Feast of St. John the Baptist (June 24), to act as ox-driver and general farm-servant; and we are to give him a barrel of wheat, a barrel of mixed grain, and two barrels of wine."

Many of the laborers mentioned in this ledger had quite comfortable properties. Thus the swineherd, Jean Chausse-Noire, owned a fine vineyard. Salona, an ox-driver for the Bonis, owned two houses in Montauban; and his wealth must have been considerable, since the ledger notes that on the occasion of the baptism of one of his children he bought two hundred and twenty livres worth of wine for the feast. Another peasant, owner of an extensive vineyard, must have dwelt in a fairly large house; for we read that he bought twenty thousand bricks from the Bonis for the facing of its walls. One of the servants of Gerard Bonis was a rival of that steward whom Chaucer represents as so thrifty that he could lend to his master "out of his owen gude"; for we find that this domestic loaned three golden scudi to Gerard during his Roman pilgrimage. Those who believe that the peasants of the Middle Ages were generally illiterate should observe that in the register of the

* Commenting on this entry, M. Forestié makes this interesting remark: "Hugues de Cardaillac, lord of Bioule, nephew of the Bishop of Montauban, was one of the most valiant knights in the French army. Friend and comrade of Gallois de la Beaume, grand-master of the cross-bowmen, he had a brilliaut share in the campaign of Gascony, under the standard of Armagnac. We find him in 1339 making the cannons which are to defend Cambrai against the English, and it is his squire who makes the powder. At Bioule we see him with twenty-two *breech-loading* cannons. It was he who furnished the artillery to the walls of Montauban, Lauzerte, and Cahors; and thus we find that there were sixty cannons on the ramparts of four little towns of Quercy, just at the time when Villani (and after him many modern writers) states that at Crécy three little cannons demoralized the French chivalry."

Bonis many of the laborers signed receipts; and the same book tells us that each village of the neighborhood had a school, in which the parish priest was pedagogue.

Commenting on the discovery of M. Forestié, that sage and impartial critic, Lecoy de la Marche, makes these reflections: "The general prosperity of which we have seen the proof, and which the people of France owed to the wise and firm government of St. Louis, was soon to disappear amid the incalculable disasters of the Hundred Years' War; and the second half of the fourteenth century was not at all like the first. But the Hundred Years' War was the end of the Middle Age, the tearing up of the pacific charter which united the nations and constituted Christian society. The Middle Age, properly so called, was a flourishing period for commerce and agriculture, and for both public and private fortune. Let it be loudly proclaimed that down to the end of that period—down to the day when the peace of Jesus Christ ceased to cover Europe like a protecting mantle—the world knew much more of happiness than it has known since, and incomparably more than it will know under the sway of atheism and socialism. God treats faithful nations as He treats faithful individuals: 'All these things shall be added unto you.'"*

In the National Archives of France there is preserved a register of the accounts of the mines of Jacques Cœur in the Lyonnais and the Beaujolais, dated 1455. This document, given to the light in 1890,† shows the condition of the miners at a time when, according to most modern publicists, there was no ordinary comfort for the workingman. According to this register, the mines were in the charge of a "governor"; but the decisions of that official were subject, on the appeal of the miners, to the judgment of a representative of the king, who was specially charged with the preservation of their privileges. The rules of the mines were most stringent in regard to blasphemy and all matters of immorality. The workmen were paid, for little more than half a year's labor, from two hundred to two thousand francs, according to their skill and consequent position; and when we reflect on the cheapness of living at that time, and on the fact that the miners were fed, clothed, lodged, and doctored by the establishment, we shall realize that they must have saved sufficient to ensure for themselves a comfortable old age. This conclusion is well founded; for they were never allowed, unless in cases of real necessity, to draw their wages in advance.

The food of these workmen was abundant and of the best quality—consisting of beef, mutton, pork, fish, eggs, bread, cheese, spices, nuts, and all kinds of fruit. They had as much white and red wine as they desired. They slept in dormitories near to the kitchens of the establishments, so that in cold weather the immense sleeping rooms might be heated by hot air carried by pipes from the kitchen fires. A modern miner, especially an English one, would wonder at a description of the resting-place of these laborers. Each one had his own couch; and on it was a mattress, a feather-bed, linen sheets, two blankets, a coverlet, and a pillow.* The subterranean tasks of these medieval miners did not last from January 1 to

* "Les Récents Progrès de l'Histoire," Paris, 1893.

† In the "La France Pendant la Guerre de Cent Ans, Episodes Historiques et Vie Privée aux XIVe et XVe Siècles, par Simeon Luce, Membre de l'Institut." Paris, 1890.

* It is a pity that Michelet, who thought that the sanitary features of the toilette were habitually neglected by the medieval peoples ("not a bath in a thousand years"), could not have read this passage concerning the bed for each miner. But what must have been the surprise of M. Stupuy, that member of the Municipal Council of Paris who, just before the publication of this register, had informed his colleagues that in the public institutions of the Middle Age the beneficiaries were always consigned to rest at the rate of "eight to ten in each bed"

December 31: many of them were owners of farms, and at sowing time and harvest-tide they left the bowels of the earth to attend to their crops.

Certainly the picture conjured by these two registers can not be acceptable to those who would fain believe that our medieval and Catholic ancestors enjoyed neither comfort nor common-sense; that the lot of the modern workingman is immeasurably superior to the apology for an existence which a Catholic society is presumed to have decreed for the medieval laborer. But it conveys some valuable lessons for us who live in a time of charlatanical political and social economy.

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART III.

IX.

SO it came to pass that Octave, still seated where Diane had left her, meditating on human folly in general, and that of the two persons in whom she was immediately interested in particular, was very much surprised by the speedy return of her brother; and still further surprised by observing the unusual excitement of his manner.

"What is the matter?" she asked, quickly, as soon as she saw him.

He replied by drawing the photograph from his pocket and handing it to her.

"Octave," he said, "here is a likeness of the unknown De Marsillac. Look at it and tell me if you have ever seen the face before."

Still more surprised, but with an interest equalling her surprise, Octave received the photograph, and, as he himself had done, at once carried it to a window for the benefit of all the light available on so dark a day. A minute passed; then, without turning her eyes from the picture, she said:

"I think that papa keeps a magnifying-glass on his writing-table. Go and bring it to me."

Her brother left the room, and a moment later returned with the glass in his hand. She took it eagerly and held it over the photographed face, regarding it intently for some time longer. Finally looking up, her eyes full of startled astonishment and incredulity, she exclaimed:

"Adrien, if Yvonne Prévost had a twin brother, I should say that this was he!"

"But Yvonne Prévost has no twin brother—no brother of any kind," said De Varigny.

"That is true—but what a likeness! Viola and Sebastian were not more alike."

"Viola and Cesario, perhaps you mean."

"*Adrien!* Do you think—"

"I don't know what to think, Octave. It was for that reason I brought this picture to you, though Atherton was very loath to let me have it. He was sorry for having showed it to me; for it seems that the person represented was very averse to being photographed; and he had, moreover, promised Diane to do nothing more touching the mystery in which they choose to envelop the identity of the so-called De Marsillac. Therefore I am pledged to show the picture to no one but yourself, and you are pledged to secrecy regarding it."

"I shall certainly not *talk* of it," said Octave, with an emphasis which seemed to indicate that she might, however, do something besides talk. "But I don't understand—did Mr. Atherton himself take this photograph?"

"Certainly. It represents a scene in the gardens of the old De Marsillac estate in Hayti, where he went with that—person."

"Why did they go there?"

"I can not tell you. He gave no explanation. He has several other views of the place, but this is the only one in which the figure enters."

Octave looked at the figure again

silently for a moment, regarded it again through the magnifying-glass, and then observed, meditatively:

"And the person was reluctant to be photographed?"

"Exceedingly reluctant, Atherton says; and therefore he has scruples about showing the picture, joined to scruples about breaking his promise to Diane."

"Diane, then, talked to him on the subject?"

"Did I not tell you that I found them in earnest conversation last night? I never doubted that they were talking on this subject. But it is evident that she did not give him her confidence. He is as ignorant of anything concerning the identity of the mysterious De Marsillac as when he first began his inquiries; but has given a pledge to her to proceed no further with these inquiries."

"There is certainly something exceedingly strange about the whole matter," said Octave. "I never heard of anything like it before. The question of who is this De Marsillac is almost equalled in mystery by the other questions that arise—as, for example, what was he doing in Hayti at the old family estate? Why did Mr. Atherton begin his inquiries by saying that the Prévosts had suffered some injury or loss by him? And, most wonderful of all, where did the money to pay Madame Prévost's debt come from? And where did Diane obtain diamonds fit for a queen?"

De Varigny nodded gloomily.

"I saw them," he said.

"Saw them!—the diamonds! Why, you would have had to be blind not to have seen them. They are superb, and would be twice as effective if properly set. The setting is very old, and bears out her assertion that they belonged to her several times great-grandmother, and have only lately come into her possession."

"By what means?"

"That is part of the mystery. She is absolutely reticent about the means. And such secretiveness is something so new in Diane that I can not understand it. This picture, however, makes one thing certain Adrien: you have no rival to fear in this boy."

"It was never a question of a rival in my mind," said Adrien, haughtily. "It was a question of Diane's confidence."

"And Diane thinks that it is a question of *your* confidence, and so there you are—at a dead-lock! *Eh bien*, I shall now take hold of the mystery and turn it inside out."

"Octave," observed Adrien, warningly, "remember I promised Atherton that no use would be made of this photograph."

"Here is the photograph," said Octave, promptly returning it to him. "Take it back to Mr. Atherton at once, so that he may be quite sure I make no use of it. But you did not promise that I should not use the knowledge it has given me; and in that respect I shall act according to my best judgment."

"What are you going to do?"

"I shall not tell you. If you don't know, you can't object. Only try and behave to Diane as if your relations were not hopelessly strained; and don't forsake the world for the plantation for a day or two yet. Now go."

But, notwithstanding the gesture of dismissal which accompanied these words, De Varigny lingered.

"Octave," he said again, "take care how you touch this thing. I am beginning to believe that there is very good reason for the reticence of the Prévosts."

"Go!" said Octave, more imperatively still. "I don't ask assistance and I don't need advice. Go!"

He hesitated yet a little longer, regarding her doubtfully the while; and then, with a significant Gallic movement of the shoulders, left the room.

Thus left with a free hand, Octave hardly waited for the door to close before she flew to her writing-desk—a pretty,

silver-decked affair in the brightest corner of the room,—and dashed off the following letter, without giving herself time for reflection or hesitation:

My dear Yvonne:—Knowing the position you hold in your family—more as if you were its head than one of its younger members,—I do not think I can do better than to appeal to you for assistance in a matter which concerns us both equally—since it touches the happiness of *my* brother and of *your* sister,—and of which I suspect you will never hear from Diane.

I am sure you believe with me that Adrien and herself were made for each other, and that they have both been aware of it for some time. When Diane came to us for her present visit, I was charmed to think that the romance would no doubt reach its natural conclusion, and give us the gratification of beholding the course of true love for once run smooth. But, instead of this, misunderstandings have arisen—or, to be strictly accurate, one misunderstanding has arisen, of so serious a nature that I fear it will prove an insurmountable obstacle to their happiness unless it can be removed. And for this reason I address you, hoping that it may be possible for you to assist in removing it.

Briefly, then. I wonder if Diane has mentioned to you that a certain Mr. Atherton has been here for several weeks, inquiring on all sides for a mysterious young man named De Marsillac, whom he met in the West Indies, and had reason to suppose came from Louisiana. Naturally, everyone whom he met assured him that there is no such De Marsillac, and that your family alone have any right to represent the name, as far as Louisiana is concerned. Then this gentleman, who seems to have never properly laid to heart the golden rule of minding one's own business, expressed great concern lest your interests should in some manner suffer from the doings of the De Marsillac whom he knew, and declared that he possessed important information which must be communicated to one of the Prévosts. Diane's arrival seemed to occur opportunely to gratify him; but, to the surprise of everyone, Diane declined to receive either himself or his communication; declared she stood in no need of information; knew the mysterious De Marsillac, endorsed his doings, and, in short, would hear nothing about him. One might have supposed the matter would end here, but no. The persevering Atherton was presented to her at the Rex ball (oh, if you could have seen how *perfectly beautiful* she was that night!); and, it is to be presumed, at once opened his budget. At all events, Adrien found them deep in conversation; and, seizing the first opportunity offered him afterward, proceeded, with a man's delightful tact, to reproach Diane for giving her confidence to a stranger, while withholding it from himself. This, I may say in passing, was unjust; for Diane had given no confidence to the troublesome Atherton, his knowledge being just what it was originally—neither more nor less. But who expects reason from a jealous man? And Adrien is very jealous—comprehensively jealous—of the unknown De Marsillac and everything connected with him. You can fancy *his* point of view: "Diane cares nothing for me if she withholds her confidence from me; has unexplained connection with an unknown man who masqueraded under a name to which he had no right, and concerning whose relation to her family and herself she positively refuses to say anything." Then fancy Diane's point of view: "If Adrien loved me, he would trust me. He would not demand my confidence in this manner; he would be willing that I should give or withhold it as seemed best to me; but, whichever I did he would never, never forget himself so far as to imagine that I could be in the wrong." Then follow high sentiments,

injured dignity, resentment, and final alienation on both sides.

This is how the matter stands at present. Neither will yield an inch. I am astonished at Diane; for she is always so gentle and seems so easily influenced, but in this matter she will not be influenced at all. I am sure she is unhappy, but she refuses even to tell *me* anything about this De Marsillac who is the cause of all the trouble; and she talks of leaving us in a day or two. Of course Adrien is miserable, but obstinate as a mule.

Now, Yvonne, dear Yvonne, you must know as well as Diane does all about this person. Can not *you* clear up the mystery in which he and his doings are enveloped, and let these two foolish people be happy? Mr. Atherton has told Adrien that nothing will induce *him* to make any further inquiries or take a further step of any kind in the matter; so there is no revelation to be looked for there, and the only hope is in you—in your common-sense and courage. Surely there is nothing in this matter which demands concealment; and, if not, for the sake of Diane's happiness, such concealment should be ended. I appeal to you because I am certain that Diane will never tell you at what a cost to herself she is keeping faith with some one, and you ought to know it. Don't think that I interfere in what does not concern me, but let me hear from you; and believe me

Ever yours,

OCTAVE.

The ink was hardly dry upon this impulsive letter when it was mailed; and Octave then spent twenty-four hours in growing alternately hot and cold with varying hope and fear, until at last a telegraphic message was put into her hand. She opened it as if it had been a petard, and read:

"Expect me to-morrow.

"YVONNE."

(To be continued.)

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.

I.

FOR few Lives of the martyred missionaries of America do we find more copious sources of information than for that of the illustrious Father Jogues, the first whose privilege it was to shed his blood in the mission field of New France. The most precious, however, are his own writings, and these will be our chief guide.

"I am," says he in one, "a citizen of the Holy Cross." For born at Orleans on the 10th of January, 1607, he learned to love and prize the Holy Cross, to which the cathedral church of that city is dedicated. His subsequent career will show how this love ripened into a passion; and we find the child who kissed the rod at Orleans kiss the instruments of his torture on the Mohawk, and chant, amid

"the woods of pine
That long her mirror darkly shine,"

a Litany of the Cross composed of all the endearing epithets which the saints have given it, from St. Paul who confounds in his love the Cross and the cross borne, to the saints of his own days.

His family then as now enjoyed a distinguished place in their native city for virtue and worth; and, fostered in its bosom, Isaac was trained to piety and letters. If apt for the former, he showed no less disposition for the latter; and as soon as age permitted him was, to his great joy, entered as a student in the newly-founded college at Orleans, where, under the guidance of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, his talents and industry soon gave him a pre-eminence, which his fellow-students beheld without jealousy, so completely had his piety and virtue won their hearts.

As he drew near the close of his college career he deliberated on the choice of a state of life, generously resolving to follow the will of God. Convinced at last that he was called to the Society of Jesus, he solicited the habit of the Order, with the more alacrity as he saw greater hope of being one day able to labor in the conversion of the heathen. He was too well known to be refused, and began his noviceship at Rouen in October, 1624.

Here he was formed to the religious life by two of the most eminent ascetical masters in France—Father Julian Hayneuve and Father Louis Lalemant. When the fervent novice would tell the latter of his earnest longing to accompany Father Dattichs on his projected mission to Ethiopia, the far-seeing Lalemant would assure him that he was to die in Canada. Of that mission he had not as yet thought; but when all hopes of an African mission vanished, he asked to be sent to Canada. Such a request was not one to be immediately granted; he was not yet a priest, and even then circumstances might delay, if they did not defeat, his wishes.

To complete his usual course of study, he now repaired to the celebrated college of La Flèche, and at the expiration of three years passed with distinction his examination in philosophy. But a new delay now arose. The scholastics of the Society of Jesus, like the Fathers, were employed in teaching—in forming youth to learning and virtue. The young Jogues was sent back to Rouen to begin his career as teacher. For four years he taught the elements of the Latin language to the youth of Rouen, and at the same time so formed them to virtue that his scholars were distinguished for solid piety in after-life, and at his death many were his fellow-religious in the Society of Jesus.

Among the usages of the time was one that tested the genius of the teachers in the colleges of the Society. At the opening of the year the teachers severally delivered an oration or poem, or read a lecture on some topic, to show their ability for the position confided to them as directors of the rising generation. In these public scenes Jogues met with a success which might well have kindled in a less constant heart a passion for literary fame. His abilities excited universal admiration; and a poem pronounced on one of these occasions, which has happily come down to us, proves that he might have aspired to a high rank in the field of letters had his virtue been such as to be dazzled by the laurels of the poet.

In these compositions as in his studies at the time, he performed a duty imposed upon him by his rule, which bids the scholastic apply his utmost endeavors to succeed in his studies even though he should never be in a position to avail himself of them. Jogues, then, who asked for his future only the cabin of the wandering Indian, labored on as though preparing for a distinguished professorship. It was therefore without reluctance that, by order of his superiors, he next returned to Paris to begin in the Clermont college the study of divinity.

"I have been a master," he writes to his mother; "and here I am a scholar again But my position is the more agreeable as it applies me to the study of sacred theology,—a science which will more than ever enable me to labor for the glory of God, by preparing me for promotion to holy orders in a few years. This is the grace to which alone I aspire. May it be granted me, and give greater efficacy to the prayers which I shall address to the Almighty for you and our whole house."

Such were the dispositions with which he now entered on his new probation, which was to fit him at last to possess the object of his choice. This he apparently kept from the knowledge of his family—all tenderly attached to him, as appears from his letters, in one of which he answers their reproach for his absence at

one of the family festivals, where his studies had not enabled him to mingle with his own. "The prayers which I offer up," says the faithful levite, "as well far off as near you, are the most affectionate marks I can give of my interest in you all."

II.

After four years' unremitting study of theology at Paris, Jogues saw with delight the moment approach when he was to receive from the hands of a successor of the Apostles the awful character of the priesthood—the noblest rank which man can attain in this life; that in which, in a manner all spiritualized, he stands raised above the material world, the link that joins the soul with its Creator; that which surpasses every other human position as far as the spirit surpasses the body.

Fully impressed with its immensity, he prepared by retreat for his ordination, and received holy orders in February, 1636. His family had not been present at the ceremony, but his mother had wrung from his superiors a promise that he should say his first Mass in his native city. He revisited Orleans again; and, offering the Adorable Sacrifice for the first time in the Church of the Holy Cross, took up his own; and, tearing himself from the embraces of a mother and beloved sisters, whom he was never again to see, proceeded to Rouen.

There a short period of seclusion was allowed him, in place of the second noviceship, which the students of the Society enjoy on completing their studies. A fleet was in readiness for Canada at Dieppe, however; and his holy solitude was soon interrupted. In April we find him at that port ready to embark. We have still a letter which he addressed from the vessel to his mother, to whom he did not dare to break the tidings of his intended mission when he took leave of her at Orleans. His words therefore sought to pour balm into that wounded heart and are worthy of being weighed.

"I should be wanting in the most essential duty of a good son to a good mother did I not on the point of embarking bid you a last farewell. I wrote from Rouen that I was starting for Dieppe. We should ere now be out at sea—for we cleared from the port in Holy Week—had not head-winds detained us. I hope, however, that God will give us a good and happy voyage,—both because a number of vessels go together, and because many holy souls are praying for us. Endeavor, too, to contribute something by your prayers to the success of our voyage; and, above all, by a generous resignation of your will to the will of God. Conforming your desires to those of the Heavenly Father, they can not but be most holy and most meritorious for you.

"I hope, as I have already said, that if you take this little affliction as it should be taken, you will do an action pleasing to God, for whose love you should give not only one son, but all the rest, and even their life if necessary. Men for a little gain traverse the sea, endure at least as much as we; and shall not we, for the love of God, do what so many others do for meanest interests? May God unite us all in His holy paradise, if we never meet again here below!"

He was soon out of sight of his native land. The fleet bore, beside Father Jogues, two other Jesuits — Father Garnier and Father Chatelain,—with M. de Chanflour, subsequently Governor of Three Rivers. The vessel in which the young Jesuit embarked was scarcely seaworthy. The pumps had to be ever in motion; this and the consequent labor raised a mutiny in the ship, which, however, was instantly appeased by Father Jogues. So great was the influence which he exerted, both with God and man, that De Chanflour never spoke of the voyage without attributing his safety to Father Jogues. But we prefer giving an account of his voyage which we find in a letter to his mother

soon after his arrival on our shores.

"At last," he writes, "it has pleased Our Lord to permit me to touch this land of New France, for which I have sighed for so many years. We left Dieppe on the 8th of April in nine vessels, and arrived eight weeks after our departure.... I landed in an island called Miscou, where two of our Fathers are employed in the care of the French, who have settled there, and in preparing for the conversion of the Indians. After spending a fortnight with them, I embarked on another vessel, which brought me to Tadousac—the point at which ships stop, while barks and smaller craft run up the great river St. Lawrence to Quebec—a French settlement which is growing daily. I arrived there on July 2, the Feast of Our Lady's Visitation.

"I have been so well both at sea and on land, thank God, that I astonish all; for it is rare to make so long a voyage without experiencing the slightest sea-sickness or even nausea. My vestments proved of great service; for I said Mass every day that the weather permitted,—a happiness which I should have been obliged to forego had I not received them from the family. This was a great consolation,—one that our good Fathers could not enjoy the preceding years. This was not the only advantage: all profited by it, otherwise the eighty persons in the ship would have been deprived of Mass for eight weeks; while by my being able to celebrate, they all confessed and received at Whitsunday, Ascension and Corpus Christi. God will repay you for having contributed to it."

After words of tender consolation and pious encouragement which a son could address a mother, he proceeds: "I wrote this more than three thousand miles away from you; and I may, perhaps this very year, be sent to a nation called the Huron, distant nearly a thousand miles more from here. This nation shows great dispositions for embracing the faith. It matters very little where we are, provided we are ever in the arms of Providence and in His holy grace. This I beg for you and all our family daily at the altar."

III.

Father Jogues' letter announced the intention of his superiors to send him to the Huron mission. At the time of writing he probably supposed that his departure would be deferred till the following year; for by his short stay at Miscou he had lost the Huron flotilla on which his fellow-travellers had gone up to the scene of labor. But some canoes came in later, and as they were about to set out again after selling their peltries, they asked, as though in reproach, why no black-gown was named to accompany them. This was an occasion not to be lost. Father Jogues was instantly summoned to embark, as he was at that moment at Three Rivers. This he announced in a postscript to the letter already given; but in a letter dated June 5, 1637, he gives us the narrative of his voyage westward:

"We have but one chance each year to write to you, so that I can not let it slip without fulfilling my duty to so good a mother. I am sure you will be pleased to learn the special providence with which God in His goodness has conducted me, since it was granted me to reach this country. I sent you a few lines last August, when I was to embark for it. I set out, in fact, from Three Rivers—a French settlement on the great river St. Lawrence—on the 24th of August, St. Bartholomew's Day. I entered a bark canoe, extremely light and not able to carry more than five or six persons. It would not be easy to detail all the miseries of the voyage; but the love of God, who calls us to these missions, and our desire to aid in the conversion of these poor savages, rendered this so sweet that we would not have exchanged these pains for all the joys of earth. Our food

on the way was a little Indian corn ground between two stones, and boiled in water without any seasoning; our bed, the earth or the frightful rocks which line the great river; and we always sleep by the light of the moon. The posture to be taken in the canoe was extremely inconvenient. You could not stretch out your legs, so little and cramped was it; scarcely could you venture to move for fear of capsizing all into the river. I was forced to keep perfect silence, being able neither to understand nor make myself understood by my Indians.

"Another source of pain and hardship was that in this voyage we came across sixty or eighty cataracts, or waterfalls, which descend so precipitously and from such a height that the canoes are often engulfed by approaching too near them. It is true that we were not exposed to this as we went against the current; but we were not the less obliged to land very frequently, and make a *detour* of a league or so through the neighboring rocks and woods, loaded with all our baggage, and even the canoe. As for me, I not only carried my little bundle, but I also helped our Indians and relieved them as much as I could; till at last a boy, ten or eleven years old belonging to our caravan, was taken ill. Then I was forced to carry him on my shoulders in the marches occasioned by the falls of which I have spoken...."

Such is his account, in which, however, he spares his mother too minute a detail of what he had suffered. The child of whom he speaks was a source of anxiety and pain. The portages which so frequently occurred often led them over slippery rocks, where a step missed would dash the traveller into the boiling current below; and yet here the missionary had to pass loaded with his little patient, to the imminent danger of both. He accordingly, as soon as he could, induced them to give him another burden in its place, and cheerfully took a load of axes of still greater weight.

Borne up though he was by the spirit of self-immolation which characterizes the true missionary, nature proclaimed her rights; and he had scarcely reached the Huron country when he was prostrated by a dangerous malady, which kept him more than a month at the brink of the grave. As he soon had companions in misery, we shall have occasion to speak of their sufferings in another place. Suffice it to say that five lay ill at once in the cabin, without medicines, and sometimes without food—at least such food as their state required; for the dried meat of the Indians and their corn were alike most injurious to the sick.

The loud talking of the Indians, and their incessant, noisy visits, were a sore trial; and when Father Le Mercier, who was the infirmarian, cook, etc., of the little residence, begged them to stop, one Indian exclaimed: "You have no sense! There is a bird that speaks louder than I" (pointing to the cock), "and you do not make him stop."

Father Jogues had been seized on the 17th of September, but by the 15th of October was so far out of danger that he began to be able to take the ordinary food—the sagamite. Scarcely was he able to go abroad when he set out in November as a companion to Father Brebeuf, who thus initiated him into the labors of his new career. It was the time of sickness, and the missionaries were constantly in motion—hurrying from town to town to save the dying infants and such adults as would receive their ministrations.

Besides the Hurons, they visited the tents of the Nipissings hard by, which had been visited by the prevailing disorder. At another visit Father Jogues witnessed the power which the Evil One had in that land, where all sought in invocations of the demon a relief from the scourge.

The missionaries proclaimed in vain the word of truth: they could not promise life. And all thronged to the "medicine men," who, by all their orgies and shameful rites, ruled omnipotent in the land. One of these had offered his services to the Fathers themselves in their illness. But the most powerful was the deformed little fellow, whose story, given by himself, is nearly this:

"I am a devil. I formerly dwelt in the fires that are enclosed in this earth. Once it came into my mind to become man, and a she devil made the same resolution. We came up to the surface here, and remained beneath the main road with the souls of the Huron infants who had died, to wait for a moment when we could glide into the body of some unborn child as the mother passed. My companion and I thus became the souls of twins, and soon saw the light; but as I felt ashamed of my sister I strangled her—not without receiving injuries which have crippled me for life. Of this I soon felt the disadvantage. The boys with whom I played as I grew up mocked me; but I was a demon and I destroyed them. Gradually all began to fear me. Disease, malady and accident had no power over me, and I became a medicine man. The plague can not harm me: it is in my power."

Father Jogues thus saw what enemies he had to meet on this field, and saw what power they exercised over the minds of the deluded Indians. But God was not mocked. Before another year the self-styled demon died of injuries received by falling on the ice, and the missionaries were then at last able to undeceive his votaries. But others still remained.

Tehoronhaegnon was still the master-spirit of the land, and sent a deputy to Ossossané. Here he ordered dances and feasts to repletion,—first for the men, then for the women; and after this prelude began to visit the sick. A chief of rank led the procession, bearing the bow of Tehoronhaegnon and a pot of water to sprinkle over the sick; then came the medicine man gravely fanning himself with a bird's wing, and followed by all the chiefs of the village. In this state he proceeded from cabin to cabin.

Unacquainted as yet with the language, Father Jogues had been unable to exercise the ministry. These courses to Ossossané had, till near February, broken in upon his studies. He now applied himself to the Huron tongue; and, though he never attained the fluency of Fathers Brebeuf, Garnier or Chaumonot, was soon able to make himself well understood, and in a few years was perfectly master of that key tongue.

(To be continued.)

Above and Below.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

My window shows all that is left
Now of the world for me;
Athwart it lies a wooden bar,
Dividing all I see;
And, floating in, the plaint of doves,
My only minstrelsy.

I look below the bar, and hear
The city's noise and rout;
The squalid streets, the wretched folk
Who wander thereabout;
I hear harsh sounds and careless cries,
A huckster's rasping shout.

Looking above the bar, there lies
Before my longing view
The radiant, cloudless dome of heaven
In peerless azure hue;
With church-spires pointing silently
To pierce the sky anew.

Life is our own,—its beauty still
Within our vision lies;
We gaze below, and all is dark
To our despondent eyes;
We look above, and gain for aye
A glimpse of Paradise.

The Wonder-Worker of Padua.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XVII.—Anthony and the Christ-Child.

LET us not be disconcerted if we find several cities contending for the honor to which one only is entitled. Since Homer's death it has been the fate of the distinguished poet to be claimed by many and various peoples as father, brother, son; though while living in obscurity the devoted soul was suffered to endure neglect. It is not surprising that the miracles of Anthony have not always been definitely located. Some of them may have been repeated in two or more localities. Tradition is more or less elastic; it sometimes grows with what it feeds on. What is of utmost importance is the proof of a miracle; it matters less where it actually took place.

In Anthony we see embodied the beauty of holiness. There is one who has borne witness to the truth of this, for he was an eye-witness. The blessed privilege he enjoyed should have immortalized him, and yet the authorities are not united as to his identity.

Anthony founded the monastery of Arcella Vecchia, without the walls, about a mile distant from Padua. There he loved to dwell; but as his duties called him into the city daily, and when preaching or hearing confessions in the evening he was often detained until the city gates were closed, he found it necessary to seek a lodging which he could occupy at his leisure. This he found, as Azevedo informs us, at the house of Tiso, or Tisone, one of the ancient family of the counts of Camposampiero, famous in the records of their time.

That a miracle was performed somewhere no chronicler doubts; but Azevedo seems to have had insufficient proof of the grounds for his statement that it took place in Padua. Wadding, on the other hand, does not attempt to locate it; but Father Bonaventure de St. Amable, a Carmelite of the seventeenth century, on the authority of ancient documents existing in his time, names without hesitation Châteauneuf—the modern Châteauneuf-la-Foret—as the hallowed spot. The legend is perhaps the best known in the life of the Saint, as it is certainly the most beautiful; and it has been a favorite subject for the art of the best masters during the last eight hundred years.

Accepting the hospitality of the Lord of Châteauneuf, who, according to the "Annals de Limousin," dearly loved St. Anthony and his holy Order, he retired to his chamber and began the prayerful vigil that usually extended far into the night. His host, who was in an adjoining apartment, was startled by a light as of a conflagration that poured from under the door of Anthony's room. Hastening to the door, but fearing to enter lest he should disturb his guest, he listened for a few moments; hearing voices, he became agitated; and, riveting his eye at a crevice, he beheld a vision that filled him with awe and wonder.

Anthony knelt at a table where a large volume lay open; upon the volume, or above it, stood a child of such surpassing loveliness that the gazer's heart leaped within him, and his lips would have cried out for joy but that some mysterious influence enjoined silence upon him. The body of the infant was effulgent: a soft glow was diffused on every side. The lustre of that countenance was ineffable. The radiant being seemingly reposed upon the air; and, from a soft veil of vapor that emitted a celestial fragrance, he leaned fondly upon the bosom of the friar, and with hands of exquisite loveliness delicately caressed him. Soft music, mingled with voices of heavenly tenderness and

the flutter of invisible wings, betokened the presence of angelic visitors.

The child, who was the Christ-Child, whispered in the ear of Anthony; and, as the Saint turned to the door, the master of Châteauneuf knew that his presence was detected. So when Anthony met him on the morrow these words passed between them; the Limousin chronicler records them in their brevity and simplicity: "Father, what did Our Lord say to you?"—"He revealed to me that your house will flourish and enjoy great prosperity so long as it remains faithful to mother Church; but that it will be overwhelmed with misfortune and become extinct when it goes over to heresy."

In the seventeenth century the then Lord of Châteauneuf espoused the cause of the Calvinists, and in the fall of that house the prophecy was fulfilled. As for Anthony, one ever associates him with the Christ-Child who nestles in his arms. From the holy visitations of the Divine Infant he gathered inspiration, and it was he who said: "The Sacred Heart is a fountain of supernatural life; a golden altar whereon is burning, night and day forever, incense that ascends in clouds of fragrance toward the skies, and envelops and embalms the earth."

XVIII.—S. A. G.

Some folk think the letters are mystical. Though their significance is known to many, there are very many more to whom they convey no meaning. You will usually find them, if they are visible, on the addressed side of an envelope, down in the lower left-hand corner. I say when they are visible; for some who use them seem afraid to use them openly, and so the letters are written in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope, where the postage-stamp covers them; or they are inscribed on the underside of the lapel of the envelope, and hidden away.

It is a pretty cult, a sweet devotion, a symbol of faith and trust; and its votaries, who were shy enough at first—and perhaps with reason, for bigotry was rampant but a few years ago,—now grow bolder; and their numbers multiply daily, hourly, and are scattered even unto the four quarters of the globe.

S. A. G.! What do these letters stand for? The question has been asked me a thousand times. Perhaps the letters, down in their cozy corner, were passed unnoticed for a time; then it was discovered that they were not the initials of the writer; interest was now excited, and at last curiosity refused to be satisfied until the mystery was solved.

S. A. G.! St. Anthony guide; or, St. Anthony guard. But why St. Anthony guide? It is the peculiar privilege of the Saint to guard and guide all travellers, and especially all toilers of the sea and all who are exposed to the peril of wind and wave. He is the rescuer and restorer of the "lost, strayed, or stolen." Not a day passes, not an hour, but voices of the distressed are crying to him for help in a search after something that is mislaid. And they do not cry in vain. There is testimony enough in proof of this to fill a library.

Is it a foolish office to heed these sometimes trivial requests? Every answer is an answer to prayer, and the answer to prayer is the bulwark of our faith. Thus the wonder-worker works a perpetual wonder; it is an incessant miracle, that brings joy to myriads of grateful hearts.

Every year the number of letters placed under the guidance of dear St. Anthony increases. The writers of letters who use the initials S. A. G. seem to have formed an involuntary brotherhood; they are unconscious members of an other order of St. Francis, who thus proclaim, even unto the ends of the earth, their absolute faith in St. Anthony and his readiness to aid them. That he has a special interest in the transportation of written messages is

twice proved in his own case. The facts read like fairy tales—but, then, let us remember his life was one long fairy tale filled full of wonders.

Anthony, on one occasion being greatly in need of rest, wished to retire for a little season to a solitude about ten miles from Padua, known as Campo San Pietro. With this end in view, he wrote to his minister provincial begging that he might be permitted to repair thither. The letter written, he went to the superior of the monastery and asked that some trusty messenger be charged with the delivery of his letter, and his request was at once granted. Returning to his cell to procure the letter and deliver it to the messenger, he found it had disappeared. He searched for it in vain. Unable to find it, he took it as a sign that his duty lay where he was, and he dismissed all thoughts of visiting Campo San Pietro. Shortly afterward, turning again to his desk where he had left the letter, he found the answer lying there,—the answer written by his minister provincial, and freely granting his request. Was it a celestial messenger that favored him? It is now Anthony's turn to favor one of his devoted clients.

In 1729 Antonio Dante, a Spanish merchant, left Spain for South America and established his business in Lima, Peru. His wife, who remained in Spain, wrote to him repeatedly without receiving a reply. In great anxiety she went one day to the Church of St. Francis, at Oviedo; here was a large statue of St. Anthony. She had with her a letter addressed to her absent husband. In all simplicity and with perfect confidence, she placed that letter in the hands of the statue and said: "St. Anthony, I pray thee let this letter reach him, and obtain for me a speedy reply."

The next day she returned to renew her prayer. Seeing a letter still in his hands, and believing it to be the one she had placed there, the poor soul began to weep, and, crying aloud, she said: "St. Anthony, why have you kept the letter which I wrote to my husband, instead of sending it to him, as I asked you?" Her boisterous grief attracted the attention of the Brother sacristan, who came to ask the cause of it. When he had heard her story he said: "I have in vain tried to take that letter from the hand of St. Anthony. See if he will give it to you." She took the letter from the hand of the image without difficulty, and at the same moment there fell from the sleeve of the statue three hundred golden coins. The amazed sacristan hastened into the adjoining monastery, called the friars into the church, where the bewildered woman was still waiting; and in their presence, before the high altar, the letter was opened and read. It ran as follows:

LIMA, July 23, 1729.

MY DEAR WIFE:—For some time I have been expecting a letter from you, and been in great trouble at not hearing from you. At last your letter has come, and given me joy. It was a Father of the Order of St. Francis who brought it to me. You complain that I have left your letters unanswered. I assure you that when I received none I believed you to be dead. So you may imagine my happiness at the arrival of your last one. I answer by the same religious, and send you three hundred golden crowns, which will suffice for your support until my approaching return. In the hope of soon being with you, I pray God for you, commend myself to my dear patron St. Anthony, and ardently desire that you may continue to send me tidings of yourself.

Your most affectionate,

ANTONIO DANTE.

The original letter, written in Spanish, is preserved at Oviedo.

(To be continued.)

IT is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.—*Ruskin.*

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

"MARRIED ELIZA."

"WHY do they call you 'Married Eliza'?" I asked of an old woman who was busy training the morning-glory vines at the back of the kitchen.

She paused to bite off a bit of cord before answering.

"Do not do that," I said. "You will break your teeth."

"Sure I have my mouth full of them, ma'am," she replied, showing me a set of which any young girl might be proud—strong, sharp, and white, without a flaw. "I bites everything with them, cracks hickory-nuts and all kinds. I never feels old. Do ye see my hair?" she continued, pulling off her sunbonnet and showing me an abundant growth of crisp black locks, growing low on her forehead, with scarcely a grey hair among them. But the face was a network of wrinkles, and I knew she must be seventy at least.

"How old are you, Eliza?" I asked.

"Nearin' seventy-five," she said. "But I don't feel my age, not a bit. I wouldn't come to the Home for a long time after the Sisters asked me. We were great friends always, ma'am. Never a week but they'd drop in on me, and never a week but I had my quarter of a dollar ready for them. At the first beginnin' they'd try to play off and not come in; but that hurt my feelin's, and they kept on comin' when they saw it. Whatever beggin' I'd deny, I always had a heart for the poor old men and women forced to spend their last days with strangers, on charity. No one knows either when 'twill come to their turn," she said, moving back a step to admire her work. Then, turning her cheery face full upon me, she went on, with a roguish flash of her bright black eye: "But you were askin' why they called me 'Married Eliza.' 'Tis because I was four times married, ma'am; while the most of them is content with one trial, or maybe two."

"Four times!" I ejaculated. "Your marriages must have been fortunate to have induced you to try that lottery so often."

"Sure 'tis a lottery, and that's what it is," was the rejoinder. "I wasn't to say fortunate, neither was I misfortunate altogether; for I reared thirty-two childher, ma'am, in my day, and not one of them my own. I had never a child of my own, thanks be to God!"

"Come, sit here on the bench and tell me all about it; won't you, Eliza?" said I, now thoroughly interested.

"That's what I mean to do, ma'am," she replied, as she accepted my invitation. "'Tis a queer story out and out; and it's often been borne upon me, seein' that, married and all as I was four times, *without any likin' for the state of life*, but seein' it forced upon me, that the Almighty chooses every back for every burthen.

"I was only fifteen the first venture I made, ma'am—or, rather, my grandfather and grandmother made it for me. My own father and mother died when I was a baby. I remember well the day I came in from the fields to my dinner, and the strange man standin' on the floor. Sure I had never so much as thought of any one courtin' me. I was a great hand for little childher always; and they'd follow me about all over beggin' for stories, and havin' me make play toys with bits of paper and tin and all. 'This is the *colleen*,' says my grandfather; and the strange man took my hand. 'She's a fine handful of a girl,' says he. And before I knew where I was the priest was in it, and we were married, and off to Drumskinla, forty miles away. 'Twas somethin' to do with a debt my grandfather owed him, and that's the way they settled it. He was more than fifty years, and had five little childher at home. The oldest was ten, maybe; the baby but three months.

"Tim Daily was a good enough husband to me, but it's a hard life I had doin' for the young ones; though they were very fond of me, and I of them. Ten years we lived together, till he died. The famine came then, and times was dreadful hard. Many went to America in them days. Myself and the oldest girl and boy thought it the best plan. We left the three younger ones with some of their relations, and promised to send for them. Nora and myself got work in one family, and lived in it three years. We put the boy to a trade, payin' his board between us till he'd be out of his time. Poor Jamesie, he took the cholera when it was bad in '50, and died after a few hours' sickness.

"After we had his buryin' paid for and a few pounds saved, we sent for the other childher. I took a couple of rooms, and when they came over had a place for them to lie down. The three of them went out to service, and soon after that Nora married. She only lived a year, and left me two little twins to mind. And it's left to me they were indeed; for the poor father was killed a short time after in the rollin' mill, along with five others that lived in the buildin'.

"There was a man there that had a fine wife, but she died and left five small childher. He was drawin' good wages; and, seein' how well I did for my own, he bothered and coaxed me till I married him; and that made ten, countin' the three that was livin' out. They weren't for it at all. But I reminded them how I did the same for themselves when they were poor little motherless creatures, and they hadn't much to say again it after that. Well, they were all good childher, and their father was as kind to the twins as he was to his own. One by one the girls I brought out from Ireland married and went out West. I never heard tale or tidin's of any of them since."

"And the twins?" I asked. "Did they do nothing to provide for them?"

"Oh, the creatures! how could they?" Eliza replied. "Who could expect it of them? Anyhow, the twins always seemed nearer to me than they did to their mother's people. Bill Brady—that was my second husband—was a consumptive man, and he had to give up workin' in the gas house on account of it, and do any odd job he'd find about. Times was harder after that, though a couple of the little girls went livin' out. When he died it was very close livin' with us.

"About the same time that Bill died Mary Buckley died. She was the wife of the man that rented the buildin' entire and let it out again in rooms. He was a dacint, middle-aged man; a little cross now and then, but honest and a good Christian. Nine childher his wife left him to provide for and take care of. Five of them was boys, and growin' a little wild without a mother. Nothin' would do him—after a dacint time of mournin'—but that I should marry him and take care of his nine along with my own. Three fine rooms he had—the choice of the buildin',—and they were convenient to my own. As I had the most care of them since their mother died any way, I gave my consent. And I didn't feel the difference, such a fine lot of childher they all were. And they minded me so well; and some of them, along with my own seven, doin' a little for themselves; and the rest of them, down to the smallest, helpin' with the work. I couldn't tell ye which was the best, ma'am, nor which I liked best. The boys that were workin' were forever buyin' me a handkerchief or a little shawl or a cap ribbon; and the little girls, when they'd come home from their places of a Thursday or a Sunday, would hand me a dollar or two now and then. They were a fine lot of childher; I had great comfort with them."

"Did you sew and cook and wash for all those children, Eliza, without any help?"

"Why not, ma'am? Of course I did. I

had all the help they could give me, and I was always a good hand at the needle. I'd never want any better play than to be plannin' and patchin' and sowin'. The ladies where the girls lived gave me many a half-worn gown, and often trousers and jackets to fix over for the boys. Buckley was a fine scholar, ma'am; and 'twas often and often midnight found him readin' the newspaper or the Lives of the Saints, or maybe 'Shandy Maguire'; and me sewin', while the childher was asleep."

"And were they not ill sometimes?"

"Not often, ma'am; but if they were, no one could take better care of them than me. I was always a great hand at nursin', ma'am."

"I am sure you often found it hard to make both ends meet, Eliza, with such a large family," I said.

"I did, I did; but I was always a fine hand at makin' up tasty dishes out of little or nothin'. Sure you couldn't find a happier woman in the town while Buckley lived. But all good things must have an end on this earth, and my cross was comin' to me. He died very sudden of a Sunday, after comin' home from ten o'clock Mass." After a pause, during which she wiped away a tear, Eliza continued: "Buckley was such a fine man! He had great taste in clothes. He always wore red flannel in the winter time for the rheumatism, but there was a kind of knitted soft grey goods that does be hangin', made up, in the windows of the gentlemen's furnishin' stores, and he had a great mind for that 'Eliza,' he said to me many's the time, 'I think the feel of them soft grey goods would be fine on one's limbs. I've a wish for a suit like that, Eliza, only they're too dear.'

"The mornin' after he died I rose early and made me way down to Fourth Street, and I bought him one of them suits of underwear—and I paid seven dollars for it, so I did,—and made them put it on him in the coffin. 'Twas the least I could do for him. He had a grand funeral, eight of the finest-lookin' men of the Holy Family parish carryin' him; and Father Brown cried tears down out of his eyes, so he did, and he preachin' the sermon. I paid forty dollars for the habit that was on him."

"He left you comfortable, then?" I said, judging from the lavish expenditure of the funeral that he had had something laid by.

"And where would he get the money to leave me comfortable, ma'am?" she inquired, looking at me with something akin to impatience in her black eyes. "Sure he had only his day's wages. We only got our rent free out of the buildin'. No, ma'am. It took me and the boys a good year to pay the expenses; for I had to go out to the house-cleanin' and washin' after he died. But we managed to get along."

"And you still kept the children?"

"To be sure I did. What else would I do? But some of them was doin' for themselves, and handin' me some of their earnin's when they could spare it. But little by little they scattered too. One went here and one went there, and I lost track of the whole of them, only the twins, and I reared them to be good scholars."

"What became of them, Eliza?"

"They went to the war, ma'am, and the rebels killed the pair of them," she replied, wiping another tear.

"And the others, who were married and settled—did you hear nothing from them or receive nothing from them?"

"'Twas a strange thing," she answered, reflectively, "and I often thought about it; but somehow they all went to distant parts, except one of the Buckley girls that married a young fellow of the Barnes. They were close people, the whole of them, though well off; and he wouldn't let her come nigh me, because I lived in an alley, and for fear she'd be givin' me somethin'. But sure I never blamed her: she couldn't

help herself. A woman should be said by her husband."

"And how did you happen to marry a fourth time, Eliza?"

"Well, it was this way. An old man and woman came to the buildin', and she had the consumption. Waitin' on her and tendin' her, I got to be well acquainted with the two of them. She was awful fond of him. She had a bit of money—a pension—that supported them. He had some kind of a pain in his back that kept him from hard work. Well, nothin' would do her and she dyin' but that I'd promise to marry him, if he asked me, she was that fearful of leavin' him alone. It wasn't long till he did ask me. I had a great pity for him, he was so helpless, and so I married him. He was a very delicate man, and used to good eatin'; his stomach was the weakest I ever knew. Many's the time and I out washin' I'd slip the apple or orange I had for my dessert in my pocket, and sometimes a bit of pie wrapped up in a paper, or a taste of cake to tempt him. And he'd enjoy that, ma'am,—he'd enjoy that. A taste of corn beef or cabbage he'd never put into his mouth, nor boiled ham nor bacon. Nothin' at all but the tenderloin steak could be swallowed in the way of meat. He couldn't touch an egg unless he knew it came direct from the country or somewhere that they kept chickens. There was one woman I washed for and she always had a few fresh eggs for me—for John. Particular he was about his linen too, ma'am. He had the whitest of shirt bosoms, ma'am, whatever mendin' might be on the back of them. And his clothes—well, I kept them brushed to a nicety; he looked like a real gentleman, so he did."

"And was there no work of any kind that he could do, Eliza?" I asked, as she looked at me with a touch of reminiscent pride in her eye.

"Scarcely any, ma'am," she replied. "His back was very troublesome, so I managed to do for us both. Sometimes he'd get a job of puttin' in a load of coal or wood, or mowin a lawn, or scrubbin' a sidewalk; but the poor man would be sure to break down in the midst of it, and come home to me to go and finish it for him. And that was so mortifyin' to him, ma'am, that finally I wouldn't let him try to work. I was able for the both of us."

"And how long did he live?" I asked, wondering what period of probation had been allotted her with the lazy fellow, whom she did not seem to suspect of anything worse than feebleness.

"He's livin' yet, for all I know," was the cheerful reply.

"You did not leave him?" I observed. "Surely you could not have lost compassion for him in the end, you kind-hearted, long-suffering creature?"

"'Twas he left me, and small blame to him," she said. "It turned out that he had a married niece in Cleveland very well to do, and she had the givin' of a place in the Old Men's Home there."

"At the Little Sisters?"

"No, but the Protestant Home. He was an Irish Protestant, ma'am, and never turned; though I got him to go to two missions, and brought him round to the Fathers four or five times. But sure we mustn't judge our neighbors. His early trainin' was too strong, ma'am; and, you know, there's them that's outside the pale that's acknowledged to be in the bosom of the Church—the true Church."

"So he went to Cleveland?"

"He did, ma'am. Not to shame him there, I worked my fingers to the bone to get him a new suit and a good change of socks and underclothin'."

"Who paid his fare?"

"I did that, ma'am, too, cleanin' out the railroad office."

"And he was willing to go?"

"Oh, yes! Why wouldn't he? Myself was gettin' a little old, and the buildin' was no place for the likes of him. I often

felt sorry for him, with the smell of the gutter and the noise of the childher—the buildin' is full of them,—and his stomach was weak. 'Tis said that dyspepsia affects the nerves, along with other things; and the noise was always disagreeable to him."

"Do you often hear from him?"

"Never, ma'am. Sure I can't read writin', and he was that proud I knew he'd never be trustin' the readin' of his letters to a stranger, nor have me writin' at second-hand. No, I never hear from him."

"After he went, I suppose you lived alone until you came here?"

"I did for a few years, ma'am; but there was two sick old women in the buildin' livin' together in a bit of a room. They had ten dollars a month between them. Their room was next to mine, and I did all I could for them between fits of the rheumatism that kept me from workin' steady. They had both been with the Little Sisters, but they were queer and wouldn't stay. They'd quarrel with others, but yet they liked each other."

"And how were they with you?"

"Well, they were old, ma'am; and I didn't mind them, the creatures, nor what they did."

"Oh, no! nor such little pleasantries as putting her things out on the landing while she was away at work," said Sister Emelia, who had been an attentive listener for five minutes or more. "When we found her there for the third time, her poor hands swollen with rheumatism, while she begged them through the keyhole to let her in that she might tidy up the place and make their tea, Sister Jeanne Marie and I took advantage of our opportunity and carried her off that same evening."

"Oh, but you're the rogue, Sister dear, listenin' to my story and I not knowin' it! But that was the way of it, ma'am," she added, with a bright smile that seemed to transfigure her wrinkled old face, illumined by the steady light of generous self-sacrifice and unconscious heroism.

A Noble Work of Charity.

THE statistics published by the government show that the number of deaf-mutes in the United States is appallingly large; and, sad to say, their religious instruction is much neglected. In a paper read at the 10th Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf and Dumb, Dr. Gillot, superintendent of the State institution of Illinois, urged this important duty upon his hearers in these wise and earnest words: "If you do not include the spiritual education of the deaf and dumb in the schools, but defer it until it comes under the influence of the dumb mission in any church, you might as well expect the dews of heaven to dissolve the rocks underlying the mountains—it can not be done! If they ever have a religious education, that education must be commenced early, and largely extended while they are children in school." At the same convention Professor Noyes, also a non-Catholic, spoke as follows: "I presume the friends of the Catholic religion had some reason for feeling that they had not been fairly dealt with in the institutions of the State. The more I observed, the more kindly I have felt toward the Catholic religion and the rights of Catholics—for they have rights.... They have some reason for saying that our schools are becoming Godless."

The laws of the various States provide for the instruction of deaf-mutes in public institutions; but in many of the States the law does not, as it does in New York, officially recognize Catholic schools of the kind. Hence many deaf-mutes, the children of Catholic parents, are left entirely without knowledge of their holy religion. There are, no doubt, other schools for those thus deprived of speech and hearing, under the care of sisterhoods; but of Le Couteulx Institution, Buffalo, New York, under the direction of the

devoted Sisters of St. Joseph, we can speak from observation. Opened in the year 1857 by three Sisters, who had studied the sign-language and methods of instruction used in France, it has steadily progressed, until to-day it stands second to no school of the kind in the United States, so far as instruction and care of pupils are concerned.

Articulation and lip-reading form the basis of instruction, and the sign-language and manual alphabet are used more or less as a means to the end. The peculiar condition of mind, from which many ideas and associations have been excluded; the characteristics formed because of the social isolation in which deaf-mutes have to live; the want of moral training, owing to the difficulties parents encounter in developing the children's nature,—all must be considered when one tries to realize the magnitude of the work of those engaged in teaching the deaf and dumb. Indeed little success was attained for eighteen hundred years in the work of instructing them; and yet we saw at Le Couteulx young children who had never heard the sound of a human voice, and who understood much of what was said to them; and who made a fair attempt at an articulate answer, while they responded intelligently, correctly and promptly by means of writing.

The class-rooms are object-lessons to visitors; for therein is every known device to further the end in view. Charts, maps, pictures and models are seen on all sides. It was interesting to note mirrors in the class-rooms, by means of which the child sees the position of the teacher's vocal organs while speaking, and at the same time observes her own. Of course, individual teaching is necessary; and it was a reproach to hasty teachers to see the patience with which the Sister repeated sounds over and over again, paying special attention to the organs of speech, and, by holding the child's hand near her own mouth, letting the little one feel the manner in which the breath was ejected,

The mental training given at Le Couteulx is excellent, as is testified by the reports of examiners, as well as by the class-work on exhibition, including specimens from all the grades in Christian doctrine, spelling, grammar, geography, history, arithmetic, physiology, civil government, penmanship, drawing and painting. Industrial training also receives attention; and boys are taught printing, tailoring, chair-caning, wood-carving, and working in Venetian iron—an industry for which they have shown a particular aptitude. We saw in the wood-carving department a fine "grandfather's clock," the work of the students; and it was artistic enough to be a rival of Longfellow's "old clock on the stairs." Sewing, dressmaking and cooking form part of the course for girls, who are fitted, as far as possible, to become thorough housekeepers.

Le Couteulx Leader is the name of an interesting weekly periodical edited and printed at the Institution. Besides the variety of good reading which it affords, there are contributions by the students, who take a pride in their journal. From time to time entertainments are given by the pupils; and there is a pathetic interest attached to their efforts, as they seek to give expression to thoughts and emotions.

The teachers show an active interest in their pupils, and strive, even after they leave school, to help them along by securing positions for them and encouraging them in well-doing. One boy in particular is an evidence of their painstaking efforts. He entered as a blind deaf-mute, and he is now a well-informed young man, able to speak and to earn a livelihood. After much labor, he was taught to recognize raised letters by touch; then a glove was made for him on which raised letters were placed, and he familiarized himself with their location, so that the Sister could communicate

rapidly with him by spelling out the words. Later he learned to understand a person who simply made the letters of the alphabet system with her hand in his. He was taught the use of spelling, grammar, history, geography, etc.; and his efforts at composition were really excellent.

It is only when we come into direct contact with charitable work, when we see the practical side of it, that we realize all that is involved in any genuine service for God's needy ones, and that the spirit of self-sacrifice necessarily underlies all success in humanitarian systems.

It is as a duty to Catholic parents, as well as to non-Catholics who recognize the superiority of religious training over that of seculars, that we call attention to the noble work carried on in Buffalo by the Sisters of St. Joseph, who seek no reward save the one promised by Him who said: "Inasmuch as you did it to the least of My brethren you did it unto Me."

Concerning St. Ephrem the Syrian.

IT is gratifying to know that the excellent sketch of St. Ephrem which was published in this magazine last month, under the title "An Early Client of the Blessed Virgin," has had many interested readers. It is the first adequate biography of the illustrious Syrian doctor to appear in our language; though another learned English priest, the Rev. W. H. Kent, O. S. C. had already given us translations of some of St. Ephrem's poetical tributes to the Mother of God.

Father Bellord has kindly sent some further notes on the life of St. Ephrem, from which we learn that the information available about this illustrious Saint is very scanty and has to be gathered in fragments from his works, chiefly his "Reprehensions," or confessions, and his "Last Testament"; from his funeral oration by St. Gregory of Nyssa, and from various isolated episodes by different ancient writers, to be found scattered through Rosweyd's "Vitæ Patrum." These passages show no regard for dates or the sequence of events, and some are of doubtful authority.

Father Lamy, in his work "S. Ephrem Syri Hymni," etc., endeavors to introduce order into St. Ephrem's life and to ascertain the dates of the principal facts. He adduces for this purpose two codices—one, of the 11th century, in the Vatican; the other, of the 13th, in Paris,—which contain formal lives, or acts, of the Saint. They are not entirely reliable: some of their dates are approximately correct, others decidedly wrong. However, it may be taken that St. Ephrem was born about A. D. 306, and that he was baptized in 324 (although the Roman Codex gives the date as 334). The Council of Nice, whither he went as companion of St. James of Nisibis, was in 325. He went through two sieges of Nisibis, in 338 and 350: the former is the one mentioned in the text. He probably established himself in Edessa about 362 or 365, and must have paid his visit to St. Basil about 371 or 372. The two codices speak of a sojourn of eight years among the monasteries of Egypt; but Dr. Lamy can not reconcile so long an absence with the facts of his life in Syria. The date of St. Ephrem's death is very uncertain. Good authorities place it about 371 or 372; but his relations with St. Basil, as given in our sketch, seem to demand that he should have been living as late as 379, when St. Basil died.

In consequence of all this, Father Bellord did not aim at chronological completeness and accuracy, but rather sought to present the character of St. Ephrem as depicted by himself and the ancient writers. To decide questions of chronology under the actual circumstances belongs rather to the archæologist than to the hagiographer.

Notes and Remarks.

Whatever may be the animus of secret societies in the Old World, it can not justly be maintained that they are anti-Christian and anti-Catholic in this country. The Supreme Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias, in an address delivered at the biennial convention of the order lately held in Cleveland, referred in these manly terms to the action of the Holy See in forbidding Catholics to be members of the order: "The result has been a considerable loss of membership. I have found in a number of States where the Catholic membership was large that we have been visibly affected by reason of it. Of this I do not complain. No member of the order should be censured for following the dictates of his conscience, but he should stand upon one foot or the other. Under this edict it is impossible, in good faith, for him to stand upon both."

It is gratifying to learn from so reliable a source that many Catholic members have abandoned the Knights of Pythias. Although the order is not animated by the spirit of the Freemasons in Europe, there are good reasons why Catholics should not be members of it. The tendency of secret societies is dangerous to faith and morals. It ought to be enough for any true Catholic that the Church, which is the guardian of these, condemns them.

The idea of a certain sort of evolution in Christian doctrine—which helped to clear away the mists for Cardinal Newman—seems to have taken possession of the mind of Dr. Mivart. The distinguished scientist believes that the theory made current by the best-known school of modern science will yet prove a mighty weapon in the hands of Catholic apologists. Writing to the *Tablet* (Aug. 15), he says:

> It is by means of the idea of evolution, now almost universally diffused and regarded with keen interest, that we may succeed in impressing on many people the Catholic doctrine concerning the Church's continued vitality and development far more effectively than could have been the case antecedently. We can now appeal, as we never could before, to the harmony which exists between the development of dogma and ritual, and that process of evolution which has come to be recognized as taking place in every department of nature, from the formation and distribution of the celestial orbs to the due unfolding of the wonderfully complex mechanism of the simplest insect, and from the lowest organic form to the physical framework of man himself. This conception will greatly aid us to explain, in a way at once popular and scientific, the orderly evolution of the Catholic Church as it exists to-day; the Church having implicitly contained from the beginning, in a latent state, all the majesty and harmony we behold in it at the present time—as the beauty and symmetry of a butterfly was latent in the humble grub from which it was developed.

Doubtless there are many Catholics who willingly accept Newman's term "development" but who would shy at Dr. Mivart's suggestion of evolution, though the two are essentially the same. It is a new name for an old process, but the new name may help non-Catholics who are puzzled because there were no processions of the Blessed Sacrament in the Catacombs, and Saint Peter was not carried about in Rome in a *sedia gestatoria*, between fans of peacock feathers. No doubt, as Dr. Mivart claims, "to men sufficiently prepared by a due familiarity with science and evolution, it will at once be clear that to appeal from the Church of to-day to the less evolved medieval, patristic, or primitive Church, would be as irrational as to rank the relatively undifferentiated and generalized structure of early forms of animal life as higher in the scale of being than the finely-strung and complex organisms which are the latest descendants of the former."

Some letters of the late Bishop Lasagna, of Uruguay (whose tragic death in a railroad accident we have already noted), show that while the Salesian missionaries have not neglected the spiritual interests of the countries in which they labor, they have rendered valuable service to the cause of scholarship. Their scientific studies have been chiefly in the fields of agriculture, botany, biology, and meteorology. The government of Uruguay has made generous acknowledgment of these services, which have contributed much to the improvement of the country; and German scientists have bestowed the names of these humble missionaries upon some of the species they have discovered. The Fathers issue in Spanish a monthly meteorological bulletin

embodying the results of their observations, and some of them have published valuable monograms on scientific subjects. Perhaps the most notable fruit of their researches was the formulation by Father Morandi of what is known the world over as "the Morandi Law," regarding the periodicity of certain storms in South America. As the holy Bishop observes, these facts do not accord with the fancies of those who regard priests as retrogrades; who think that religion is the enemy of knowledge, and that faith clips the wings of science.

The lot of the Armenians is a hard one, but it would not be improved if they were under the dominion of the holy Russian instead of the unspeakable Turk. It would be six of one and half a dozen of the other. The Turk carves his victims with a scimitar, and the Russian flogs them to death with knouts. If it were possible for despots to destroy souls as well as bodies, every Pole in Russia would be an apostate. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Harrisburg lately confirmed six hundred and one members of St. Stanislaus' Polish congregation at Shamokin, Pa. The elders of the parish are nearly all refugees from Russia. Among those who received Confirmation were two hundred and thirty persons, ranging from twenty-five to seventy-five years of age, none of whom had ever seen a Catholic bishop until they came to this blessed "land of the free."

A Catholic librarian has undertaken to set certain critics right regarding public libraries and the alleged exclusion of Catholic works by the management of such institutions. The unfortunate truth is that our people look upon public libraries and public schools as the exclusive property of Protestants; though we have never heard that Catholics were freed from the general taxation which supports these institutions. Owing to this absurd feeling, our estranged brethren are left sole patrons of the libraries; and, naturally enough, rarely or never is a Catholic book called for. It is a serious mistake to fancy that librarians, as a rule, are averse to the purchase of our books; but it is a humorous fallacy to insist that they should buy books for which there is no demand. Writing to the *Catholic Columbian*, the librarian to whom we have referred gives this sane counsel: "Ask for, and keep on asking for, the books you want."

Only—for the honor of the Catholic religion—quit asking for all the trash you ever heard of. Take up some subject—it does not much matter what so long as it has some sense in it,—make out a list of books touching upon your subject (the librarian will be glad to help you in this if you ask him); and then begin to read, and stick to it. Show those connected with the library that Catholics want something of value when they read; and, by thus preparing your minds to receive them, have gradually added to the library the valuable list of which M. M. suggests. Make out short lists of book from this and other sources, and hand to the librarian, who always likes suggestions as to what the people really wish and need. Of course all books suggested could not possibly be bought; for the money question enters as largely into library economy as into the present campaign. But, depend upon it, if you show any real interest in your home library, it will be appreciated at its full value.

The sketch of Father Isaac Jogues, by John Gilmary Shea, begun in the present number of THE AVE MARIA, ought to have a very special interest, especially for American Catholic readers, in view of the fact that the martyr-missionary's cause is now before the Congregation of Rites. His canonization is merely a question of time. The reigning Pope, who granted him a dispensation to say Mass after the mutilation of his hands by the cruel Mohawks, referred to him as a martyr of Christ. It is noteworthy that one who suffered for the faith on our own soil, in the seventeenth century, can be compared to the most glorious martyrs of the early Church. The increase of devotion to Father Jogues is shown by the yearly pilgrimages that are made to the hallowed scene of his heroic death.

All sorts of frauds are being exposed and innumerable wrong ideas cleared away by the march of historical research. Those who are mousing among old manuscripts and ransacking state-papers so industriously are shedding light more powerful than the Roentgen ray on many hitherto obscured subjects. Historians are now under necessity to tell the truth or come to grief. For

instance, one of the commonest charges against the Church used to be her alleged opposition to the reading of the Holy Scriptures by the common people. The early reformers, on the contrary, were the opponents of Bible-reading. In England it was prohibited to all under the degree of gentlemen or gentlewomen to read the sacred volume. (Collins' History of England, vol. ii, p. 188.) And an abstract of an act in the Common Statute-Book reads: "There shall be no annotations or preambles in Bibles or New Testaments in English. The Bible shall not be read in English in any church. No women or artificers, prentices, journeymen, serving-men of the degree of yeomen or under, husbandmen or laborers, shall read the New Testament in English."

By his valiant championship of the rights of the Church, the late Signor Bonetti deserves to rank with Ozanam and Montalembert. That his cause was unpopular after the loss of the Pope's temporal power only served to bring into greater prominence his remarkable energy and influence. He fought for the Holy Father as a Zouave, and when peace was established he continued the battle with undiminished ardor in the newspapers of Rome. In his case at least the pen was mightier than the sword; for again and again his vigorous logic and trenchant style defeated the enemies of the Church and brought their schemes to nought. Signor Bonetti was the editor of *Eco d'Italia* and a contributor to all the leading Catholic journals of Rome. May he rest in peace!

The Roman correspondent of the London *Tablet* describes the new Delegate Apostolic to the United States as dark, of middle size, and bearing a character of remarkable firmness in the lines of his mouth. He shows something of physical weakness in his voice. "He speaks English slowly and with great care, but very correctly, with a very noticeable Irish accent—the result of his having learned the language among his brethren of the Irish Province." Mgr. Martinelli has already been consecrated Archbishop, and is expected in this country before the end of the month. It is announced that the Apostolic Delegation is now permanently established, and that Mgr. Martinelli will exercise greater power than his predecessor. Until a new general chapter of the Calced Augustinians is held, he will continue to discharge the duties of his office as Prior-General of the Order. Mgr. Martinelli is sure to receive a warm welcome in the United States, where he has already resided for a short period in different houses of his Order.

It was with some astonishment that we read this headline in the Montreal *True Witness* last week: "The Evils of War and the Hope for Universal Peace Portrayed in a Humorous and Eloquent Manner by Lord Russell." But on the editorial page we found an *erratum:* "For *humorous* read *luminous*." A compositor has more magic then Circe, who metamorphosed Ulysses' crew into wild beasts; and it is practised on the just as well as the unjust. In a volume of miscellaneous tracts by the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, that learned but eccentric author wishes a happy death to all Adam's children, including compositors, who had offended grievously in the same book.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Thomas Spencer, who passed to his reward at Bristol, England, on the 13th of June.

Sister M. Sophia, of the Sisters of Charity, New York; and Sister M. Sabina, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Cincinnati, Ohio, whose devoted lives were lately crowned with a precious death.

Mr. E. J. Crangle, who departed this life on the 19th ult., at Butte, Mont.

Mr. W. F. Harris, of Louisville, Ky., who died a holy death on the 31st of July.

Mrs. M. Barry, who yielded her soul to God on the 14th ult., at Chilton, Wis.

Mr. Michael J. Durney, of San Francisco, Cal., whose happy death took place last month.

Mrs. Margaret White, who breathed her last on the 14th ult., in Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. P. Featherstone, of What Cheer, Iowa; Mrs. Mary Neeson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Driscoll, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. David Healy and Mrs. Catherine Healy, Derby, Conn.; Mrs. Anna Ryan and Miss Isabelle Harney, Dorchester, Mass.

May they rest in peace!

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Our Lady's Birth.

ONCE a plant grew from the waters
Of a sin-enveloped world;
And two leaves, like Hope's fair banners,
Slowly to the light unfurled.

Then a lily bloomed beside them,
All of peerless, snowy white,—
At the dawn a golden sunbeam,
And a star-ray in the night.

David's stem it was that nourished
Through dark years of sin and rue
Anne and Joachim the blessed,
From whose hearts the lily grew.

Ah! dear Flower, thou radiant Lily,
God must love our poor, sad earth,
Since, for all its sin and weakness,
It has known thy blessed birth.

The Story of a Kite.

"THERE she is! And ain't she a beauty? Just look at her! You bet she'll go sailing through the air as proud as the American eagle."

As Tommy Jupp said this he stepped back and pushed up his hat with a grimy fist that left a little dark mark on his forehead; then he rammed his hands into the pockets of his knickerbockers and stood contemplating a large kite, which he had dragged out of a hiding-place in the barn.

"Gee-whiz! she's a stunner, Tommy, sure enough!" exclaimed Jimmy Esrell, one of his chums.

The half a dozen other boys who surrounded him were all loud in their praises.

"Who made it for you?" asked one of them.

"My brother Ben," was the reply.

Tommy felt at that moment that there were great advantages in having a big brother, even if the latter *did* order a fellow round at times, and leave the household errands entirely to him.

The kite was indeed a splendid one, being as large as a boy of his size could manage, and made of strong brown paper. The centre was adorned with the figure of a bird with outspread wings, daubed on with blue paint. Outside this was pasted a border of pink tissue-paper; and around the edge were little blue "curlycues," as if the paint brush had danced the "Highland Fling" all over it.

And, then, the tail! Tommy and his chums are the only persons who could describe that tail so as to do it justice, it was so handsome, with its blue and white streamers. The string was an unusually strong one, and there was plenty of it.

Tommy Jupp felt that he was a very lucky fellow, as, shouldering his treasure, he ran off, followed by the rest of the boys. They had good kites too, although none equalled Tommy's; and they were going to fly them from the top of Flagstaff Hill.

It was great fun. One after another the kites went up; the wind caught them, whisked them about merrily, then bore them off in grand style. Each keeping tight hold of his string, the boys followed across the fields and over stone-walls, and

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Tommy's kite always flew highest and took the lead.

On they went, through the meadow, to the upland. Now they came to another hill. The breeze was certainly glorious. The kites whirled and curveted beautifully; then suddenly Tommy's started off wildly. Tommy had to run as fast as his legs could carry him. The kite led him along by the cliff.

"Look out for the quarry!" shouted the boys, seeing his danger.

But, alas! Tommy did not hear. His thoughts were all upon the kite. He forgot the great gauge in the side of the hill,—the stone quarry, which was the principal source of wealth to the town. A moment more and his horrified companions and the workmen below saw him step backward over the brink of the precipice. With a groan, Jimmy Esrell threw himself on the ground and buried his face in the grass, overpowered by the scene; but the other boys stood gazing, as if fascinated by terror. Suddenly a cry from them caused him to look up again.

A strange thing had happened. Tommy had not fallen over the cliff: he was still hanging in the air, buoyed up by the great kite. His weight must presently drag it down, however.

"Hold on, boy! If you only hold on to the string you'll be all right," shouted one of the laborers, with quick presence of mind. Poor Tommy was nearly dead with fright, but the encouraging tones of the man's voice revived him. The string of the kite was tied around his wrist; he could not have got it off if he tried. Moreover, as it was the only thing to hold on to, when he felt the ground receding from under his feet he had grasped it, and still clung to it desperately; although the muscles of his hands were cruelly strained. Beneath him were the jagged sides of the quarry. Except for that cheery call, most likely he would have lost his senses and been dashed against the rocks. As it was, he kicked out wildly and managed to keep clear of them.

All this occurred in almost less time than it takes to tell of the incident. The great kite, acting like the parachute of a balloon, broke the boy's fall; so that he was picked up by the workmen only slightly injured.

Poor Tommy! His wrists were sprained, though; and every bone of his body ached as if out of joint. But what a shout of gladness went up from the workers and the boys, who came running round the hill!

"The Lord be praised! There seems to be a special providence for small boys," said the man who had cried out to him.

When Tommy was able to collect his wits enough to think, he felt very thankful to God for his escape. Somehow, he didn't care to fly a kite any more that season.

How Hester Got Help.

BY MARY STANIFORD.

The unwelcome echoes of the "last bell" were slowly dying away, and all the boys and girls of F—— were taking their places in the little village schoolhouse for the daily routine of studies. Scarcely had the last one been seated when every head was bowed, each pair of hands clasped, while their lips droned in singsong fashion "Our Father" and "Hail Mary." Then the bell on the teacher's desk sounded, and what a transformation! The little praying figures were metamorphosed into roguish lads and lassies. Some marched to the front of the room for recitation, while others drew out slates and spellers from the desk preparatory for study. Soon the voices of the little students, like the buzz of many bees, were heard through the room, with an occasional interpolation of a giggle or the noise of a pencil.

"Jennie, did you get all your examples?" queried Lilly Brown, the most frolicsome girl in the school, to her neighbor across the aisle.

"I got all but the eighth, and I just *couldn't* get that. I worked a long time on it, and it would not come out right."

"So did I," replied Lilly; "and all that I have asked say the same thing. I think it is mean that Miss Powers will not let us get help. But, Jennie, do you know that I believe some in this class *do* get help, and will not tell?" And Lilly looked very wise as she said this.

"I bet I know who you mean," said Jennie; and she glanced at a poorly-clad little girl who was diligently studying. "Now, ask her, just for fun, if she got the eighth."

Lilly instantly obeyed, and pulled Hester Mathews' long braid.

"Say, Hester, did you get that *awful* eighth example?"

Hester nodded her head and turned to her book,—a big hint to Lilly not to disturb her; but Lilly would not take it.

"Did you get it all by yourself?"

"Yes—I mean no; but—" stammered Hester.

"Oh, I thought so!" interrupted Lilly exultantly. And before Hester could give an explanation Lilly had told Jennie of her terrible sin. Jennie told the boy behind her, and by recess time nearly all the class had been informed that Hester had been guilty of a penal offence.

At the sound of the recess bell the books were dropped in the twinkling of an eye; and the pupils, in all the exuberance of youth, bounded out to play. Some jumped the rope, others chose "hide-and-seek" for their ten minutes' recreation; while the boys played ball and "leap-frog."

One sad little figure stood apart from the others. Her faded calico dress, bare feet, and wan little face made a sombre contrast to the laughing, playing crowd. It was poor little Hester. To-day her heart was heavy with grief, because the girls looked upon her with contemptuous glances, and they did not even ask her to join them in their games.

The ten minutes were soon finished, and the bell summoned all to return to study. It was now the arithmetic hour. As they all went to take their places, many inquiring glances were cast on Hester. Would she tell a fib, or would she acknowledge her guilt?

The teacher began at the foot of the class to look at the slates. She took the first one. "All correct but the eighth," she said, and passed to the next. It was the same with that one and all the others until she came to Hester. Everyone waited in anxious expectancy.

"At last," exclaimed the teacher, "here is one who has all correct, and I am very proud of her. You could all have gotten them had you only worked more diligently. Instead of that, most of you spent the morning in whispering, especially Lilly Brown—"

But before Miss Powers could continue Lilly arose, with the fire of anger in her eyes, and said:

"Miss Powers, Hester got help,—she told me so." Then she sat down, her face flaming with excitement.

Poor Hester's face was suffused with blushes at the teacher's look of surprise. Miss Powers was perfection and kindness itself in her sight, and this was the first time she had ever looked at her in such a way.

"Hester, I am astonished to hear this. Did you copy or were you just helped through the difficult parts?"

The little tear-stained culprit rose to her feet.

"Please, ma'am," she sobbed, "arithmetic always has been so very difficult for me that before I begin to work at it I always say a prayer to help me. Last night I worked and worked on the eighth, but couldn't get it; so I asked

God to help me, and I saw my mistake right away. That is why I didn't know what to say when Lilly asked me if I got help."

There was breathless silence in the room, and every eye was fixed on Hester. Miss Powers beckoned her to come up to the desk; and, while stroking her hair, spoke some words which quickly brought comfort. Then, turning to the others she chided them for their unkindness, and told them never to forget the good lesson they had learned that day. After school all flocked round Hester to do her honor. It was an ovation, and all were very happy over it. After that Hester was looked upon as a heroine and became the favorite of the school. But her popularity didn't spoil her: she was always the same simple, good-natured little girl that they first knew and didn't appreciate.

A Legend of St. Gregory.

In his early years St. Gregory the Great was a monk in St. Andrew's Monastery at Rome; though afterward he became Pope, and sent St. Augustine to preach to the Saxons at Canterbury. When he was at St. Andrew's a beggar came one day to the gate, and was relieved; but he came again and again till all the monk's means were exhausted. At last Gregory ordered the silver porringer which his mother Sylvia had given to him to be handed to the mendicant.

When Gregory became Pope he used to entertain daily at supper twelve poor men. Once he was surprised to notice that there were thirteen seated at the table. He called to the steward and said he had given orders that there should be twelve only. The steward looked and counted them over, and said: "Holy Father, there are surely twelve only." Gregory said nothing more, but at the end of the meal he asked the thirteenth and unbidden guest: "Who art thou?" The reply was: "I am the poor man whom thou didst formerly relieve, and my name is the Wonderful. Through me thou shalt obtain whatever thou shalt ask of Almighty God." Then Gregory knew that he had entertained an angel, or, as some say, Our Lord Himself.

This legend is often represented in pictures—Christ sitting as a pilgrim with the other guests.

The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.

The Emperor Decius, having gone to Ephesus, commanded all the Christians there to worship idols or prepare for death. Seven young men refused; and, being accused to the Emperor, they sold all their goods and concealed themselves in a cave, where they fell asleep. The mouth of the cave was blocked up with stones. After the lapse of three hundred and fifty years, these stones being removed for a new building, the sleepers awoke; but on returning to Ephesus and searching for their parents, and finding no trace of them, and yet seeing crosses erected everywhere, they were confounded. One of them having offered a coin for bread, was arrested as a sorcerer who had discovered hidden treasure and concealed it. But when the governor and the bishop examined into the story, the prelate turned to the governor and said: "The hand of God is here." They visited the cave, saw the other six sleepers, all fresh and radiant. They declared that they were kept alive to prove the truth of the Resurrection, and then died.

TIME is cried out upon as a great thief; it is people's own fault. Use him well, and you will get from his hand more than he will ever take from yours.

With Authors and Publishers.

—We learn from the New York *Sun* that an unpublished manuscript of Bossuet, containing the lost second volume of the "Etats de Raison," the existence of which had come to be doubted, has just been discovered in the library of the St. Sulpice Seminary in Paris.

—"Heaven on Earth," by the Rev. D. J. Hubert, is a collection of devotions for twelve hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, with prayers for Mass, etc. It is full of unction and must awaken new love for the Divine Prisoner, who asks so little of us, and to whom we give even that little in a half-hearted way.

—The noble example which Janssen and Pastor have shown to modern historical writers has not been wholly lost on our separated brethren. In the fifth volume of Karl Lamprecht's "Deutsche Geschichte" the events, persons and motives connected with the "Reformation" are set down at something like their proper value. Though Lamprecht is a Protestant, his estimate of Luther and Melanchthon is decidedly different from that held by many good Protestants.

—Cobbett's "History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland" is hardly less remarkable for its severe arraignment of the "Reformers" than for the energy of its style. It has been a valuable work from the beginning, but unquestionably the most valuable edition thus far published is that by Dom Aidan Gasquet, O. S. B., just issued by Benziger Bros. So many attempts have been made by Protestant writers to discredit Cobbett's work, that we are very much pleased to read this statement of the eminent Benedictine historian:

> I have been at some pains to inquire into the truth of the assertions made, and to set down the result in the shape of notes, either giving authorities which may be taken to bear out the writer's statements, or pointing out wherein in my opinion he was mistaken, or has somewhat misstated or exaggerated the bearing of some fact. I confess that I was surprised to find how few were the instances in which some satisfactory authority could not be found to bear out the picture presented in Cobbett's pages.

According to Dr. Gasquet, Cobbett drew largely from Lingard's admirable "History of England."

—According to *The Bookman*, the University Press has never, with one exception, printed so many copies of a "first book" by an American poet as have already appeared of Father Tabb's "Poems." The exception was Miss Emily Dickinson, and it is a curious coincidence that the priest-poet has always been an enthusiastic admirer of her work.

—"Margaret of Anjou" is the subject of an historical play for girls, arranged by the Ursulines of St. Teresa, New York city. Like the other plays of this series, "Joan of Arc," "Ursula of Brittany" and "Phantom Queens," this drama is suited to parlor or school entertainments; and, if properly presented, must prove instructive as well as pleasing.

—It is to be hoped that the near future will witness a "Scott revival." There could be no greater misfortune than that Catholics, amidst the deluge of worthless or harmful modern novels, should forget the "Wizard," who did more than any other writer to break down the Anglo-Saxon prejudice against the Church. Cardinal Newman had a very warm appreciation of this work, and in a letter to Lockhart he wrote: "I have ever had the extremest sympathy for Walter Scott. When he was dying I was saying prayers (whatever they were worth) for him continually, remembering Keble's words: 'Think on the minstrel as ye kneel.'"

—It may be said of the language of the ancient Romans that it is much taught but little learned nowadays. The wonder is that a student can study Latin for five or six years, and not attain to some mastery of it. The fault is probably with the teachers. Messrs. Murphy & Co. have just published a little book ("How to Speak Latin") by Stephen W. Wilby, which ought to be serviceable for elementary classes. It comprises a series of Latin dialogues with English translation, some readings, and a selection of proverbs.

Most of the dialogues are those of Corderius. The author might have improved upon the translation, we think, without sacrificing literalness.

—The English Catholic Truth Society has published an excellent pamphlet in the interests of the sick, dying, and dead. The instructions are simple, practical and complete. It would be a blessed thing if the information afforded by this *brochure* were generally diffused. The author is the Rev. James F. Splaine, S. J., and the pamphlet is entitled "The Catholic Sick Room." An active branch of the Catholic Truth Society in this country could not do better than import or reprint the many excellent publications to which we are constantly calling attention. Until we have a Truth Society of our own, our more zealous English co-religionists should have a depot for their books and pamphlets in the United States.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

Cobbett's History of the Reformation. *Edited by Dom Gasquet.* Benziger Bros. $1.

The Yorke-Wendte Discussion. Monitor Publishing Co. 50 cts.

Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages. *Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M.* Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P.* Catholic Book Exchange. 5 cts.

The End of Religious Controversy. *Bishop Milner. Edited by Rev Luke Rivington, M. A.* Cath. Truth Society. 1s *net.*

The See of St. Peter. *T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G.* Catholic Truth Society. 1s. 6d.

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THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, I. 48.

VOL. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 12, 1896. No. 11.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

September.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

THE month, my Queen, which brings thy natal day:
And yet we give it to thy Dolors Seven!
And lo, the strains have scarcely died away
Which hymn'd thy bright Assumption into heaven!

But ah, though sinless, thou wast born for woe:
For deepest grief no less than highest joy!
And since God fashion'd woman's heart, we know,
Stronger than man's — more pure from self's alloy—

He gave to thine a love beyond all love;
And, with it, strength for pain beyond all pain:
That when thy destin'd Spouse, th' Almighty Dove,
From thee, His own "seal'd fountain" free of stain,

Should form for us our Jesus' Sacred Heart,
That Heart might prove the duplicate of thine:
Thy love, *thy* sorrow, for its chosen part;
And only more intense because divine.

What marvel, then, that we, who sing this moon
The Triumph of the Cross, beside it place
Thy Seven Swords of woe—and this so soon
After our gaze upon thine infant face?

Born to be *our* sweet Mother, we remember
How dear it cost thee. Lovingly we see
The mystic *septem** in the year's September:
For truly children of thy Dolors we.

Our Lady of the Alms.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

THERE is hardly a town in France of any importance which has not its Madonna-shrine—its Notre Dame de l'Espérance, or de Bon Secours, or de Salut, or other like title,—renowned within its own neighborhood, and sometimes far and wide, for pilgrimage or miracle, legend or wonder-working power. Thousands of English and American travellers know the storm-tossed boat of Notre Dame de Boulogne, or la Délivrande near Caen; or the wondrous Notre Dame des Victoires in Paris, or Notre Dame de la Garde, truly "guarding" the sea-cost beside Marseilles; and many, many others. An old Savoyard priest remarked to me the other day that France was called of old *Regnum Galliæ*, *regnum Mariæ*,—"Kingdom of France, Kingdom of Mary"; and that even now, in these evil times, she has set her mark, or seal of possession, on its four sides—

* Meaning *seven*. September was the seventh month in the old Roman year, though in ours it is the ninth.

La Salette to the east, Lourdes to the south, Pontmain to the west, and this latest "apparition" of which we hear from Calvados, Tilly, to the north; thus claiming France as her own forever.

And all are thronged with worshippers. In this fair but faithless land of France—once eldest daughter of the Church, now cankered with unbelief, but still holding within her "the thirty thousand faithful souls that have not bowed the knee to Baal," as a good old priest put it to me one day,—one knows that, in spite of much infidelity, a very pleading, earnest might of prayer will rise day by day from hundreds of shrines throughout the land, some of whose very names are almost a meditation in themselves.

How beautiful they are, these ever-varying titles, like one great litany in stone and mortar; or a Rosary whose beads are dropped here and there over the land! First and foremost our beloved Lourdes, the Mother Immaculate, calling on all her children with the threefold cry of "*Pénitence! pénitence! pénitence!*" Then Our Lady of Good Counsel, or of Good Help, or of Deliverance; or that beautiful name of one of her favored shrines on the far-off Mediterranean coast, high up on a hill overlooking the plains of Hyères and the "golden isles"—Our Lady of Consolation.

Here, in the quiet little town from which we write, in old historic Savoy, this month brings daily Masses and processions to a tiny, graceful chapel perched high above the rushing river, and half hidden by clustering trees and flowering boughs on the cliff-side; a chapel hung with *ex-votos* and simple petitions, and bearing the quaint name of Notre Dame de l'Aumone (Our Lady of the Alms). So strange a name must surely have some history, we think; and so we search, and find its origin—a double one, so to speak: half legendary, half historic. The legend is as follows:

Some time within the thirteenth century one of the noble *seigneurs* of this place—a debatable ground betwixt Geneva and Chambéry, which proved the field of many a skirmish in the days when prince-bishops, French kings, counts of Savoy, and German emperors, struggled, schemed, plotted, fought up and down every inch of ground hereabouts—was a wild and wicked and irreligious baron, who, in the intervals of frequent battles, beguiled the time by hunting wolves and wild boars in the forests and woods which clothed these still well-wooded hills. As every school-child would tell us, therein lay no sin; but—and here was the crucial point—not only did the noble baron Amadeus, or Humbert, or Aymon, or Thibaud, or whatever was his high-sounding name, hunt on all the days of the week, but also on Sundays, at the time and in place of assisting at Mass and the offices of the Church.

One day—we fancy the original legend must have run "one Sunday"—while traversing a wooded grove in pursuit of his prey, he beheld a statue of the Blessed Virgin standing upright in the thickest of the bushes; and, bow in hand as he ran, he turned and shot an arrow full at the image. The arrow rebounded, struck him on the eyes and blinded him; and pale, trembling, and penitent, he sought absolution and the Church's pardon. To appease the divine anger, he then founded a chapel and monastery on the spot; the miraculous statue was enshrined therein, and became a pilgrim-shrine and place of healing unto this day.

History now takes up its tale and tells us that many centuries ago, when roads were not, nor conveyances, nor recognized means of voyage, an Augustinian priory—an offshoot of the great St. Bernard Monastery—was built upon this pleasant but then forest-hidden site, which served, as so many monasteries did in those days, as hostelry for the sparse wayfarers who might journey that way and ask shelter

for the night ere crossing the ofttimes swollen river Cheran, which rushes down the valley. All travellers without exception were made welcome, lodged and fed; and not only so, but those among them who seemed needy or in want were presented with food and some pieces of money on their departure; whence came the name Notre Dame de l'Aumone (Our Lady of the Alms).

Later on the "alms" which had become a special feature of the monastic hospitality changed its character, as such practices too often do; for the ford at that place being no longer used, and travellers no more passing that way, the almsgiving, which had doubtless become embodied in the rules of the house, resolved itself into a loaf of bread given by the prior to every poor person in the town and its suburbs on the second Tuesday in Lent, after having rung the priory bell for an hour. And this practice in course of time grew so abused that not the needy only, but rich and poor, noble and peasant alike, flocked at the sound of the Lenten bell to claim and receive the alms of Our Lady. As late as 1759 we find the practice continued, although the priory had passed into other hands; and in that year as many as twelve surrounding parishes sent the poor the distribution of loaves (which were to be made part of flour, part of barley, and part of rye, and to weigh a pound and a quarter each) amounting to 7,100.

All this ceased at the Revolution. The chapel was sold; the processions to the shrine—which we are told had taken place, "from time immemorial," every Saturday in summer time—no longer wound their solemn length down the elm-shaded avenue to petition for rain, or averting of plague, or other benediction upon their little town,—that once devout spot, visited by St. Francis de Sales again and again with approbation, when he preached their Lents, and wrote of them as "a people simple, humble and devout"; finished his celebrated "Introduction à la Vie Dévote" within its walls; and then, leaving it, wrote regretfully: "*Je reviens de mes délices*,"—a word which little Rumilly treasures proudly, and writes upon her banners, together with that other *è capöe*, which has become a historic note in Savoy.

When the storm of Revolution passed, a pious Rumillian bought back the shrine, and presented it to his native town, which added to the chapel and embellished it; so that it stands out fair and gracious to-day, amid its fields of waving corn, and lime and chestnut boughs, and sweet-scented flower-beds; a loved, well-cared-for spot, never without its little cluster of worshippers or groups of quiet matrons or graceful girls, passing recollectedly along the steep cliff-side, to kneel for a few moments before the quaint, gilded, blackened figure, glass-sheltered above the flower-decked altar.

Many *ex-votos*—for the most part simple ones—cover the grey old walls. We notice especially (having examined many such shrines) that most of these bear tokens of having been not only presented but wrought by the donors; for the *Marie m'a exaucè*, or *Reconnaissance a Notre Dame de l'Aumone*, are in many instances worked in simple cross-stitch upon ordinary canvas; and one black-framed paper turns out, upon examination, to be a simple pen-and-ink sentence written in big, round hand.

But we may not linger longer before this shrine of Mary in old Savoy. As one of our Catholic poetesses sings,

> "There are many shrines of Our Lady
> In different lands and climes,
> Where I can remember kneeling
> In old and belovèd times."

Some are fair marble statues, and some quaint, ugly, blackened figures; others are rude early paintings; and others again, like the frescoes of Genazzano and Santa Trinita di Monte, beautiful in themselves

and full of gracefulness; but all are emblems visible of the one loving, maternal Heart,—the one tender, watchful care. And as we kneel before any one of them the same words rise to our lips and heart:

"I will ask for one grace, O Mother!
And will leave the rest to thy will:
From one shrine of thine to another
Let my life be a pilgrimage still.

"At each one, O Mother of Mercy!
Let still more of thy love be given,
Till I kneel at the last and the brightest—
The throne of the Queen of Heaven."

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART III.

X.

DEAR MR. ATHERTON:—Will you take a cup of tea with me at five o'clock this afternoon? An old friend of yours wishes to have the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with you. Pray don't fail to come.

Sincerely yours,

OCTAVE DE VARIGNY.

"Now, what does that mean?" said Atherton impatiently to himself, when, returning to his room after an absence of several hours, he found this note on his table. "I am very certain that I don't care for a cup of tea with Miss de Varigny, and still less to meet any old friend whom she has possibly discovered. Unless indeed—"

He paused as a sudden thought flashed across his mind. It seemed incredible, and yet—after all, perhaps it was better to go. To ignore a lady's invitation was not very courteous; it was too late to send an excuse; and this was as good a way as another of making his adieux, since he had decided to leave New Orleans the next day. He glanced at his watch. A quarter to five. He had barely time to keep the appointment; and, now that he was aware how narrowly he had escaped missing it altogether, he became suddenly conscious that he would not have missed it for anything.

It was a little after five when he rang the door-bell of the De Varigny house, and was shown into a drawing-room filled with long afternoon sunlight, where a group were assembled, composed of the De Varigny family and Diane Prévost. As he entered Octave came eagerly forward to meet him.

"O Mr. Atherton," she cried, "how good of you to be so punctual! I feared, since my note had to be left, that you might not receive it in time; and if you had not come, I should have been so disappointed."

"Fancy, then, what my disappointment would have been," replied Atherton. "But I am rather a lucky man, so I returned to my hotel barely in time to find your note and present myself at the hour you designated."

"That *was* lucky," said she, approvingly. "Now come and I will give you a cup of tea as soon as your greetings are over."

There was no lack of cordiality in the manner of any of the group, but Atherton felt something more than cordiality in that of Octave when he came to the tea-table—by the side of which she had seated herself—for his promised cup of tea. Her eyes seemed at once full of warm approval and bright significance as they rested on him, while he was well aware that his own expressed an unspoken question. It was a question which she lost no time in answering.

"You must have been surprised by my summons," she said, as he sat down in a low chair beside her, fragrant, steaming cup in hand. "But I thought the hint of an old friend would be sufficient to bring you."

"Do you think," he remarked, not unmindful of the obligations of gallantry,

"that anything more than your kind invitation was necessary to bring me? Yet I must confess to some curiosity concerning the old friend. I am unable to imagine who it can be."

"Are you indeed?" she asked, with evident surprise. "Why, I fancied you would guess at once."

"It is hardly possible," he said, looking at her intently, "that it can be—"

"One whom you fancied mysteriously lost? Why not? You know to the fairies Determination and Good Will, all things are possible."

"I begin to believe that you are the embodiment of those fairies," said he. "But tell me—"

"No," she interrupted, quickly: "I can tell you nothing. In fact, I have only time to speak to the assembled company before your—*our* friend arrives."

She sprang lightly to her feet and stood erect—a charming figure, full of animation and enjoyment of the situation, tapping with a spoon against the delicate china of her teacup to attract attention. Everyone looked at her—her father and mother smiling as at the gay nonsense of a child; Diane with surprise, and Adrien with distinct apprehension. He alone divined—and feared—the subject on which she was about to speak.

"Since it is in compliance with my request that you are all gathered here at this special moment," the clear young voice began, "I wish to tell you for what purpose I have made the request. Everyone present is aware that we have heard much lately of a certain unknown person called De Marsillac" (Diane perceptibly started); "and some of us are also aware that the mystery surrounding this person has been of a nature to produce many—ah—misunderstandings. This being so, it seems well that the mystery should be ended; and, therefore, I have been requested by the person in question, Monsieur Henri de Marsillac—"

"Octave!" It was an exclamation from Diane which thus stopped the speaker at the very point and peroration of her address; and Diane sprang to *her* feet with a haste and energy foreign to her usual movements. "I forbid you to go on!" she cried. "You have no right—"

"Pardon me," returned Octave, with unmoved serenity; "I *have* a right. I speak, as I have already said, by the request of—"

"It is impossible—it can not be true!" interposed Diane, passionately. "And if it is true, I will not permit it."

"Diane," said the other, quietly, "you have no right to interfere."

"I have every right," answered Diane, with the same strange passionateness. "It is you who have no right to interfere—as you have interfered, as you know that you have interfered!"

"I interfered no further than to tell the person most concerned that this mystery was causing trouble—"

"To whom?" inquired Diane, lifting her head proudly. "Who beside ourselves was concerned in our mystery—if you choose to call it a mystery? I call it merely a reserve which we had a right to maintain about what concerned ourselves alone. Do you imagine," cried the girl, with a sudden lightning flash of her eyes upon De Varigny, "that *I* was troubled, or that I would condescend to gratify curiosity, reward distrust—"

Up to this instant the rest of the group had sat motionless; listening, astonished and uncomprehending, to the dialogue between the two who understood each other. But the last words, together with Diane's scornful tone, were understood by another, and suddenly De Varigny rose.

"Diane," he said, coming to her side, "you can not think that I had anything to do with this?"

Diane gave him another lightning glance.

"How do I know?" she asked. "One who has no faith, no confidence, might well take any means—"

"Say no more," he interposed, quietly. "Let me only show you once for all whether or not I have confidence." He took her hand. "Come with me to the library," he said. "We will leave Octave to give or withhold as she pleases revelations which I agree with you in thinking that she has no right whatever to make."

"She has no right," repeated Diane; "and I will not permit them to be made."

"I never intended to make any revelations," said Octave. "I leave that for one whom you can not deny has such a right; one who has promised to be here; one"—as the sound of a carriage driving up to the door was suddenly heard—"who *is* here."

"Come!" said De Varigny again, in an imperative tone, to Diane. "For myself, I will know nothing which you do not wish to tell me—neither now nor at any other time."

He led her as he spoke hastily from the room—not into the hall, where there was now a sound of some one being admitted, but through a curtain-hung archway at the lower end of the apartment into a room beyond, whence it was evident that they quickly passed, since the sound of a closing door was heard just as the door of the drawing-room opened and a servant's voice announced:

"M. de Marsillac."

It is impossible adequately to describe the thrill which was felt by those whose expectation and interest had been so curiously and unexpectedly heightened by Diane's protest and by the withdrawal of herself and De Varigny, when that name was heard, and when there entered a slender, graceful youth, with deer-like head and easy, buoyant step, carrying his hat in his hand.

Madame de Varigny sat motionless, gazing at him intently; the Colonel put up his *pince-nez* to see more clearly; Octave stood still, with the air of one who enjoys a scene which has been carefully prepared; and it was Atherton who, putting down his teacup with a haste which almost upset it, rose and went forward impulsively.

"Henri!" he cried, extending his hand with a gesture of welcome. "I thought that I had lost you forever."

"Can you ever forgive the manner in which I treated you, Mr. Atherton?" asked the well-remembered voice, as the equally well-remembered eyes looked up at him wistful and appealing. "I assure you I have not been able to forgive myself."

"You must have had a very strong reason for acting in such a manner," said Atherton, regarding him with a delight that surprised himself, and conscious that for the pleasure of this meeting he was ready to forgive anything.

"A very strong reason, yes," the other replied, in a low tone. "You shall judge for yourself how strong."

He gave the hand which held his own a quick, nervous pressure, then dropped it; and, passing Atherton by, went directly to Madame de Varigny, who still sat motionless, with an expression of mingled astonishment and incredulity upon her countenance.

"Does not Madame de Varigny know me?" he asked, pausing before her with a low bow.

"Yes," she answered, gravely, almost sternly. "You are Yvonne; and this is a kind of acting which I confess myself altogether unable to appreciate."

"Yvonne!" cried Colonel de Varigny.

He made a quick stride forward, and taking hold of the slender young figure, turned it around, with the face toward the light. The boy—to use the term once more—did not shrink from his scrutiny. The graceful head was thrown slightly back, as that of one who has no cause for shame; and the frank brown eyes met

unwaveringly those keenly bent upon them.

The Colonel murmured a French oath under his white moustache.

"It *is* Yvonne!" he said then. "But who could have imagined it? My dear, what is the meaning of this?"

"That is what I have come to tell you," answered Yvonne.

She did not glance toward Atherton as she spoke. It was only Octave who observed how his astonishment had the effect of causing a complete physical collapse. He absolutely dropped into the nearest chair, as if the surprise had been a veritable blow. Meanwhile Yvonne, taking Colonel de Varigny's hand in hers, drew him back to where his wife sat.

"I see," she said, in clear, sweet tones, that were distinctly audible to every ear, "that Madame de Varigny disapproves of me, and she is quite right. Nothing but the most extreme necessity would justify my assuming this dress and doing what I have done. If I had nothing more to justify me than a daring spirit, a love of adventure, or even a desire for fortune, I could neither hold myself excused nor ask any one else to excuse me. But I had much more. And I have come to tell you, because you are all my friends"—and here for an instant her glance rested on Atherton,—"what induced me to undertake a venture so wild and a risk so great. But where"—she turned to Octave—"are Diane and your brother?"

"They left the room as you entered it," answered Octave, who felt keenly how much her dramatic scene lacked completeness by the absence of the two persons for whose benefit it had primarily been arranged. "Diane resents what she calls my interference, and vehemently objects to any revelation on your part; while Adrien thought the eleventh hour not too late to display a chivalrous confidence, by refusing to hear anything she did not sanction."

"It does not matter," said Yvonne. "He will know everything from Diane instead of from me, that is all. She will feel at liberty to speak now; and will speak more willingly because he has given, even late, this proof of confidence. You were right in thinking that she was bound by a pledge of secrecy before; and bound, no doubt, by her own pride also."

"And is it possible," said Colonel de Varigny solemnly, putting on his *pince-nez* again to regard the speaker, "that you are the De Marsillac of whom we have heard so much, who was in the West Indies with this—this gentleman here?"

"He can bear witness that I am," replied Yvonne, with another momentary glance and faint smile toward Atherton. "No one could know better; for without his assistance I should have failed in all I went to do. But let me tell you my story from the beginning. I want to end all mystery and misunderstanding, and induce Madame de Varigny, as I hope I shall, to look at me more kindly."

"I do not mean to look at you unkindly, Yvonne," said Madame de Varigny; "but you can not expect me to pretend to approve a thing which fills me with horror. That you, a French girl, brought up as *our* daughters are, should have put on man's dress and gone alone to the West Indies—"

"It is true," said Yvonne, as the lady paused in a manner which said more than any words. "It is, on the face of it, a dreadful thing that I, a French girl as you say, brought up as only French girls are, should have put on man's dress and gone alone to the West Indies. I acknowledge it, and I felt it—ah, you can never guess how much! But there was one thing even more dreadful, and that was *not* to go."

"Tell us what you mean, my dear," said Colonel de Varigny, gently.

Yvonne looked at him gratefully. To plead a cause to unsympathetic auditors

is very difficult, and she saw that she had no sympathy to expect from Madame de Varigny until her case was fully proved—if even then. But here was an auditor who was prepared to judge kindly. Yvonne was proudly conscious that there was nothing in her conduct, except its unconventionality, which needed condoning; but, still, she had a sense of comfort in addressing this listener, who stood ready to sympathize rather than condemn.

"I am anxious to tell you what I mean," she said. "To be brief, then. I am sure you know of my mother's pecuniary embarrassments. We never talked of them to our friends, but they were very great. Year by year the burden of our difficulties grew heavier and the problem of life harder. Every sacrifice that could be made was made, every self-denial practised. With the plantation I did all that could be done without command of money—"

Colonel de Varigny nodded.

"You did well," he said, emphatically. "No man could have done better. It was not without reason they called you on Bayou Tèche 'the man of the family.'"

"I suppose," Yvonne went on, "that from filling so many of what are usually a man's duties, I came to have a man's thoughts, as far as the family were concerned. I had a knowledge of our affairs which no one else possessed—not even Diane,—because mamma consulted me about everything; and I had a sense of responsibility toward the others, and a passionate longing to do something to remove the weight of our troubles from my mother and to improve our almost hopeless situation. I always said to myself that if ever a chance arose by which I could do something, no matter how hard, to gain those ends, I would do it at any cost. And I meant what I said."

Those looking at her and listening to her were of the opinion that she had fully proved that she meant what she said.

"Of course you understand," she continued, "that the great trouble was debt,—debt which we could not pay, struggle as we might. And the worst debt of all was one for which the plantation—all that we had for our support—was mortgaged to a man without mercy. You know him. His name is Burnham and he is the son of my grandfather's overseer."

"I know him," said Colonel de Varigny, this time grimly. "Everyone knows him. He is, as you say, without mercy."

"Well, you can fancy what it was to be indebted to such a man, and to have the debt always hanging over us. Last November he came to my mother and told her that the debt must be paid, or the mortgage would be foreclosed. He offered her, however, one alternative, and that was to accept his son as a husband for Diane."

"Yvonne!" cried Madame de Varigny, and "Yvonne!" gasped the Colonel; while both added in a breath, "Impossible!"

"It sounds like an old-fashioned melodrama, does it not?" said Yvonne. "But it is true, nevertheless. Diane, our Diane—think of it!—had been chosen by this low-born usurer as the wife of his son; on the condition of which marriage he would graciously leave my mother in possession of her home during her life. My mother had but one impulse—to reject the proposal at once and let him do his worst. But he insisted that she should take three months for consideration, and that Diane should be consulted. We did this, never thinking it more than a mere form; but, to our horror, Diane declared that she would marry the man. She said that it was the only thing she could do to relieve my mother of troubles she had heretofore witnessed helplessly, and that she was resolved to do it. Neither argument nor remonstrance had any effect upon her; for, gentle as she is, Diane can be very obstinate—"

"There is not a doubt of that, Yvonne," observed Octave.

"The only concession we could gain was that she would take no step to let the Burnhams know her resolve for three months; and I promised her—I think, indeed, I took a solemn oath—that within that time I would, by God's help, obtain the means to pay the debt, and so release her from what she held to be the necessity to sacrifice herself. When I made this promise I had no idea how I should keep it; but a few hours later God—as I truly believe—showed me the way. I found in an old desk some papers relating to the estates which my great-great-grandfather lost in Santo Domingo; and there among those papers, never seen by any one until I discovered it, was a paper written by his father, Henri de Marsillac, telling his family that on the night of the insurrection of the slaves, having need to fly for his life, he had buried in the garden a large sum of money which he had then in his possession, and indicating the exact spot where it was to be found. Now, was it not natural to believe that the money thus buried still remained undisturbed where he had placed it?"

"There was at least a strong possibility that it might be so," replied Colonel de Varigny, at whom she looked. "A probability strong enough to justify you in sending some one to search—"

"Ah!" she interposed quickly, "but where was that some one to be found? We have not a man belonging to us. There was no friend of whom we could ask so great a service; and to send any agent save the most trustworthy would have been madness. I knew all this perfectly, and I never thought of but one thing—to go myself."

"Yvonne, Yvonne!" murmured Madame de Varigny, as if in late remonstrance.

"I told my mother so," said Yvonne, turning her beautiful, wistful eyes upon the last speaker; "and she declared it was impossible, asking how could a girl go alone and unprotected on such an errand. And then it was that, like an inspiration, the thought came to me of *this*"—she made a gesture indicating her masculine attire. "I said that if I could not go as a girl I could go as a boy. I had always felt as if I *were* a boy, and I knew that the dress would be a complete disguise and protection. Indeed—think of it for a moment!—how could I have gone otherwise? Who was there to accompany me, who to protect me? I am not speaking only of conventionality, of the *convenances* which a French girl is brought up so strictly to respect. It was more than a question of a chaperon: it was a question of absolute danger,—such danger as no girl could dare alone." She turned and for the first time addressed her most silent auditor. "Mr. Atherton," she said, "will *you* tell them whether or not I could have done what I did as a girl?"

As if this were the appeal for which he had been waiting, Atherton rose and came forward to her side.

"No," he answered, "you could not. This revelation," he went on, addressing Madame de Varigny, "is a greater astonishment to me than to you; but, with my knowledge of what it was that was undertaken, what difficulties surrounded, and what absolute peril had to be risked in order to accomplish it, I emphatically endorse all that has been said. It was not possible for any girl, no matter how brave, to have undertaken it."

"And yet," said Madame de Varigny, smiling in spite of herself, "it was a girl who did undertake it."

Atherton cast a confused glance upon the figure by his side.

"So I am told," he said; "but even yet it is difficult for me to believe it,—difficult to credit that the boy who bore himself so bravely even for a boy, through scenes which I shudder to recall, was, after all, a girl. I do not know what judgment you may have for such a deed," he added, looking around the little circle; "but

to me it seems nothing less than heroic."

"And so it was!" exclaimed Colonel de Varigny, bringing his hand down with emphasis upon the mantel-shelf, by which he stood. "I never heard of anything so brave in all my life. And you succeeded, Yvonne,—you succeeded?"

Yvonne made a gesture of her hand toward Atherton.

"Thanks to him, yes," she answered. "I found the money which freed my mother and Diane; but I could never have found it without his aid. And do you not think now," she added, addressing still wistfully, Madame de Varigny, "that there is something to be said for me—that I had reason enough to justify even such a step?"

Madame de Varigny's answer was to rise and take her in her arms.

"My dear," she said, "Mr. Atherton is right: it was nothing less than heroic. I admire and love you with all my heart. But, all the same, we must not allow this to be known by the world, which respects conventionalities more than heroic deeds. You will now come and lay aside this dress forever; and Mr. Atherton"—she looked at him with a smile so warm that it was like sunshine—"must dine with us this evening, in order that he may forget Henri de Marsillac, and meet—Miss Prévost."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

THE lily and rose of prayer and contemplation do not grow and flourish save amid the thorns of self-denial and mortification. We can only approach the "hill of frankincense," which is the symbol of prayer, by means of the "mountain of myrrh," which is mortification. Incense itself, the very type of prayer, does not give forth its perfume until it is burnt; and prayer without self-denial will not rise up to heaven as a sweet odor.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.

IV.

WE have seen Father Jogues thus begin his labors among the Hurons; but he was one whom God designed to be among the first to bear the Cross to the kindred Huron tribes—to the Sauteux, or Pauoitigoueieuhak, of the West, and the Iroquois of New York. Thus in 1639 he accompanied Father Garnier to the mountains of the Petuns, or Tobacco Indians. Here they twice visited the village Ehwae, which they dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul.

On both occasions their efforts were vain. Every door was closed; no one would give them shelter; nothing but menaces was heard on all sides. The very women taunted their husbands for not killing them; the children pursued them through the streets, and the sachems gave a feast to the young braves to excite them to destroy the missionaries. But ere the heated warriors started, God had led off His servants, and they thus escaped. "I do not know, after all," says one, "whether it was a happiness or a misfortune for us that the savages set out too late. Our blood would perhaps do more for the conversion of these tribes than all our sweat." Both were to win that crown; the one the first, the other the last of the glorious missionaries of the Hurons who fell by the hands of the Iroquois. One can see, however, in the life of Father Garnier, the apostle of the Tionontates, or Petuns, the vengeance of Heaven on that guilty town, which had drawn down on itself the malediction which Christ pronounced against those who refused to receive His Apostles.

In the following year we find Father Jogues stationed at the new residence of St. Mary's, ministering, with Father Francis Duperon, to the spiritual wants of four villages which lay in its immediate vicinity, and which the piety of the missionaries had dedicated to St. Anne, St. John, St. Denis, and St. Louis. His time was constantly taken up by visits which were made to these towns successively during the worst season of the year—the only one when they could find their neophytes sufficiently gathered to instruct, and unemployed by anything to draw them from the villages.

The next year saw him stationed permanently at St. Mary's. Near their house the missionaries, like the monks of old, had raised a hospice, ever open to the wayfarer, where food and lodging were never refused. Hither some would come from the most distant towns to learn the rudiments of the faith, in order to be baptized; others to be fully instructed for the reception of Holy Communion; others to acquire that more profound knowledge of their new faith which was to fit them for the duty of catechist; some even, like Joseph Chihwenhwa, to make a spiritual retreat—to recollect themselves for some days in silence and prayer; for, small as the Huron Church then was, it already possessed some chosen souls who asked only which is the "way well pleasing unto God," and sought to show their love of God and freedom from every tyrant by walking in the way of the evangelical counsels.

To this post, as we have said, Father Jogues was destined; but before he entered on his duties a new field opened to his zeal. Beyond the Huron Lake, or Freshwater Sea, stretched, they knew, another and still larger expanse of water, which none of the missionaries had yet reached. The strait which connected it with their lake had in early times borne the name of Gaston, and was apparently once visited by the hardy Nicolet. No relations, however, existed between the Indians of that quarter and the French. In the summer of 1641 a ceremony of deep interest to the Indian called in numbers from all the neighboring tribes. This was the great Feast of the Dead.

The Hurons and many other tribes of North America committed to the earth only those who died by accident or in war. These they believed eternally miserable. An exception was made only for those who perished of cold. Owing to a strange superstition as to the metempsychosis of the soul of infants at the breast, these as they died were buried beneath the roads which led from town to town. All others who died by natural deaths were encased in a coffin of bark, which was then raised on a kind of platform supported by four posts. This was the Huron grave, on which food and other articles were placed from time to time. Every five or ten years the Feast of the Dead was proclaimed, and the friendly tribes sent numbers to the village where it was to take place.

At the appointed time all was in motion there. A long deep trench was dug and lined with their richest furs; games of all kinds, like the funeral games of the ancients, gathered all in merriment and joy; while the family of each departed one took down from its aerial grave the shrivelled corpse, and, even though in a most revolting state, with pious zeal cleansed and washed the bones, and wrapped them in furs religiously treasured for years for this purpose. When all was ready they went in procession to the common grave, wherein, with much ceremony, and cries and yells that filled the European with dismay, the whole was committed to earth, and various articles of war and peace thrown in; after which the grave was filled up, and a little later the ceremony of the feast concluded.

On the present occasion, which was an Algonquin feast, many hitherto unknown

branches of that vast family came in contact with the missionaries, and especially with the Christian Hurons, from whom they received very exalted notions of the black-gown chief. When, then, the latter, amid the general interchange of presents, proffered to the strangers the wampum of the faith, it was well received by all. One tribe, however—the natives of the strip near the Falls of St. Mary,—seemed to be more earnest than the rest. These good Pauoitigoueieuhaks pressed the missionaries to visit them in their lodges, and teach them as they had taught the Hurons.

The superior of the mission appointed Father Raymbault to begin the new conquest; and, as some Hurons were to bear them company, sent Father Jogues with him, to the great joy of both. They accordingly launched their canoe at St. Mary's in the latter part of September, and were soon out of the little river Wye on the clear bosom of the great Fresh Sea. For seventeen days they glided amid the labyrinth of isles which stretch away from the Huron promontory to the outlet of Lake Superior; but, though long, their voyage was happy: no accident marred the beginning of their undertaking.

On reaching the strait where the accumulated waters of Lake Superior rush madly down to the lower lakes beneath, they found Indians assembled there to the number of two thousand, while their ears were greeted with the names of numberless tribes who stretched away to the west and south; but most frequently they heard wild tales of the terrible Nadoueskoux and their confederates—sedentary tribes who dwelt sixteen days' journey from them. While exulting in the harvest thus spread out before them—"white for the reaper's hand,"—to which the divine Husbandman seemed to call them, they heard, too, of a great river which ran away to the south—with tribes without number on either shore—till it reached the sea. Such were the feeble rumors of the Mississippi, which reached the missionaries, but it was enough; and when they planted the cross at Sault St. Mary's, they turned it toward the unknown river, to proclaim that they took possession of its valley in the name of the King of kings.

The visit, however, was but a first step, to examine on the spot the dispositions of the Sauteux for the faith. These seemed extremely good. The missionaries' instructions were heard with attention, and every effort was made by the Indians to induce them to winter in Michigan. But their orders admitted no delay. Other missions awaited both, and the good Sauteux were encouraged by the promise of a speedy return and the establishment of a permanent mission. But it was not the will of God that this should be soon realized. Father Menard was indeed already on the banks of Lake Huron, but it was not till twenty years later that he came to the Falls to begin the mission projected by Fathers Raymbault and Jogues.

Those two missionaries now returned to the mission house, where Father Jogues remained, as had been already determined, while Father Raymbault set out for the Nipissings, to sink under his gigantic exertions. Father Jogues was soon, with Father Duperon, constantly employed at the hospice in instructing and forming the Indians, in whom most hope was placed. During the winter one hundred and twenty were baptized, all of some influence in the country; but the most influential of all was Ahasastari, whose connection with Father Jogues from this period till death requires some notice of him here.

He was a chief of the town of St. Joseph and the great war captain of the nation. His chivalrous daring had something in it worthy of the heroic age. Unconquered in battle, he had never turned his back to the foe. He deserves to live in our annals with Puskaret, as a

chief whose prowess was without reproach. Shortly before the period we treat of, Ahasastari, with a small party on the lake, beheld an overwhelming force of Iroquois advancing rapidly upon them. As they were on the open lake, his comrades wished to bend to their paddles and leave the enemy behind them. Such was not the thought of Ahasastari. One vigorous stroke of his paddle shot his light bark far ahead, and with a few more strokes he reached the first of the advancing enemy. After the last stroke he dropped his paddle and seized his arms. As soon as they were near enough, he bounded into the Iroquois' canoe, killed one, dashed two into the lake; and, upsetting the canoe itself, began his battle again in a new element. Swimming with one hand, with the other he dealt his deadly blows with the unerring tomahawk on all that still struggled around him. Those who escaped fell into the hands of his companions. Animated by such a sight, the Hurons urged on their barks; and the astonished Iroquois gazed on Ahasastari as though the Demon of the Lake had risen to war against them. A cry of horror burst from their lips, and they fled in dismay.

He seemed indeed to bear a charmed life. He had brought back untouched from many a bloody fray his body, "in no better armor cased" than the war-paint of an Indian chief. "I felt," said he, "when I saw my comrades fall around me, that some Great Spirit guided my destiny and shielded me from the destroying shaft. When I heard you proclaim the true God, the Master of life, I acknowledged Him and believed." He had indeed never opposed the faith; but, like many other eminent Indians, waited for years to study the Christians and their law; to study his own heart, and to prepare it for that solemn moment that was to open to him a new life.

He now came forward to solicit baptism with the utmost earnestness. He had long since been well instructed, and there seemed no obstacle; but the missionaries delayed. The coldness with which he had so long received their visits, and the little inclination he had manifested for the faith, caused them to hesitate. But when he declared his real feelings during all that time of seeming indifference — when he publicly declared his belief in the doctrine of the Cross, and laid their refusal in a manner upon their conscience,—the missionaries yielded. "If you refuse," he said, "you will be answerable. You can not assure my life in the next battle. I may cease to be, and then it will be too late." The great chief was accordingly, after due preparation, admitted to the reception of the Sacrament of baptism on Holy Saturday in the year 1642.

V.

Father Jogues was distinguished among his fellow-missionaries by a peculiarly tender devotion to the sacred humanity of Our Lord veiled in the Blessed Sacrament. To him the mystery seemed unfolded, and he felt irresistibly drawn toward the object of his love. Before It he performed all his devotions; his prayer, his meditation, his Office, his examen, were all done kneeling there. Before that stupendous mystery of love he was insensible to all else: neither cold nor heat, nor the clouds of mosquitos that filled the chapel, could ever induce him to choose another spot. "He was," says Father Buteux, "a soul glued to the Blessed Sacrament."

Here he was not rarely favored with divine visitations; and soon after his return from Michigan, while prostrate in prayer in the spot of his predilection, he asked with all the fervor of his soul to be honored with a share of his Saviour's Cross. His prayer was that of one who saw in that Saviour one bound to him by the closest ties, and it is not wonderful such lively faith was answered. He heard a voice which bade him nerve himself for the combat: a trial was at hand.

The Huron missionaries were at this time in great need not only of clothing and other articles for their own use—a want they would joyfully have borne,—but also of what was absolutely necessary for the divine worship. They had long been reduced to the expedient of making wine for the altar from the wild grape of the forest, but now even flour was wanting. The reason of this was that for some time back the enemy had cut off all communication with the French; and though it would appear that Father Brebeuf, in his exploration of the neutral country, had projected a new post on Lake Ontario, west of the Niagara, the state of the colony and the want of enterprise defeated it. The time, however, had now come when the passage was, at all hazards, to be tried; and Father Jerome Lalemant, the superior of the Huron mission called upon Father Jogues to embark for Quebec. It was left him to accept or refuse; but he immediately prepared to depart; and had the consolation of seeing his spiritual son, the gallant Eustace Ahasastari, step forward to offer himself as a guide and guard. "Brother," he said, as he grasped the missionary's hand, "I will go with thee. And I swear that, come what may, Ahasastari will live or die with Ondesson."

Thus prepared, Father Jogues embarked at St. Mary's on the 13th of June, in a flotilla of four canoes, bearing besides himself four other natives of France and eighteen Hurons. The way was, as we have seen, long and toilsome; but real danger was now to be faced. The Iroquois had well-nigh taken Father Brebeuf the year before, and they were now maddened by a defeat which they had met with. In the transit, however, fear of surprise made everyone cautious; and, except the usual disasters at rapids, they all reached the French settlement of Three Rivers safely on the thirtieth day after their departure. Thanking God for their escape, they pushed on to Quebec; and the priest and his comrades, eager to reach Lake Huron again, used such dispatch that by the last day of July all were ready to embark. Father Jogues had received what in their poverty was a rich supply for the missionaries; and bore, too, a store of books, vestments, and sacred vessels, sent by this favorable occasion. He waited now only to celebrate with his fellow-religious the joyous festival of their holy founder, in which his fellow-travellers joined by approaching the Sacraments, and preparing to meet the death which might soon be their portion.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Father Leighton's Prophecy.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

"GEORGE WARING! Where on earth have you come from?" Ned Townley exclaimed.

"From Barchester," replied the person addressed, grasping the hand extended to him. "I'm home from India for nine months' leave, and I have been making a tour of the southwestern coast. But what are *you* doing in a place like this, Ned?"

The troubled look which had left Ned Townley's face for a moment reappeared. Waring did not notice it; for his eyes were roving round the High Street of T——, resting a moment on the old-fashioned inn, with its sign swaying in the evening breeze.

"I've put up at the New Hotel," Waring said, as Ned did not speak; "and I wish I hadn't. The Dragon's Head looks much more homelike."

"Yes," Ned assented: "it is a capital place. We are staying in it,"

"*We?*" Waring questioned. "Why, Ned, are you married?"

"No. I wish I were—I mean I wish I

were in T—— on any business except the present," Ned tried to explain. "You haven't heard of the Evelyn murder?"

"Haven't looked at a newspaper since my return," answered Waring.

The thin drizzle of rain which had been falling changed to a sharp shower. Ned moved toward the Dragon's Head, but hesitated suddenly.

"My aunt, Mrs. Tremayne, has just lain down in the sitting-room, and the house is chock-full," he remarked.

"Come along, then, to my quarters," Waring said.

The rain was now coming down heavily, and Ned obeyed with readiness. They crossed the grass-grown square and turned into a more modern part of the town.

"The old church is fine. Dates from Romanish times, doesn't it?"

Ned nodded a mechanical assent.

"I never knew this part of the country was so beautiful. Do you know the old Castle of Penluce, Ned?"

"I have reason to," Ned said, bitterly. "Only for that same in—unfortunate show-place Harold Tremayne, the best fellow in the kingdom, wouldn't have stood in the dock to-day."

"Harold Tremayne! He is a cousin of yours, isn't he? I think I met him once."

"Yes, he is my cousin. You see, this is the way—but I had better wait till we get to your hotel."

A few steps brought them to the doors of the bran new building some sanguine and enterprising company had erected in T—— a few years before. There was an unusual air of bustle about the place; and, as they entered, an excited group were noisily discussing some subject of evident interest. Waring wondered at the ferocious glance Ned bestowed on one of the speakers whose words he had caught.

"I'd like to throttle that fool!" Ned muttered, as they ascended the stairs.

"Why?" Waring asked.

"Because—oh, never mind! You'll know presently," Ned answered, as he seated himself in his friend's room. He paused a moment. "I'm not very intelligible as a rule, but I'll try to be so."

Waring smiled, recollecting their school-days; and Ned began:

"Well, Harold Tremayne's grandmother married twice. Her second husband was a wealthy stockbroker, who was able to leave his only child an enormous fortune. That child, John Evelyn, never married. He was kindly disposed toward his half-brother; and when the latter married my aunt he was quite as often at Tremayne Hall as at his own place, Evelyn Wood. Gerald Tremayne, Harold's father, was, as all the Tremaynes have been, absurdly extravagant; so that when he died his wife found his affairs in a sadly muddled condition."

"Did the half-brother Evelyn not help them?" Waring inquired, as Ned paused.

"Yes, he did. Tremayne Hall was let by his advice. Harold was sent to school; while Mrs. Tremayne returned to her father's house, where it chanced she was very welcome, owing to her mother's illness. Harold passed from Eton to Oxford; and when his college course was completed, Mr. Evelyn insisted that he should take up his abode with him. He announced that Harold should be his heir, and I believe he always treated him as such. I never heard or guessed of any disagreement between the pair, and I was a frequent visitor at Evelyn Wood."

"Well?" Waring inquired, lazily. To be candid, he was not deeply interested by Ned's tale so far.

"It seems Evelyn had set his heart on a marriage between his nephew and a certain Miss Evelyn, a far-away relative of his. Harold was in no hurry to settle down, and said so; but his uncle was determined on the matter. He had a hasty temper, and when Harold distinctly refused to obey him, he swore he would

make a new will next day; and some hot, irresponsible words passed between the pair, according to the servants' testimony. Harold left the house after the quarrel, and did not return till nightfall. When he did return Mr. Evelyn was dead—murdered."

"Murdered!" Waring exclaimed.

"Yes, murdered—shot through the heart. He had been sitting in the library of the house; the windows of the room opened on the lawn, and the murderer, no doubt, entered through them."

"Did no one hear the report?" Waring asked.

"Yes, but no importance was attached to it. Harold often spent hours in rifle practice: he was a crack shot. When the old man was discovered he had been dead some time. Suspicion at once fastened on Harold. Various things—the bullet fitted a pistol found in his possession among other things—were damaging to him. Worst of all, he couldn't get any one to corroborate his statement that he was at Penluce Castle, five miles off, at the time, or about the time, the murder took place."

"And you think him innocent?"

"*Think!*" There was infinite scorn in the voice. "Man, I *know* he's innocent—innocent as you are. We have hunted high and low, advertised in all the papers for the one individual who could clear him of the charge brought against him; but all in vain. The gentleman he met at Penluce Castle must have died or emigrated."

"Then he met some one there?"

"Yes, and they talked together for some time. Harold fancied he was a clergyman. When the gentleman left, Harold sat down to smoke a cigar, and finally fell asleep. He was in a hurry to reach home when he woke, and he took an unfrequented byway instead of the usual route—worse luck."

"Of course there has been no lack of proper investigation—" Waring began.

"No, no!" Ned interrupted: "there has not. Some of the best men of the bar, too, have been retained for the defence. I should have told you that the idiots who composed the coroner's jury returned Harold for trial; and now Fred Longwood even—you know of Fred Longwood, don't you?—has only a faint hope, and that based on the power of his own oratory, that he may be able to split the jury."

"Is the trial going on?" Waring asked. Ned's intense interest in Harold Tremayne, and his complete belief in his friend's innocence, had roused Waring's interest in the case.

"Yes. Longwood addresses the jury to-morrow. He calls no witnesses; for he is bent on having the last word with them. It is enough to break the heart of Harold's mother."

"Ah, poor lady!"

"She has hope of his aquittal though owing to an old prophecy connected with the family. It would be impossible to make you understand the firm belief she has in 'Father Leighton's prophecy.'"

"Who was he?" Waring asked.

"A Jesuit priest of Elizabeth's reign," Ned replied, promptly. "Aunt Letty has repeated the legend, or story, so often that I almost know it in her words. Father Leighton and young Harold Tremanye were comrades in their boyhood days, though the latter's father had received his share of the church lands from Henry VIII. But one went to the English court and one to the Jesuit novitiate at Verdun, in France; and they met no more till they met on a scaffold erected in Leominster. There Father Leighton, a wounded, worn figure, and Harold Tremayne, commanding a troop of her Grace's horse, recognized each other. Tremayne, in the stir and confusion the execution of a 'Massing priest' excited, undid his old companion's bonds; and by his aid Father Leighton escaped the fate awaiting him. He died later of a fever

contracted while visiting some Catholics who were under sentence of death in a London prison. Just before his death he sent the following lines, by special messenger, to Tremayne:

> 'From dungeon dark, from deep disgrace,
> From peril by land and sea,
> A Massing priest to Tremayne's race
> Shall still a guardian be.'

In that verse lies Mrs. Tremayne's hope."

Waring smiled cynically, and Ned exclaimed:

"I know—I know what you would say! I said the same myself. But facts are facts, and Harold's father was saved from drowning by a Roman Catholic priest. Harold, too, was rescued from a perilous position in infancy by a priest. His nurse and he were travelling together, and at some junction or other the child managed to get on the lines just as an express was due. A Dominican friar was barely able to drag him off the line in time. There are hosts of like traditional incidents."

"Mere coincidences," said Waring.

"Perhaps so. At any rate, Aunt Letty believes in that old promise, or prophecy."

"So much the better for the present. Are you off, Ned?" as the other rose.

"Yes, I must return," Ned answered.

He lifted a heavy volume from a table idly; as he turned over its pages it slipped from his grasp and fell to the floor.

"How handy I am!" he said, stooping to pick up the book.

Ned looked with astonished gaze at a sheet of paper that had fallen from it so long that Waring said:

"What interests you so much?"

His friend replied by a whoop that would have done credit to a red Indian; then he began to caper about wildly. Suddenly he stopped.

"I forgot—there's no time to be lost. I must take this"—waving the sheet of paper—"to Longwood at once. It is a sketch of Penluce Castle taken on the day of old Evelyn's murder." Ned was half-way to the door as he spoke.

"Wait—wait a minute, Ned!" Waring exclaimed. "Let us see to whom this book belongs. That sketch may have been taken at a different hour of the day—"

"Do you see the sun sinking westward?" (Ned pointed to the paper.) "There were few tourists about that day, we have already learned. Whoever drew this is the man we want, I'll swear."

"Don't rush so fast," remarked Waring, who had taken possession of the book. "There's no name on it that—but yes, there is—Stanbridge Abbey. That's the name of a house, I presume. Call up the landlord. Probably he'll know something of the book. Newman's 'Sermons' it is."

The landlord came, and was willing to tell the little he knew. A party of tourists found the book on the road leading to the Castle, and had left it with him. He had only looked at its title.

"It may lead to nothing," Waring said, as the landlord finished. But Ned would not listen.

"Longwood is here. Come on, George. Let us hear what he has to say."

The two young men sought the rooms of the famous counsel. He was hopeful enough to satisfy Ned.

"Stanbridge Abbey belongs to the Jesuits. I have no doubt but we'll find out the owner of the book, and I hope he may be the person we have been seeking."

"I'm quite certain he will be—quite," Ned insisted. "You'll see the priest's prophecy come in true, George."

Mr. Longwood had evidently heard of the prophecy, for he smiled.

"Oh, 'tis all very good to laugh!" Ned added; "but you'll find Mrs. Tremayne's faith justified."

So it was. There was a time of anxious waiting next day till the messenger Mr. Longwood had at once dispatched to Stanbridge Abbey returned accompanied by a young priest.

Father Drayton gave his evidence clearly and plainly. He had been giving a retreat to a community of nuns some miles distant from Penluce Castle. On the evening before the day of his return to the house of his Order he visited the ruins, and there met the prisoner. They had talked together for a time, but he had not mentioned that he was a priest. Likely Mr. Tremayne would not imagine him to be such. He wore a silk handkerchief round his neck, as his throat was delicate; and his coat was buttoned, he believed. He had never heard of the murder. On his testimony Harold was at once discharged.

The real murderer confessed his crime two years later. He knew Mr. Evelyn kept a large sum of money in a desk in his library, and it was for the purpose of stealing it he entered the house. He had not expected to find the gentleman in the library, and in his excitement he fired the fatal shot.

Father Drayton became very intimate with the Tremaynes, as was natural. Both mother and son are now Catholics; and when George Waring relates this story, as he frequently does to a group of Indian officials, he ends:

"Ned Townley followed their example, to be sure; and, really, it seems to have been the best thing he ever did for himself. I have been reading up something of the work that went on in the so-called Reformation days, and I find my former ideas were wrong in many ways. I shouldn't wonder if I end by becoming a Catholic myself."

And, since two or three persons in England pray fervently for his conversion, perhaps he may. God grant it!

SIMPLE emotion will not suffice to elevate character or improve life. There must be power of self-denial, strength of will, persevering effort.

The Dead Scholar.

HE loved all sweet and simple things—
The murmur of the honey-bees,
The silver shimmer of the trees;
The swelling bud, the growing vines,
The *Miserere* of the pines;
The spots upon a swallow's wings,
The song the golden robin sings;
The laughter of a happy child,
A hymn to Mary Undefiled;
The peace a kindly action brings.

Where many a golden robin sings
The gentle scholar lies, and we
Think of the friend we can not see;
And, kneeling on the daisied grass,
We breathe an *Ave* as we pass.
We feel that it is well with him,
Whose faith in life was never dim.
We know that he remembers yet—
For one can never quite forget
Who loves all sweet and simple things.

The Wonder-Worker of Padua.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XIX.—ANTHONY IN PADUA.

ANTHONY had long been a wanderer. From Portugal he travelled into Spain, Morocco, Sicily. He journeyed from Messina to Assisi; from Assisi to Monte Paolo, Toulouse, Puy-en-Velay, Limoges, Rome, Rimini, Venice, Ferrara, Mantua, and elsewhere. But of all the cities he visited and of all the peoples he ministered unto, his name was destined to become associated with Padua and the Paduans.

The Padua of to-day is not the Padua of old: it is naturally more or less modernized; yet, happily, a delightful flavor of antiquity still abides there, and is perceptible in all her nooks and corners. When I first visited Padua I was a pilgrim and a stranger. One may be ever a pilgrim in that hallowed land, but never twice a stranger. Alighting at the station,

I wandered through the streets, suffering myself to be piloted—by my Good Angel it may have been—till I came to the inn with the sign of the Three White Crosses, and I abode there. The fifty thousand people of Padua left me to myself, and I went my way as if I were invisible to any. This shrine seems to be the least commercial of them all, and yet it is one of the most famous and the most popular.

How soon one does Padua as a tourist: devouring it, as it were; *bolting* it as the hungry sight-seer *bolts* everything visible! Of course there is a memory and an indigestion after all is over, and the fagged tourist packs himself home and sits down to think. One does it in a day—so much of Padua as is in the guide-book. There is a memory of lovely churches and the tombs of saints, and old walls covered with very ancient frescoes and other works of art,—here Giotto was in his glory. And there is a memory of hosts of college boys wandering to and fro with their arms upon one another's shoulders. A world-famous University, that has been flourishing half a thousand years is located here.

Somehow, one can not help thinking of Enrico and his Italian "School-Boy's Journal"—that most charming of the works of De Amicis—when one falls in with these Paduan students, with their troubadour faces and airs and graces—albeit they are not half so interesting as little Enrico. Oh, the power, the beauty, the fervor and the pathos of that book—"Cuore," by Edmondo de Amicis! Read it, if you have not read it; there you will see the heart of Young Italy laid bare.

The great circular piazza of the city is wreathed with a double row of statues, commemorating in enduring marble the famous—or perhaps in some cases the infamous—graduates of the memorable University.

In Anthony's day Padua was a very different town. Now it languishes in its comfortable age; then it was the abode of luxury, the haunt of vice. Debauchery and usury flourished; family feuds were rife, and God was forgotten. At Rimini, Bourges, Toulouse, Anthony had warred against heresy; at Padua it was the sensuous and sensual and dissolute life of the people he was called upon to reform. Fearlessly he struck at the root of the evil; face to face he attacked the depravity of those high in office; hand to hand he wrestled with every obstacle that was raised before him, and overthrew them each and all. He was gentle, but firm; and his manner was so majestic, his argument so convincing, his voice so persuasive, and his denunciation so terrible, that no one could long withstand him.

He put an end to the most painful family contentions, and to the scandalous quarrels of political factions. Guelph and Ghibelline were reconciled; those who had been long estranged fell upon one another's necks and exchanged the kiss of peace. Those who seemed unapproachable were approached by him; those who were deaf to all others gave him an attentive ear.

Sixty-four years after his conversion by St. Anthony, a once notorious brigand gave to the Friars Minor the following remarkable narrative of his personal experience:

"I was a brigand by profession and one of a band of robbers. There were twelve of us living in the forest, whence we issued to waylay travellers and commit every kind of depredation. The reputation of Anthony, his preaching and his miraculous deeds, penetrated even to our ears in the depths of the forest. Rumor compared him to the Prophet Elias. It was said his words were so ardent and efficacious as to resemble the spark that falling into the sheaves of corn sets them aflame and consumes them.

"We resolved to disperse ourselves one day amongst the crowd in order to test the truth of these assertions. While he spoke another voice seemed to resound

in our ears — the voice of remorse. After the sermon all the twelve of us, contrite and repentant, threw ourselves at his feet. He called down upon us the divine pardon, but not without warning us that if we unfortunately relapsed into our old ways we should perish miserably. This prediction was verified. A few did relapse, and ended their days on the gallows. Those who persevered fell asleep in the peace of the Lord.

"As for myself, St. Anthony imposed upon me the penance of making a pilgrimage twelve times to the tomb of the Apostles. To-day I have completed my twelfth visit; and I feel confident that, according to his promise and through his merits, I shall meet him above." The chronicle adds: "Tears and sobs interrupted the old man's last words."

Anthony is the glory of Padua, and gloriously has Padua enshrined him. In all her strange, eventful history there is no name that shines like his. He was one of the two who did more for the enlightenment, the humanizing and the harmonizing of the hordes of the Middle Ages than all the rest besides.

Frédéric Morin, in his "St. François et les Franciscains," says: "Modern Europe has no idea of all it owes to St. Francis of Assisi." Montalembert has proved by indisputable facts that "the victory of Christianity over neo-paganism in the Middle Ages was chiefly due to the gallant efforts of the two new religious bodies that sprang up in the thirteenth century."

In the introduction of his life of "St. Elizabeth of Hungary" Montalembert says: "The children of St. Dominic and St. Francis spread themselves over Italy (then torn by so many disorders), striving to reconcile rival factions, to vindicate truth and confute error; acting as supreme arbitrators, yet judging all things in a spirit of charity. In 1233 they could be seen traversing the peninsula, armed with crosses, incense, and olive branches; upbraiding the cities and princes with their crimes and enmities; and the people, for a time at least, bowed before this sublime mediation." Cesare Cantu, in his "Histoire Universelle," adds: "At the head of the peacemakers we must place St. Francis of Assisi and his disciple, St. Anthony of Padua."

Anthony preached peace and he restored it. His constant cry was: "No more war; no more hatred and bloodshed, but peace! *God wills it!*" And there was peace. He was not quite alone in his noble efforts toward the reconciliation of all mankind: the parish clergy, the sons of St. Benedict and St. Dominic, as well as the sons of St. Francis, rallied at his call and mustered under his generalship. It was a holy war and a triumphant one. Among these soldiers of the Cross was one Luke Belludi, a preacher of eloquence and power, who received the habit from St. Francis himself, and who was one of Anthony's most devoted followers. His ashes lie buried by the side of those of the Saint he loved, in that wonderful shrine in Padua.

He had his willing workers there in Padua and elsewhere, but the burden fell upon the shoulders of Anthony. And what a burden of responsibility, of patient endurance, of calm judgment and wise and deliberate action it was! Yet all the while he was devoted to his mission: day and night he was in the pulpit or the confessional, or by the bedside of the sick and dying; and none of the thousand cares of the sacred ministry was neglected by him. Ever forgetful of self, it is said that often and often he would toil until evening with no other nourishment, and no thought of other nourishment, than the Blessed Bread he had received from the altar at dawn. And all this was for the love of his people, for the honor of Padua, and the greater glory of God.

(To be continued.)

A Favor of Our Queen.

THE following account of the conversion of an Italian Freemason, which was contributed to the "Annals of the Congregation of the Mission," by the Father Superior of the mission at Chieri, Province of Turin, was written and signed by the convert's own hand. He publishes it for the greater glory of God, and to honor the Virgin Mother of Christ, to whose mediation he attributes his conversion; relying upon her maternal protection to obtain for him the grace of final perseverance. A friend who is intimately acquainted with this young man, and who feels deeply interested in his welfare, testifies that God still maintains him in his good dispositions. Now a weekly communicant, he has broken off entirely from his evil associations, and humbly asks the prayers of all who may read this narrative for perseverance in the path of virtue. The marvels of Divine Mercy wrought through the instrumentality of the Miraculous Medal seem to have increased since the Church proclaimed its supernatural origin. The conversion of this Freemason is not the least remarkable of recent manifestations of the power of the Queen of Heaven.

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On an ill-fated evening in the month of April, 1892, I joined the Masonic lodge of Pietro Micca, situated to the east of Turin. I was then in my twenty-second year, pursuing the course of *belles-lettres* in the Royal University. Although my shortcomings were not a few, my past life had not been wicked, and in my heart I still preserved the treasure of my faith. I had not even discarded all religious practices. Despite my failings and defects, I still gloried in the name of Christian. But from that fatal night deplorable was my downfall. The past was now overcast with deepest gloom. Yielding to the allurements of vice, I strayed far from the paths of rectitude, even of ordinary propriety, as if I strove to annihilate within me every vestige of Christian refinement and virtue. No longer could my dulled eyes discern the serene light of truth: faith had vanished.

For many years the priest of God had been my scholastic instructor. Two members of my family—a brother and a sister—had entered religious communities, and for a time I also was under vows; but no sooner had I breathed the pernicious atmosphere of the lodge than an indescribable aversion, a deadly hatred of priests and religious possessed me to such a degree that the casual meeting with one not only exasperated me, but even provoked me to utter blasphemies. Thus, with lamentable indifference, did I heap up impieties, following only the bent of my corrupt heart, whilst by gross calumnies I blushed not to dishonor the Church and religion. I went so far as to strive, by evil discourse and through the medium of books, to sully the innocence and purity of youth, and to cloud the minds of others with doubt. Indefatigable was I in my efforts to propagate the infernal sect. Such was my life from the year 1892 until December of 1894.

This impious and disorderly career plunged my soul into deep melancholy. My health was ruined; while my sad heart found itself immersed, as it were, in an abyss of shame and degradation. Never did any soothing thought occur to relieve my wretched mind, and all the fine promises made at my alliance with the sect resulted only in bitter disappointment. A miserable victim I was. Unable to banish remorse, deprived of the lights and consolations of faith, I finally resolved to end my tortures. Suicide appeared to me the sole remedy for the morbid gloom that weighed upon my soul; for several days had I brooded over my project, and had already mentioned it to one of my

friends, when suddenly an unforeseen incident diverted me from my criminal resolution.

A troupe of actors, then very celebrated in Turin, proposed to enact a sacrilegious drama in the most capacious theatre of the city. Scarcely had the announcement been made when the citizens formed themselves into two parties. The clergy, with all true Catholics, loudly inveighed against the outrage. It was odious, they declared, that in this city of the Blessed Sacrament so grievous an insult should be offered to our Lord Jesus Christ. The Liberals, as they termed themselves—the Freemasons and their adepts,—by noisy demonstrations urged the presentation of the drama. The hot contest sustained by reckless young men to achieve a triumph for the Masonic opposition against those whom they styled Clericals, for the time being absorbed my attention; and my desperate project was postponed.

Meanwhile the sacrilegious representation took place, amid the acclamations of a band of Freemasons and the regrets of the pious Catholics of Turin. During this inauspicious night the latter had assembled, in a penitential spirit, in St. Teresa's Church, to adore our Divine Saviour and offer Him reparation. The drama over, I was foremost among those who, with curses and blasphemies upon their lips, stationed themselves in front of the church.

Soon my rage was subdued. In the depths of my soul I seemed to hear a voice which thus reproached me: "Behold in this church all that Turin can boast as grand, noble and intellectual; and thou wretch, dost thou curse and blaspheme? Those whom thou revilest thus are thy own kinsfolk—venerable old age, and tender youth still adorned with innocence and purity. How sad a contrast art thou!" Breaking away from that horde of blasphemers, I fled as if a sharp arrow had pierced my heart of hearts, whilst the ceaseless echo of these reproachful words sounded in my ears.

Two weeks had glided by. It was the morning of December 24. A Sister of Charity pressed me to accept a medal of the Immaculate Virgin, or Miraculous Medal. Imagine such a thing! To receive a medal from the hands of a religious woman! Never, never! When I visited my own sister, a member of the Daughters of Mary, urged by the affection she bore me and the compassion inspired by my condition, she gave me salutary advice. But I hardened my heart; and, once out of sight, I contemptuously cast away the object of piety she had forced upon me. I still persisted in refusing to accept the little medal, but the worthy daughter of St. Vincent was not disheartened. Her persevering charity again sought me out. She had been informed of my distressing situation by a person of distinction, to whom, in a moment of keen anguish, I had opened my heart for encouragement and counsel. She sought me out, that my spiritual blindness might be dispelled by the light of divine grace. She had left nothing undone.

In the daily rounds of her occupations, this Sister met religious of divers Orders; she recommended me to the charity of all. I learned afterward that from several religious communities supplications for my conversion had been addressed to the Refuge of Sinners. As for me, I persisted in my obduracy. A violent struggle, fraught with intense anxiety, was going on within me. No longer was I my single self. There were in my interior two men, whose sentiments and passions were in direct opposition. The one, weary and disgusted, desired to amend; the other, still enthralled in a vile slavishness, had always on his lips the cynic's smile and in his heart the corruption of sin. The ceaseless entreaties of the one were met by the refusals of the other; until finally, overcome by so much faith and piety, and

conquered by so great charity, yielding, I at length accepted the little medal. I examined it closely and dropped it carelessly into my pocket.

But that which I determined not to do Mary accomplished. She it was that softened my obduracy, moved by the supplications of so many religious communities; she it was that, touching my corrupt heart, caused it to dissolve in tears. Oh, the struggle of that day! Oh, the floods of tears! Oh, the anxious wavering of my heart! The Immaculate Mother of the Divine Shepherd, whose image is graven upon the little medal given by the Sister of Charity, was knocking at the door of my irresolute heart. She wished to raise me up from the depths of my misery; she desired to adopt me as her prodigal child.

Five days of interior anguish, of excruciating torture, were yet in store for me. I was more deserving of pity than the sufferer who, extended upon the operating table, awaits the moment when the surgeon's knife must cut into the quivering flesh. Still did I lack courage to form a practical resolution. On Christmas night the devil held still the upper hand; for I passed those hours reading an immoral romance to divert my thoughts. But divine grace was to triumph.

Soon afterward I laid at the feet of God's minister the burden of my crimes. This I did with childlike candor, yet with the stern resolve of vigorous manhood; and besought deliverance from the bonds of excommunication, that I might begin a new and better life. All beautiful and fair, as I gaze upon her image, the Immaculate Virgin seems, like a gentle zephyr, to breathe into my soul her pure influence. She it is who has saved me, who has deigned to become my mother, my guide, my hope. And now a second time I am performing the spiritual exercises, that, through the intercession of His Immaculate Mother, God may make known to me His will in regard to my future; so that, having given me understanding, I may know His testimonies, fulfil them with unwavering constancy, and that henceforth naught save justice and virtue may have power to move my heart.

"I will teach the unjust Thy ways, and the wicked shall be converted to Thee."

Talks on Social Topics.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THE STATE OF THE DRAMA.

A WOMAN of mature age and considerable experience was lamenting the other day the degeneration of the drama. "O auntie!" exclaimed a hopeful of sixteen, "you're a dear old girl, but you're a dreadful back number." When the lad was informed that his relative based her opinion upon the published statement of an eminent American actor, his favorite histrionic hero, he was disposed to modify his assertion.

Denunciation of what is pernicious in the stage-plays of the present time is, without doubt, trite and tiresome; but even the Ten Commandments are sometimes called commonplace by those who possess the highly-spiced intellectual calibre of this end of the century. When things have come to such a pass that no pure-minded man or woman dares to go to the theatre without searching inquiry into the character and presentation of the play offered, it is high time for a revival of the commonplace—if to be commonplace is to be clean of heart and to have some regard for the decencies.

The state of the drama does not improve. Never was there a time when vice was so openly portrayed upon the stage. The dissecting-room has been robbed of its horrors that they may be paraded before the foot-lights. Playwrights hunt through

the unclean receiving vaults of their imagination for ideas and suggestions sufficiently foul to be acceptable to managers and audiences. During the last season no less than seven Broadway theatres were at one time occupied with plays in which the leading characters were holding the mirror up to vice; and a favorite foreign actress visited these hospitable shores with no heroine in her *répertoire* whom a respectable person would invite to a family dinner.

The skeleton we call the social evil is made to stalk forth from its closet and parade to the orchestra's best music. Hereditary immorality is the chosen theme of many plays which the masses flock to hear. "Mrs. Somebody's Past" (and present), "The Notorious Mrs. Blank,"—these are samples of the names of the epigrammatic melodramas which cover iniquity with a veil of fine words and hide their import behind a Paris gown.

The managers are not always to blame. Their object is not to entertain; neither is it to corrupt public morals. They simply wish to pay good dividends upon investments. So long as the play-goers are willing to make over their dollars in return for a reprehensible exhibition, they will be accommodated. The remedy lies with those who desire to be entertained. If, instead of railing at the dramatic art, and absenting themselves entirely from places of amusement, people of unquestionable tastes would rally to the support of actors whose lives and *répertoires* can bear inspection, those who cater to popular demand would not hesitate a moment to sweep their leaves the way the wind was blowing.

OUR work is what we are. To do one thing and to be another is impossible. If we would teach men to serve God, we must do His will; if we would bring souls to contrition, we must live in penance.—*St. Charles.*

Notes and Remarks.

Of course if Prof. Mivart's claims for evolution in religious doctrine are to be accepted, there must be a scientific explanation for schism and heresy as well. The explanation is thus set forth by the distinguished *savant* himself: "Little, indeed, did these men [the apostles of evolution] dream of the part really assigned to them by God in the great cosmic process; and that, while good servants of physical science, they were none the less blind tools destined to aid in the triumph of Catholicity by showing to men, not blinded by prejudice, the essential difference which distinguishes pathological changes and increasing degradation from healthy and progressive evolution; the canons for distinguishing which were long ago laid down by Cardinal Newman. The so-called Orthodox Church of the East may be compared to a chrysalis struck by a paralysis, which hinders it from attaining the Imago (or fully developed) state, and keeps it unchanging—like a fossil. The various heretical communities may be likened to species which have undergone a retrogressive metamorphosis (as is the case with various crustacean species), the lowest of which drag on a debased life—*sans* eyes, *sans* ears, *sans* limbs—*sans* everything."

Having done its utmost to eliminate the idea of God from the public schools, the secular press now addresses itself with heroic impartiality to the task of expelling the devil too. A teacher in one of the New York schools told his pupils that if they were naughty "the devil would catch them." A few days later a precocious youngster raised a tremendous row among the other children by declaring he had seen the devil in the school-room. The motive of the young spiritualist may easily be inferred; for the little ones ran home in a panic, and there was no more school that day. Comically enough, the great dailies are now convinced that children should not be told about the devil; and the freethinkers go a step farther. The *Truth-Seeker* suggests that "the remedy for devil-

scares and other forms of religious hysteria is free thought and secular schools"; while the *Popular Science Monthly* makes this characteristic remark: "No effort should be spared in the public schools to put all the thoughts of the children on a natural and rational basis, and thus secure to them immunity against harmful and degrading superstitions."

What the public schools need is not less "devil-scare," but more. Our judges and criminologists are fast becoming convinced of this truth; for one of the commonest pleas for leniency toward convicted malefactors nowadays is that "their early religious training was neglected." Still the observant student traces in this ridiculous outcry the logical result of "liberal" Protestantism. If there is no hell, why should there be any devil?

It will be remembered that Prince Max, of Saxony, relinquished all hope of ascending his ancestral throne by entering the seminary to prepare for the priesthood. He has been duly ordained, and now completes his sacrifice by leaving his own country to care for German immigrants in London. During his stay at the seminary Prince Max would permit no mitigation of the common rule in his behalf. He cheerfully performed the daily duties exacted from him, read aloud in his turn during the meals, was docile in the class-room, and sedulously cultivated the faculty of preaching. Needless to say, he soon became a great favorite with pupils and teachers, to whom his departure after ordination was a genuine grief. We may hope that his noble example may bear fruit in Saxony, where the Prince is so well known. It surely can not be doubted that his work in London—for which he prepared with such edifying fidelity—will be abundantly blessed by the Shepherd of souls.

"The poor man's Bishop" was the title earned by the late Bishop Duggan, of Clonfert, Ireland. His "palace" was a modest, one-story cottage, and his daily life was as plain as it was laborious. His sympathies, as might be expected, were all with the unfortunate and the oppressed, and his purse was ever open to assist the needy. Once, when the Bishop was called to Dublin for some ecclesiastical function, he was approached in the street by an old woman, who begged an alms. Dr. Duggan gave her a coin, and had resumed his walk, when a thought seemed to strike him. "Wait here for a moment, my child," said he; and, hastening back to his hotel, he returned with a basket of sandwiches which had been prepared for his own journey, but which he had forgotten until the old woman's need recalled them. No monk could have practised personal poverty more rigidly than this holy prelate, who often expressed a wish to die in a Dublin hospital—a wish that was strangely fulfilled. He was a prominent and indefatigable laborer in the Irish cause; an exemplary Bishop, who won in a remarkable degree the respect and affection of all classes of people. May he rest in peace!

A learned professor of the University of Chicago, "preaching" recently in a "church" of the Western metropolis, said, among other equally wise things, that the religion of Mexico is the merest paganism, sicklied over with a pale cast of Catholicism. The Chicago University is a Baptist institution, and it is well known that the Mexicans do not take kindly to the tenets of the Baptist persuasion. Against the statement of this learned professor we may place the testimony of Mr. F. R. Guernsey, a well-known non-Catholic journalist, who is sojourning now in Mexico, keeping his eyes open and his brain active behind them. Writing to the *Boston Herald*, Mr. Guernsey says: "When I see all about me the evidence of comfort and thrift, and go into the well-ordered and plentifully supplied homes of my Mexican friends, it fills me with a mild sort of wrath that half-baked editors and mendacious politicians should speak of degraded Mexico." Of the clergy he writes:

> A non-Catholic looking on can not but admire the Christian zeal of the best of the clergy, who lead ascetic lives, are really poor, dependent on the aid of wealthy people of their faith, and are animated by a sincere desire to minister to the spiritual welfare of the masses. I know priests

who have gone into the most savage parts of the country as full of zeal as the early Franciscans; and others who live among the poorest populations of cities, sharing the same humble fare as their flocks. No nobler body of men can anywhere be found than the Passionist Fathers, now laboring in one of the suburban cities among the most degraded poor.

Mr. Guernsey notes, as the chief characteristic of the day in Mexico, the revival of Catholicism, which he describes with convincing minuteness. He is of opinion that men have no more virtue in Mexico than they have in the United States, but he stoutly maintains that the women have. As a result of this womanly excellence, the home life of the people is ideal. "Home, in all the meaning of that word Mexicans have; and they owe it to women brought up in the ancient Church,—models of piety and kindness, examples of wifely and motherly qualities, uncomplaining, and having the unstinted reverence of their husbands and sons." All of which we commend to the learned Chicago professor.

The good folk of the Scottish kirk have ever had a sharp eye for heresy, and of recent years many a young "meenister," fresh from the university, has had his wings and his salary clipped for offences against orthodoxy. But there is a batch of divinity students at Aberdeen that are sure to make trouble in the kirk some day. They refuse to listen to the lectures of Prof. Johnston because he is too orthodox and ignores the "Higher Criticism," while the students look with contempt on any argument that supports the old-fashioned view. Moreover, they shuffle their feet in protest when he attempts to open the lecture with prayer. The faculty explain the insubordination by stating that "the majority of the students attending the university for divinity are unprincipled and ungodly." This surely is a hopeless outlook for the future of Scottish orthodoxy.

It was an ancestor of the Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy, whose beatification was recently pronounced in Rome, that built the celebrated Blarney Castle. The holy Irish Bishop himself was for many years an exile from his native land. Driven from his See by an impostor who claimed to be the true Bishop, he was afterward triumphantly vindicated in Rome. Having set out on foot for his own country, wearing none of the insignia of his high office, he approached a hospice at Ivrea, near Turin, Italy, and asked for shelter. But the holy man was worn out with fatigue and austerities, and died with evident marks of heroic sanctity. On opening the pilgrim's baggage, the monks discovered his pectoral cross and learned his name. The Bishop of the place, happily, ordered the precious remains of Blessed Thaddeus to be interred under the high altar of the cathedral at Ivrea, and thus his relics have been preserved. Three of the Irish Bishops will attend the religious *fêtes* soon to be celebrated near Turin in honor of his beatification.

Russia, whose calendar is twelve days behind ours, proposes to change to the Gregorian Calendar after the beginning of the new century. The authorities have not yet decided whether to jump over the thirteen days at once, or to accomplish their object gradually by omitting the first twelve leap-years of the century. It would then require forty-eight years to bring about the change.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Charles Leat, whose happy death took place on the 19th ult., at Topeka, Kansas.

Mr. John Devanny, of Pittsfield, Mass., who lately departed this life.

Mr. Daniel Maher, whose life closed peacefully on the 22d ult., at Columbia, S. C.

Mrs. Hannah Lyons, of Kingston, N. Y., who passed away on the Feast of the Assumption.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ackerman, who yielded her soul to God on the 31st ult., at South Bend, Ind.

Mr. Louis Kremp, of Reading, Pa.; Mr. P. Featherstone, What Cheer, Iowa; Mr. Thomas F. Meagher, Meriden, Conn.; Mr. James Clancey, Chicago, Ill.; also Mr. and Mrs. Rheinhard Hofstetter.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Mollie's Ambitious Journey.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

YES, Judy dear, you shall go too. My mamma—that's your grandmother, you know,—my mamma said to me, 'Be a good child and stay at home'; but I say 'Be a good child and you shall go.'"

Judy, a rather rigid-looking doll, stood in the corner where she had been placed, leaning back against the wall, and looking up at the little personage whom she had been taught to call "Mamma." For Judy, although she did not look it, was very clever,—she could actually talk. In fact, she was a phonograph doll, and could not only say "Mamma" and "Good-morning," but could speak a piece of poetry in a *teenty*, wheezy voice.

She had come from a wonderful fairy-land of a toy-store in New York, as a present for Mollie; and upon her arrival all the little girls and all the dolls of the neighborhood were invited, and came to a tea-party at Mollie's house to hear this wonderful New York doll recite "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." It is needless to say that on this occasion Judy acquitted herself very well and received many encores.

At that time she presented a very elegant appearance. She wore a pink silk frock, and had cheeks as rosy as Mollie's, and light curly hair. Although so clever as well as beautiful, she was destined to share the fate of her companions. She was taken such good care of that her face grew pale from frequent washing, and the pink silk frock was not improved by her frequent attendance upon Mollie in the manufacture of mud pies and similar delicacies.

As Judy was no common doll, however, her mamma was determined that she should have advantages.

"Yes, my dear," continued that wee lady on this particular morning in the summer of 1893, when Judy stood staring up at her; "everybody is going to the World's Fair, and we may as well go too. I'll begin to pack right away."

Mollie looked like a very trim and cunning little woman as she went to and fro gathering up her belongings. The day being warm, her golden curls were pinned up in a knot at the back of her head; and as her skirts reached nearly to her feet, according to the present fashion for small girls, she looked quite matronly.

Drawing her toy trunk into the middle of the room, she proceeded to pile into it everything at hand. A calico apron she was making for Judy, portions of the wardrobe of other members of her doll family, an odd stocking and a handkerchief of her own, half a cookie and a piece of molasses candy. With difficulty the lid of the trunk was pressed down and the tiny key turned in the lock. Then Mistress Mollie devoted herself to making Judy "fit to be seen," as she said.

The doll's face was carefully washed once more, and its tangled wig combed out with many a twitch and tug, which would certainly seem to call for the exer-

cise of heroic patience on the part of the victim. After this, having been arrayed in a rakish-looking hat adorned with a chicken's feather, and a piece of curtain lace for a shawl, Judy was declared to be ready.

Next Mollie, being a prudent small person, hunted up her money. A penny was shaken out of the tin stove upon which she did so much cooking. She was sure she had another cent, and finally recollected having put it in the trunk. "I remember," she said, "'cause it stuck to the 'lasses candy." Having one already, however, she concluded not to unpack in order to get it; for how many things a penny will buy! Surely it ought to be enough to pay all travelling expenses, she thought.

"It is so hot," continued Mollie, "I won't need to take anything more for myself 'cept my hat and my sunshade." The latter was a gay little red cotton affair, in which the little girl took much satisfaction.

"If I was to die and go to heaven, of course I'd take my sunshade," she had once said. 'Cause if the angels 'vited me to go out walking, what should I do without it?"

Having concluded her preparations, she gravely knelt down to say her prayers, as she had seen her mother do before setting out on a journey. The dear mother had gone to drive, and nobody noticed the little figure that slipped out by the garden gate that morning and started off down the road, dragging by a string a miniature trunk, and carrying a doll, and a cute parasol that bobbed up and down over her head like a bright red dahlia.

It was a long walk to the railway station, which was not in the centre of the village, but at the foot of the hill, nearly half a mile distant. Mollie knew very well where to go, however; and trudged along sturdily, intent upon her project. The afternoon express was almost due when at length she reached the station. Nobody seemed to remark the queer little passenger who climbed into one of the cars, losing a trunk fit for a fairy in the scramble, but holding fast to a doll and a sunshade. Ensconced in a seat, the high back of which hid her from observation, Mollie looked out of the window, and gleefully saw the road, and then the green hillside, and the houses of the village, disappear as the train sped toward the city.

A tall man in a blue coat with brass buttons, and wearing a gold band around his hat, interrupted the small traveller as she sat talking to herself in a low tone, and pointing out the flying trees and telegraph poles to Judy.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed this individual—who was, as may be inferred, the conductor. "Why, where are you going, little girl?"

Mollie's blue eyes glanced up at him with an expression of astonishment that he should ask.

"I'm going to the World's Fair, of course," she answered.

"Well, I never!" he said, stopping short with a perplexed and troubled look. And then suddenly he just leaned back against the arm of the seat opposite, and burst out laughing.

Mollie thought this was very rude.

"I didn't ask him if he'd never been there," she murmured, under her breath.

Her lip began to tremble, and the tears were very near her eyes.

"What is the matter?" inquired a gentleman from across the aisle.

"Here is a clever lady bound for the World's Fair all by herself," explained the conductor.

The gentleman's wife, who had been attracted by the pretty child, but supposed she belonged to a family just behind, now came over and sat down beside Mollie.

The unfamiliar countenance of the conductor, and the many questions which he proceeded to ask, recalled the small girl

to the fact that she had run away from home and was surrounded by strangers. Dismayed and frightened, she looked from one to another of the group, and then turned to her doll for comfort. In her confusion she must have pulled the string which started the latter's conversational resources; for all at once Judy broke forth with "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." This naturally caused another laugh, and all the people in the car became interested in the World's Fair tourist and her talking doll.

Surprised at Judy's forwardness in thus having something to say for herself, and encouraged by the presence of the sweet-faced lady, Mollie's spirits rose, and she told her name and explained that, as everybody seemed to be going to Chicago, she thought she would start off too. It did not trouble her in the least that the train was going in an entirely different direction; but she grew grave when the kind lady asked:

"What will your poor mamma do when she returns from her drive and finds no little daughter?"

This was something about which Mollie had not thought before, and it made her so serious that she was prevailed upon to be satisfied with the extent of her travels without going any farther.

At the next station the lady bade her good-bye; and the conductor, picking up the adventurous traveller and her beloved Judy and the red sunshade, carried them out of the car to the platform of the depot, and placed them in charge of the station-agent, whom he instructed to telegraph to the child's parents at Sunnycroft. And Mollie was sent home by express, with a tag fastened to her frock as if she had been a package of goods from a store.

"Thank God for preserving my darling from all danger!" cried her mother tearfully, as she clasped the little girl in her arms. And so ended Mollie's ambitious journey.

The Legend of Silberhohl.

In the neighborhood of Leesen, in the Harz Mountains, lies a spot called Silberhohl. It is almost round, and several feet deeper than the ground around it, and quite overgrown with swamp-moss. People go by with a shudder; for there is something the matter with the place. Centuries ago a stately castle stood on the spot, in which there were always much drinking, gambling, and wild merriment. The nobles of the castle acted as if they owned the whole world. And everything *did* belong to them that they could take by force; for they lived by robbing, and were guilty of much violence and cruelty. One could say with truth there was not a single good heart in the *burg* except the young girl Jutta. Everybody loved her; and often, when the robbers had marched out to plunder, she would visit the poor and the sick, and even the robbed, giving them food and the money she had saved. The suffering and poor called her St. Jutta.

Once the robbers had committed a monstrous crime. Covered with the blood of those they had robbed, they returned laden with booty to the castle. Soon the goblets stood on the oaken tables, and the unholy, lawless revel began. Suddenly the most terrible thunder rolled, a mighty flash of lightning swept the hall, the earth quaked and opened, the walls trembled, the tower shook and fell with an awful noise that was heard miles away. All sank in the gulf, which closed again, and nothing was left of the castle but a deep round spot where it had stood. Many came to see the place so marked by divine vengeance, and everyone said:

"Poor Jutta!"

Not long after the destruction of the *burg*, a poor woman in the neighboring village fell ill. She wept sore; for her three children cried for bread, and she could work no longer. The mother folded

her hands and prayed. Then she said to herself: "Oh, if the dear Jutta were only alive!" Whereupon the door was opened softly; a light form wrapped in a white veil, with a gleaming diadem in her hair, came forward to the bed.

"Jutta!" cried the poor mother.

The figure waved her hand, glanced kindly at the sleeping children, set down a peculiar shaped basket on a table, made the Sign of the Cross over the mother, and vanished.

A deep sleep fell on the poor woman, and when she awoke the next morning she found the basket full of gold pieces.

An Ape who Turned Painter.

When Buonamico Buffalmacco, the great Florentine painter, visited Arezzo in 1302, Bishop Guido requested him to stay with him and paint the chapel where the baptistery now is, the subject being "The Crucifixion." The painter set to work and soon completed a large part of it. It happened that the Bishop had an ape of extraordinary cunning and talent for mischief, which sometimes stood on the scaffold watching the work with great interest, particularly the mode of mixing the colors and pouring out from the various flasks, and beating up the eggs.

One Sunday morning the ape contrived, in the absence of the painter, to get on the scaffold and see if he could not do that work too. He then fell upon the brushes and pots and pencils; and, having mimicked the artist's ways, poured all the colors into one basin, and with a large brush proceeded to cover the whole canvas with artistic flourishes. Returning on Monday morning, the artist was horrified at the result, and at once attributed it to some envious person. The Bishop was annoyed, but prevailed on the artist to return to his work; promising to provide six soldiers to keep watch, and to punish the intruder in case a repetition of the nefarious deed should occur.

The artist consented, and again set to work to paint the figures. After several days the soldiers took the alarm on hearing strange sounds of stealthy steps and movements; then they saw a figure clambering up to the scaffold and seizing the brushes. They noticed soon that this figure, after mixing the colors, painted with unseemly haste all the fine heads of saints which had been so carefully elaborated by the artist. They quickly summoned the artist himself to witness it; whereupon they all were unable to contain themselves for laughter at the grotesque handiwork of the ape—the real culprit.

The artist immediately betook himself to the Bishop and said: "My Lord, you desire to have your chapel painted in one fashion, but your ape chooses to have it done in another fashion." Then he told the story of what he had seen, and added: "There's no need of your Lordship sending to foreign parts for a painter, since you have a master of color already in your house. Perhaps he did not at first fully understand how to mix the colors, but he is now evidently well acquainted with the whole secret, and can proceed without further help. I am no longer required here, since we have discovered his talents; and I will ask no other reward for my labors than permission to return home." The Bishop made suitable apologies, and begged the artist once more to resume his work; promising to shut up the ape in a strong wooden cage, and place it on the scaffold, where he might spend his jealousy and rage in witnessing without having the power of further marring the work.

The artist afterward went to Pisa and covered the roofs and walls of St. Paul's Abbey with pictures from Old Testament subjects. And many more admirable sacred works were finished in Florence and other places by the same clever pencil.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The excellence of humility, how to acquire it, incentives to its practice, and general counsels in self-abandonment, are the points considered by the Rev. Father Alexis Bulens, O. S. F., of Stratford, London, in his admirable little book "On Humility." It is a book for all—seculars and religious, superiors and subjects. R. Washbourne, publisher.

—We are indebted to Mr. B. Herder for still another copy of the English edition of Father Kneipp's last book, "My Will, a Legacy to the Healthy and the Sick." This work has already been noticed at some length in THE AVE MARIA. "My Will" is less enjoyable than some of Father Kneipp's other books on account of being so well translated.

—The familiar legend of St. Christopher, done in verse, will no doubt attract our young folk. Ruskin calls it the loveliest of legends. The story is quaintly told, and one follows with interest the quest of the giant for the strongest master, whom at last he found in the Infant of Bethlehem. This is among the late penny publications of the English Catholic Truth Society.

—"Missa in Hon. S. Josephi; an Easy Mass for Soprono and Alto," is not as easy as these words would lead one to imagine. There are no serious difficulties to conquer, however, and this composition is well worthy of a place in the musical library of any choir where a two-part composition can be used. The composer is G. Grone, and the Mass forms No. 879 of Fischer's Edition.

—Our young readers especially need not be told that "Jack Chumleigh; or, Friends and Foes," by Maurice Francis Egan, is a capital story, full of life and interest. Indeed it may be said that Dr. Egan is at his best in many chapters of "Jack Chumleigh." The characters of Bob Bently, Guy Pierre, Baby Maguire and Miss McBride are admirable creations and nothing could be more entertaining or stimulating than the author's account of how his hero mounted the steps of the ladder until he had risen to be a noble, manly boy. It might be the making of a youngster to place this story in his hands. It is published in attractive style by Messrs. Murphy & Co.

—We regret to learn of the probable suspension of the *Holy Cross Magazine*, the organ of the Anglican community at Westminster. Md. It deserves to exist and to prosper. No one would miss this publication more than ourselves, and we hope that the friends of the Order of the Holy Cross will rally to its support. Our Anglican namesakes have our best wishes and our prayers, such as they are. They are evidently men of good will. May they find peace to their souls in the bosom of the one true Church!

—With the hope of inducing some able pen to furnish an adequate biography of the late Mr. Frank Hurd, the Rev. L. W. Mulhane, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, has published a brief but very readable sketch of his distinguished friend. It is compiled chiefly from the press notices of Mr. Hurd's death and from conversations with relatives and friends of the lamented statesman The tributes of public men and of personal friends to Mr. Hurd's great qualities of mind and heart and the admirable sermon preached at his funeral by the Rev. J. T. O'Connell, of Toledo, are also included. There are many lessons in the life of Mr. Hurd which ought not to be lost, and we hope that some competent and sympathetic biographer may be found to set them before the young men of our country.

—Mr. Martin Rule, M. A., the author of a very able and fascinating life of St. Anselm, has just published a reproduction of the Missal of St. Augustine's Abbey, Canterbury, with excerpts from the antiphonary and lectionary preserved in the same monastery; edited, with an introductory monograph, from a MS. in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge The value of this publication may be judged from the fact that the oldest and most important of the constituent factors of the Missal in question was a Gregorian Sacramentary, which must have left Rome before the early years of the seventh century. By means of painstaking investi-

gation Mr. Rule claims to have proved that the Roman prototype and Canterbury exemplar were one and the same document—not only that the exemplar was one of the Mass-books brought to England by Saint Augustine and his monks, but that it was, specifically, the very volume which Saint Gregory had used as his own working copy of the Sacramentary known by his name. The Corpus MS. exhibits a notably careful and scholarly recension of the verbal text of the Roman Sacramentary,— a recension the existence of which had not hitherto been suspected. We learn that Mr. Rule has devoted a decade of years to the study of the Augustinian Missal,—an investigation in which the Holy Father also was deeply interested. The knowledge of so important a work should be widely extended. We congratulate Mr. Rule on its completion.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

Cobbett's History of the Reformation. *Edited by Dom Gasquet.* Benziger Bros. $1.

The Yorke-Wendte Discussion. Monitor Publishing Co. 50 cts.

Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages. *Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M.* Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P.* Catholic Book Exchange. 5 cts.

The End of Religious Controversy. *Bishop Milner. Edited by Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A.* Cath. Truth Society. 1s *net.*

The See of St. Peter. *T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G.* Catholic Truth Society. 1s. 6d.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

Lessons in Literature. Ainsworth & Co. $1.

The Religion of a Traveller (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser.* Cathedral Library Association. 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* May & Williams. $1.25.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25.

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

Are Anglican Orders Valid? *Rev. Dr. MacDevitt.* Bryers & Walker. 60 cts.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8s.

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury, Mass. $2.10.

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, $6.25.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.50 net.

The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena. *Algar Thorold.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Woman, What Have I to do with Thee? *Presbyter Anglicanus.* Kegan Paul & Co. Crown 8vo, 60 cts.

Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. *Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 3 vols. $4.50.

Christian Reunion. *William Delancy, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. *K. M. Barry.* Fallon & Co. 60 cts.

Retreats, etc. *Father Dignam, S. J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Jewels of the Imitation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* Burns & Oates. 60 cts.

Questions of Honor in the Christian Life. *Katharine E. Conway.* Pilot Co. 50 cts.

Conscience and Law. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. $1.60.

In a Walled Garden. *Bessie R. Belloc.* Ward & Downey. $2.

Evolution and Dogma. *Rev. John A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C.* McBride & Co. $2.

Saint Philomena. *From the French.* R. Washbourne. 5 cts.

Mooted Questions of History. *H. J. Desmond.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts.

Catholic Directory, 1896. *Hoffmann Bros. Co.* 50 cts.

Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism. *Rev. William Humphrey, S J.* Thomas Baker. 65 cts.

Our Own Story. *Rosa Mulholland.* Catholic Truth Society. $1.00.

Christian Unity. *Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.* Catholic Book Exchange. 50 cts.

Father Furniss and his Work for Children. *Rev. T. Livius, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

Lyra Hieratica. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* Burns & Oates. $1.00

St. Antony of Padua. *Franciscan Fathers.* Burns & Oates. 75 cts.

Jesus, His Life; A Diatessaron. *Rev. Henry Beauclerk, S. J.* Burns & Oates. $1.40.

A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven. *M. C. Bishop.* Benziger Bros. $2.

The Christian at Mass. *Rev. Joseph L. Andreis.* Murphy & Co. 12mo, net, $1.00.

Poems. *Father John B. Tabb.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.00.

Prehistoric Americans. *Marquis de Nadaillac.* McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, *net*, 50 cts.

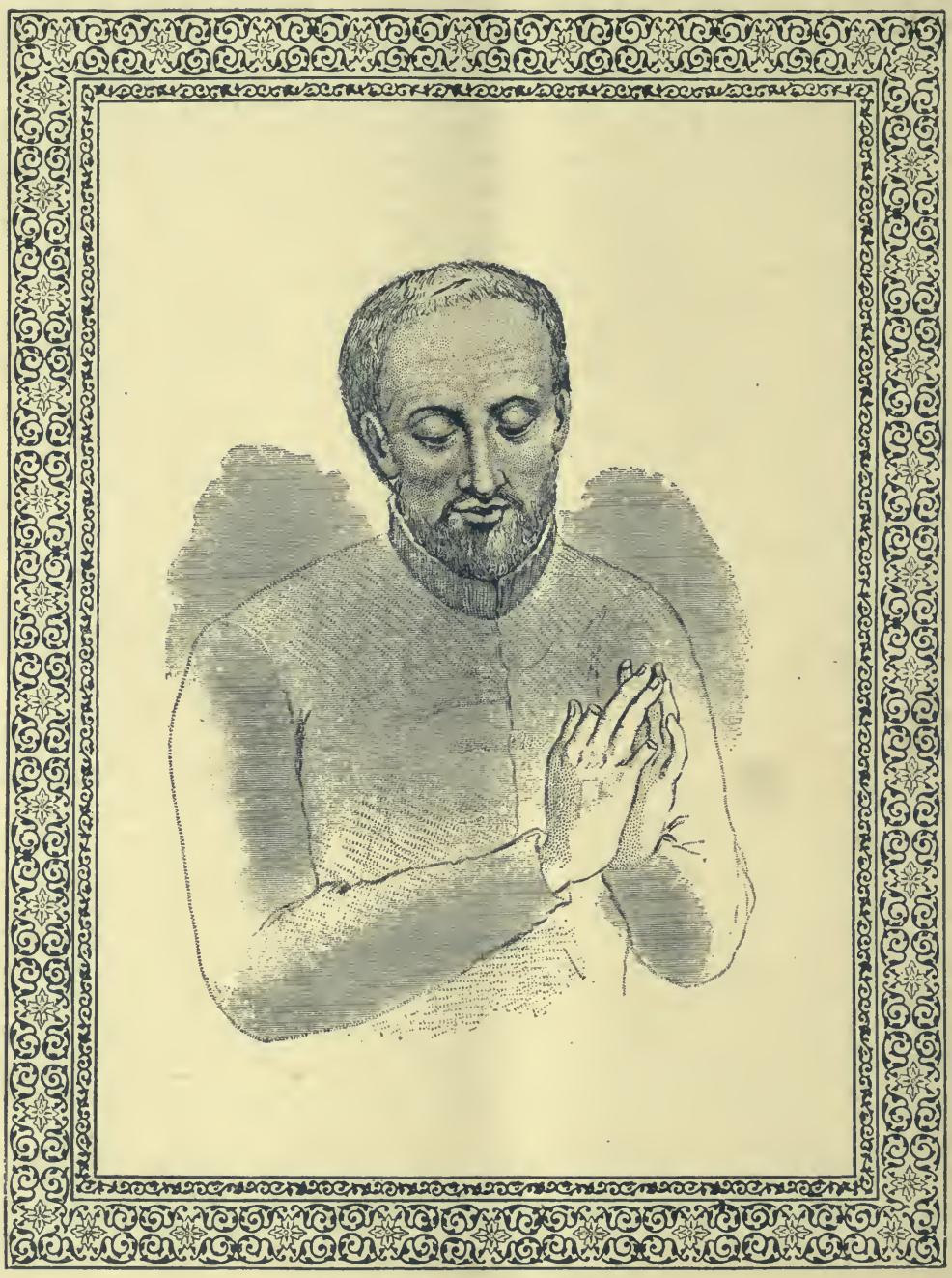
The Rhythm of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Copeland & Day. Octavo, $1.25.

Guide to Confession and Communion. *St. Francis de Sales.* Benziger Bros. 32mo, cloth, 60 cts.

The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon. *The Rev. Joseph Spillmann.* B. Herder. 8vo, cloth, $1.50.

Cuckoo Songs. *Katharine Tynan Hinkson.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.50.

Summer School Essays. 2 vols. McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth 50 cents each



FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.
K. AURIESVILLE, N. Y. OCT. 18, 1646.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, I. 48.

Vol. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 19, 1896. No. 12.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

An Echo from Calvary.

O MOTHER, when the cross is heavy
And beneath it I am bowed,
When my shoulders feel it dragging
Till I fain would cry aloud,
Comes the echo, full of solace—
Echo of those words of thine:
"Ye who pass, behold my sorrow!
Is there any like to mine?"

O Mother, when my heart is lonely
And life's bitterness I know,
When each step is one of anguish
As in duty's path I go,
Comes the echo, full of solace—
Echo of those words of thine:
"Ye who pass, behold my sorrow!
Is there any like to mine?"

O Mother, when e'en prayer seems hopeless
And my heart is cold with fears,
When I kneel to ask thy pity
And my prayers are only tears,
Comes the echo, full of solace—
Echo of those words of thine:
"Ye who pass, behold my sorrow!
Is there any like to mine?"

QUARRY the granite rock with razors, or moor the vessel with a thread of silk; then may you hope, with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason, to contend against those giants, the passion and the pride of man.—*Cardinal Newman.*

St. Thomas in India.*

A MEMORABLE DAY AT MYLAPORE.

ST. THOMÉ DE MELIAPUR (now generally written Mylapore) is a suburb of Madras, about two and a half miles south of Fort St. George. It owes its name to the very ancient tradition that in its vicinity the Apostle St. Thomas suffered martyrdom, and that for centuries his bones rested in the tomb which is shown there to this day. The quaint old town was recently the scene of extraordinary festivities, the occasion being the consecration of a magnificent church erected over the site of the Apostle's tomb.

A tradition like this, clinging to a particular spot through the greatest possible religious and political revolutions, is most interesting. It is rendered highly credible by the universal belief of Christendom that the erstwhile doubting Apostle carried the name of his crucified and risen Master to the shore of distant India. Upon

* We are indebted to one of the Indian bishops for this most interesting sketch, which, besides affording an account of the apostolate of St. Thomas in India, and of the traditions regarding his tomb, describes the magnificent celebrations held at Mylapore in the month of May. It is somewhat surprising, considering the interest that will naturally be felt in this narrative, that no notice of the event was taken by the European Catholic press.

this point the Roman Breviary says in the historical lessons for the Feast of St. Thomas: "He taught the precepts of the faith to the Parthians, the Medes, the Persians, the Hyrcanians, the Bactrians; and finally he went to the Indians and instructed them also in the Christian religion.... He excited the anger of a king of the nation;... and, condemned to death by that prince, he was pierced by spears at Calamina."

The fact thus expressed is corroborated by writers of almost every century. In the second and third centuries it was attested by Origen,* Hippolytus, Bishop of Arabia, and Dorotheus, Bishop of Tyre; in the fourth century, by Eusebius in his history, Rufinus, St. Gregory of Nazianzen, and St. Jerome; in the fifth century, by Sozomenus, Gaudentius of Brescia, Theodoret, Sophronius, and St. Ambrose; whilst St. Ephiphanius and St. Augustin make mention of a work—"Acts and Travels of St. Thomas"—containing the record of the Apostle's labors throughout India. St. Augustine even recounts the fact that the Indian King's officer who had killed the Apostle was devoured by a lion. Venantius Fortunatus, St. Gregory the Great and St. Gregory of Tours in the sixth century, and St. Isidore of Seville in the seventh century, give their support to the general belief. From the ninth century we have, besides the testimony of Nicephorus, and the account of two Mahommedan travellers translated by the Abbé Renandot, the remarkable testimony of the "Chronicon Saxorum,"† which is to the effect that in the year 883 Bishop Sighelm Schireburn was sent by King Alfred the Great to the tomb of St. Thomas in India to venerate it, make offerings, and secure relics.

About the year 1220 the great traveller Marco Polo visited the very place of Mylapore; and, though he found but few Christians there, and these schismatic, he could testify to the traditions of the spot and to the veneration in which the Apostle's grave was held. About the same time Dominican missionaries, passing through India on their way to Tartary, wrote of the existence of these traditions in India. Besides these, John of Monte Corvino in the thirteenth century, and Johannes of Marignola in the fourteenth century, write of the local tradition—of the existence and veneration of St. Thomas' grave at Mylapore.

The traditions and the liturgy of the Syro-Chaldaic Christians on the Malabar coast corroborate all these testimonies; and, as the learned and lamented Mgr. Laouenan, Archbishop of Pondicherry, says in his scholarly work on Brahmanism, leave no doubt whatever that St. Thomas came to these parts of India and was martyred here. According to these traditions, the Apostle landed at Cranganore, which is known from other sources to have been at the time of the Apostles a trading place for Jews and other merchants from Arabia and Egypt. From there he founded the seven Christian communities which, after passing through schism and heresy, exist to this day. Later on he reached the east coast of the peninsula, and there was martyred near Calamina. The fact that those great Christian communities are on the Malabar, or west coast, and that the traditions place the privileged spot of the Apostle's grave on the Coromandel, or east coast, where the number of Christians was comparatively small, lends an evident mark of truthfulness to the general belief, and justifies the claim of Mylapore, on the east coast, to the possession of the veritable tomb of St. Thomas.

A difficulty arises as to the name of the place, which in the Roman Breviary, as well as in the writings of the Syro-Chaldaic Christians, is given as Calamina.

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* Apud Eusebium, lib. iii, c. i.

† Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, Bohn's edition, p. 357.

The learned Abbé Dubois observes that Calamina is a compound of the two Tamil words *cala* and *minn*, being thus cala fish; and it seems that the waters near this coast are even now the chosen abode of that finny species. Others have derived the name from *callou* (rock) and *mann* (sand),—a rendering which is made quite plausible by topographical peculiarities.*

The coast is a sandy, stoneless plain, from which rise, at a distance of a few miles from the Gulf, a number of hills, or knolls of solid rock. These hills are several miles apart; between them and beyond them extends the sandy plain. The two mounts nearest Mylapore are, by tradition, brought into connection with the preaching and martyrdom of the Apostle; the one is called the Little Mount and the other the Big Mount of St. Thomas, and both bear a church on their summit. To render Calamina as "rock in the sand" is therefore not at all a forced translation. Ancient names are not unfrequently found to be descriptive rather than exact renditions of local appellatives. However, it is not at all unlikely that at the time of the Apostles there was, as the ancient Syro-Chaldaic books state, a town named Calamina upon this eastern coast of India. Local tradition says that at this point the sea has made extensive encroachments, and that the ancient coast-town was swept away by the waters. The name of that town can not be positively determined, but the learned Mgr. Laouenan expresses himself satisfied that it was Calamina.

Several non-Catholic writers on Indian subjects give it as the result of their inquiry that there is no solid reason to contest the truth of the local tradition according to which the Christians on the Coromandel coast venerate the tomb of St. Thomas at Mylapore; and the highly respected Episcopalian Bishop Heber, after studying the question during the long years of his missionary life in India, declared that he was as firmly convinced of St. Thomas' martyrdom at Mylapore as of St. Peter's at Rome.

When the Portuguese landed on the east coast of the Indian peninsula, they found the Apostle's tomb in the possession of the Mahommetans, but still an object of reverence with Mussulman and Hindoo as the grave of a great and holy man. It was enclosed in an isolated building, under the guardianship of a Mussulman hermit. The present town of Mylapore sprung up subsequently. Induced by their faith, those Portuguese navigators and explorers acquired possession of the territory, and made the traditionally sacred spot the centre of their operations in the East. The rather dilapidated building containing the tomb was transformed into a chapel, which until a few years ago could be seen immediately in the rear of the old cathedral. Due authorization having been obtained, the tomb was opened, and in it were found some bones of snowy whiteness, the head of a spear, a pilgrim's staff, and an earthen vase.* A part of the Apostle's relics had been carried to Edessa in the year 394.†

In the year 1606 the Portuguese settlements on the east coast of India had become so important that they were made a bishopric by the then Pontiff, Paul V., with episcopal seat at Mylapore; and since then a rightful heir in apostolic succession has held watch over the tomb of the Apostle and continued his work of evangelization. The cathedral church was built close beside the chapel of the Apostle's tomb. The present occupant of the See of Mylapore—Dr. Henrique Reed da Silva—conceived the plan of removing the old cathedral and chapel, and of replacing them by an edifice that would be a more worthy mausoleum of the

* The learned Bishop Medlycott, of Trichur, offers a still more satisfactory explanation of the name Calamina.—ED. A. M.

* Oriente Conquistado, cit. Raulin, p. 364.

† Hunter, p. 237.

Apostle than the old buildings, which were of a rigorously missionary style.

The new edifice is in the French-Gothic style of architecture, preserving the form of a cross, the venerated tomb being the central point of this cross. The building is two hundred and fifteen feet long, and the entire length of the transept is one hundred and fifty feet. After the cathedral of Goa, it is perhaps the grandest ecclesiastical structure in India. The tomb is neatly walled out in marble, and surrounded by an artistically wrought railing in bronze. A tablet records in the Latin language that the venerable traditions of antiquity, corroborated by weighty documents, point out this spot as the tomb of St. Thomas, and that therefore the ruling bishop had raised this church to the Living God over His Apostle's grave.

May 10 was fixed as the day on which this church was to be consecrated. The week preceding that date, a pilgrimage was held for nine days to the near mount, which is venerated as the spot upon which the Apostle suffered martyrdom. Each of these nine days the hill was literally thronged by a multitude of people, demonstratively devout in the ardent fashion of southern nations which is apt to bewilder the cool-blooded spectator from a northern climate. Pilgrims had gathered from great distances, even from the southern extremity of the Indian peninsula. All the languages of Southern India could be heard. The various fashions and modes of dress, which the dominant flashy colors rendered more observable; the peculiar and boldly-diverging tastes displayed in the coiffure; the racial differences and contrasts marked by strong cephalic peculiarities and every possible nuance of skin-color, — all these made that throng of humanity singularly interesting, and presented a grand *tableau vivant* of the catholicity of that faith which held their hearts and united their voices into a glorious *Magnificat* unto "God great in His saints."

The closing act of this nine days' pilgrimage was a procession around the hill and up to the church. A temporary altar had been erected outside of the edifice; and there, in the open air, the Holy Sacrifice was celebrated by the Bishop of Dacca, assisted by a number of priests. It was an imposing spectacle. The entire hill was covered by an impenetrable mass of humanity, all participating in the solemn act which took place on its summit. Upon one side the eye swept over the boundless plain, broken only at intervals by a few similar mounts; on the other, in full view, lay the town of Mylapore, the city of Madras, and, beyond, the broad expanse of the Bay of Bengal. It was a scene never to be forgotten.

Immediately in front of the altar was a level space giving room to possibly two thousand worshippers, who were on their knees during the greater part of the service. In the very midst of this space one individual made himself conspicuous by standing erect during the most solemn parts of the service, and gazing about in a most irreverent manner. It was the ubiquitous "preacher," who had come that he might, as eye-witness, describe the idolatrous practices of the Romanists. There he was permitted to stand as a living proof of Catholic tolerance.

The nine days' pilgrimage having come to an end, the beautiful new cathedral became the centre of attraction. The building stands at the crossing of the main streets of the town of Mylapore, forming, as it were, the central point of the old *burg*. At the four main entrances to the town proper the streets were spanned with arches profusely but tastefully decorated. From these four portals to the cathedral the streets were lined with one continuous fabric of decorative work, interlaced with appliances for a profuse

illumination at night time. At the crossing of the streets, in front of the cathedral, these material tokens of the extraordinary religious festivity culminated in a huge, elaborate canopy, towering high in air, and conspicuous above all surroundings for a distance of many miles.

The rite of consecration was performed by the venerable Patriarch of the East Indies, the Archbishop of Goa, assisted by the Bishop of the diocese, the Archbishop of Pondicherry, the Bishop of Dacca, the Auxiliary Bishop of Madras, and over a hundred clergymen. The concourse of people was so great that the large edifice could afford room to only a small percentage. The solemn function was carried out with the greatest completeness of detail, and—although not interrupted by a sermon—lasted from five o'clock in the morning until a quarter-past twelve. A particularly impressive feature of the ceremony was the consecration of the altars, all of which are massive constructions of exquisite marble. Whilst the Patriarch consecrated the high altar, the four assisting prelates, severally and simultaneously, performed the same rite at the four side altars.

After the consecration of the church and its altars, a public act was to give evidence of the fact that the Catholic temple is not only a place consecrated to the worship of God, but is the veritable abode of God in His sacramental presence. In solemn procession the Blessed Sacrament was to be carried from another church of the town (which pending the completion of the new edifice had served as pro-cathedral) into the now consecrated church. This service had been announced for six o'clock in the evening. Long before that hour every available place in the new cathedral and its courtyard had been occupied, whilst the streets seemed to be even more densely thronged than in the morning. At first sight it seemed hopeless to attempt a procession through those streets; but the same admirable order prevailed which had characterized the crowd assembled there in the forenoon; and when at length the procession started, the multitude, without the least difficulty or disturbance, shifted and cleared a passage for it.

It would be difficult to describe the grandeur of the scene. As far as the eye could see were the gorgeously decorated streets, ablaze with thousands and thousands of lights, and filled shoulder to shoulder with human beings, who, in the respectful silence of a worshipping congregation, viewed the solemn procession as it defiled through their midst on toward the cathedral. One was reminded of Lourdes and Montmartre and Guadalupe, with their magnificent demonstrations of faith and piety; and one hesitated to allow that even in those favored spots a grander spectacle could be seen than this procession of the Blessed Sacrament upon the shores of pagan India. It was the fitting, triumphal entry of the Sacramental God into the temple erected to His name over the grave of His martyred Apostle.

As soon as the procession had entered the cathedral and the Blessed Sacrament had been placed upon the altar, the Bishop of Dacca ascended the pulpit and preached the sermon of the day. Among the vast audience could be seen, besides some of the most prominent non-Catholic Europeans of Madras, a numerous representation of high-class and educated Hindoos, who not only listened with the most respectful attention, but were so favorably impressed that on the following day they sent a letter of appreciation to the preacher.* The *Te Deum* and Benediction closed the religious festivities of this memorable day. A fine display of fireworks on the

* This fact does not harmonize with recent statements that the Hindoo of the higher classes is hopelessly beyond the reach of the Catholic priest's missionary efforts.

beach, in front of the Bishop's residence, gave expression to the enthusiasm and exultant joy that filled the hearts of the people.

How is it possible to erect such grand church structures and arrange such elaborate festivities in a country which makes constant claims upon the charity of the Christian world for the support of its poor missions? Mylapore never appears as asking or receiving missionary charity. The diocese was inaugurated under the auspices of the Portuguese Government, and all its churches were then endowed. Though this coast region passed politically from the hands of the Portuguese unto the French, and then to the English, most of the church endowments were preserved as such. Judicious administration of these properties supplied a part of the building fund. The Bishop is of a wealthy Portuguese family, and his patrimony supplied the other part; so that the beautiful cathedral was built, and the elaborate religious demonstration on the day of its consecration was set afoot, without the necessity of asking the least assistance outside of the cathedral parish. One member of the congregation, Captain Powers — an Irishman by birth and a retired Government engineer,— was the architect and the constant supervisor of the building; and, with the noble generosity that has ever characterized his race, refused to accept one cent for his important services.

The great number of native Catholics assembled for the celebration was a consoling proof of the singular vitality and the ever-fruitful apostolate of the true Church. The Catholics of Madras make the best impression. On the whole, a more respectable body of people can not be seen at any public gathering. The majority are intelligent and thrifty, and not a few hold responsible positions. They begin to support their own common schools, and those in better circumstances send their children to colleges and academies. Their faith is most ardent, their piety most sincere; The leaven of the Gospel is well at work in the masses on the Coromandel coast— indeed in all Southern India; and we may hope that, as a fruit of St. Thomas' blood, and as a result of the glorified Apostle's intercessory care for the scenes of his apostolate, doubt and unbelief may at last give way in every heart to the humble confession, "My Lord and my God!"

I have already mentioned the Big Mount of St. Thomas. It is larger than the mount of the Apostle's martyrdom. It is believed that St. Thomas resided here for a time. Upon the summit stands a church, which is commonly believed to have been built by the Portuguese. But the inscriptions on the old paintings of the Twelve Apostles appearing on the walls are neither in the Portuguese nor in the English language; and therefore one is naturally led to believe that the church was in existence on the arrival of the Portuguese, who may possibly have restored it.

In this church is preserved a very ancient painting of Our Lady, which is an object of great veneration. Over the main altar may be seen an interesting sculpture on a stone slab. The character of the sculpture is strikingly similar to such works in ancient buildings of Europe. All who have made the stone an object of research agree that its origin can not be more recent than the seventh century. The sculpture is an ornamental Roman arch, and is well preserved. Under the keystone of the arch is a dove with a plain cross suspended from its beak,—a simple, yet striking representation of the mystery of the Incarnation and Redemption. Around the arch runs an inscription in the Sassanian-Pahlavi language—of which, unfortunately, I have not been able to find a translation by any Catholic scholar. There are many diverging renderings, but the one I consider to come

nearest the real purport is as follows: "In punishment by the cross [was] the suffering of this One; He who is the true Christ and God above and Guide ever pure."

In Kottayam, to the west, an identical sculpture is shown, but it has an addition. Above the arch there is a somewhat smaller one, containing the same figures of the dove and cross; but on each side of the cross stands a peacock applying his beak to the arm of the cross. The conjectures expressed by various authors as to the signification of this addition are far from satisfactory. In India, as elsewhere, the peacock is regarded as the symbol of pride, especially ignorant pride. The Kottayam sculpture belongs, according to the testimony of critics, to the tenth or eleventh century. Nothing seems more natural than that the sculptor intended to represent ignorant pride pecking at the adorable mystery of the Incarnation and Redemption. Let us hope that soon such ancient monuments of Christianity in India may find a Rossi to read their signification aright. They may be of rare value in proof of the faith of early Christianity,—of the apostolic faith accepted and professed by the primitive Christians of India, who, through the evil offices of false prophets, were cut off for centuries from Catholic unity, and gradually led into error. Then would the light of truth shine in pristine splendor upon the scenes of St. Thomas' labors.

HOWEVER harsh God may at times appear, He never inflicts needless suffering upon us. He gives us pain only in order to purify us. The bitterness of the pain comes from the evil which has to be overcome. He would not probe us were we healthy: He only cuts into our diseased, corrupted parts. It is from our self-love that we suffer most: God's hand spares us as much as possible.—*Fénelon.*

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART III.

XI.

"FORGET Henri de Marsillac, and meet—Miss Prévost."

These words had not once ceased to echo through Atherton's mind, like a refrain of which he hardly understood the meaning, during the interval of time which elapsed between his departure from the De Varigny house and his return there, in accordance with Madame de Varigny's invitation, for dinner. Forget the boy whom he had taken into his heart, against whom his indignation had been so deeply stirred, and yet whom he had never ceased to regard with affection, and find instead—a young lady! The thought was bewildering; and not less bewildering was his attempt to readjust his mental attitude toward the person whose identity had so suddenly and completely changed. He was conscious chiefly of a mingled sense of exasperation and admiration,—exasperation that the boy who had taken so deep a hold of his fancy was vanished out of existence—had never existed at all; and admiration for the girl whose daring had been equal to such a task, and whose courage never failed in its execution.

Looking back on the past, he found himself indeed lost in wonder at the manner in which she had sustained her part without faltering,—sustained it so completely as not to excite his suspicion in the faintest degree. Never had he for a moment thought of his companion as anything but a boy—delicate, imaginative, fanciful perhaps, but altogether virile. And lo! all the time that companion had been a girl! And not a girl who had been brought up without the restraints and protections that in another day were deemed essential for girlhood,—who had

been thrown upon the world and forced to acquire independence of habit and thought; but a girl who came out of the heart of a country and a race where old traditions are still in force, where conventionalities are not relaxed, and the steps of a maiden of good birth are still hedged with restrictions. A girl who had never gone beyond the shelter of her home unprotected; who, despite her dauntless courage, knew no more of the world than a child, and shrank from all knowledge of its rude reality as only a woman so constituted and so trained can shrink; yet who, putting aside all shrinking and all fear, took a step from which the boldest of the New Womanhood might draw back, and passed unscathed as Una through the perils which encompassed her venture.

Thinking over it all, the heart of the man thrilled with admiration, wonder—and yet exasperation, too. How great must have been the power of love and the rare quality of self-forgetfulness which could nerve such a woman to such an undertaking! How truly heroic was the deed—and yet how mad! What if she had been discovered! What if she had not met himself! What if he had been murdered on the night when death passed so near to them in the remote Haytien mountains! How mad it was, and yet—there could be no question—how heroic!

It was in a frame of mind made up of these sentiments that he returned to the De Varigny house, and was shown into the drawing-room, where the revelation of the afternoon had been made; and where, instead of long shafts of sunlight, there now reigned a soft glow of lamplight and firelight. In the first moment of his entrance the room seemed to him empty—waiting, in its luxurious spaciousness, its air of a transplanted Parisian interior, for the life that was to fill it,—when suddenly a figure arose from a shaded corner and came toward him.

He paused, holding his breath. Was ever transformation so complete, and was ever likeness so great? No, he had not lost the boy whom he had known and loved. Here was the same face, identical and unchanged, that had smiled upon him through all their journeyings; the same eyes that had met his so frankly and so kindly a hundred times. It was indeed a young lady, clad in shimmering silk and cloud-like lace, who bore this well-remembered head upon her slender neck, and extended to him the hand he had once declared too small for any practical purpose, but which now proved that it was not too small to give a grasp of warmest friendship.

"It is not 'Miss Prévost,'" she said, answering his thoughts as if they had been spoken; "it is 'Henri de Marsillac' to you, Mr. Atherton, always—always!"

"But what if I prefer Miss Prévost?" he said, with a sudden rush of feeling which seemed to clear away all bewilderment and all conflicting sentiment. "Henri de Marsillac was a delightful boy, and how much I have grieved for his loss I can never tell you; but Miss Prévost"—he paused a moment—"is all that he was and more besides. For what would have been merely daring in him takes the higher name of heroism in her."

"Thank you!" she said, gratefully and softly. "I have often wondered what you would think if you knew the truth. I have wondered if you would be horror-struck, disgusted perhaps; or if you would think that the necessity justified the deed, as it seemed to me that it did."

"I not only think that it justified the deed," he answered, "but I can hardly credit my own good fortune in having met a woman capable of such a deed Do you remember what I said to you once—on the terrace of Beaulieu—about the type of woman I had always dreamed of? I little thought that I was speaking to one who fulfilled the type, as well as bore the name which suggested it."

"I remember," she said. "Your words comforted me at the time; and made me hope that, if some day you should learn the truth, you would not judge too hardly one whom you had helped so kindly."

"And yet," said he, almost sternly, "you went out of my life without a word of explanation; you cast me aside like a tool you had used, and for which your use was over; you were content never to see or hear of me again—"

"No, no!" she cried, her eyes filling with tears. "I was not content. It seemed a necessity, but it almost broke my heart. I have been wretched ever since, with the sense of my ingratitude,—so wretched that all pleasure in my success was obliterated. I can not tell you what I have thought, what I have felt; but I can tell you that the necessity to speak, to explain the mystery at last, made me happier than I have been since we parted."

"But it was not for me you spoke at last. It was for your sister, whose happiness this mystery menaced—"

"In learning that, I learned also for the first time of your presence here. To serve the other purpose, would not a few words to Adrien de Varigny have sufficed? But I heard that you were here; and I could not but come, to give even, so late, the confidence you had won a hundred times over."

"And for which I am a hundred times grateful," he replied. "It has not come a moment too soon. I was going away to-morrow,—going to a life of lonely wandering,—going to try and banish forever from my mind the boy I had grown to love. But now life takes another color and meaning. I have recovered all that I lost, together with much more, that my heart divined, though I was too dull to understand. But I understand now. And you, too, Yvonne—for I can not but call you by the name that seems made for you,—you, too, understand; is it not so? We were friends and comrades when we were together, but has not separation taught us that we are something more? Has it not made you feel, as it has surely made me, that our meeting was no chance, and that we have need of each other?"

She gave him one quick, radiant glance from moisture-dimmed eyes, as he took her hand again.

"But I thought it was to be Diane," she murmured; "and I have grieved to think that you would be—disappointed."

He laughed as he bent to kiss the hand he held.

"It was only to be Diane," he replied, "because I dreamed of her as Yvonne. The disappointment came when I found she was not Yvonne. But now I have Yvonne herself."

"Have you?" said Yvonne. "I am not sure of that. For, after all, what do you know of her? It is Henri de Marsillac whom you want."

"It is *you*," he answered, "whatever you choose to call yourself. Yes, I want Henri de Marsillac, my friend, my companion,—the boy who took such lodging in my heart that not even anger availed to cast him out. But, still more, I want Yvonne—the lady of my dreams, with the courage of a man and the heart of a woman; tender, heroic, daring—ah, words are too poor to say what I think of her and how much I want her!"

"But," she said, "can you ever forget that I masqueraded in boy's attire—"

"I can never wish to forget it," he answered, indignantly. "Forget the deed which does you so much honor, through which I knew you, for which I love you! Ah, Yvonne, this is folly! My heart is yours—has been yours all along by some subtle instinct of its own, although I did not know it. Tell me if you will take it now,—if you will give me back my lost companion,—if you will make my life worth living by sharing it with me?"

The brave lady of his dreams would have had "no cunning to be strange" when woed by one to whose suit her heart

responded, and neither had Yvonne. As simple and direct now as in every action of her life, her frank eyes met his, lovelier than ever in the light which filled them, as she said:

"It would make me happy to share your life,—I have known that ever since we parted. I have missed you every day, every hour. But you—I have just heard from Diane what would have almost broken my heart had I heard it earlier: that you were so angry with me, so determined to cast even my memory out of your life, that you wanted to send back to me the one poor little token of me which you possessed—the ring I gave you."

"Yes," he admitted, "I did want to send it back; for I was furiously angry with you. But should I have been angry if I had not cared for you so much? Have you yet to learn how near akin sometimes are anger and love? As for the ring, I will wear it even in my grave if you will let me give you another,—a ruby it shall also be, to tell you what love is by the deep fire in its heart."

"Give me what you please," she said, simply. "I can promise that nothing will ever make me desire to send it back to *you*—no, not if you went away to-morrow and never returned."

"There is not much danger of such departure on my part now," he laughed. "When I go, you shall go with me, Yvonne; and we will sail around the world, as I once suggested that we should—do you remember?"

Yvonne suddenly started.

"Oh, what a selfish wretch I am!" she said, as if to herself. "I told you then, and it is as true now, that they could not do without me at home."

"They must learn to do without you," said he, with triumphant selfishness. "I need you more than they do; for no one could take your place with me, while with them it may be filled. And I will take care, Yvonne, that it is filled while we are putting a girdle around the earth."

The opening of the door at this moment prevented the girl from replying. It was Octave who entered; and toward her Atherton, turning, led Yvonne.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "since you have kindly played the part of those fairies Determination and Good Will of which you spoke a little while ago, and have by your act ended a mystery which threatened the happiness of more than two, it is fitting that you should be the first to hear of the immediate consequence of what you have done."

"I have already heard of one immediate consequence, which amply repays me for my efforts," answered Octave; "but if it is possible that there can be another—"

She paused and looked inquiringly at Yvonne; but it was Atherton who replied:

"Can a good fairy doubt what is the end? We heard this afternoon the story of a girl's high-hearted daring. Let me now add the sequel of a man's appreciation. Miss Prévost is good enough to believe that in the journey which we made together we learned enough of each other to venture the longer journey of life also together."

"Yvonne!—is it indeed so?" cried Octave, flinging her arms impulsively around the slender form. "Oh, how delightful! how romantic! how perfectly appropriate! This is better than I ever hoped or dreamed. It is what should be; it makes everything proper and right, and ends the story fitly. But how did you ever find time to fall in love with each other while you were searching for that treasure?"

"It was then we learned to know each other," answered Yvonne. "Who does one know half so well as the person with whom one has shared adventure and danger?"

"I must take your word for that," said Octave; "because I have never shared adventure and danger with anybody, and

I fear there is not the slightest hope that I ever shall. O Yvonne, are there no more treasures to be found by another girl, who would almost die of pleasure if Fate would grant her such an adventure and such a romance?"

"There is some silver plate which was left behind," replied Yvonne, smiling; "but I would hardly advise your going to seek it. You see, you might not meet another paladin. For myself, I doubt if there is another to be found."

"I doubt it also," said Octave. "Well, one must not be envious. You were made to do brave deeds, and it is right that romance should crown heroism. Mr. Atherton," turning to that gentleman, "I acknowledge that you are a paladin and deserve your reward; but I hope that you fitly appreciate what you have won in winning our Yvonne."

"I think," he replied, "that I do appreciate it; but my life, not my words, must prove my assertion. Meanwhile she has, once for all, resigned her position as the man of the family in my favor—"

"Ah, no!" cried Octave. "You are too late in applying for the position. It is already taken. Yvonne, have you not told him? Does he not know that Adrien has already been accepted to fill that place?"

"I am delighted to hear what you intimate," replied Atherton, smiling; "but I must deny that any one, save the person who has already filled the position can accept a substitute for herself."

"Here he comes," said Octave, turning around as the door again opened. "Now you can settle it between you."

"There is nothing to settle," observed Atherton, as De Varigny came forward. "I offer my warmest congratulations to one who has won so fair a bride as Mademoiselle Diane; but I must still contend that the position which Yvonne has held, Yvonne can alone bestow—together with herself."

(The End.)

There is no Peace.

BY HARLOW HOWE.

DEEP in the sullen, surging ocean
Ever mad battle is raging;
High in the murky sky the storm fiends
War elemental are waging.

Far in the matted, lawless jungle
Lion is lamb devouring;
Low in the languid, sleeping valley
Vulture o'er victim is lowering.

E'en in the vaulted council of nations
Might against Right is debating;
E'en in the infant crib, the tyrant
His first vanquished foe is awaiting.

Peace there is none! 'Tis but battle
Ruling with sceptre infernal;
Peace there is none! 'Tis but struggle
Waging life's warfare eternal.

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.

VI.

ON the 1st of August twelve canoes—for some others had recently joined Father Jogues' party—pushed off at Three Rivers, and began to advance against the impetuous St. Lawrence. Their progress was slow, and at night they were only twelve leagues from the post; they accordingly drew up on an island in Lake St. Peter, to pass the night. In the morning they launched again, but had not gone half a league when on the neighboring shore recent tracks were discovered. This at once called all to the spot, and a warm discussion ensued. Some would have it that they were enemies, others that they were friends; but Ahasastari declared: "They are at most three canoes; and,

friend or foe, we will turn away from no such force: we must fight." Thus, confident in their strength, they at once resumed their paddles; but scarcely were they a mile from the place when suddenly a volley from an ambushed band of Mohawks riddled their canoes. None were killed; but the Hurons, thus surprised, fled in every direction, for they were close to shore. Fourteen alone remained with Ahasastari, to make head against the assailants to the number of thirty. He knelt for a moment in prayer, then charged the enemy; but the fight was unequal: the Mohawks, with firearms, were gaining on the little band; and when they saw new canoes put off from the other shore, all broke and fled.

But where was Father Jogues? In the heat of the attack he thought only of his neophytes. As the bullets whistled around his ears he calmly stooped down to take up water to baptize his pilot, the only unchristened Indian in his canoe. Then, seeing himself almost alone, he reached the shore. He might have accompanied the fugitives, "but could I," he asked—"could I, a minister of Christ, forsake the dying, the wounded, the captive?" René Goupil and some Hurons were already prisoners in the hands of the enemy. He advanced to their guard, and asked to be permitted to join the other prisoners, as he wished to be their companion in danger and in death. The Mohawk could scarcely believe the words, but consented. The missionary began his work of love. René was soon encouraged, confessed and absolved; then the Hurons were instructed and baptized; and, as every moment new prisoners were brought in, Father Jogues was constantly occupied.

While thus employed he beheld Ahasastari approach, and his words came like a thunderbolt on his heart. "Brother, here am I to keep my vow!" The brave chief had on reaching the fugitives looked around in vain for Ondesson; and as he did not appear returned to join him.

A young Frenchman, too, impelled by the same motive, returned; but meeting some Iroquois, he killed one who aimed at him. He was dragged in a prisoner, stripped and treated with the greatest cruelty. The missionary could not but feel for the sufferings of one almost a brother in religion. Seeing him all mangled and reeking in his blood, Father Jogues approached, and, tenderly embracing him, poured out words of consolation.

Such compassion for their enemy met with no sympathy in savage hearts. Regarding him for a moment in amazement, they fell on the priest, and beat him with their fists till he dropped senseless to the ground. This was not enough: they now seized his hands, and with their teeth tore out almost all his nails; crunching the fingers, especially the two forefingers, to his most intense pain. This was but a prelude; for they were not as yet prepared to begin the torture. The rich booty was to be divided, and their homeward march begun in order to prevent pursuit. This truce enabled the missionary, on recovering his senses, to complete his instructions, and baptize the few who remained.

The victors had now divided the plunder, and assembling their three and twenty captives led them to the canoes to carry them beyond the St. Lawrence. As an old Huron, bowed under the weight of four-score years, though but just born anew to God in baptism, approached the canoe, he cried: "How shall I, an old man, go to a foreign and a hostile land? No: here will I die." And there he died: a tomahawk soon freed him from bondage. The rest now pushed on in all speed for the Mohawk by the Sorel and Lake Champlain. During this rapid voyage and march the captives had much to suffer. By day they were left without food; and old and young as they passed would pluck their hair or beard, or open anew their closing wounds. At night these wounds,

swarming with worms, the insects and vermin around them, deprived them of sleep. These were the common miseries of all; but Father Jogues, with a father's heart, could not refrain from tears as he beheld the neophytes around him, many of them the pillars of the infant Huron church.

Their own party, cruel as they were, soon delivered them to other tormentors for a time. So did God choose to try His servants. As they were advancing on Lake Champlain they beheld a war fleet approaching; the glad cry was raised on either side, and the newcomers drew up on an island, and prepared to receive the prisoners whom they had descried. They numbered two hundred. A scaffold was raised on the highest point of the little isle; and, each furnished with a club, they hastened to the shore, and, forming in a double line leading up to the scaffold, awaited their countrymen. Slaves of superstition, they believed that the greater the cruelty they should now show, the greater their success in war would be. As the prisoners touched the strand, they rendered thanks to the sun as the genius of war, and showed their joy by a volley of musketry.

The prisoners were ordered to advance. Father Jogues had been detained to close the line; and, as they dashed on amid the hurricane of blows, he soon sank almost lifeless. "God alone," he writes, "for whose love and glory it is sweet to suffer, can tell what cruelties they wreaked upon me then." Unable to rise, he was at last borne to the scaffold, drenched in blood. There he recovered, to be again assailed, bruised, and burned. His closing wounds gaped afresh, his remaining nails were torn off and the bones forced out from the mashed fingers. Indeed, his hands were so mangled and wrenched that they never resumed their original shape. Nature gave way; he fell repeatedly, but was forced to rise by the burning brands that were applied to him. For a moment life and death were in the scale. One of the Indians twice endeavored to cut off his nose, but desisted, as though held back by some invisible power. It was a providential interference; for such a mutilation would have been a sure prelude to death.

The missionary was not the only sufferer here: his companions were treated with extreme cruelty. The sufferings of Eustace drew tears from the eyes of Father Jogues, although his own had wrung no sigh or tear from him. The Indians were amazed at this, but Ahasastari said: "Ondesson is no woman: he cries not for pain; but he is our father, and our sufferings touch him to the heart. He does not fear."

This was on the eighth day after their capture; the night brought a cessation of torment, but neither food nor sleep. The next day, while paddling on as slaves, they met another party; and the unfortunate prisoners paid the penalty of their state in the loss of some fingers. But the following day ended their way by water; for they had now reached the extremity of the lake. The prisoners were loaded with all the baggage; and, thus burdened, wounded and starved, they began a four days' march through the wilderness, having no food but some berries. The Indians themselves were almost sinking under their fast; and had had recourse to their strange expedient of drinking to excess water slightly warmed, when relief reached them from the village.

Exhausted as he was, Father Jogues was nearly drowned in crossing the first river which lay in their way; but his ability as a swimmer saved him, and he reached the shore. At last, on the eve of the Assumption, about three o'clock in the afternoon they reached the banks of a river which ran about a quarter of a mile from their village. The people came down to the river, and many even crossed to see the prisoners. Some Hurons were there; and, touched with compassion, could only warn them of their danger.

"Frenchmen, you are dead," was the only friendly greeting to the captives. Their mangled state excited no pity in the Mohawk heart: the prisoners were again beaten with clubs, stones, and all that was in reach; and the hair of the missionary, which anxiety and pain were already thinning, exciting their odium, he was severely beaten on the head, and two finger-nails which had escaped were torn out. This was but a beginning: the captives were now to cross the river to run the fearful gauntlet again.

VII.

We have already followed the patient missionary through the fearful gauntlet, more terrible here, as the village lay nearly a mile from the bank. As before, Father Jogues closed the line, and all started in that narrow path of paradise. His companion, poor René Goupil, sank as he had done before; but, taught by cruel experience, he rose above the pain and hail of blows, reached the scaffold, and succeeded in climbing the steep hill amid the crowd who sought to delay him.

When all reached the spot, the signal for torture was given by a chief, who struck each three times on the back with a club. On this an old man approached Father Jogues, and compelled a captive woman to cut off his left thumb close to the hand with a dull knife. Rejoicing that he was thus called to suffer for his Lord, he consoled his comrades, who were all more or less mutilated. They needed indeed the consolations of faith: there were none from man. The blood streamed from their wounds, which none cared to dress; and Father Jogues and René had almost fainted from loss of blood. Evening came, but brought no relief. The wretched prisoners were tied down by the hands and feet to stakes stuck in the ground; and in that helpless state they were tortured by the children, who threw coals of fire on them, which hissed and burned into the writhing flesh.

About noon the next day they were led from the scaffold to another village, some two miles distant. Here, contrary to custom, they were received as at the first, after walking almost naked in the broiling sun. That night witnessed the same scenes as the preceding, and the next day they were again ordered to march,—it was the first time French prisoners had been brought in, and they were to be led through all the towns. Another town still remained, but this they entered unharmed. A war party had just brought in four other Huron captives, and to these all attention was turned.

The sight of these poor victims melted the missionary's heart. He had till now been exciting the faith, hope, and patience of his comrades; but this addition to the sufferers overwhelmed him with grief. He approached with every mark of sympathy; and, while regretting his inability to help their bodily ills, inquired for their souls. All were unbaptized. The captive priest looked around in vain for water; to ask was useless. But God looked down on the desires of His servant. "Drop down, ye heavens, in dew!" was the prayer of his heart, when an Indian, passing by the enclosure where they were, flung at his feet a stalk of Indian corn. He caught it up in an instant; for as it passed the glittering dewdrops on its leaves had flashed upon his anxious eye like a rainbow of hope. The precious drops gathered into his hand sufficed to baptize two; the others were soon added to the number of the faithful, as, led off together, they crossed a little brook.

This consolation was but a counterpoise to coming woe. After seeing Couture's fingers sawn nearly off with a shell, then torn off with the sinews uncut, Father Jogues and René were led to a hut for fresh torture. There ordered to sing, they intoned the psalms of the Royal Prophet, the canticles of the children of Israel. Here again they were burned in various parts,

but a new trial awaited the missionary. Two poles in the form of a cross were planted in the middle of the hut, and to this he was bound with cords made of twisted bark. Unsupported as he was, his whole weight came on his mangled arms, in which the hard rope opened new wounds. The pain was exquisite; and then, feeling himself lose consciousness of what passed around him, he asked for a momentary release in order to prepare for death,—for this, he knew, was the usual preliminary; and, as they were in the largest town, he was prepared for the worst. The prayer met no mercy; indeed it but excited new cruelty. The young men who had tied him now bound him more closely still; and the missionary, begging pardon of God for his apparent impatience, resigned himself to the will of his Heavenly Father.

Among the crowd was an Indian of a neighboring tribe. The virtue of Father Jogues had touched him; and, pushing through the crowd of madmen, he drew his knife and cut the missionary down, and silently returned to his place. The Indian is always the same: this bold act was not resented.

The night, one of unspeakable horrors, was passed as usual tied on the ground; but after the second day they were led back to Andagoron, the second town which they had entered. Here a council was already convened to decide their fate. The sachems at last resolved to spare the lives of the Frenchmen for a time, and execute only some of the Hurons. The lots fell on Ahasastari, who was sent back to Teonontogen, whence they had just come; Paul, who was carried to Ossernenon, the first town; and Stephen, who was given up to the youth of Andagoron. In these villages they were accordingly executed with all the barbarities of the tribe. They died as they had lived since they had known the faith—fervent Christians.

Ahasastari, the self-immolated friend, sustained to his latest breath the reputation of the most gallant war-chief and greatest Christian of his tribe. Paul, too, calls forth the grateful remembrance of the missionary, who tells us that the generous chief often conjured the Mohawks to spare Father Jogues—a white man who did not understand their ways; and turn their rage on himself, who defied it. He had thus at his own expense saved Father Jogues from much torment. Such were the men whom Religion had formed. She found them sunk in all the vices of barbarism, and raised them to the noblest acts of Christian virtue. They showed it to their dying breath; for their death-song was a prayer for their tormentors.

The lives of Father Jogues and René were now in less jeopardy. Couture had been adopted in another village, and was thus well shielded from harm. Such was not their case: they belonged to none. "When now," says Father Jogues, "we had some leisure to feel our sufferings, we sank in utter debility, unable to walk or even stand erect." For three weeks they lay almost at the point of death, till at last some broth of dried meat was given to them, which gave them a little strength; and, as some care was now bestowed upon them, they began slowly to recover.

Before they were able to walk, however, a ray of hope appeared. The Mohawks, who, after first resolving to put them to death, had deferred it as we have seen, now resolved to send them back to Three Rivers, and certain men were even appointed to conduct them. This was not all. When the Dutch at Albany heard that a number of white prisoners had been taken by their allies, Arendt Van Curler—the Corlear of our historians—set out, with two burghers of Renssalaerswyck, to make every effort to bring about their liberation. He did not go empty-handed. The unfortunate men were Frenchmen—Jesuits; and the Dutch were no friends

to the Church of Rome. But—glory to them!—the Dutch settlers of New York were as far from the bigotry which subsequently invaded the State as that bigotry is from Christianity.

The people, with their estimable minister, Megapolensis, determined to raise a sufficient sum to ransom the captives; and Van Curler rode out with six hundred guilders in his hands. On reaching the Mohawk stronghold, he was well received, and the alliance between the two nations confirmed. This done, he asked that the whites should be given up to him; but, to excite no suspicions on their part, did not approach the prisoners. His request was refused; and, though every other request was granted, on that point they were inexorable. He now offered the ransom which he had brought, but even this was declined. The prisoners had crawled up to ask him to use his influence in their behalf; and, though he could give no hope, he again employed prayers and demands. The sachems at last said it was not in their power to surrender them, but declared it was their determination to send them back to their countrymen.

The captives accordingly beheld this hope vanish. One was never again to be buoyed up with such fond expectations; for a few days later Goupil passed to another life. His simplicity, innocence, and patience had so won all hearts that by the writers of the time he is always spoken of as "the good René." To none was he more endeared and by none more regretted than by Father Jogues, who, when he again reached Canada, drew up, by command of his superiors, an account of his beloved companion. Happily it has survived the wreck of the archives of the Order to which they belonged, and was published at Albany.

(To be continued.)

EACH man's soul is on his own shoulders.—*Gaelic proverb.*

The Wonder-Worker of Padua.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XX.—THE PASSING OF ANTHONY.

ANTHONY having chosen Padua as his place of residence, because, as his biographer, John Peckham, says, "of the faith of its inhabitants, their attachment to him, and their devotion to the Friars Minor," he there ended his life-work in his thirty-sixth year of grace.

How he loved Padua! A fortnight before his death, having ascended a hill overshadowing the city, he gazed down upon it in all its beauty; and, stretching forth his hands above its marble palaces, its domes, and lofty bell-towers, embosomed in bowers of foliage; while the incense of its blossoming gardens was wafted to him, and the ripening corn-fields and the vineyards framed it all in a frame of gold and green and purple, he exclaimed in rapture: "Blessed be thou, O Padua, for the beauty of thy site! Blessed be thou for the harvest of thy fields! Blessed also shalt thou be for the honor with which Heaven is about to crown thee!" What honor? At that moment, in a vision, he beheld the celestial city, and through the gates of Padua the beloved his soul was to pass hence forever.

It was while on his way to the heights of Campo-Sam-Piero, a few miles from Padua, passing through a wood, the property of his friend Don Tiso, Anthony discovered a walnut-tree of gigantic proportions; here was deep shadow, layer upon layer, among branches as large as the rafters of a hall. Nothing could be more inviting; for only the birds nested there, while the butterflies fluttered in the sunshine that environed it. It was a green island in a golden sea; a place of refuge and refreshment for the world-weary.

Having foreknowledge of his death, Anthony bethought him of this retreat.

With pliant boughs he wove a wall of verdure, and fashioned a little cell between earth and heaven,—the daintiest oratory that ever was, and a couch for one who was in the world but not of it. The old masters have pictured him as in a nest among the spreading branch, and have painted him with childlike simplicity as brooding there. Probably his leafy cell was a little heaven of detachment, where nothing ever broke in upon his meditations. His faithful allies, Brother Luke Belludi and Brother Roger, kept watch with him,—two silent sentinels standing between him and the outer world.

Once a day he descended from his airy solitude and broke bread with the two Brothers who attended him; it seemed to be more a matter of form than of necessity. He no longer was of the earth as we are, but was a spirit bearing about a fragile shell of clay that was soon to be laid aside, a useless and abandoned thing. His waking hours were passed in prayer and in the completion of his commentaries. He spoke not, nor was he ever known to smile: he was absorbed in preparation for his final flight.

One day, when he had descended to break his fast with his companions, he fainted at their rustic board. At first the Brothers thought him in ecstasy—for his ecstasies were frequent now; but, seeing the shadow of death upon him, they hastened to assist him to a couch of green shoots close at hand. Having recovered consciousness, and seeing the Brothers bending over him in tears, he begged that he might at once be taken to the monastery at Padua, there to die among his brethren, supported by their presence and their prayers. He was tenderly placed in a passing peasant's cart, and the sad procession started. But so great was his exhaustion when they reached Arcella—the Convent of Poor Clares, near the gates of the city,—that the Brothers besought him to alight there to seek the rest he stood so much in need of. With difficulty he was assisted into a small hospice adjoining the convent, where dwelt three or four Friars Minor, who acted as chaplains to the daughters of St. Clare.

By this time Anthony was beginning to lose consciousness; but, recovering himself for a little while, he made his last confession. When the friars proposed to anoint him he said: "I already possess that unction within myself; but it is good to receive it outwardly."

While Extreme Unction was being administered he recited with the brethren the prayers for the dying and the Penitential Psalms, and received the absolution. Then, filled with a heavenly joy that was like an ecstasy, to the wonder of those about him, he sang alone, and in a clear, full voice, his favorite hymn:

O gloriosa Domina
Excelsa super sidera,
Qui te creavit provide
Lactasti sacro ubere.

Quod Eva tristis abstulit,
Tu reddis almo germine:
Intrent ut astra flebiles,
Cœli fenestra facta es.

Tu Regis alti janua,
Et porta lucis fulgida:
Vitam datam per Virginem,
Gentes redemptæ, plaudite.

Gloria tibi, Domine,
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu
In sempiterna sæcula.

Having ceased singing, he raised his eyes to heaven with a gaze that startled his companions; it was as if those eyes were filled with some wondrous vision. Brother Roger, in whose arms he was supported, said: "What do you see?" And Anthony answered, still gazing in rapture: "I behold my God!" For about half an hour he was lost in contemplation of the beatific vision; and then, like a weary child, he fell into a deep sleep—and woke no more.

At the moment when his soul was set free from its earthly tabernacle Anthony

appeared to Don Thomas, the Abbot of St. Andrew's at Vercelli, who was at the time sitting alone in his room. His former pupil entered and said to him: "See, Father Abbot, I have left my burden near the gates of Padua, and am hastening to mine own country." He then passed his hand caressingly across the throat of the Abbot, who was suffering from a severe chronic affliction, and the throat was permanently cured. Thereupon Anthony disappeared.

The Abbot, surprised at the sudden entrance and exit of Anthony, hastened after him to beg him to remain a little while a guest; but, throwing open the door of his chamber, no Anthony was visible. Those who were waiting in the ante-chamber had seen nothing of him; nor had any one at St. Andrew's, save only the Abbot, any knowledge of Anthony. Then the Abbot knew that the burden Anthony had left at Padua was his body; and that the home to which he was hastening was not Portugal, but Paradise.

Efforts were made to keep Anthony's death a secret. He was the popular idol of all Italy, and not alone of Italy. He had wielded greater personal influence than almost any man of his time. He was not only respected by the masses, but he was listened to with rapt attention by the representatives of all classes, from the peer to the peasant. He was loved by all, he was reverenced by all; he was fairly worshipped by the vast multitude of his faithful followers. And, therefore, it was deemed wise to keep his death a secret—for a time at least,—lest the populace should be distracted and demoralized by so terrible a blow.

Man proposes! Hardly had his bright spirit taken its flight when the children of Padua—the children he so dearly loved,—as if inspired, rushed about the streets in a kind of frenzy, crying out: "Our Saint is dead! St. Anthony is dead!" Consternation followed; the whole city was plunged in desperate grief; and still worse was to follow.

The body of Anthony was a precious treasure coveted by all. As the dying gaze of St. Francis rested upon Assisi, the city of his soul, whose portals he was not again permitted to enter in the flesh, so Anthony, homesick and heart-sick for his Padua, gave up the ghost without her gates. Had Anthony entered the city and breathed his last in the monastery of his Order, there could have arisen no question as to the ultimate disposition of his remains. But he fell by the wayside, as it were; therefore the Poor Clares, in whose humble hospice he died, claimed the honor of enshrining his remains; so did his brethren, the Friars Minor of Padua; so also did the suburbs and the magistracy of Padua promptly forward their claims. Thus it happened that the body of the Saint who strove to bring peace into the world once more, became the source of violent contention.

John Peckham describes the grief of the Poor Clares at the death of Anthony. "Alas!" they cried, "unhappy we! O tender Father of our souls, taken forever from your daughters, why has death spared us for this cruel blow? Our poverty contented us and we counted ourselves rich when we could hear you preach to us the Gospel of the Lord."

Then one of the nuns sought to console the others in these words: "Why shed useless tears? It is not the dead we are bewailing, but an immortal, the companion of angels, an inhabitant of heaven. A great consolation will flow for us out of this painful separation if we can keep him here amongst us—a joy we could not have whilst he lived."

The Poor Clares sent a deputation to the magistrates and nobles of Padua, beseeching them to lend their influence, to the end that the body of Anthony might be retained in their convent. The friars, immediately upon learning of his death,

hastened to Arcella with the intention of removing the remains at once to their monastery of Santa Maria. "It was his wish," they said, in proof of their right to possess the body. And so it was his wish; yet the people of Capodiponte, where Arcella was situated, openly sided with the Poor Clares, and resolved that the Friars Minor should not carry away with them the blessed remains. The friars appealed to the bishop, who decided in their favor; but when the enthusiastic Paduans went forth to bring away the body, they were met by the armed partisans of the Poor Clares, and bloodshed seemed imminent and inevitable.

At length the bishop persuaded the combatants to declare a truce until the provincial—who was absent at the time, and had been sent for—should return. Still this did not suffice. That very night, while the friars at the hospice of the Poor Clares were watching beside the dead behind barricaded doors, the excited populace, eager to get a view of the body, if not to carry it away with them, threw down the barricades and rushed in to drive away the watchers. On the instant they were struck blind, and transfixed as if turned to stone.

At daybreak the multitude assembled to look upon the body of Anthony and to touch it. Miracles were wrought then and there; while from time to time arose a wail from the people, who cried with one voice: "Whither have you gone, loving Father of Padua? Have you really gone away, and left behind the children who repented and were born again to Christ through you? Where shall we find another to preach to us orphans, with such patience and charity?"

Owing to the non-arrival of the provincial, Brother Leo Valvasari, a very wise and prudent man—later Archbishop of Milan,—went out to calm the passions of the ever-increasing throngs. Addressing the men of Arcella, he said:

"My brothers, there can be no question of justice as regards your claim; but if you wish to retain the body of Father Anthony, asking it as a favor, I and my brethren will consult as to what seems to be the will of God. Meanwhile I gladly give you permission to watch the place where our holy Father Anthony lies, in order that you may not distrust us."

A body of armed men was sent from Padua to protect the convent of the Poor Clares, and an order issued that any one molesting the friars, or found carrying weapons at Arcella, should be fined a hundred pounds of silver.

When the bishop held court a few days later, he summoned the Friars Minor, as well as the representatives of Capodiponte, in order that he might hear and judge both sides of the question. It was now the belated provincial who arose and said:

"Justice is a holy thing, and must never be made the sport of passion. Love and attachment are praiseworthy, but they must give way to justice. This present affair has been conducted with blind passion rather than according to the rules of justice. Who can doubt that Brother Anthony belongs to us? You all witnessed his arrival at Santa Maria; how he went in and out amongst us; how if he went on a journey it was to us he returned. A month ago he left us,—but only, as he himself said, to come back in a short time, and then to remain with us altogether. I, therefore, who, although unworthy, govern this province, declare frankly Brother Anthony belongs to us, as he himself wished. We do not demand this; but we, in all humility, ask the venerated chief pastor, the honorable council, and the faithful people of Padua, to grant our petition."

The petition was granted: the Sisters of Arcella graciously resigned their claim; peace was restored; and on the 18th of June, 1231—five days after his death,—the body of Anthony was solemnly con-

veyed from the convent of the Poor Clares to the Church of Santa Maria, in Padua. It was a triumphal procession, participated in by the bishop, the clergy, the members of the University, the civil authorities, and vast throngs of the inhabitants. The noblest of the Padovani in turn carried the bier; a myriad flaming candles borne after it were as a wake of fire. Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the bishop; and, after the customary rites, the body was laid in a marble sarcophagus supported by four columns. From this shrine a flood of miraculous power issued. The blind saw, the deaf heard, the maimed walked, and the sick were healed. Even those who could not enter the church for the throngs that filled it to suffocation were cured in the presence of the multitudes without.

Toward the end of his life, by reason of his prolonged vigils, his continuous fasting, his arduous and unceasing labors, Anthony's form was wasted, his face haggard, his skin like drawn parchment; he was enfeebled to the verge of decrepitude. Those who looked upon his body after death found it restored to the incomparable beauty of youth. The smile of infancy played upon those fair features; a delicate flush suffused them; the limbs were once more softly rounded, and were pliable to the very last, as if he were but dreaming a sweet dream of rest. There he lay, wrapped in the innocent slumber of a child, fragrant as a dew-drenched rose—a very lily of purity, plucked in its perfect prime.

(To be continued.)

As there is a heaven, so there is a hell. As there is eternal life, so there is eternal death. If there be a God who is holy, just, pure, true, and unchangeable, then, if man is impure, unjust, unholy, and false, and will not change by repentance, God and that soul can not unite in eternity. —*Cardinal Manning.*

The Tales that Tim Told Us.

THE OLD GRAY MAN.

TIM was the proud possessor of an old-fashioned "tall silk hat"—to use his own expressive words. He kept it carefully brushed, and well wrapped in tissue-paper in a paper bandbox under his bed. This bandbox was, in its turn, swathed in a pillow-cover, yellow with age and tied about the opening with a piece of stout twine. The cherished hat was never used except on St. Patrick's Day, when Tim "marched" in the ranks of the Irish Benevolent Society, and on the occasion of a funeral. Funerals were for Tim a sort of mild dissipation. His circle of friends was very limited, but he had a good many acquaintances; and would have thought it a shame not to attend the obsequies of any one whom he had known "at home," or who had ever lived in his own neighborhood.

Whenever we saw him sallying forth from his room early in the morning attired in black from head to foot, the well-brushed silk hat on his head or in his hand, we at once divined that Tim was about to attend a funeral; and among the children the odd-looking headgear became known as "Tim's funeral hat." He never wore a complete suit of black save on these occasions; and it was his custom to assume a solemn air, and to walk, head cast down, with such a slow, rhythmical step that one could almost hear the sound of the dirge which would have been its fit accompaniment.

One morning, as we were hastening to school—a merry party of six,—Hugh, looking back, saw Tim approaching at some distance in the rear.

"Oh, wait a minute!" he said. "Here comes Tim. He is all dressed up, and he has on his funeral hat. It isn't a day for any kind of marching, is it?"

"No," answered Alfred. "It must be a funeral, sure enough. Don't you see how he is keeping step and rolling his head from side to side?"

"Poor Tim!" said Rebecca. "Maybe his uncle is dead, or some one. Let's ask him."

"Oh, Tim's uncles are all dead long ago!" rejoined Hugh, confidently. "But we'll find out who is dead, anyhow."

By this time Tim, with his long, striding steps, had reached the group.

"Were ye wantin' me for anything, childher?" he inquired.

"We thought some one was dead," said Rebecca,—"maybe your uncle or aunt, or some one."

Tim smiled. "*Avourneen*, all my uncles and aunts are lyin' across the sea in God's own blessed land," he replied. "But there *is* some one dead, and I'm goin' down to St. Catherine's to the funeral Mass. I don't know will I go as far as the graveyard, for there'll be all Germans; and I'm not acquainted with the friends—only the man himself that's gone. 'Tis a strange story, that. Be off to school with ye now. Here's my car, childher. I'll tell ye about Matthias in the evenin'."

With a dignified wave of the hand Tim hailed the car; and the top of his shiny silk hat was the last thing we saw as we watched him disappear.

True to his behest, we were early at the rendezvous. The black clothes had been placed in their accustomed corner, covered with an old bed-spread; the silk hat was in process of being carefully wrapped in fold after fold of tissue-paper as we entered the room. Tim sat, in *négligé* costume, on the side of the bed, his pipe already lighted.

"Welcome one and all," he said. "Find yerselves seats, and I'll have the story for ye in five minutes' time—as soon as I get me hat safe away."

This duty accomplished, Tim stretched himself at full-length on his cot, saying by way of apology:

"Ye'll excuse me, childher, for lyin' down; but I've had a long day and a hard one. After the funeral—for they were a decent lot of people, and they paid me great respect, knowin' me to be a friend of Matthias; and gave me a seat in the second carriage from the hearse,—after the funeral, as I was tellin' ye, I thought 'twouldn't be much of a walk to go over to Fell's Run Farm and see about the cow the master's talkin' of buyin'. But it was longer and warmer than I thought; and, though I got a lift comin' back, I'm pretty well used up by now."

Tim's apology graciously accepted, we all gathered round him to hear the promised story.

"Do ye mind the old gray man," said he,—"the old gray man with gray hair and a gray face and gray clothes, that lived over beyant at Culls for a spell? He used to sit with me now and again on summer evenin's?"

We all remembered him.

"Well, that's the one that was dead to-day. After he left there he went doin' chores for Father Gregorius at St. Catherine's. Now and then I takes a short cut and goes there to the ten o'clock Mass. Though I don't understand a word of the preachin', I can tell by the face and gestures of him that Father Gregorius is a very devout man. He was like a father to Matthias. But that isn't my story, or Matthias' story—for he told it to me more than once, and I thought it a wonderful thing. And maybe it'll serve as a warning to ye, childher; for in this country, in spite of teachin' and good example—and ye have both in plenty,—temptations are great and strong, and many's the good and well-taught father and mother's child that backslides when he comes to manhood.

"Matthias wasn't always as ye knew him," continued Tim. "He told me that in the old country his father was in good circumstances; but there was a large

family of them, and he thought to better himself by comin' to America. The last word his old grandfather said to him was, 'Remain faithful to the belief of your fathers, Matthias'; and he promised he would. But when he went out to Minnesota he fell in with a Swedish family, and married the daughter. There was no priest or church there, and they were married by the Lutheran minister. From that on he never went on his knees to pray; nor would he, in spite of all his wife could do, go to the church with her. They had two fine childher—twins,—a boy and a girl; and he always suspicioned that she had them baptized by the minister, though she never told him. They grew up, goin' to the Sunday-school and all, till one day his wife said:

"'Matthias, it's time for the childher to be confirmed now, and will you come with me to the church? I don't like to put it off any longer.'

"He was loath to go; but she was a good wife and mother, and he hadn't the heart to refuse her. So he went and saw the whole ceremony; and his conscience didn't trouble him much. You see, he had grown cold from his gradual leavin' off all things relatin' to his own religion. Soon after that his father-in-law died, leavin' the fine farm to Matthias' wife. But the poor woman didn't live long to enjoy the possession of it. When the boy and girl were about sixteen, he was left a widower.

"One day he took them to the city—half a day's journey from the place. The wife had a cousin in the town, and they stopped with her for the night. After supper Matthias went out for a stroll, and before he knew it he stood in front of a Catholic church. Something pushed him to go in; and he went, sore against his will. It was a mission, and the priest was preachin' in the German tongue. Matthias sat down on a bench in the back part of the church, and a strange feelin' began to go through him. I'll tell ye the rest in his own words, for I mind them well. I made him tell me the story many a time—I thought it so full of warnin' and instruction.

"Says Matthias to himself: '*Stay cold! stay cold!* Do not let this priest alarm thee.' Says the priest: 'Friend, whereto art thou come? Dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss? Thou art Judas,—thou hast betrayed thy Master.'

"'I *am* Judas!' says Matthias, and the cold sweat broke out all over him. 'I *am* Judas!' and the words ate into his soul. He thought the priest read all that was written there, and he trembled with fear and shame.

"'Rejoice and be glad, Judas,' said the priest, pointin' his finger to the very spot where Matthias sat. 'Thou hast thy thirty pieces of silver in hand. Thou hast the price of thy treason. Enjoy it: buy with it houses and lands; enjoy them, for thy time is short.'

"Matthias started up in his seat. 'Yes,' he cried out, in the face of the whole congregation; 'yes, I am Judas. I have betrayed my Master. I have silver in my pocket; I have houses and lands—the price of my treason. Oh, if I had been Peter, or those who slept when He bade them watch, there might have been some hope for me! But I am Judas,—I have betrayed Him; and, like Judas, I shall die a traitor and fall into the lowest depths of hell.'

"With these words he rushed from the church, and spent half the night wanderin' about in the open air. The next day he wasn't much better, but kept sayin' to himself always: 'I am Judas! I am Judas! There's no hope for me.' And a strange thing happened.

"Goin' out in the town for some business, he met the priest that had been preachin' the night before. He hung his head and tried to get away; but the priest faced him, and says he: 'My friend,

when are you comin' to confession?'—'Never,' says Matthias; 'never, Father. I have betrayed the Lord, and I can not be forgiven.' And then, like the thievin' old betrayer of our Blessed Saviour, he ran away from the presence of the holy man of God.

"He went home with his childher, his heart torn to pieces and full of despair. In a week the two of them were dead with diphtheria. In a month his cows were poisoned by a weed they ate; two of his horses run away and broke their necks the fortnight followin'; and, to complete the devastation, his barn took fire and burned to the ground.

"'It's good punishment for Judas,' said he to himself over and over, till one night not able to stand it any longer, he said: 'Like the betrayer of old, I'll go and hang myself with a halter.' Now comes the strange part of my tale. As he went out, takin' the road to an old stable he knew of, convenient, with a rope in his hand, who should he meet but the very same priest again? And once more he faced him.

"'Where are you goin', man?' asked the Father.

"'To hang myself with this rope, sir,' says Matthias. 'And where are *you* goin', Father; and what brings you here at this hour of the night, may I ask?'

"'I came to give the last Sacraments to a poor old Catholic woman at the County Farm,' says the priest; 'and there's no train till the mornin', so they kindly gave me lodgin' for the night. I was out takin' a walk, but the hand of Almighty God is in this. Now, when will you come to confession?'

"'*Now*, Father,—*now!*' says Matthias, fallin' on his knees on the side of the road, and beginnin' to make his confession in the dust.

"'Rise,' says the Father; 'and you will make your peace with God in the proper place. But come with me now, and I will take you home; for you're not in a fit condition to go there alone.'

"So leanin' on the arm of the good, kind priest, the poor man made his way home. The next day he went to confession, and shortly after made over his farm and lands to his wife's brother; for said he to me: 'Tim, I could not keep them longer. They seemed to me the price of blood.' And ever after he was a poor man and a wanderer, workin' here and there, and goin' through great penance for the atonement of his sins. He lived a holy life and died a peaceful and holy death,—God be merciful to his soul this blessed night. *Amen!*

"His humility was great, as Father Gregorius said to-day. And well he knew what he was sayin'; for although the poor man did a grievous wrong in denying his faith to the extent of allowin' his childher to be brought up in heresy, it isn't everyone that would make the same atonement for as great a fault. And for fear ye'd be wonderin' about the wife and childher, 'tis well known that a Protestant baptism is valid if done by a careful hand; and 'tis my hope and prayer that the family are reunited in heaven this night. But if he isn't needin' it some other poor soul may, so, childher, we'll go down on our knees this minute and say a prayer for the repose of his soul."

And there, in the silence of the gathering night, we knelt down and said the *De Profundis* for the soul of Tim's friend, poor Matthias.

OUR thoughts are more a true measure of ourselves than our actions are. They are not under the control of human respect. It is not easy for them to be ashamed of themselves: they have no witnesses but God. They are not bound to keep within certain limits nor observe certain proprieties. Religious motives alone can claim jurisdiction over them.—*Faber.*

Notes and Remarks.

To be rebuked by a savage is the latest humiliation that has come to the Italian usurper, Humbert. It will be remembered that the Holy Father dispatched an ambassador to King Menelik of Abyssinia, to sue for the liberation of the Italian prisoners who were captured during the late war, and who are now suffering all the hardships of African captivity. It is announced that Menelik has willingly offered to release such of the prisoners as were born in the old Papal States; "because," he says, "they are the subjects of the Pope." The others will be retained until the Italian Government makes generous terms with Abyssinia. King Humbert has already had ample cause to regret the foolhardy policy of Crispi in Africa, and this last act of the drama fulfils all the demands of poetic justice. Verily, uneasy lies the head that wears the crown of Italy.

The infamous Zola was the first, we believe, to accuse Leo XIII. of being a miser. It is strange that the great French realist should be so given to unveracity. Never was an accusation more unfounded. On the Feast of St. Joachim his Holiness distributed £1,600 to the poor of Rome, and £160 to certain needy priests. Such benefactions have always been a feature of the Pope's feast-days. There would be less crime in the world, less suffering among the poor, and more contentment if the Holy Father's generosity were imitated everywhere by those who possess wealth.

The publication of Andrew D. White's shallow generalizations about the "Warfare of Science" moves an eminent educator—President Charles Kendall Adams, of Wisconsin University,—to observe in the *Forum* that "whenever a new scientific theory has been promulgated, it has had to make its first conquests among scientific men themselves." When one recalls the innumerable theories which are put forth by scientists to-day only to be set aside to-morrow—theories which find violent antagonists among the scientists themselves,—it is not to be wondered at that prudent and conservative men, whether theologians or not, should be slow in adopting scientific *dicta* unsupported by scientific *data*. "Can it be said," asks President Adams, "that Darwin was more bitterly opposed by the theologians than by his fellow-votaries of science? When the 'Origin of Species' first appeared, Louis Agassiz is said to have remarked that he 'should be ashamed of any Harvard sophomore who would write such trash'; and, though he may have changed his view in regard to the average sophomore, he held to his opinion of Darwin's work to the last. When Sir William Simpson published one of his great works on anæsthetics, his fellow-professor of surgery—Sime—took the book before his medical class, excoriated it, tore it asunder, threw it upon the floor and trampled it under foot, declaring it was a disgrace to Edinburgh University." The late Mr. Huxley was wont to complain of the theological fences erected "by order of Moses" to hedge in the field of legitimate inquiry. It would seem, however, that until the scientists themselves can be whipped into line, it would be good taste in scientific writers to show more modesty of speech, and less contempt for the "belated" theologians.

An interesting letter written to a Protestant friend by the late Sir John Thompson, Premier of Canada, has now been made public for the first time. It tells briefly the story of his conversion, and illustrates anew the perplexities, anxieties, and discouragements which confront all converts to the Church, but especially those bred to the "learned professions." We quote:

> I had been attending the Church of England and Roman Catholic services assiduously for a period of four years, and had been reading all the controversies I could get my hands on, and finally yielded when to believe and not to profess appeared to be wretched cowardice. I had very few Catholic clients, no influential Catholic friends. I believed the day of my baptism closed my chances to professional advancement or any other. I felt I had but one recourse — my shorthand. I knew I could not support my wife and myself, if matters came to the worst. But I felt that there was no use in putting

all this before the public, and that it was better to stand by the certain right which I had; that these were not matters for public discussion, but matters of conscience only. Even if I had discussed them, I must have added that, after twenty years' experience and consideration, I would do it again; and do it a thousand times if it were necessary, even if all the blessings and prosperity which I have had were turned into misfortunes and afflictions.

The courage of this noble statesman was splendidly rewarded in the event; for Sir John Thompson not only reached the most honorable office in Canada, but he won as well the respect of the people irrespective of race or religion. Yet Catholics may learn from this episode that a very special charity, both social and material, should be exercised toward converts who have to meet and conquer such appalling temptations.

The grand celebration held at Mylapore some time ago had notable features. The beautiful church which has been raised over the tomb of the Apostle of India was designed by an Irishman, who also superintended its erection. It is said to be the most imposing religious edifice in Southern India, which is famed for magnificent temples. The vast concourse of people attending the consecration of the cathedral represented many different peoples and all the languages of India. There, mingling with the crowd of native Christians, might be seen Irishmen and Englishmen, Portuguese and Germans, Hindoos, and Mussulmans. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hurth, C. S. C., a Prussian, formerly president of a college in the United States. The Catholic Church is a world-wide institution,—no mistake about it.

The publication of an exact *verbatim et literatim* reprint of the famous Jesuit "Relations," with a complete English translation, is unquestionably one of the most important literary undertakings of our time. The value of these annals from a religious, historical, geographical, or ethnical point of view, is unquestionable. Their publication was a great service to mankind in many ways. The scarcity of the original editions of the "Relations" may be judged from the fact that only one complete set exists in America. Considering the circumstances under which this remarkable series of letters were written, their literary ability is matter of astonishment. In his introduction to the work the learned editor observes:

Many of the "Relations" were written in Indian camps, amid a chaos of distractions. Insects innumerable tormented the journalists; they were immersed in scenes of squalor and degradation, overcome by fatigue and lack of proper sustenance; often suffering from wounds and disease; maltreated in a hundred ways by hosts who, at times, might more properly be called jailers; and not seldom had savage superstition risen to such a height that to be seen making a memorandum was certain to arouse the ferocious enmity of the band. It is not surprising that the composition of these journals of the Jesuits is sometimes crude; the wonder is that they could be written at all. Nearly always the style is simple and direct. Never does the narrator descend to self-glorification, or dwell unnecessarily upon the details of his continual martyrdom; he never complains of his lot, but sets forth his experience in phrases the most matter-of-fact. His meaning is seldom obscure. We gain from his pages a vivid picture of life in the primeval forest, as he lived it. We seem to see him upon his long canoe journeys, squatted amidst his dusky fellows, working his passage at the paddles, and carrying cargoes upon the portage trail. We see him the butt and scorn of the savage camp, sometimes deserted in the heart of the wilderness, and obliged to wait for another flotilla or to make his way alone as best he can. Arrived at last at his journey's end, we often find him vainly seeking for shelter in the squalid huts of the natives, with every man's hand against him, but his own heart open to them all. We find him, even when at last domiciled in some far-away village, working against hope to save the unbaptized from eternal damnation. We seem to see the rising storm of opposition, invoked by native medicine-men—who to his seventeenth-century imagination seem devils indeed,—and at last the bursting climax of superstitious frenzy which sweeps him and his before it. Not only do these devoted missionaries—the world has never, in any field, witnessed greater personal heroism than theirs—live and breathe before us in the "Relations," but we have in them our first competent account of the Red Indian at a time when relatively uncontaminated by contact with Europeans.

Mrs. Ambrose de Lisle, who passed to her reward on her favorite Feast of the Assumption, was one of the first fruits of the great Catholic Movement at Oxford. She was one of its hidden saints, and her virtues remind one of those holy and valiant women of the early Church. Among innu-

merable other good works in which she took an active interest almost to the day of her death was that of the Holy Childhood, the humble beginnings of which she had witnessed in the first years of her Catholic life. To the poor, the sick and the suffering, she was a tender and constant friend; and her home was a haven to which people of all sorts and conditions turned for sympathy, counsel, and encouragement. Mrs. de Lisle was held in high esteem by Lacordaire, Montalembert, and the illustrious churchmen of her own country, to all of whom she was known as the noble wife of a noble husband. May she rest in peace!

The influence of the Catholic Congress lately held at Rheims is likely to be felt far and wide in France. As many as eight hundred priests were in attendance, and all seemed to be of one mind and heart. For obvious reasons, no bishop took an active part in the Congress, but the Cardinals of Paris and Rheims blessed its work. An outspoken letter from the Bishop of Nancy declared that some means ought to be found to provide chairs in churches gratuitously. He maintained that the payment of even one *sou* had the effect of driving the poor away from the altar. Though dead, the great Cardinal Manning yet speaketh; and his spirit is breathing upon the clergy in every land, urging them to break away from routine and adapt themselves to new conditions. "Be men of God and of the age in which you live." The speeches made during the Congress at Rheims show that many ecclesiastics in France discern a great future for the Church, and realize that her opportunities were never greater than at the present time.

In a certain public library whose catalogue we have examined there are fourteen authors grouped under the title "Ecclesiastical History." Not one of these authors is a Catholic. Whenever anybody in that city wants to read about the state of religion in other times, he takes his information, perforce, from sources antagonistic to the Church. People often wonder why Protestants do not "read up" and thus discard their prejudices; but until Catholics take a more active interest in our public libraries, and help to get the right books into them, we should hesitate about advising our non-Catholic friends to "read up"—especially in the public libraries. We do not look for the introduction of *pious* books, but of able statements of the Catholic side of history, religion and philosophy.

We believe that the reverend clergy, in particular, should move quickly and earnestly in this direction. The introduction of suitable Catholic books into the public libraries is a work even more important than the formation of parish libraries. Personal controversy about religion is usually unprofitable when it is not harmful; but many a convert received the first impulse of the grace which brought him into the Church by the reading of a good book in the quiet of his library.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. M. J. Holland, whose death took place on the 31st ult., at Newark, N. J.

Sisters Helen and André, of the Sisters of the Incarnate Word, San Antonio, Texas, who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. Edward Masterson, whose life closed peacefully on the 28th ult., at Oakland, Cal.

Mr. William F. Kyle, of Colorado Springs, Colo., who passed away on the 26th ult.

Mr. Hugh Fox, who died on the 20th ult., at Lucknow, England.

Miss Anna Hughes, of Schenectady, N. Y., who yielded her soul to God on the 1st inst.

Mrs. Harriet Thompson, who departed this life on the 21st ult., at Cheltenham, England.

Mrs. J. Murphy, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who breathed her last on the 14th ult.

Mr. M. Cotter, of Meriden, Conn.; Mr. John Cronin, Ansonia, Conn.; Mr. M. Purcell, Valatie, N. Y.; Maria Rodgers, New York city; Miss Annie Dillon, Trenton, N. J.; Margaret Flanigan, Chicago, Ill.; James Mulholland, County Armagh, Ireland; David and Mary Mathew, New Britain, Conn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Carven Crucifix.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

BARBARA, Barbara!" came in feeble tones from a small but neatly-furnished room, where old Bernard Wunder and his wife Anne lay side by side, weakened by privation and almost famished for want of proper food. A series of misfortunes had reduced them to penury; and the time had come when the old man, once strong and vigorous, was forced to depend for subsistence on the skilful fingers of his feeble wife, famous for the fine stockings, of intricate pattern, which for many years she had knitted and sold. But, alas! nowadays those fingers were slow to accomplish their task; for sickness and sorrow had enfeebled her also. If it had not been for little Barbara, their grandchild, their lot would have been still more hopeless; but the faithful and devoted child managed to earn a few pennies by running errands for the neighbors, and thus kept the wolf somewhat at bay.

"Barbara, where are you?" once more called the old man. And for answer a pretty, dark-haired child of about eleven years opened the door which separated kitchen and bedroom, and replied in a cheery voice:

"Here I am, grandfather. I will soon have the coffee ready. I had the good luck to find some crackers in the jar; I am toasting them, and you shall have a fine breakfast. And I have some good news besides."

"God bless you for a dear, good little Barbara!" said the grandmother, gently; and she stretched her hand to the child, who took and kissed it lovingly. But the grandfather turned his face to the wall with a weary groan.

"Don't give up, grandfather," said Barbara, as she passed out to the kitchen again. "I have some news—oh, very, very good news!"

With quick, deft fingers she prepared the scanty breakfast, and took it to the poor old couple. There was a cup of coffee and a couple of toasted crackers for each. In lieu of butter she had spread them with melted dripping, of which—frugal little housekeeper that she was—she had yet a small store.

"And what of yourself, child?" asked the old man, anxiously. "Have you had nothing to eat yet?"

"I had a fine breakfast this morning, grandfather," she replied. "As I came out from Mass there stood Father Froelich waiting for me in the church porch. Beside him was a lady, tall, dark, and very beautiful; and with such a fine cloak and gown that I almost thought her to be a queen or at least a countess."

"Hm!" said the old man, a little scornfully, and yet with an amused smile. "Queens do not go to early Mass on foot, or countesses either. Neither do they wear fine cloaks and gowns at such unseemly hours. On the contrary, they dress more simply than the common people when they go to church."

"Yes, yes!" replied the child, humoring him. "*You* know, grandfather; for you have lived among the gentlefolk in your time. But what I meant was that the material of her cloak and gown was fine, not showy,—rich, heavy, but without gaudiness."

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, with an emphatic nod. "That is more like it. And then what happened?"

"'Barbara,' said Father Froelich, 'this lady has come to our town for a visit. She may remain two or three months, and will want a little handmaiden to keep her company and wait upon her during that time. Now, I can think of no one who will be likely to suit her better than little Barbara.'—'But, Father,' said I, 'what of my grandparents?'—'Oh, 'tis only from nine till five!' said he. 'Plenty of time to leave them well set up for the day, and a penny or so in the pocket for thee and them. Eh, Barbara?'"

"And did the lady say nothing?" queried the grandmother.

"She spoke up then and said: 'I have seen thee, child, at morning Mass this fortnight, and I think thou wilt please me.' And, oh, she spoke so sweetly and so kindly that my heart went out to her at once! Grandpapa, grandmamma, may I go, please? It will be good for us if I do; for then and there she promised me two florins a week if I should come."

"A good wage, a fine wage," said the old man. "What sayest thou, mother?"

"What can I say but yes?" answered the grandmother. "Yes, and thank God for coming to our assistance in this our darkest hour. Already I feel able to get up and sit in my chair. Come, Barbara, help me a little."

"But first let me run to Frau Bettens and borrow a few coals," said the child; "for if you will sit up, grandmother, you must be kept warm."

"No, no!" said the old lady, lying back once more on the pillow. "Borrow I will not. Here let us lie yet a few days longer, until you get your week's pay, my Barbara. I can still knit, and the grandfather sleeps most of the day."

Shaking his old gray head, the grandfather once more turned to the wall with a deep sigh.

"A florin!" he exclaimed, bitterly,—"a florin! After all, what is it, and what will it provide?"

But Barbara cried: "Courage, grandfather! Who knows what it may lead to? God will not desert us; He has kept us thus far. And now, when it seemed most dark, comes a ray of light and hope."

"We have trusted in Him," said the grandmother solemnly, raising her eyes to heaven.

"But your breakfast, Barbara?" asked the grandfather, while the child busied herself about the room.

"Oh, yes,—I forgot!" she replied, with a bright smile. "Father Froelich took me by the hand after the lady had gone, and the next thing I found myself sitting at the kitchen table before a cup of fine coffee and a great, thick piece of bread and butter. Oh, it was fine! Only I was so sorry that it was not possible to fetch you some."

"A good child," said the grandmother. "And did you promise the lady you would go to her?"

"With your permission, grandmother, at ten this morning."

"Well, go then, with God's blessing!" said the grandfather. "Is it not best so, Anne?" addressing his wife.

"Yes, I think so," answered the old woman; and Barbara kissed them both.

In the bed-chamber of the old couple hung a carved crucifix, of some hard, dark wood. It was a work of art, and one might well wonder how so valuable and beautiful an object could have become the property of such an humble pair. To look at it was sufficient to inspire devotion in the beholder. On a small bracket beneath it a

lamp had always burned, until the direst necessity had compelled the poverty-stricken owners to discontinue it. Little Barbara did not remember the time when this crucifix was not in the possession of her grandparents: it was associated with her earliest recollections. Before it she had said her evening prayers during all her young life, and it had been a source of grief to her that the light no longer burned at the dear household shrine.

When she had completed her light morning tasks, brushed her long, beautiful hair, and went to take leave of her grandparents before going to the house of her new mistress, she knelt for a moment in front of the crucifix, gazed up appealingly into the sorrowful eyes that looked down on her from the Cross, and said aloud:

"O sweet Saviour, bless us! Bless my dear grandparents; guard them while I am absent; and grant that the work I am undertaking this day may be to our good and Thy greater honor and glory." Then as she rose from her knees she said, with a wistful smile:

"O grandmother, how nice it will be if we can soon afford to have the light burning again!"

"God grant it!" said the grandmother. "But do not count too much on thy prospects, little one," she added, as the child bent over her for a last kiss ere taking her departure.

But Barbara laughed cheerily as she passed from the room, and went forth hopefully to her new occupation.

After she had gone her grandmother suddenly recollected that the child had not told them where the lady resided, and became very uneasy lest she might have forgotten to inquire, and, wandering aimlessly about, perhaps lose her way. But the grandfather only laughed at the possibility.

"Do not fret, mother," he said; "our little Barbara while she is no gad-about, knows well where she is going whenever she sets foot on an errand in the town. And would she have been so foolish, or the Father so forgetful, as not to have learned whither she had to go? No, no, mother! do not worry: she will be all right. And it can not be far, or the lady would not come to our parish church to Mass in the morning, you may depend."

But the old woman could not rest; and finally she got up, dressed herself, and felt the better for the slight exertion.

"Father," she said, "I really believe it is colder lying in bed than stirring about. But stay you there until I return."

Before her husband could remonstrate with her on her imprudence she had opened the kitchen door, and was soon knocking at that of her neighbor, Frau Bettens.

After that good woman had expressed her pleasure at seeing her on her feet again, as well as joy at the good news concerning little Barbara, and her prospect of a florin a week, the old woman drew a fine pair of knitted socks from her pocket, saying:

"Will you accept these, Frau Bettens, in payment of a bucket of coal? They will fit your husband nicely, and I would like very much to have a good fire against Barbara's return."

"That I will," answered Frau Bettens. "Ferdinand was needing them badly; and will want another pair besides, to change with, when he comes home these nights, cold and wet, from the gas-works. I will send Fritz in with two buckets, good measure; and two more to-morrow, Frau Anne; for that much will not more than pay for the socks."

Thus did the kind-hearted woman embrace the opportunity of assisting her poorer neighbor; and the old woman departed, accompanied by the boy groaning under a well-filled sack of coal, which he deposited on the kitchen hearth, promising to fetch a like quantity the next day.

LIBRARY

The grandmother seemed to have taken a new lease of life. Having made a good fire, she persuaded her husband to get up, drew their arm-chairs to the fireside; and as she did so the first ray of winter sunshine stole in through the window, illumining the hearts to which hope had once more found entrance.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Famous Picture of the Madonna.

Cimabue, an Italian painter who died in 1302, painted for a church in Florence a picture of the Madonna which excited great enthusiasm in the country. Charles of Anjou, King of Naples, passing through Florence while Cimabue was at work, was taken to see it at the artist's studio in a garden. Before this time it had been known only to confidants; but when the report of its wonderful merit spread, all Florence crowded to get a glimpse of it. Up to that period nothing like this beautiful picture had been seen in Tuscany. When finished it was carried in solemn procession to the church, followed by the whole population; and with such triumph and rejoicing that the quarter where the painter lived took its name from this event.

The figure of our Mother might be more beautiful and graceful than it is; but there is a dignity and a majesty in her mien, and an expression of inward ponderings and sad anticipations rising from her heart to her eyes, which rivet the memory. The Child, too, blessing with His right hand, is full of majesty; and the attendant angels, though they are as much alike as twins, are of remarkable grace and sweetness. The picture still hangs in the church of the Dominicans in Santa Maria Novella.

Cimabue, we are told, was one of those conscientious painters who, on noticing the least blemish in their work, would destroy it without compunction if they could not remove the defect, however much trouble it might have caused them. No pains were too great if they could imprison upon their canvas a little more of the loveliness of the Virgin most beautiful. Indeed, it was love for the Mother of God, and the desire to body forth the conception of her incomparable beauty, which first developed Christian art.

St. Carileff and His Wren.

St. Carileff was a monk who lived at Menat, near Clermont, and died about 540. Becoming dissatisfied with his monastery, he resolved to penetrate farther into the forest, and live a more retired life. He and a companion went to reconnoitre, and in a remote corner came upon an old neglected vineyard, where they thought of settling down.

One hot day the Saint was working, and had hung his hood on an oak-tree. When returning to put it on, he found that a wren had laid an egg in it. The good hermit rejoiced, and left his hood, so as not to disturb the tiny creature's nest. When he reported this circumstance to his abbot, the latter answered: "This is no accident. Return thither, and there a monastery shall arise some day."

St. Carileff returned and settled in the old vineyard. And he gained the confidence of other animals besides the wren; for a large buffalo used to come to his cell and let him rub its shaggy neck, and then would gallop back into the forest. One day the king heard of this splendid buffalo roaming about, and made up a hunting party to secure it. But it took refuge at the hermit's cell; and the huntsmen were so amazed at seeing the great monarch of the forest standing thus peaceably beside its protector, that they acknowledged the man of God's superior power, and ended by giving him a grant of lands to build a monastery there.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The celebrated collection of editions of "The Imitation of Christ" owned by the late Mr. Waterton, of England, has been purchased for the British Museum. The collection comprises more than a thousand copies of various editions and of translations.

—The Burrows Bros. Co., of Cleveland, have just let the contract for printing, in French and English, "The Jesuit Relations." The work will consist of sixty royal octavo volumes, of 300 pages each; and, at the rate of a volume a month, will require five years for its publication.

—The Rev. F. D. Byrne has compiled a manual of devotion, which comes nearer the ideal prayer-book than most of the works published to-day. "Prayers for the People" is its title, and it is well named; for it meets the needs of the Catholic laity, and places before them the essential devotions of a practical Christian life. It is published by Benziger Bros.

—We welcome a better edition of Cardinal Manning's "Religio Viatoris," published by Burns & Oates and Benziger Bros. The change of title to "Why I Became a Catholic" is a decided improvement. The excellence of this work and its cheapness ought to render it very popular. There is no book in the language more suitable for the generality of inquiring non-Catholics than this little volume by the great English Cardinal.

—We have felt it a duty to make a careful examination of Longmans' school edition of English classics. It is so easy, by means of a simple foot-note or introduction, to contribute to the existing widespread prejudice against persons and things Catholic; and many of the classics contain offensive passages in themselves. But we have yet to discover in the Longmans' edition anything that can be fairly objected to. The "Life of Nelson," for instance, is absolutely free from the offensive foot-notes to which we have referred in reviewing the series of Eclectic English Classics. Besides "Nelson," the Longmans have just issued the first two books of "Paradise Lost," Macaulay's "Life of Johnson," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers." The introduction prefixed to each volume is always keenly critical and often remarkably meritorious. Longmans, Green & Co.

—By the retirement of Mr. Lloyd Bryce, the editorship of the *North American Review* passes over to Mr. David A. Munro, formerly of the Harpers, and widely known in the literary world. The new editor of the *North American* has our best wishes for his success.

—The busy pen of Father Bonaventura Hammer, O. S. F., has given us a translation of Dreher's "Outlines of Church History," which has long been a popular manual in Germany. The translator has adapted the work for the United States by embodying in it the notable events in the history of the Church in this country. Published by B. Herder.

—Under the title "The Beauties of Mary, Queen of Literature," a devoted client of the Blessed Virgin at McSherrystown, Pa., has begun the publication of a semi-monthly periodical, the object of which is to lay before Catholic readers selections from English writers and translations from foreign languages in praise of the Mother of Christ. The first number, which is elegantly printed, contains a dozen or more well-selected articles in prose and verse, all referring to the Queen of Literature.

—We regret exceedingly to learn that the Rev. Dr. Kolbe, the gifted editor of the *South African Magazine*, is threatened with serious impairment of sight. The suspension of the literary labors of this learned and zealous priest would be a distinct loss. It is to be hoped that Dr. Kolbe's sight may be fully restored; however, if he were forced to lay aside his pen, he would have the consolation of knowing that he had used it to good purpose in the cause of Catholic truth. The periodical which he has edited so ably must be a power for good in South Africa.

—Catholic readers of *The Critic* would be exceedingly grateful if the editors of that clever weekly could forego the pleasure of

occasional thrusts at the Church and churchmen. Well-bred people avoid, in society, any reference likely to wound feelings or to give pain; but *The Critic*, whose editors, we are assured by a friend, are cultured and good people, think nothing of printing prejudiced book-reviews and references offensive to Catholics. We have never known a religious book, either Catholic or Protestant, to be reviewed in *The Critic* by a Catholic; but we have known several admirable Catholic books to be abused by Protestant writers whose unfriendliness to the Church was too apparent. Not long ago, too, *The Critic* allowed a reviewer to quote an offensive and utterly unfounded story about Cardinal Richelieu. We have adverted to this habit on a former occasion; we ask again: How long will *The Critic*, which must have many Catholic readers, lend itself to such unworthy practices?

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

Cobbett's History of the Reformation. *Edited by Dom Gasquet.* Benziger Bros. $1.

The Yorke-Wendte Discussion. Monitor Publishing Co. 50 cts.

Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages. *Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M.* Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P.* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

The End of Religious Controversy. *Bishop Milner. Edited by Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A.* Cath. Truth Society. 1s *net.*

The See of St. Peter. *T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G.* Catholic Truth Society. 1s. 6d.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co. 30 cts.

Lessons in Literature. Ainsworth & Co. $1.

The Religion of a Traveller (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser.* Cathedral Library Association. 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* May & Williams. $1.25.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

Are Anglican Orders Valid? *Rev. Dr. MacDevitt.* Bryers & Walker. 60 cts.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8s.

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury, Mass. $2.10.

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, $6.25.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.50 net.

The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena. *Algar Thorold.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Woman, What Have I to do with Thee? *Presbyter Anglicanus.* Kegan Paul & Co. Crown 8vo, 60 cts.

Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. *Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 3 vols. $4.50.

Christian Reunion. *William Delaney, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. *K. M. Barry.* Fallon & Co. 60 cts.

Retreats, etc. *Father Dignam, S. J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Jewels of the Imitation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* Burns & Oates. 60 cts.

Questions of Honor in the Christian Life. *Katharine E. Conway.* Pilot Co. 50 cts.

Conscience and Law. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. $1.60.

In a Walled Garden. *Bessie R. Belloc.* Ward & Downey. $2.

Evolution and Dogma. *Rev. John A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C.* McBride & Co. $2.

Saint Philomena. *From the French.* R. Washbourne. 5 cts.

Mooted Questions of History. *H. J. Desmond.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts.

Catholic Directory, 1896. *Hoffmann Bros. Co.* 50 cts.

Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism. *Rev. William Humphrey, S J.* Thomas Baker. 65 cts.

Our Own Story. *Rosa Mulholland.* Catholic Truth Society. $1.00.

Christian Unity. *Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.* Catholic Book Exchange. 50 cts.

Father Furniss and his Work for Children. *Rev. T. Livius, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

Lyra Hieratica. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* Burns & Oates. $1.00

St. Antony of Padua. *Franciscan Fathers.* Burns & Oates. 75 cts.

Jesus, His Life; A Diatessaron. *Rev. Henry Beauclerk, S. J.* Burns & Oates. $1.40.

A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven. *M. C. Bishop.* Benziger Bros. $2.

The Christian at Mass. *Rev. Joseph L. Andreis.* Murphy & Co. 12mo, net, $1.00.

Poems. *Father John B. Tabb.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo. $1.00.

Prehistoric Americans. *Marquis de Nadaillac.* McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, *net*, 50 cts.

The Rhythm of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Copeland & Day. Octavo. $1.25.

Guide to Confession and Communion. *St. Francis de Sales.* Benziger Bros. 32mo. cloth, 60 cts.

The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon. *The Rev. Joseph Spillmann.* B. Herder. 8vo. cloth, $1.50.

Cuckoo Songs. *Katharine Tynan Hinkson.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo, $1.50.

Summer School Essays. 2 vols. McBride & Co. 16mo. cloth, 50 cents each

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, I. 48.

VOL. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 26, 1896. No. 13.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

My Mother's Eyes.

FROM THE SPANISH, BY MARY E. MANNIX.

ABOVE my cradle, when her voice at night
Lulled me to rest, two stars forever shone;
To me sweet symbols they of Faith and Love,
Teaching my heart to yearn for joys above:
My mother's eyes.

My youth is fled—a mockery of delight,
A thing of foolish visions,—and alone
I weep and suffer; yet two orbs still shine
Above this dull and weary soul of mine:
My mother's eyes.

And I shall see them beaming soft and bright
When Death has come to call me for its own;
Two guiding stars to cheer and welcome me
Over the ocean of Eternity:
My mother's eyes.

The National Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

IMPRESSIVE SCENES AND WONDROUS CURES.

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE departure from Paris, on the 18th of August, of the fourteen trains conveying the pilgrims to Lourdes, though ever the same touching and inspiring sight, always seems new to the crowds attracted by it. The utmost order prevails at the depot; and, owing to the different flags on the trains, and the colored badges worn by the pilgrims, each one can easily find his proper train. The "white train"—that of the *grands malades*, or incurable sick,—naturally excites the deepest interest. The patients are tenderly carried upon stretchers into the cars prepared as infirmaries, with the best accommodation possible under the circumstances. At every station the Little Sisters of the Assumption and the voluntary nurses hasten to prepare refreshments and cordials for their charges. The kitchen of the "white train" is well supplied with all that may be needed. When one considers that the sick thus conveyed and attended to number over a thousand persons, this feature of the pilgrimage seems a marvel in itself.

At Lourdes two important groups of pilgrims from the United States and Canada were present to greet the National Pilgrimage on its arrival. Our fellow-pilgrims from the New World—mostly from New York and Brooklyn—were preceded by a magnificent banner. Their dignified piety and recollection made a visible impression upon the enthusiastic French. The Bishop of St. Boniface presided over the Canadians; and, seeing them congregated on the brink of the Gave, the French saluted them with warm acclamations. The venerable prelate declared, in a voice full of hope, that when the school question is settled in Canada, on that

blessed day of triumph it will not be a small group that will come to Lourdes, but a grand pilgrimage of thanksgiving. A large party of Portuguese pilgrims were likewise remarked for their fervor. They carried in procession a banner of singular beauty. Thus the desire of the Immaculate Virgin is fully realized—"I wish people to come in procession here."

It is manifest that God looks with complacency upon the stations made in places consecrated by some great event in the history of the Church, or hallowed by memories of one of her saints. The National Pilgrimage often receives special graces at Poitiers—cures begun or accomplished at the tomb of St. Radegonde. Marie Thérèse Boinot, who had come from the town of St.-Jean-d'Angély, was the first pilgrim thus favored. Having lost the use of her left arm and leg in consequence of a fall, she had been disabled for nearly two years. On the 20th of August, while praying before the tomb of the holy Queen, she suddenly felt her limbs recover their elasticity. In thanks giving to God, she continued her journey to Lourdes, where all who heard of her cure could see the ease with which she moved and walked about.

The following are a few of the many favors obtained at Lourdes. More than sixty are reported:

Julie Lejeune, forty-seven years of age, a native of Paris, was a sufferer for the last six years from "crippling rheumatism," and passed four years in the Hospital of La Salpêtrière, without receiving alleviation. While going to Lourdes she lay quite powerless, swathed in wadding. The nurse fed her: she could not even raise a finger. But after the first bath in the piscina she rose unaided, followed the torch-light procession that lasted two hours, and later performed the Stations of the Cross without experiencing fatigue.

The Abbé Villate, twenty-one years of age, an ecclesiastical student of the Archdiocese of Paris, was summoned last autumn to the barracks by the new military law, to serve as a soldier for a year. He was discharged in the month of January, the military surgeon having declared him a victim of tuberculous bronchitis, and not likely to live beyond a fortnight. The young man lingered on under the hypodermic treatment; but the doctor who attended him said that if he were ever cured it would be a miracle of the first order. He was greatly exhausted by the journey, and the medical staff of Lourdes asserted that he bore the most alarming symptoms. However, after the fifth bath all these symptoms vanished: no trace whatever remains of them. The medical certificate vouches for this fact.

The case of Louis Guiraud is one of the most striking that come under observation this year. A native of Lisieux, he went to Paris in 1885—he was then twenty years of age—to look for work as a coppersmith. He was an industrious and sober workman, and in a few years had earned enough to think of marrying. Two days after his marriage, in order to be in time for his daily work, he took a cab, which, going at full speed, collided with a heavily laden dray-cart. The cab was upset, and the driver thrown from his seat and killed on the spot. Guiraud received a severe wound in his side, and one of his legs was broken in several places,—for one of the wheels had rolled over him. He was taken to a pharmacy near by, and remained in a swoon three hours. On recovering a little, he was conveyed to the Beaujon Hospital, where he received the best medical care. His leg was put into an apparatus, and it was hoped that he would soon be well; but, to the dismay of the surgeons, successive tumors broke out on his leg and side. His sufferings were long and acute, and finally he was pronounced incurable. Being a poor artisan, depending on manual labor for his own support and that of his wife, Guiraud had to appeal to

charity for relief when dismissed from the hospital. At the same time he applied to the companies to which the cab and dray belonged for some compensation; but none being afforded, he was advised to take an action at law against them. A judicial decision was given in his favor, and the sum of thirty-five thousand francs allotted to him, to be paid by the two companies. They shirked the responsibility, and took the case to the Appeal Court, which confirmed the first sentence. Not yet satisfied, the companies went before the Court of Annulment (the highest Court of Appeal), in which the case is at present pending.

Louis Guiraud was admitted without difficulty as a member of the National Pilgrimage, and was cured on the 21st of August, on being dipped into the piscina. On presenting himself before the Bureau des Constatations, he said: "Gentlemen, at your service. I am Louis Guiraud, who was mortally wounded on the Boulevard Malesherbes in November, 1893, and to whom two courts of justice allotted an indemnity of thirty-five thousand francs. Please examine my present state." A certificate was issued attesting his cure; and a member of the committee observed that the next judicial sentence would probably reverse the former, as he was now in a condition to earn his bread. Guiraud said: "The Blessed Virgin has certainly wrought a miracle in my favor, but not in favor of the companies in question. No doubt Our Lady had pity on my three years of long suffering, and listened to the many fervent prayers offered for my recovery." He then made his bow, and set off at a nimble pace for the Grotto to continue his joyous thanksgiving.

Among several nuns favored was Sister Marie Stéphanie, twenty-eight years of age, belonging to the Immaculate Conception of Auteuil, Paris. Confined to her bed for eighteen months with an ulcer in the stomach, her only food was iced milk. On setting out for Lourdes, her appearance was that of a corpse; but she bore with patience the inevitable fatigue of the journey. Emerging from the first bath, she felt some slight relief; but on the second she was completely cured, and walked without help. The medical certificate testifies that her disease was incurable by human science.

Emilie Bourguès, from Cette, fifteen years of age, was afflicted with what was called dropsy. In July last she was relieved of six quarts of water; nevertheless, she was given up by several doctors. After an immersion in the piscina and the application of a cloth soaked in the healing water to her abdomen, which was of extraordinary size, all swelling suddenly disappeared, and she was able to walk upright. Her father—a correspondent of an irreligious journal of Toulouse and an aggressive freethinker—when putting her on the Lourdes train with her mother, thought that he saw his child for the last time. He had no faith in miraculous cures. When he received a telegram from his wife, he at once wrote to the newspapers of the locality to proclaim the prodigy. It is to be hoped that, like certain other atheists who came to Lourdes to jeer, he, too, will acknowledge himself conquered. On the return home of the *miraculée*, thousands were at the railway station to meet her; and before the overjoyed father could embrace his only daughter, the crowd carried her off in triumph, shouting, "A miracle! a miracle!" and intoning with exultant voices the *Magnificat.*

Many patients of the consumptive hospital for young women at Villepinte, near Paris, having made an application through their chaplain to be admitted to the National Pilgrimage, fifteen of the most desperate cases were put on the list. Before setting out, the last Sacraments were administered to the party, to whom an heroic proposal had been made—that each one offer to Almighty God the sacrifice of her own life, and pray only

for the recovery of her companions left behind. Thirteen acceded willingly; the two others shrank from this act of heroic self-sacrifice. By a singular coincidence, one of these latter died before leaving Paris, and the other returned as ill as when she went. Her thirteen companions are either completely restored or considerably improved; so much so that the chaplain who accompanied them observed, smilingly: "Our Lady seems intent on depriving me of my chaplaincy." These young girls, who lay prostrate on their mattresses going, were buoyant with the sensation of renewed health on the homeward journey.

The first to be cured was Eugénie Griffe, after a fourth immersion in the piscina. For twenty months previously she had suffered from pulmonary congestion, and her life was despaired of. The next was Alice Chargeau, a native of Rheims, who also fell a victim to the same disease. Dr. Carlier declared that she had but one sound spot in her lungs; she was also attacked by gastralgia and intercostal rheumatism. All remedies failed in her case. In speaking to a nun of her desire to join the National Pilgrimage of this year, the good Sister tenderly suggested she had better think of a journey to heaven. However, she was allowed to present her petition, which was granted. After a third bath she was gradually cured. Hermine Jumeau and Marguerite Manaut both had ulcers in the stomach and could retain no food; they also recovered perfect health at Lourdes. Blanche Desalleux had been admitted to Villepinte after a severe attack of influenza, that turned to specific bronchitis with spitting of blood. Three doctors (Sauvé, Cadier, and Lefebvre) declared her state hopeless. After Holy Communion at the Grotto and a third bath on the last day of the pilgrimage, she was made whole, every trace of disease having disappeared. Another cure that excited great wonder even among the medical committee was that of Alice Daissay. She had been in the last stage of pulmonary decline, but new life and health were infused into her by the miraculous flood of Lourdes.

I will conclude my notice of marvellous cures with an account of a death, fragrant with edification, which took place on the way to Lourdes. Berthe X, of Charenton, set out with her mother and sister to implore of the Immaculate Virgin to restore her to health. During the night spent at the hospital at Poitiers the young girl appears to have received a mysterious intimation of her approaching end. In the morning she exultantly told her mother of a vision she had had of the Blessed Virgin: "'Berthe, Berthe,' said the vision, 'you shall be with me: you shall soon die.'"—"And when are you to die, my child?" inquired her mother, quite overwhelmed at the woful tidings.—"I don't know: the Holy Virgin did not tell me when. But what blessed moments I spent in her presence!" When the Bishop of Poitiers visited the sick in the hospital, the face of this young patient was radiant as that of an angel. She left Poitiers on the morning of the 20th of August. About nine in the evening, as the train was leaving Bordeaux, Berthe began to speak alone, as if replying to some one invisible; and, taking her Scapular in her hand, she entoned a canticle; then, clutching the medal of a Child of Mary which she wore about her neck, she sang another hymn, in which she laid particular stress upon the words, "I am a Child of Mary!" Suddenly opening her eyes wide, she gazed earnestly upon her mother and sister, who were watching by her side. It was her last adieu; the road to Lourdes was for her the road to heaven. Her pure spirit fled at the call of her Immaculate Mother, and her body now rests in the hallowed earth of Lourdes.

The departure of the National Pilgrimage from Lourdes always excites deep emotion. The cured are naturally filled with joyful gratitude; but the sick and infirm are not sad, only more resigned and even hopeful. They have prayed for patience, and accept God's will without the least envy of more favored fellow-pilgrims. All converse cheerfully with the infirmarians and litter-bearers, whom three days of constant intercourse and service render fast friends. Warm good-byes are exchanged, and fervent blessings invoked by priests on the platform; and as the trains move out many are affected to tears. Despite the snorting of the iron horse, the echoes of the *Magnificat* and the *Ave Maris Stella* reach the spectators lingering behind.

AUGUST 30, 1896.

Vaudoux-Worship in Hayti.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

SO little is known of the true condition of that strange black Republic called Hayti, founded by revolted African slaves on the ruins of the most prosperous colony of the New World, that it is quite possible the readers of THE AVE MARIA may have regarded the description of the Vaudoux meeting and human sacrifice in chapter XV. of "The Man of the Family" as merely a bit of sensational writing, with little or no warrant in fact. But this is not the case; and it would be very far from the desire of the author to do any people a grave injustice by presenting such a picture as a possibility if it were not founded in every detail on actual occurrences, to which trustworthy witnesses have given testimony. Before relating a few of these occurrences, however, it may be well to define exactly the nature of that gross idolatry known as Vaudoux-worship, which was introduced into the French portion of the island of Santo Domingo by negroes, brought as slaves from the west coast of Africa.

Vaudoux (in Africa the word is Vodun) signifies an all-powerful supernatural being on whom depend all the events which take place in the world. This being is the non-venomous serpent, and it is under its auspices that all those assemble who profess this doctrine. So much is well known and admitted by all. But there is a division of Vaudoux-worshippers into those who offer in sacrifice to their serpent-god only white cocks and spotless white goats, and those who offer "the goat without horns"—in other words, human victims. The first branch of the idolaters profess great horror for the second, but it is to be feared that the number is small of professed Vaudoux-worshippers who are not tainted with the last awful abomination.

Moreau de St. Méry, in his admirable description of the colony in the last century, refers to Vaudoux-worship as then existing. He describes fully its peculiar dance, but gives no distinct account of human sacrifices accompanying the frightful rites. The fact that cannibalism existed among the negroes he does, however, state. Enumerating the different African tribes imported into the country, he mentions the Mondongoes, well known to every African traveller for their fierce cannibalism, of whom he says:

"Never had any a disposition more hideous than the last, whose depravity has reached the most execrable of excesses—that of eating their fellow-creatures. They bring also to Santo Domingo these butchers of human flesh; for in their country there are slaughter-houses where they sell slaves as they would calves; and they are here, as in Africa, the horror of the other negroes. There are proofs, too, that they keep up their odious inclinations, particularly in 1786 in a negress, a *hospitable* midwife on an estate in the neighborhood of Jérémie. The proprietor,

having remarked that most of the negro babies died within eight days of their birth, had a watch put upon the woman. She was surprised eating one of the children recently buried, and she confessed that with this design she had caused it to die."

From this example it will be clearly seen that even in the days of French rule these terrible savages found means to satisfy their craving for human flesh. Had slavery lasted longer in the island, the sternly repressive measures exercised by the proprietors and authorities, with the religious influences which could then have been brought to bear to some purpose, would no doubt have resulted in annihilating the evil. But time is required to stamp out such a practice, and time was unhappily not given here. Multitudes of these cannibals were still fresh from the slave-ships when the terrible revolt—which was the sequel beyond seas of the equally bloody Revolution in France—set them free to lapse at once into the barbarism from which they had hardly begun to emerge, and to practise unmolested their awful native rites.

Nor can this fact excite the least surprise. Why should a race of savages, suddenly and violently set free by all the horrors of a servile insurrection, and with not a single restraining or civilizing influence about them, be in any respect better than their countrymen in the darkest parts of the Dark Continent? It would be a marvel without precedent if they were other than they have proved themselves. And what, again, is more natural than that the devil-worship of the more fierce and powerful among them soon asserted its influence irresistibly on such a mass of unguided ignorance and weakness?

How far, how terribly, it has asserted itself can be read in the dispassionate pages of "Hayti: The Black Republic," by Sir Spenser St. John, for many years her Britannic Majesty's Minister Resident and Consul-General in Hayti. With an intimate knowledge of the country, its people and its officials, he has compiled a most trustworthy and exhaustive account of facts and occurrences so well known to everyone who has ever visited or resided on the island that the hardihood which denies them seems almost incredible. For these facts are not merely based on the reports of foreign residents and travellers, however much to be relied upon these might be; but on the legal records of the country. The mockery of government which exists in Hayti is so far civilized, in form at least, that murder is against the law; and the wretches who offer these human sacrifices and spread these cannibal feasts are occasionally brought to trial, when some case has obtained a notoriety which even the authorities can not ignore, or when some official has the courage to defy the terrible power of this fearful organization.

"The only governments," says Sir Spenser St. John, "which endeavored to grapple with the evil were those of President Geffrard and President Boisrond-Canal; and probably they, in some part, owed their fall to this action on their part." He adds: "The first question asked is, 'Who is tainted with Vaudoux-worship?' I fear the answer must be, 'Who is not?' This does not imply that they are tainted with cannibalism, or have any sympathy with its practices or belief in its rites." (He is now speaking of the educated classes.) "But all fear it, and have an uneasy feeling that some of those about them may be affiliated to the sect. Hence mothers of the upper class keep their little children ever near them, and are uneasy when they are out of their sight, unless under the care of some old trusted follower." Can anything be imagined more horrible than this suggestion of the dark terror and danger hanging over every child on that accursed island?

Terrible are the stories told, and well

authenticated, of the knowledge of herbs and poisons which the Vaudoux priests possess, by means of which they not only punish those who incur their enmity, but by which persons are thrown into a trance closely resembling death, and after burial are disinterred *and eaten.* The terror they inspire in an ignorant population may readily be imagined; nor is the general opinion of their power at all exaggerated. "During thirteen years," continues Sir Spenser St. John, "I had the best opportunities of hearing the opinion of presidents, intelligent secretaries of state, lawyers, merchants both native and foreign, as well as other residents who had passed a lifetime in the Republic; and the testimony was more or less unanimous to the profound knowledge of herbs and their applications possessed by the Papaloi." He then quotes from the official report of the Spanish *chargé d'affaires* on the island, Don Mariano Alvarez, whose opportunities for knowing the people and the country well were exceptionally great. The latter writes:

"The human imagination can scarcely conceive anything more absurd, more barbarous, than the acts committed by these ferocious sectaries. They produce death—apparent, slow, or instantaneous,—madness, paralysis, impotence, idiocy, riches or poverty, according to their will. It has happened on occasions that persons have retired to bed in the possession of their senses, to awaken idiots, and remain in that state in spite of the aid of science, and in a few days to be completely cured when the causes which produced the alienation have ceased. One individual struck another; the latter threatened him with impotency. At the end of fifteen days he was paralyzed in all his members. Following the advice of a friend, he consulted a Papaloi, who had the coolness to confess that he had himself sold to his enemy the philter that had reduced him to that state, but that for the sum of about £20 he would cure him. In fact, in a short time, by means of the remedies of the Papaloi, he was completely restored to health."

One instance only need be given of the manner in which this awful power is often exercised; and it is drawn from the account given by the Marquis de Forbin Janson, French Minister to Hayti:

"Two days after my arrival at Port-au-Prince a woman, sent to sleep by means of a narcotic and buried the same evening in the cemetery of the town, was disinterred during the night. She still breathed. They killed her and carried away the brain, heart and liver of the victim,—the remains of the body being found near the grave. Next day an inquiry was ordered; several persons were arrested, among others a priestess of the Vaudoux. This woman made some revelations, and even offered to deliver up to justice the authors of the murder and the profanation, — drawing them to prison by an irresistible power, by beating on her drum in a particular manner. But the judicial authorities, already startled by the number and importance of the persons implicated, drew back before this new test. They ordered the journals to be silent, and the affair was hushed up."

Of the frightful cannibalism which so frequently forms a part of the Vaudoux-worship there is in the pages of "The Black Republic" overflowing evidence. "At dinner at the Episcopal Palace in 1869, where I and my Spanish colleagues were guests," writes Sir Spenser, "I sat by the side of Monseigneur Guilloux, the Archbishop of Port-au-Prince, and heard him give the following account of what had occurred the preceding week. A French priest (pointing to a young *curé* who was sitting on the other side of the table), who had charge of the district of L'Arcahaye, had a strong desire to witness the Vaudoux ceremonies, and he persuaded some of his parishioners to take him to the forest where a meeting of the sect was

to be held. They were very unwilling to comply with his request, saying that if discovered he and they would be killed; but he promised faithfully that, whatever happened, he would not speak a word. They blacked his hands and face, and, disguising him as a peasant, took him with them. During General Salnave's presidency the Vaudoux-worshippers were so seldom interrupted in their ceremonies that few precautions were taken against surprise, and the neighboring villagers flocked to the scene. With these the Catholic priest mixed and saw all that passed.

"As in previous descriptions, the people came to ask that their wishes should be gratified, and the Mamanloi (Vaudoux priestess) stood on the box containing the serpent. At first she went into a violent paroxysm, then into a sort of half trance, when she promised all that they could desire. A white cock and then a white goat were killed, and those present were marked with their blood. Presently an athletic young negro came and knelt before the priestess and said: 'O Maman, I have a favor to ask!'—'What is it, my son?'—'Give us, to complete the sacrifice, the goat without horns.' She gave a sign of assent. The crowd in the shed separated, and there on the floor was a child sitting with its feet bound. In an instant a rope already passed through a block was tightened, the child's feet flew up toward the roof, and the Papaloi approached it with a knife. The loud shriek given by the victim aroused the *curé* to the truth of what was going on. He shouted, 'Oh, spare the child!' and would have darted forward, but he was seized by his friends around him and literally carried away. There was a short pursuit, but the French priest got safely back to the town. He tried to rouse the police to hasten to the spot, but they would do nothing. In the morning they accompanied him to the scene of the sacrifice, where they found the remains of the feast, and near the shed the boiled skull of the child.

"The authorities at L'Arcahaye were exceedingly incensed with the priest for his interference; and, under the pretence that they could not answer for his safety, shipped him off to Port-au-Prince, where he made his report to the Archbishop."

To add horror upon horror is not necessary, or there might be given at length the report of one of the trials for this crime which took place at Port-au-Prince during the presidency of Geffrard,—a trial which was attended by the diplomatic corps, and where on a table before the judge were the boiled head of the victim (a young girl), and in a jar the remains of the soup, the flesh, and the calcined bones. Eight prisoners — four men and four women—were tried for participation in this crime; and, their guilt being fully proved, they were condemned to death. The head priestess, in appeal against her sentence, asked: "Why should I be put to death for observing our ancient custom?" She added that she had only practised what she had been taught by her mother as the religion of their ancestors.

These wretches were executed; but so seldom has such an event occurred, so seldom has retribution ever overtaken them, so strong is their belief in their own power, that it is not strange that the leaders of this infernal worship are careless and defiant. Once, during the reign of Soulouque (who was notoriously a firm adherent of Vaudoux), a priestess was arrested for having performed a sacrifice too openly. When about to be conducted to prison, a foreign bystander remarked that probably she would be shot. She laughed and said: "If I were to beat the sacred drum, and march through the city, not one, from the Emperor downward, but would humbly follow me." She was sent to jail, but no one ever heard that she was punished.

Nor are these things merely stories of the past. Numerous examples could be

given of like occurrences, recorded in the Haytian press during the last few years. And when the present writer was on the island last year, it was only necessary to ask a question to receive the most positive assertions of the existence of this fearful worship, with all its accompaniments of cannibalism, of the digging up of dead or supposed dead bodies for food or fetish rites, and of the existence of professional poisoners and child-stealers.

The only hope for the overthrow of this terrible superstition is in the labors of the French priests who are now devoting their lives, amid a thousand discouragements, to the Christianizing and civilizing of these unhappy devil-worshippers.

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.

VIII.

AFTER the death of René Goupil Father Jogues was beset with fresh dangers and difficulties. On one occasion two young men ordered him to accompany them to the next village. Not knowing who they were, he bade them ask his master; on this they turned away. Another set out to overtake him, axe in hand; but an old man, moved to pity, stopped the assassin.

The greatest trial, however, arose from a mere accident. There was in his lodge a half idiot, who, taking a fancy to the wretched piece of cloth which formed our missionary's only garment, demanded it. Father Jogues explained to him that he could not give it, but the other became furious. Soon after the good Father while instructing some Hurons—for he visited them daily to confirm them in the faith and afford them all the consolation in his power,—was disturbed by this man, who entered and commanded his instant return. The family had resolved to immolate the priest to the *manes* of a son lately deceased. An executioner was procured—the very man whose hands were recently dipped in the blood of the good René. A suitable recompense was offered, and the next day—for the execution was delayed till then—he was sent with some women to work in a field. As he was going along, busied as usual in prayer, he beheld the murderer approach. He prepared to die, and offered to God a life worn out by toil and anxiety. But Providence watched over him: the murderer passed him by without noticing him. The women, finding their mistress a little later, spoke a few rapid words; and, with looks of terror, fled back to the village. "I was not worthy to die," was the missionary's sorrowful expression.

Such was his life for two long months,—a life of constant peril. He spent his days in the care of the Hurons, in prayer and reading. Fortunately, he had a volume containing one of the Epistles of St. Paul, an indulgenced picture of St. Bruno, and a little cross; all of which he bore about him—"that, wherever death should come upon me, I might in all cheerfulness die with the Holy Scriptures, which had ever been my greatest solace; with the gifts and indulgences of my holy Mother the Church, whom I had ever most intensely loved; and with the Cross of my Lord."

Up to this he had made very little effort to acquire the Mohawk dialect; but, as the times became calm, he turned his attention to it, in the view of being one day serviceable to that tribe. About the middle of October the village began to send out its population to the hunting grounds, and Father Jogues went as a slave. This season, to the Indian one of great enjoyment, was a bitter one to him. Mindful of the sacred character with which he was invested, he spoke to them

of the one true God, of His Commandments, of heaven, hell, and other mysteries of faith. They at first listened in surprise, but soon began to ridicule him, and at last conceived a bitter hatred against him; for their success had been but slight, and on him, as a demon, fell all the blame.

The great god of the Mohawks was Aireskoi, whom they invoked in war, hunting, fishing, sickness, and all the various turns of life. The manner of this worship he thus describes: "Whoever wishes success in his hunt, fishing, or the like, takes the best morsels of an animal and asks the oldest in the house or village to bless them. The old man stands before him as he holds the meat out and says: 'Lo, demon Aireskoi, we offer this meat to thee, and make a banquet of it for thee; that thou mayst eat thereof, and show us where lurk the wild deer or lead them to our traps.'"

As soon as the Christian hero was assured of the idolatrous nature of this rite, he refused to touch any of the viands thus consecrated to the demon. This contempt of their deity drew on him the full measure of their fury. All shunned him as polluted and polluting; none would address him except to revile. Food and clothing were alike denied him, and he was almost driven out from among them. Flight was impossible, nor does he appear to have thought of it. His days were spent in the snow; for, after carrying in wood to the cabin, he retired about eight o'clock to a neighboring hill, where he had formed an oratory by stripping off bark from a tree in the form of a cross. With no shelter here and no couch but the snow, he passed eight hours a day in spiritual exercises. His companions at first beheld this with indifference; but he was soon attacked, shot at, beaten, and more than once the tomahawk glistened above him, or the heavy tree was made to fall almost upon him. This was not all. God visited him with an interior darkness and want of all consolation; so that, within and without, he found nothing but suffering and anguish.

This life of pain lasted two months; then, weary of tormenting him, his masters sent him back to the village—a distance of thirty leagues,—loaded with venison. On the way he nearly perished from cold, but rejoiced that it was the occasion of opening heaven to a little babe. Its mother bore him company on the way, loaded as the women usually were. Passing a rapid stream, she slipped from the tree which was the only bridge, and with her burden and her child was on the point of being swept away, when the missionary sprang in and saved her. The child, however, was so much injured that its death was apparently near. Father Jogues baptized it, and soon saw it expire.

This heroic act led to another. Before he reached the village he met the old man who had ordered René's death, but who now invited him to dinner. Entering his hut, Father Jogues made the Sign of the Cross before beginning to eat. This drew on him threats of death. "I shall not cease to do it," said the dauntless missionary. "The Author of our lives bids us do so. I will obey Him, do you what you will."

After eight days' march, he reached the village; and, though in so wretched a condition as to excite commiseration, was cruelly ordered to return with another load. Meek and patient to the last, he set out to obey. But, as the ground was covered with a crust of ice, he fell repeatedly; and, finding it useless to attempt the journey, he returned. He was received with every mark of contempt, and sent to nurse one of his greatest enemies, now devoured by a loathsome disease, and so hideous that none approached him. For a month this man experienced every care and attention from the missionary, on whom he had exercised every cruelty.

In the month of January Father Jogues was provided with a deer-skin, which, with

an Indian dress given him by a Frenchman among the Dutch, enabled him to escape some of the severity of the weather. But a greater relief was the protection now afforded him by a noble matron, who adopted him instead of a son she had lost. Her care of him is mentioned by the missionary with deep gratitude.

Father Jogues was now able to speak the language of the tribe, and was often questioned; for the lodge was a kind of council hall. The visible creation was the object of their inquiry. The sun, the earth, the ocean and its tides, and many such points, were proposed. His replies excited amazement; and when he then proceeded to demolish their whole system of mythology, they yielded, were convinced but not converted. None of the adults would shake off the yoke of the demons; none would receive the liberty of the children of God. Even with the sick and dying his words were frequently unavailing; however, some believed. His great consolation was in the Hurons, whom he visited in distant villages, and excited to fidelity in their faith. Like another Precursor, he went about clothed in skins, announcing the word of God and preparing the way of the Lord; or like those prophets of old who, in sheepskins and in goat-skins, wandered about ministering to the faithful Israelites who had not bowed the knee to Baal.

About the middle of March he was dispatched with a fishing party to a lake, distant four days' journey. They took with them a few little fish, and lived on their intestines, reserving the rest for winter. The missionary's life here was like that on the hunt. His cross and his oratory of fir branches were his sole comfort; but, as the season was more enlivening, he rambled in the neighborhood; and woods and mountains re-echoed with the praises of their Creator, which they had never heard since their creation. "How often," he says, "did I carve on the stately trees of the forest the most holy Name of Jesus; that, seeing it, the demons, who tremble to hear it, might fly! How often did I form upon those trees the most sacred Cross of the Lord, that at its sight the adverse powers might be subdued; and by it Thou, O Lord my King, mightst rule in the midst of Thy enemies—the enemies of Thy Cross,—the Protestant and the heathen and the demons, whose sway spread far and wide!"

It was the period of the greatest solemnities in the Church; for the end of Lent was near, and he sought to enter in spirit into the sufferings of our Blessed Saviour. Indeed, he well-nigh shared in His bitter chalice of death. On Monday in Holy Week he was sent for, as he had been condemned to die to appease the *manes* of a young brave in the family, who had set out the preceding summer with a war party that never returned. It was reported that he was no more, and all resolved that Father Jogues must die. By Maundy Thursday he was at the village; and the next day, to his great consolation, he was to die with his Lord. But on that day came a confused rumor that the young brave was alive, and as the sun rose in the heavens shouts from afar confirmed the report. The war party returned with Abnaki captives doomed to the stake. Five of the latter were baptized at Easter by Father Jogues, whose zeal had enabled him to discover an interpreter.

By the next great feast another war party came in, and their arrival led to a fearful rite. Human sacrifice seems to have been almost universal among pagan nations: the very idea of sacrifice and expiation led naturally to it. But, as it is something revolting to nature, mankind generally rejected it in practice, if not in theory. Among the Hurons human sacrifice seems at this period to have been falling into disuse; but Father Jogues knew that it still constituted a part of the creed of the Iroquois.

During the preceding year that tribe had met with many reverses in war, hunting, and other pursuits. This they attributed to the anger of Aireskoi, who had long been unhonored by the sacrifice of human victims. During the winter, while offering a sacrifice of two bears, they had said: "Thou dost punish us justly, O demon Aireskoi! We have taken no prisoners of late—no Algonquin enemies. We have sinned against thee. We did not eat the last; but if we take any more, we promise to devour them as we devour these bears."

A woman was chosen as the victim. Led in to the scaffold, she was mutilated as Father Jogues had been; and, after other cruelties, was led to the stake, and all pressed near to burn her. At each new burn an old man cried: "Aireskoi, we offer thee this victim which we burn, that thou mayst be glutted with her flesh and give us victory over our enemies." The missionary had instructed her, and now pressed up with the rest,—not to injure but to save. Amid the flames he poured on her head the sanctifying waters, and soon beheld her expire. Her body was thrown on a pyre and actually roasted; then cut into pieces, sent around, and devoured.

Amid these scenes of horror a ray of hope seemed for a moment to light up Father Jogues' future. The governor of Canada, now aware that Father Jogues was yet alive—for it was long uncertain,—made an effort to save him. A circumstance had happened which seemed to make his deliverance almost certain. In one of the excursions of the Algonquins they took prisoner a brave of the Sokokis, a tribe living on the Connecticut,—allies, or at least tributaries, of the Iroquois. This was in October; and he was at once doomed to death, and had undergone the preliminary torture when the governor became aware of his capture. He asked and obtained the prisoner, whom he confided to the care of the Hospital Nuns, in whose hands his wounds were soon healed. To his astonishment, he was then sent back to his tribe, with no condition but that of using his influence to deliver Father Jogues.

The whole Sokoki tribe were amazed at this generosity; and, to show their gratitude for this treatment of their chief, immediately prepared an embassy to the Mohawks. The ransomed chief headed it, and in April reached the villages of that tribe. There, in a solemn assembly, he declared the obligations of the Sokokis to the French, and their desire of repaying them. "My countrymen," he said, "are aware of the esteem which Ondesonk enjoys among the French, and sent this belt of wampum to break his bonds." He advanced to Ondesonk—in whom our readers recognize Father Jogues,—and presented him a letter from the French governor. This step produced no embarrassment in the Mohawk councils. To refuse so solemn a request would be too unusual, and yet to give to others the merit of his deliverance was not agreeable to their policy. Finally, they resolved to baffle the Sokoki as they had done the Hollander. They promised his liberation, and this time even took the present; but with no intention of fulfilling their word.

(To be continued.)

What is Faith?

SAYS the scoffer, "Faith is folly";
And the savant, "Faith is truth";
Learned Doctor, "Faith is wisdom";
Simple peasant, "Life, forsooth!"
Theologian, "'Tis the evidence
Of things that are not seen."
But far higher, nobler wisdom
In the answer sweet, I ween,
Of the humble soul, God-fearing,
Who the Christian truths had heard:
"'*Tis*"—sublime and holy lesson—
"*Taking God at His own word.*"

CARITAS.

A Morning Dream.*

BY DAWN GRAVE.

I.

IT was a gloomy All Saints' Eve in the year 1794. Wind-driven troops of dead leaves whirled up and down the untended paths; and purple clouds of weird, fantastic shapes pursued one another across a starless sky. For many weeks no word had come from the Marquis de Fontenelle, on duty far away with the army of Condé; and his lovely daughter, left alone with a few tried servants in the old Chateau d'Arcy, had grown anxious and depressed.

"Do not go yet, Sabine," she said as her devoted maid was about to leave her for the night. "Tell me a story, please, as you used to when I was a little child."

"Mademoiselle my sweet one," replied Sabine, "it is for you, on this night, to dream a story of your own,—a beautiful story; beautiful as love's first dream. Do you not remember it is Hallow-een—the night on which one may see the face of him one is destined to marry, or at least to love?—for sometimes the two things are quite different. Only you must keep awake as long as possible, for the morning dream oftenest comes true. And you must not relate it to any one for three days."

"I have heard about this. Tell me more. Is there not a charm to be spoken?" And, beautiful as a picture, with her unbound hair casting its wealth of shimmering gold about her slender form, Mademoiselle Angèle leaned eagerly forward.

"It is very simple," proceeded Sabine, delighted to have roused a look of interest in her darling's eyes—which was her only object in relating the amusing details. "After your prayers are said, you must sit in the middle of the room, facing the east, until the clock points to midnight,—that insures the sunshine upon your wedding-day. Then, taking the small hand-mirror, after looking steadily in it for three minutes, place it beneath your pillow, at the same time repeating in rapid succession these words:

> 'O mirror, traced by a dream's warm breath
> Upon thy crystal purity,
> The face of him my destined love
> O suffer me this night to see!'

And, closing your eyes, almost the next moment, perhaps, they have beheld him."

"You have tried it, then?"

"Ah, yes,—once!" and a flush stole up and hid among the sorrow-lines of Sabine's dark, sad face. "I was just eighteen, and my sister sixteen. It was the first time we were permitted to test the charm, and we looked impatiently forward to the night. When it came I was strangely overpowered with sleep,—my sister could scarce keep me awake till the moment; and when I uttered the invocation the words were quite inaudible from drowsiness. I have always fancied that was the reason. The dream, however, was a beautiful one, only there was a shadow over André's—I mean *his* face. I was not sure whether his eyes were blue or black; whereas my sister declared they were blue, and she was right. You see, my sister and I were ever as one—one heart one mind. That night we both saw the same face in our dream. We recognized André the instant we met him the next summer at the Fair. Valerie was delicate, feeble always; mother had left her to my care. I was strong and the elder. I soon perceived that it would break her heart to live without André; and so when he asked me to be his wife, I replied. 'No: I shall never marry.' And not long after, as I had prayed of our Blessed Mother, my sister and he were married. It is for their little André, the darling of my heart, that I am saving everything."

"My good, my faithful Sabine!" cried the sympathetic girl, taking in hers the brown hand that had just wiped away a

* Adapted from the French.

tear. "I thank you for your story. But tell me now, once more, all that must be done to make the charm successful; for who knows but I may be tempted to try my fate to-night?"

II.

Falling asleep, after lying wakeful many hours, Angèle's dream was in truth a "morning dream." She fancied herself standing alone, at first, in a vast room, whose walls, formed of mirrors, reflected hosts of dimly-defined faces. Gradually these faded, and the room changed to the nave of a church, from whose taper-starred twilight there slowly came forward to meet her, both hands outstretched, a stately cavalier with thick gray hair and moustache,—tall, handsome, and wonderfully well-preserved for all the three-score years that he must have numbered.

As a future lover, the apparition made Angèle start, and wake shivering. A husband of her father's age, *par exemple!* It was broad daylight; and, listening, she thought she heard an unusual stirring below and voices in the hall. The next moment she had quite forgotten her dream in excitement over the news that Sabine imparted to her.

"A gentleman has just arrived with a letter, and asks permission to see you."

Recognizing her father's handwriting, Angèle, with an exclamation of delight, broke the seal and read:

My beloved Child:—These lines will be presented to you by my dear friend, the Comte de Vallon, whom Monseigneur the Prince de Condé has charged with an important mission in Lorraine. Extend to him every hospitality; conceal him in our chateau until he deems the moment safe to proceed upon his journey. He will tell you of the condition and prospects of the army, and give you latest news of your father, who is well, and who embraces you—to him, after honor, the one dearest object in life.

Felix de Fontenelle.

"Quick, dress me, Sabine!" exclaimed Angèle. "Yes, the blue gown with the train, and my hair as you think most becoming. It is so long since we have been permitted to entertain a guest,—papa's friend also! And is he young, Sabine, and handsome?"

"I fear not," returned Sabine. "He is muffled in a great cloak, which he would not lay aside when Auguste asked him to do so. But, from the glimpse I had, he is quite stooped and old. His hair and beard are as white—as white, Mademoiselle, as your hand."

"Ah!" and with a sudden recollection of her dream, Angèle's cheek became more exquisitely colored than ever.

"Monsieur le Comte de Vallon, allow me to extend to you a most cordial welcome to my father's house."

The military figure in the embrasure of the window started at the softly, sweetly spoken words; and, turning, he beheld the speaker. Against the orange damask *portières* just falling together behind her, Angèle's "blue gown" showed to great advantage. Her golden hair had rarely been more becomingly arranged by love-inspired fingers, and for an instant he gazed transfixed. Then, advancing and bowing over her hand, he said:

"Your voice falls like balm on ears wounded with the din of battle,—though I must not forget that it is to the uncertain fortunes of war that I owe the honor of this moment, and the few coming hours of peace and happiness that I may be permitted to pass in your society."

Then, declining the blushing girl's invitation to be seated and partake of other refreshment than the coffee already served to him, he asked leave to retire, as he had made most of the journey by night and on foot, and was greatly fatigued.

"Poor Monsieur! At his age, too, I should think he would be very weary!" exclaimed good Sabine, compassionately, as Auguste described how the Comte,

without undressing, had thrown himself upon the bed and seemed asleep the next instant. Then a sudden hush fell upon the chateau; every step was taken tiptoe, until late in the afternoon a stir in the guest-chamber told that he had wakened. Completely rested, and, in his own words, "ready to meet my enemies or my friends," he at once signified his intention of joining Mademoiselle at dinner.

In his honor the grand *salon* had been thrown open, a cheering fire kindled on its long-unused hearth, all the old Sèvres vases filled with the garden's last offering of green leaves or loitering flowers; and thither, dinner over, they adjoined for the evening.

A most fascinating talker, the Comte, in dwelling on the subject dearest to his hostess—her father, extolling his bravery, and describing the battles in which they had fought together,—shook Angèle's soul to its depths. Her beautiful eyes, rendered more lustrous by tears, she raised to his face, while her heart beat strangely. How grand he looked, with his snowy hair and flowing beard; his spirit young, ardent as ever; his voice so deep and strong! And once, in praising some valorous deed, he had even thrown the stoop from his shoulders for a moment and stood erect in his kingliness. Ere they parted for the night, the lonely girl had found many characteristics in common between Monsieur le Comte de Vallon and her maiden ideal.

III.

Next morning Angèle was summoned from breakfast to receive a notary from the adjoining village. As a friend, he came to warn her that she was suspected of giving shelter to an emissary of Coburg. Some evil-minded persons, having seen the Comte's arrival, had imparted their suspicions to the Revolutionary committee at Montmédy, and an unwelcome visit might be hourly expected.

"What can be done?" cried Angèle. "He is my father's friend. No harm must come to him. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Debarrass yourself of so dangerous a guest," replied the good man, to whom, as to everyone else in the neighborhood, Angèle had endeared herself. "At the end of the Park there is that old summer-house, you remember, where you and my little Helénè used to play? Conceal the gentleman there until to-night. As soon as the moon rises, my son shall conduct him, by an unfrequented road, to the frontier. The signal will be the cry of an owl. When he hears it, let your guest spring out of the window, and he will find Pierre awaiting him at the foot of the broken wall."

Sure of the notary's loyalty, and that of her servants, Mademoiselle Angèle at once urged upon the Comte the necessity of following his advice. Protesting against the cruel fate that forced him to lie in covert, like a startled fawn, while others faced the danger into which he had brought them, he suffered himself to be conducted to the designated place,—his hostess promising to come during the afternoon and remain with him there till his departure. Awaiting the moment of her coming, holding but not reading the book with which she had provided him, he sat by the window of the *pavillon*, or paced its narrow confines dejectedly, his white head bowed upon his breast.

At last steps among the rustling leaves! Attired in a long cloak, and robe of black, unconsciously symbolic of her mourning heart, Angèle approached, glancing timidly about her. She was followed by Sabine, bearing a lantern and a tray of refreshments.

"Alas, Monsieur le Comte, the changes of a day!" said the girl, as he sprang forward to meet her. "I can not express my sorrow in seeing you, our honored guest, forced to pass the last hours of your visit in this dreary place. With the roses and the birds outside, in summer it is

very pleasant here; but now—" she looked sadly round the tiny kiosk, defrauded of all its charm by the bleak November day.

"Mademoiselle," answered De Vallon, with exquisite courtesy, leading her to the rustic bench which he had draped and cushioned for her with his cloak, "since you are within it, no birds and roses outside are needed to make it a bower of summer and beauty. Would that I might always find so sweet a refuge from pursuing strife! You little know what it is for the war-worn to enjoy peace even for an hour. Brief as my visit has been, its memories will ever remain fair as a green island in a gray and stormy sea."

A simple girl, unused to compliments, Angèle strove to conceal the agitation his softly spoken words produced, by taking up the bit of needle-work she had brought, and bending above it her flushed face.

"But how can I pardon myself for the trouble I have caused you, Mademoiselle?" he continued, as Sabine withdrew. "For myself I fear naught: danger is my old and close comrade."

"And also papa's?" said Angèle.

"Ah! dear child, wherever honor leads, the soldier follows. But your father bears a charmed life. Your prayers ever hover round him like white-winged angels. Not everyone"—and he sighed,—"not everyone is as blessed as he."

"Henceforth I will add your name to his," murmured the girl.

The Comte inclined his snowy head, and raising a fold of her mantle, he touched his lips reverently to its hem.

"Unworthy that I am!" he replied. "The gratitude I feel finds not expression in words. If I dared to hope that these few hours of meeting had wakened in your tender heart the faintest interest in my future or my past—"

"They have, — be sure of it!" she faltered. "My father's friends are mine." Then, repressing her rising emotion, she added: "But tell me more about the army and the Prince. Resume where you ended last night."

And, eager to obey her, while the darkness unheeded fell about them, the Comte held his listener as in a spell, from which she only started at the cry of an owl, admirably imitated.

"Hark! the signal!" she exclaimed, extending both hands. "Go, go, Monsieur le Comte! Adieu, and may the Blessed Mother protect and comfort—"

"You weep,—you tremble!" cried the Comte, drawing her toward the light. "Angèle, Angèle, I love thee! I have loved thee, and only thee, since that sacred moment when I first beheld thy pictured face taken from thy father's bosom one gloomy eve of battle. Nay, sweet child, do not shrink! I am not old. Look up, look up! And, tearing off the transfiguring wig and beard of snowy hair, he revealed himself—a handsome man scarce thirty.

"So thou wilt know me, dearest! Thus thou wilt remember me; for some day I shall return to claim thee,—I swear it. Till then God keep thee! Till then, my own, farewell, farewell, farewell!" And, kissing her cold white brow, he placed her gently back upon the rustic bench; and, resuming his disguise, sprang through the window.

That night Sabine bent over her young mistress lying prone across the snowy bed.

"*Mon ange*," she whispered, weeping too, "good-night, good-night! But thou wilt never sleep again quite the same as before. Love is like the rose—sweetest, most beautiful of all flowers; but, like the rose, it has its cruel thorns."

IV.

It was a peaceful All Saints' Eve in the year 1814. With the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, the nobles who had fought in its defence, recalled from exile, released from imprisonment, had one by one returned to their neglected estates. At the Chateau d'Arcy, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, gleams of gold and

scarlet might still be seen among the great trees of the Park. There was almost a summer softness in the air, and down in the garden a host of red and white chrysanthemums still lingered. Gathering them as a *Toussaint* offering for the grave of the Marquis de Fontenelle, whose white soul had found its freedom on a crimson field, Sabine had been for some time busily engaged. On her return to the house, Auguste awaited her at the door.

"A visitor has been here for Mademoiselle," he said, excitedly—visitors at D'Arcy were no everyday occurrence,—"a tall, handsome Monsieur; gray—quite gray, but straight as a sabre. When he asked if Mademoiselle de Fontenelle was in, I replied that every pleasant afternoon like this it was her custom to walk in the Park, or sit to embroider in the little *pavillon* there; adding that if he would give himself the trouble to enter, I would go and carry his name to her — when, without replying, he turned and started off himself toward the Park, just as if he knew."

"*C'est bien, c'est bien!*" said Sabine, simply; but her lips moved with inaudible words, as, to Auguste's astonishment, she also turned, and, still carrying her flower-burden, walked swiftly through the westerning sunlight in the direction of the *pavillon.* By the shortest path she soon came to the grove of oaks that embowered it; and gliding up to the window, she looked in through its bars of leafless vines. There, upon the rustic bench where she had passed so many lonely hours,—there sat Angèle, beautiful as ever; for there is no beautifier like happiness—new-found or recovered happiness. And kneeling beside her was the Comte de Vallon—none other could it be,—tenderly wiping away the tears that, soft as summer rain, streamed over her face; warming her trembling hands against his faithful heart.

One instant gazed Sabine; then turned away, murmuring, "O Blessed Mother, I thank thee! I thank thee! I shall live now to see the child a bride." And, speeding up the path the lovers would take homeward, she let fall at intervals therein, with the poetic superstition of a Basque, seven of the choicest white chrysanthemums that filled her apron.

"*Vite*, let us make ready the house, Auguste! Throw open the *salon*, kindle every hearth, light every candle. At last Mademoiselle's visitor has found her. It is Monsieur le Comte de Vallon, whom we thought dead in battle;—Monsieur le Comte! I recognized him at a glance. Our honored guest—dost thou not remember?—of that All Saints' Eve, it will be twenty long years ago to-morrow. *Grâce à Dieu!* it will never again be a mournful anniversary for Mademoiselle."

"Comte de Vallon!" echoed Auguste, incredulously. "Sabine, thou art jesting! This day the Comte de Vallon would be at least a hundred. Hast thou forgotten how old he was then, so bent, and his snowy hair and beard? This Monsieur is only gray, and straight as a sabre. If he calls himself De Vallon, it is simply that he is the son of the old Comte."

"*Mais non, mais non, mon garçon!*" answered Sabine, a rare flash of humor illumining her dark, sad face. "This is the same Monsieur—the same. It is thou who hast forgotten perhaps that love has power to make the old young and the young old. Ah! but it is beautiful, it is joyous, Auguste, when our morning dreams come true."

THE time may be delayed, the manner may be unexpected, but the answer is sure to come. Not a tear of sacred sorrow, not a breath of holy desire, poured out in prayer to God, ever will be lost; but in God's own time and way it will be wafted back again in clouds of mercy, and fall in showers of blessing on you and those for whom you pray.—*Prof. W. S. Tyler.*

The Wonder-Worker of Padua.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XXI.—The Sorrows of Anthony.

HOW can a saint be sorrowful? Should not his sanctity alone be sufficient to fill him with inexpressible joy? He can sorrow for the sins of others, though he himself is sinless. Anthony no doubt did this again and again, and yet again. He can despise himself and his works, they both fall so far short of his ideal; and surely this is sorrow enough for one soul to suffer. Anthony sorrowed in like manner; but I believe this was not his chief sorrow. The source of his sorrow lay elsewhere.

In looking back through the brief history of his career we find that, in a certain sense, Anthony's life was a series of disappointments, — was, in fact, one long disappointment from beginning to end. He did not pride himself upon his noble blood; he despised the riches that were in store for him and turned from them with contempt. He took no pleasure in the pastimes of his playmates. He sought only solitude; for his soul was ever solitary, and would fain fly away into the wilderness and there make its home.

Having found a solitude which seemed suitable in all respects, his spiritual tranquillity was disturbed by the advent of the friars who were even then far on the royal road to martyrdom. Then solitude lost its charms; he also yearned for the baptism of blood—the blessed pangs, the purifying flames, and the martyr's glorious palm. Yet these were not for him. At the very threshold of the arena, where torture and cruel death awaited their innocent victims, he was denied admittance and laid low with a fever that compelled his reluctant retreat. Here was sorrow upon sorrow; for he had been thus rudely awakened from the loftiest dream of his life.

Again his heart sought retirement, and, like the stricken deer, fled from the herd in anguish and dismay. The world he loathed with a righteous loathing; and to escape from it he feigned a simplicity of mind that, had it been genuine, must have unfitted him for almost every walk in life. Through this innocent ruse he was once more enabled to taste the sweets of solitude. There he enriched himself with those spiritual riches which he was anon to scatter broadcast through the world.

Not long could he hide his light under a bushel, let him try never so hard. The breadth and beauty of his mind, the loving kindness of his heart, the splendor of his talents, the wisdom of his judgment, the depth of his penetration, the profundity of his speculations, and the luminous exposition of every theme he touched upon, finally swept him, with almost breathless haste, into the very vortex of of political and religious contention.

This was the end of all his cherished hopes and fond aspirations. Real solitude he could never again know, save at long intervals and for a little moment, and even then he must have accused himself of leaving worldly duties unperformed for the holier and purer joy of silence and seclusion.

But sorrow's crown of sorrow awaited him. Finding himself suddenly called to his reward, with but a few hours between him and the grave, his one desire was to reach the city he had chosen for his own, and the monastery of his brother friars, where he had hoped to end his days. Within sight of the gates of that city, within sound of the monastery bell, he was stricken down to death; and for a time it seemed as if his dust would not be permitted to lie within the sanctuary of his adoption.

Therefore I say that the sorrows of Anthony were, in a certain sense, contin

nous and unceasing,—that his life was one long sorrow. He bore this grievous burden meekly and in silence, with never a murmur of complaint. We have not learned from his lips or his pen a syllable of his sufferings, mental, spiritual, or physical; but we know full well that he was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

XXII.—The Joys of Anthony.

Sorrow is for a night; joy cometh with the morning; and joys are the more joyful by reason of the sorrows that have preceded them. Life without contrasts is like a picture without light and shade—a blank. Such a life is not worth the living.

A poet has remarked: "The joy of love is loving." This is doubtless true, and this was Anthony's chief joy: he loved his fellowmen even when he sought to shun them. It was his nature to love, even as it was his nature to seek retirement, and to strive, perhaps, to forget the object of his love; for his love for God was the ruling passion of his life. As he loved all, so he won the love of all—even the love of his enemies, who straightway became his faithful followers.

Out of the abundance of his love he worked his wonders. Like a good husbandman, he went to and fro sowing peace in the field of dissension. At his approach, bringing with him, as he did, an atmosphere that penetrated the hardest heart and softened it, he attuned long-standing discords; he harmonized the inharmonious home circle.

To the wife fleeing from the wrath of an enraged and unreasonable husband, he said: "Return to your own home in peace." And when she had come to her own house, a kindly welcome awaited her. To the infant whose lips had not yet framed a syllable, and whose father had unjustly accused his wife of infidelity, Anthony said: "My child, I adjure thee, in the name of the Infant God of the Manger, to declare publicly, in clear and positive terms, to whom thou owest thy existence." The child, in the arms of its mother, turned toward the accuser and pronounced distinctly these three words: "Behold my father!" Then Anthony, taking the babe and placing it in the arms of the husband, said: "Love this child; for it is indeed your own. Love also your wife, who has been proved to be faithful, devoted, and entirely worthy of your affection."

What a sermon, in few words, on true and false love, he preached at the funeral of the Florentine notable! Anthony's text was: "Where thy treasure is there thy heart is also." Pausing suddenly, he beheld in a vision the soul of that rich man in torment. He exclaimed: "This rich man is dead and his soul is in torture! Go open his coffers and you will find his heart." The astonished relatives and friends hastened to do his bidding; and there, half buried among the gold pieces, they found the still palpitating heart of the dead Crœsus.

It was Anthony's fearless joy to bring a misguided bishop to repentance. He must have been conscious of his power to impart health to the sick, and even to breathe life into the marble lips of the dead. Daily — nay, almost hourly — he brought peace to the heart that was troubled; he dried the tears of the mourner, and planted hope in the bosom of despair. These were the joys that must have visited him daily—yea, even hourly; for daily and hourly was he scattering benedictions broadcast, even as the rain from heaven that falleth alike upon the just and the unjust.

And so he passed away from sorrows that were ended, and from earthly joys to the joys of heaven,—the joys that are without beginning and without end. He passed away beloved and bewailed by peoples and by nations, whose hearts

he had touched as they had never yet been touched; whose consciences he had pricked until they had goaded their possessors into new paths, where they learned to lead nobler and braver lives; whose souls he had quickened and gathered into the fold, and saved forever and forever.

(To be continued.)

Bits of Colored Glass.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

A FATHER who thinks his duty consists in breadwinning alone is very ignorant. Breadwinning is altogether a secondary duty.

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It is a popular error to think that the children of holy parents are often bad because we are so apt to mistake the church-going habit for sanctity. St. Monica did not have full control of St. Augustine's youth, but she placed him upon the altar at last.

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Every street has many parents, but there is only a handful of mothers and fathers in a city.

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Parents may toil in bitterness for years to clothe and feed a child and to pay school bills; but if they have not won the child's love, they have done almost nothing.

***

We are told to honor father and mother, and this law can be obeyed; but we can not love parents unless they have striven to merit love. Natural resentment of parental harshness has often been miscalled ingratitude.

***

When one considers the responsibility of parents, it would seem that only carefully educated men and women should marry. It does not, however, require genius to raise children. Holiness in the parents is all that is necessary; but it takes more holiness to make a father or mother than to make a priest or a nun.

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Children should be taught the nobility of obedience. Voluntary obedience to law is one of the greatest privileges of man.

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Many a child has been spoiled by too much governing; but a worse fault in parents is to command twice. Orders should not be given thoughtlessly; and when rightly given it is criminal in parents to yield.

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The child's obedience and the soldier's obedience should be the same, except that there must be the element of love in the child's obedience.

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Tears over an erring child may be as useless as rain on uprooted corn. See, therefore, that the corn be not uprooted—keep out the hogs.

***

There are two men in the world who should never show natural anger—a judge and a father.

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If the history of a family in which insanity has appeared be traced back for two or three generations, one nearly always finds a parent who frequently yielded to temptations to anger or impurity, or to gluttony in meat or drink.

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A house-kitten and a Bengalese tiger are both cats, and the baby's pout and the murderer's rage are both anger. The kitten will not become a tiger, but the baby's impatience can readily become the murderer's rage. Then God asks the parents, "Why did *you* permit this?"

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Keep a child's heart so white that Our Lady might walk across its snow without staining her sandal.

Talks on Social Topics.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

TWO GARDENS.

THERE was once a garden, and in it many flowers and shrubs and trees were growing. Through the long days and far into the nights the gardener pruned and weeded and watered; and from early spring until the snows of winter there was a panorama of leaf and bud and blossom. But one day he observed that a certain young tree was not shapely, and so set to work to remedy that fault. The labor which before was expended upon the entire garden was now given to the crooked sapling. The richest soil was massed about its roots, neighboring trees were mutilated that its boughs might have sunshine; and in times of dearth, although all else suffered, that tree was green and flourshing.

The result was what might have been expected. The great branches of the favorite shaded everything near by; and the flowers, for lack of sunshine, died. Its roots went far and wide under the moist earth and stole away the sustenance of its neighbors. Its branches pushed others, more weak, aside, and flaunted defiantly in the face of withered bushes. The gardener had a fine tree, but he had no other living thing.

A woman who is known to many who read this, began to fancy that her character was not well balanced. She was, she thought, too out-spoken—too ready with a word of blame; too critical; too quick to take offence; too harsh with the young persons in her care,—in short, an unamiable person. And, being a conscientious individual—fond, too fond, of introspection,—she set to work to mend her ways: to water the sickly little shrub of forbearance, to prune it, to nurse it, and to extirpate everything in its neighborhood which could interfere with its growth.

Unfortunately, however, she performed her task with an excess of zeal which brought disaster. Instead of acquiring the beautiful charity for which her soul thirsted, she came to possess but its counterfeit,—a weak yielding to every wind of opinion, and the caprice and demand of the madding crowd. She lost the power of looking into the face of a friend and bravely telling him that he had done wrong. No longer was she able to exert a righteous indignation when the weak were oppressed. She indulged her children until they chafed at all wholesome restraint. She spoiled her dependents, and they had no respect for her authority. She yielded to the demands of tradespeople, and they sold her inferior commodities, knowing that she would not rebel. The strong influence for good that she, with all her former faults, had once exerted, dwindled like a rose in the shadow of a upas-tree; and then she awoke and discovered her mistake.

It takes a careful hand to train the plants in the garden of the soul. Unwise and over-scrupulous solicitude may often defeat its own ends. If there had been a little more looking without, and a little less gazing within, except under skilled direction, the impulse toward perfection would have resulted in proportion instead of deformity.

If the gardener had taken the advice of those more experienced than himself, he would not now be sitting under the overgrown branches of his tree, lamenting the loss of his roses and lilies.

TRUTH is tough. It will not break like a bubble at a touch. Nay, you may kick it about all day, like a football, and it will be round and full at evening.—*Holmes.*

NEVER count people stupid because they don't excel in just the direction you do.—*Nora Perry.*

Notes and Remarks.

Herr Prof. Otto Pfleiderer, of the University of Berlin, is no friend of orthodox religion, but he has learned one truth which many who profess Christianity have a tendency to ignore—when it suits their purpose. The Professor tells the readers of the *Philosophical Review* that the howl for moral instruction without religious doctrine is the howl of madness. He thus meets a popular objection:

> It must be admitted that among those who are estranged from religion are to be found many persons of high moral character, who labor zealously and conscientiously for the good of their fellowmen. On the other hand, however, one must be careful not to draw too hastily, from a few cases of this sort, a general conclusion with regard to the normal relation between religion and morality. The ethical principles and tendencies of such men did not develop of their own accord, but are the product of their education in a Christian community. Now, it is an undoubted fact that such a community rests on a religious basis, and that its ethical trend results from its religious beliefs.

The futility of the attempt to inculcate morality without religion would be at once evident if these modern theorists would consistently put away the religious motives which, unconsciously we suppose, influence their own acts, and so preserve their respectability. If Oscar Wilde could get out of jail long enough, we fancy he might deliver a very eloquent lecture on the hopelessness of any "moral influence" except religion. Culture will not suffice. To educate a boy without religion is, as somebody says, to rear a mansard-roof over a rotten foundation.

The venerable poet, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, who, like all his contemporaries, was captivated by the charm of Cardinal Newman's personality, gives this lively and most valuable portrait of the outer man: "Early in the evening a singularly graceful figure in cap and gown glided into the room. The slight form and gracious address might have belonged to either a youthful ascetic of the Middle Ages or a graceful and high-bred lady of our own days. He was pale and thin almost to emaciation; swift of pace, but, when not walking, intensely still; with a voice sweet and pathetic both, but so distinct that you could count each vowel and consonant in every word. I observed later that when touching upon subjects which interested him much he used gestures rapid and decisive, though not vehement; and that while in the expression of thoughts on important subjects there was often a restrained ardor about him; yet if individuals were in question he spoke severely of none, however widely their opinions and his might differ." Mr. de Vere records that Newman was full of veneration,—a quality, by the way, too little cultivated by Americans of every degree. During his Anglican days the lightest word of his bishop was "a conclusive challenge to his obedience"; and when some one first pointed out Keble to him, Newman gazed upon him with awe.

It is deplorable, and shameful too, that the writings of the great Cardinal are so little known to those within the Church. They are better known in Protestant than in Catholic families; they are more thoroughly studied in Harvard than in most of our own colleges and academies.

In the leper settlement on Molokai there are at present 1,152 lepers,—683 males and 469 females. Three or four deaths occur every week. From 1883 to 1893 the number was 1,687. Two priests of the Picpus community—of which the sainted Father Damien was a member—and seven Sisters of the Franciscan Order, minister to the comfort of these outcasts. Invaluable service of many kinds is rendered by the devoted Brother Joseph Dutton, who went to the colony in the last years of Father Damien's life. The president of the board of health, in his report to the executive and advisory councils of the Hawaiian Government, pays a high tribute to these self-sacrificing nurses, and refers to the hospitals and homes conducted by them as "most valuable public institutions"; and concludes with the remark: "All that has been said in praise of their efforts was worthily and justly bestowed."

Writing about the late congress of priests at Rheims, a French journal which has always been unfriendly to the Church cries out: "It is the most important event to the

Church in France since the Concordat! It is the first time that priests have, in the name of liberty, met to discuss their common interests." Evidently the London *Tablet* thinks so, too; for it makes this comment:

It is just this want of initiative, this dread of moving with the times, that has long held the French priesthood in a bondage from which they and the Church have suffered severely. Shackled by the restrictions of the Concordat from free intercommunion with their fellows, handicapped from the beginning by a training so exclusive that it not infrequently breeds an aloofness from the world and its actualities that is a burden to themselves and a difficulty to their flocks, the power of the clergy in France for good has long been lamentably held in check. Isolation has engendered doubt and fear of the world around them; and these, whilst not touching the performance of their strictly sacerdotal duties, have undoubtedly resulted in a lack of human interest, and in a want of understanding of the situation and of their own opportunities, which have often formed matter for regret. Assuredly, neither zeal nor piety have been wanting—both have been and are conspicuously present. The one thing needful was a knowledge of the means, and the courage, supported by an assurance of assistance, to use them. This could be gained only by breaking the bonds of isolation with which they were fettered, and stepping into the dust and turmoil of the highway of life.

The congress of priests was the more necessary because the "Catholic" government of France forbids any assemblage of the bishops. It is hard for the American mind to comprehend why these prelates should submit to be deprived of a right which is enjoyed by all other classes, from match-sellers to railroad magnates.

We are moved to observe that the *Missionary Review of the World*, published in New York by the Funk & Wagnalls Co., easily carries away the prize for bland mendacity. It has five editors and thirty-three reverend editorial correspondents, whose names and addresses appear on the cover of the thing. To single out any article in the August number—the only one that we have seen or hope to see—for special mention might be invidious; but if any reader would know how fervently our brethren of the Protestant clergy can hate Catholics for the love of God, he need only dip into this Christian magazine on any page. A lie never yet served the truth—except, indeed, when such infamous publications as the one under consideration have driven honest Protestants into the Catholic Church. We have some good friends among the Protestant clergy—men whom we respect for their sincerity and genuine piety; we should like to know what they think of the *Missionary Review*.

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Meantime we may refer to an article by a convert—Lady Amabel Kerr—in the *Catholic Magazine*. There has been a lie about the Church, she says, rolling and gathering from the earliest days. First it was the worship of an ass's head and the sacrifice of children; and, though now the lie takes a new form, its cousinship to the old one is unmistakable. There is something almost exquisitely wicked in Catholics as pictured by certain Protestant publications. Nor can it be said that fanaticism or prejudice is dying out; for even among "liberal" Protestants we are still looked at askance. Is heresy so dull that it must seek excitement in pious accounts of the wickedness of others? Lady Kerr was in her teens when she was converted; and so thoroughly had the "rolling lie" worked into her system that, for some time after her reception into the Church, her only idea of a priest was "an individual who creeps about in slippered feet, learns people's secrets, and utilizes them for the aggrandizement of the Church." She also tried hard to give divine honor to the Blessed Virgin and to pray to images; and so earnest was she in her purpose to be a Catholic that she almost succeeded in these curious attempts. There is one good result of the "rolling lie," however: when a convert succeeds in shaking it off, he is usually zealous that others should be set free from it also.

I believe the experience of everyone who lives and has lived among the poor, whether it be Catholic priest or Protestant clergyman, Sister of Charity or district visitor, charity organization agent or Brother of Saint Vincent de Paul, will bear me out in my conviction that nine-tenths, if not ninety-nine hundredths, of the actual destitution among the poor is to be traced, directly or indirectly, to habits of drink. It is not, as a rule, the drunkard himself who has to pay the heaviest penalty—at least in this world—for his intemperance. It is too often the helpless wife and the neglected children who have to bear the burden of the father's sin. There

is scarcely a city or a town in the whole world from which all abject poverty would not practically disappear if the vice of drunkenness could be banished. Of course there are, besides, a number of instances of destitution in no way connected with drink. The sudden death or long illness of the breadwinner of the family will, from time to time, cause a very acute phase of misery and want. The poor helpless mother, with her hungry brood, is as sad a sight as well can be. But such cases are exceptional, and men do not legislate for exceptions. Such needs can easily be met, and are met in every well-organized community, by Christian charity.—*The Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J., in the North American Review.*

There can be no question that the great evil of the day is intemperance. It is truly the curse of the poor. Honor and success to those who labor to banish this vice from the world! And may Heaven raise up a Father Mathew in every country where the demon of strong drink raises its hydra head!

A distinguished scholar was lost to the Church in England when the Rev. Dr. Wallace, O. S. B., passed away. As a boy he gave evidence of remarkable talents, which he cultivated with the utmost industry up to the time of his death. The ablest of his contemporaries considered his learning marvellous, and it is said that his knowledge was as exact as it was comprehensive. He had mastered the modern and classical languages and some of the Eastern tongues; and he was profoundly versed in theological, philosophical and Biblical lore. Dr. Wallace has left us a lasting monument of his vast erudition in his "Life of St. Edmund of Canterbury," which is a treasure-house of half-forgotten or wholly-forgotten learning. During the last years of his holy life he was a constant sufferer from a most severe malady. May he rest in peace!

According to the *American University Magazine*, the most remarkable group of contemporaneous college undergraduates ever known were a score of young men who studied at Oxford in the first quarter of this century. These students—among whom were Gladstone, Newman, and Manning—were certainly the pick of the University. One of them was to be four times Premier of England; three became cabinet ministers, three governors-general of India, and one archbishop of Canterbury; six forsook the Anglican communion for the Catholic faith, and two of them became cardinals. Can any period at any university compare with Oxford at that time?

We rejoice to learn that there is reason to hope for a most prosperous future for the Church in the Republic of Nicaragua. *The Recorder*, of Bluefields, announces that the President has appointed a commission to visit that department in the interests of its Catholic residents. Schools are to be erected and new churches built. The commission is composed of the Rev. Fathers Dubon, Reyes, and Corrales. The former is a learned member of the Nicaraguan clergy, and enjoys the reputation of being a most eloquent preacher.

Notable New Books.

THE SPIRIT OF THE DOMINICAN ORDER. Illustrated from the Lives of its Saints. Mother Francis Raphael (A. T. Drane). Benziger Bros.

The Very Rev. John Procter, Provincial of the English Dominicans, in his admirable introduction to this posthumous work from the pen of Mother Drane, says truly: "The book is an object-lesson in Dominican life.... It is a photograph, portraying the lines, the lineaments, the expression of the Dominican face; a phonograph, reproducing Dominican words and sayings coming from the abundance of the Dominican heart."

Mother Drane has omitted no characteristic feature of her beloved Order in this beautiful word-picture. The active works of the community—those of teaching, caring for the sick, relieving the poor, etc.,—are the points first brought before the reader; and from these exterior works of charity he is led to understand the motives and spirit which animated them.

In speaking of the part taken by Dominicans in the work of education, Mother Drane, in a few words about Catherine of Herrera, teaches a lesson sometimes forgotten in our day of "higher education." We are told that this sainted woman "was at some pains and expense to procure the publication of

religious books for distribution among the people; and she equally called into requisition another kind of preaching—namely, the silent power of a church and altar properly cared for.... She was particularly diligent in furnishing the chapels of prisons and hospitals; for she judged that not only by instruction and reproof, but by exterior motives also, men are moved to interior devotion and to a respect for the holy mysteries of the Church."

That the spirit of the Order was to use and adapt every talent of its members is evident from the various works in which they were engaged, among which may be mentioned preaching, teaching, painting, etc., for the friars; and painting, needlework, and the writing of sacred poetry, for the nuns.

The special characteristics of the Order, as given by Mother Drane, include magnanimity, poverty and humility, penance and silence; while its particular devotions have for object the Blessed Sacrament, the Holy Name, Our Lady, and the souls in purgatory. The chapter on the Rosary—that "birthright and inheritance of the Dominicans"—is especially interesting.

The saints of the Order are the witnesses who prove the veracity of the author's statements; and, as one realizes the number of Dominicans honored on our altars, one is reminded of those words of Lacordaire: "The more saints an Order has produced, the more is it manifest that the grace of God has taken part in its foundation, and continues to maintain its immortality." And as we linger over the revelations of sanctity in these pages, we love to think of Mother Drane as now enjoying the company of those she loved; for that she loved the illustrious dead of her Order can not be denied by any who read her tender, reverent tribute to those in whose footsteps she so faithfully followed to the end.

OUR SEMINARIES. By the Rev. John Talbot Smith. W. H. Young & Co.

Father Smith believes that the way in which the American priesthood has been and still is trained is sadly defective at almost every point, and he has made a book embodying his views. Fortunately, his criticism, though sufficiently pungent, is constructive as well as destructive; and he is spared the odium of being dubbed a bilious fault-finder by the large number of really valuable hints he throws out.

Father Smith insists that the American boy can not be measured by the European boy, and that the ancient French spirit and methods in our colleges and seminaries are an anachronism. He advocates plenty of exercise, edible food, sane spirituality, careful training, and hard work, as the most valuable factors in producing the ideal priest. Reasonably enough, too, he demands good manners and gentlemanly habits in the priest; and it is highly important that he should have as much skill in preaching as his natural endowments permit. It would be impossible even to summarize in brief space all the valuable suggestions contained in this clever book of a clever man. But, to our positive knowledge, he has judged of Catholic colleges, in his haste, as the Royal Prophet judged of the race of men. They are not so bad by half as he paints them, and there is surely enough matter for honest criticism without exercising one's inventive faculties. As a skilled writer, Father Smith recognizes the value of exaggeration, which is simply truth standing on tiptoe to make itself seen. But, despite the defects of this book—and they are neither few nor small,—we are heartily glad that it has been published; and we hope that it will be read by all Catholic educators, whether in colleges or seminaries.

THE DIVINE REDEEMER AND HIS CHURCH. By the Rev. Edward Douglas, C. SS. R. Catholic Truth Society (London).

It was at the request of Cardinal Vaughan that this work was adapted by the author from the Italian, in which he had first written it; and we do not hesitate to say that it fully deserves the high praise which his Eminence bestows upon it. It is a digest of religious history—a compendious account of religion from the days of Creation. It is a work of devotion, indeed; but it is no less a work of erudition, despite the author's modest disclaimer.

In the first part, which is also the briefest, Father Douglas sketches the dealings of God with man before the blessed day of the Incarnation, for which all the religious cere-

monies of the Old Testament were but a preparation. In the second part the life of our Divine Lord is recorded in the very words of the Evangelists, the diatessaron being enriched by some valuable explanatory notes. In the concluding and longest part, the theme is the government of His Church by the Redeemer; and this section may be described as a summary of Church History.

This book was intended, in the modest design of the author, "for simple and humble souls"; but it may profitably be examined by the wise also. And to all who read it, it will no doubt render the service intended by Father Douglas—"to make Our Lord better known and better loved."

MENSIS EUCHARISTICUS SACRÆ SCRIPTURÆ; seu suggestiones in usum sacerdotum ante et post Missam e Bibliis Sacris concinnatæ, curante Jacobo Bellord, capellano militum. Parisiis: Sumptibus P. Lethielleux.

The title indicates the composition of this elegant little book. In the *monitum ad lectorem* the author says he had no other view than to collect some passages of Scripture which give expression to the different acts for preparation before and thanksgiving after Mass. So for every day in the month there is for preparation: *Invitatio Dei*, *Præparatio animæ*, *Humilitas*, *Deprecatio pro peccatis*, *Promissio Christi*, *Accessus ad Christum*, *Officium Sacerdotis*, *Desiderium*, *Quis venit?* *Adventus Domini*. And for thanksgiving: *Donum Dei*, *Præsentia Christi*, *Silentium*, *Auscultatio*, *Vox Christi*, *Exsultatio*, *Amor*, *Oblatio*, *Petitio*, *Discessus a Domino*, *Dominus manet tecum*,—each title with an apposite text from Scripture. May this useful little book increase devotion to the Holy Eucharist among those for whose benefit it was compiled!

IPHIGENIA, BARONESS OF STYNE. A Story of the Divine Impatience. An Approximate Autobiography. By Frederic Horace Clark. Published in London for the Pure Music Society.

It would be an injustice to the author to attempt to set forth, in necessarily limited space, the views which he so ably and voluminously champions in this work. Musicians must seek them for themselves, and each seeker will find only what he carries with him. Mr. Clark's thoughts may not effect a revolution in the system of any musician with preconceived ideas, but they will develop and suggest. To him who can understand the message, it will come. To the elevated, transcendental mind, it will mean much; to the dull plodder, with no soul above the commonplace routine of technique, it will perhaps embody but a vagary.

The book is ostensibly the autobiography of a distinguished German pianist, the Baroness of Styne. The plot—if so slender a thread can be thus characterized—is simple, but it serves as a medium for the transmission to the reader of the theories, doubts, longings, and "divine impatience" of a rare mind, which the average worldling will not, or can not, understand.

The style is engaging without frivolity, and profound without dulness. To those interested in the efforts of a skilled musician to waken the world to a different understanding of the art of arts, we heartily commend this masterly work.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Dr. Wallace, O. S. B., Erdington, England; and the Rev. James A. Connolly, Blossburg, Pa., who lately departed this life.

Mr. Edward Harkins, who died on the 12th inst., in Boston, Mass., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. E. E. Adams, of Charter Oak, Iowa, whose happy death took place on the same day.

Mr. Michael Lucey, who piously yielded his soul to God on the 10th ult., at Sacramento, Cal.

Mrs. E. A. Nolan, whose life closed peacefully on the 3d inst., in St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. Thomas Hopkins and Mrs. Abbie Lenane, of Meriden, Conn.; Mr. David Douglass, Batavia, Nevada; Mrs. Johanna Flynn, Berwick, Conn.; Mr. Matthew Bennan, Cumbola, Pa.; Mr. P. J. Dwyer, Shenandoah, Pa.; Mr. Michael T. Maloney and Mrs. Elizabeth Moran, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Johanna Shanahan, Lagro, Ind.; Mr. Patrick McCauley, Ware, Mass.; Mrs. Bridget Neary, Shamokin, Pa.; Mrs. Carie Kelloway, Massillon, Ohio; Mrs. Hannah Guest and Mrs. B. Sullivan, Jewett City, Conn.; Mrs. Michael Magner, Malden, Mass.; and Mrs. Bernard O'Reilly, Medina, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Optimist and Pessimist.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

TWO little maids one summer noon
From school skipped side by side.
The one a merry song did croon,—
"It's just one block: we'll be there soon!"
In cheerful tones she cried.

"It's shady nearly all the way,
That tree's so big," said she.
"We're just a *little* late to-day,—
Just hear the birds! They are so gay!"
She chatted pleasantly.

The other dragged her feet along.
"I'm awful tired!" she said.
"Another block? Oh, it's *so* long!
Dinner is on,—there goes the gong!
The sun beats on my head.

"Mother will scold, I know," she said,—
"Oh, dear! I don't see why
You always laugh!" Her cheeks grew red,
Adown her face the hot tears sped
As she began to cry.

They had the same big shady tree,
The same gay sunshine kissed
Each child. Why did they disagree?
Why, one was Pessimist, you see;
The other, Optimist.

THE great Cardinal Newman in some rules of conduct which he wrote for a young friend advised him always to rise promptly in the morning, declaring that the actions of the whole day would be influenced by this beginning. Everything seems to go wrong the day we are lazy in getting out of bed.

The Carven Crucifix.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

(CONCLUSION.)

WRAPPED in her grandmother's old fur cape, and wearing a faded scarlet hood on her head, little Barbara hurried along in the crisp morning air, eager to enter upon her new duties, her mind intent on one object—that of helping her aged grandparents, the only father and mother she had ever known. Arrived at her destination, she was ushered into the apartment of her new mistress, whom she found seated on a sofa in the *salon*, reading a newspaper.

"You are a punctual little maiden, my dear," said the lady, rising, as Barbara dropped a respectful courtesy and stood, with folded hands, awaiting her pleasure. "Father Froelich has told me something of your story," she continued; "and I only hope I may be of some assistance to your grandparents, who are, I hear, most worthy people."

Tears came into Barbara's eyes as she answered:

"Yes, my lady, that they are; and they have not always been as poor as now. They have lost courage, because they are so old, and have only me to help them. But I would do anything—any work, however hard,—so that I could once more see them in health and comfort."

"You are a brave and a good little girl; and while I am here I shall do all in my

power to help you make the old people more comfortable," said the lady, kindly.

"Oh, thank you—thank you, my lady!" answered Barbara, with a charming smile; then, glancing swiftly around the room, which was in perfect order, she added: "And will you now please tell me what my duties are, that I may begin to earn my wages?"

For a moment the lady was at a disadvantage. Truth to tell, there was nothing for the child to do; as all that had gone before had been only a little ruse to benefit herself and her grandparents, without seeming to make them objects of charity. She had observed Barbara daily at Mass; had been prepossessed in her favor on account of her devotion, and also because of a fancied resemblance to a favorite maid whom she had once had. Having learned from Father Froelich the circumstances of the family, she had resolved to help them; and had chosen this method of doing so, as she knew it would be the only way by which she could reach them. Rich, lovely and pious, she spent her life doing good; and was glad, while sojourning in a strange city, to be able to aid those whom poverty and suffering had laid low. In answer to Barbara's inquiry, she said:

"My child, the maid who is employed by the woman from whom I rent this apartment does most of the work—in fact, nearly *all* of it. Now, if you will do an occasional errand for me—water the flowers, post my letters, and go now and then to the fancy-store to match my wools and embroidery silks,—it will be all I shall require of you. Besides, I need some one with whom to converse when I am tired reading. You have brought some knitting, I hope? To see you sitting there in that other window with your lace-work in your hand will be a very homelike and pleasant sight for me."

For a moment Barbara stood in amazement; at length she said:

"O dear lady, this is indeed like the fairy stories! This is like the fairy godmother. A florin a week, and nothing to do but run a few errands and knit a little! I thought I should have to sweep, and polish the furniture, and wash the windows, and many other things beside."

Her mistress laughed pleasantly, as she remarked:

"With such anticipations, I presume you brought no knitting?"

"No, my lady," said the child. "But I *can* knit. I have several pieces of lace begun at home. To-morrow I shall take care to bring one."

Opening a little cabinet which stood in one corner, her mistress produced a piece of crochet-work, which soon gave employment to Barbara's nimble fingers. At noon the maid brought up a substantial dinner, which the Countess and Barbara shared at the same time; though the child was reluctant to take what she considered a great liberty. The lady was charmed with the little girl; she was so modest, winning, refined, and intelligent.

After a couple of hours spent in letter-writing, the Countess said:

"Now, my dear, put on your cape and hood, and run to the box with these letters. When you return I shall accompany you home. I wish to lose no time in making the acquaintance of a couple who have educated and instructed so wise and good a child as my little Barbara."

Barbara was really delighted. It never occurred to the child to be ashamed of her humble home or its poverty. She thought only of the kindly spirit that prompted the visit; hoping, at the same time, that this new friend would be able to show her grandparents some way out of their misfortunes.

It was with a joyful heart that she saw, as they neared the house, the firelight shining through the window. By this she knew that her grandmother must have arisen, and that in some manner coal

had been obtained. When she opened the door a pleasing sight met her view. Her grandparents sat on either side of the fire; it looked like old times, before the presence of sickness and poverty had saddened their happy home. The old people rose and greeted their visitor with respectful courtesy.

"Your little Barbara has captured my heart," she said, taking the chair placed by the child between the old couple. "Sit down, sit down, good people," she added, seeing that they remained standing.

Barbara bashfully took up her station behind her grandmother, who said:

"It will hardly make her proud, good lady, to say that there is no better child than our Barbara."

"Few so good," added the grandfather, sententiously, while looking sharply at the visitor, who, her face half turned in the opposite direction, did not notice his gaze. The old man leaned forward, unable to resist the impulse of curiosity that controlled him. As he did so the lady lifted her head quickly, and, casting a glance through the open door of the bedroom, sprang to her feet. Pointing to the crucifix which hung on the wall near the bed, and turning to the old man, she exclaimed:

"Tell me where did you get that crucifix? I thought there was only one like it in the world."

In a second the grandfather stood erect, leaning on his staff with both trembling hands. In a voice as agitated as her own he cried:

"And tell me—oh, tell me, dear lady, who you are? I knew it—I knew it! You must be the Countess G——."

"You are right," she replied, once more seating herself and motioning the feeble old man to his chair. "And, in return, tell me *your* name and whence you come; for if you are he whom I think you to be, it will explain all."

"I am called Bernard Wunder," he said. "I am from Alsace, but for many years of my life I was head gamekeeper to the Count de Beauvoir, in the south of France. He married a German lady, the daughter of the Baron R——. During the Franco-Prussian war, when the victorious Germans invaded the castle, destroying many valuable works of art, we fled for our lives—that is to say, my wife, daughter, and myself; for the family had already departed. I could not bear that this crucifix, highly prized by my master and mistress, should come to harm, and concealed it in the pack I carried on my back. Later, when I wrote to Paris asking my former mistress whether I should send it, she answered that I must keep it as a remembrance of her. It has been my dearest possession ever since. Sooner than part with it I would have died. She, alas! is dead, as you know; and the Count also."

Taking the toil-worn, wrinkled hands in hers, the lady said, in tones of deepest emotion:

"And I, dear old Bernard,—you know who I am, do you not? You remember me, though years and great sorrows have changed the blithe young girl into a woman prematurely old. And you, Annie dear"—turning to the grandmother,—"you remember me, I am sure?"

"Yes, yes!" cried both with one voice, tears streaming down their aged cheeks. "You are the Countess Emma!"

"Many a time have I led a gallant company off to the chase with you, the bravest and fairest of all the ladies there," said Bernard. "Oh, those were gay times, my lady,—those good old days!"

"And Barbara, your daughter? No wonder my heart was drawn to this child," said the Countess. "Is she not her daughter also?"

"Yes," replied the old woman, sadly: "all that is left to us of our darling child. She died at Barbara's birth, five months after her husband's death. He was killed in battle."

"As was mine," said the Countess, with a deep sigh. Then, turning to Barbara, she continued: "My dear child, my good little Barbara, what a scheme Providence had in hand this morning when He sent me my new handmaiden! I knew your mother. She was if anything sweeter than yourself. She always waited on me when I visited at the Chateau de Beauvoir, where I spent almost as much time as in my German home. Alas! with so many others who made life beautiful at that time, she has gone to her reward. But never, never shall I forget her child, nor the kind old retainers whom my aunt esteemed so highly. Henceforward, child, your future is provided for."

Moved to tears, though unable to speak, the child kissed the hand of her benefactress; and then, throwing her arm around her grandmother's neck, she wept aloud.

The old man would fain have checked her, but his wife said:

"Let be—let be, Bernard! It is for joy that she weeps. Tears will do her good."

"Yes, little Barbara," said the Countess, stroking her hair: "weep your fill. It is for joy. And now, good Annie, let us have a cup of tea together before I go."

At these words Barbara lifted her wet face from her grandmother's bosom.

"Dear lady," she said, "there is no tea in the house, nor a bite of bread, nor anything to eat. We used the last scrap this morning. To another I would not have said it; but to you, whom God has so certainly raised up to us as a friend, it would be wrong not to disclose how poor we are."

While she was speaking her grandparents had covered their faces; for decent pride dies hard.

"What!" cried the Countess, putting her hand in her pocket. "Oh! can it be possible?" Taking a piece of gold from the purse, she placed it in Barbara's hand, saying: "Run quickly, child, and fetch whatever is necessary: tea and bread and eggs and meat—in a word, everything you need."

Barbara required no second bidding. In a short time she returned laden with packages, and a substantial meal was soon placed on the table. Happiness beamed on every face as they sat around the plentiful board, speaking of the past, planning for the future, each heart full of thankfulness to God. And before they separated for the night, they all knelt at the feet of the Saviour in whom they had trusted,—of Him who never fails the faithful heart that relies upon His promise.

When the Countess returned to her home in Saxony, she was accompanied by the old couple. Their grandchild Barbara became her trusted maid and companion; while the old people were made comfortable for life in a little cottage on the *demesne*, where the carven crucifix hangs on the wall above a lamp that is never extinguished day or night.

The Hermits' Quarrel.

It is related in the Lives of the Fathers that two ancient hermits dwelt together many years and never quarrelled. At last one said to the other, with much simplicity: "Let us have a quarrel, as other men have." And the other answering that he did not know how to quarrel the first replied: "Look here! I will place this stone in the middle between you and me. I will say it is mine, and do you say that it is yours; in this manner we will start a quarrel." And, placing the stone in the midst, he said: "This stone is mine." And the other said: "No: it is mine." Then the first said: "If it be yours, take it." Not being able either to swear or defame each other, to shake their fists or strike a blow at each other, they could not carry the conversation any further, and so the whole quarrel collapsed.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The facetious Andrew Lang's right to the title "Merry Andrew" is amply vindicated by his review of Purcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning" in *The Cosmopolis*. A less consequential, or a more exasperating, bit of criticism it has not been our evil fortune ever to see.

—From the head-centre in England comes a pamphlet of 24 pp. giving a sketch of the history of the Association of Perpetual Adoration, and some account of the Work for Poor Churches in England. We rejoice to learn that this excellent Association, which unites so many pious persons in prayer and active work, has spread to all parts of the United Kingdom. It is proposed to erect a fitting chapel of adoration at Balham, London.

—"The Sodalist's Vade Mecum," as its title implies, is a manual of prayers and hymns intended for the use of sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It is compiled by "a priest of the Archdiocese of Chicago," and is published in attractive and convenient form by Benziger Brothers. Directors of sodalities will find this little book a valuable aid in carrying on the good work of leading young women to a closer imitation of our Blessed Lady, that highest ideal of womanhood.

—Among other interesting new publications, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have in press a translation of Sienkiewicz's new historical novel, "Quo Vadis," already referred to in these pages. It is a story of Rome in the days of Nero. Also a new illustrated edition of "In a North Country Village," by M. E. Francis; and a translation of the much-discussed "Memoirs of Mgr. de Salamon," internuncio at Paris during the Revolution, 1790–1801. This interesting work was first published in 1891, and has never been Englished until now.

—The Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A., to whom we are indebted for the excellent new edition of Milner's "End of Controversy" lately reviewed in these pages, was led into the Church through a controversy with the late Mgr. Meurin. Father Rivington was then superior of the Cowley Fathers in Bombay. Since his conversion he has published a number of learned works in defence of Catholic truth. He was famed for eloquence as an Anglican monk, and his sermons in London, where he is now stationed, have been instrumental in numerous conversions.

—We note with satisfaction the growing appreciation of the critics for the work of Mrs. Meynell, whether prose or poetry. Mr. George Meredith in a lengthy review corroborates all that Coventry Patmore has said about her; and the *Atlantic Monthly* expresses the opinion that she will yet become the founder of a literary cult.

—Those who have a devotion to the Miraculous Infant of Prague, will welcome a pamphlet just published by Mr. J. Schaefer, of New York, giving a history of its origin and propagation, with a novena, litany and other prayers. Mr. Schaefer also supplies pictures and statues of the Holy Infant.

—In these days, when mediocrity is the rule and excellence the exception, it is a pleasure to commend to the musical public so admirable a composition as the minuet published by the John Church Co. and written by the Rev. Joseph Tonello. The author has caught the quaint spirit of the stately old dance, and embodied it in strains well worthy of his reputation in the world of harmony. It is primarily intended for string orchestra, but the copy brought to our attention is arranged for the piano.

—Temperance workers will find a valuable aid in the "Manual of Temperance" by the Rev. James Doogan, a Carthusian missionary now laboring in India. It has, for frontispiece, the best portrait of Father Mathew that we have ever seen, and there is also a good sketch of the great Apostle of Temperance. Zealous words spoken by Irish and American bishops, by editors, physicians and other leaders of thought, make up the body of a work which is well worth perusal. Published by Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta.

—It was a bold thought in Mr. L. McManus to choose the doleful days of Cromwell

for the background of his story, "The Silk of the Kine." Such *mise en scene* requires a strong hand for its management, and failure here would be notable indeed. But Mr. McManus has not failed. Even the *Tablet* pays his work this warm tribute: "Mr. McManus seems to us to have felt every page he wrote. His narrative is compressed, direct, alive with the blood he is stirring. He stays neither for description nor analysis; the times were fierce with the fulness of deed, and his book is alert with the fulness of life. Their actions, not his words, bring the characters into play; and if the remembrance they invoke will stir the Irish peasant to hot thoughts, it should move an English mind to a sense of reparation and regret. If anything, the tale is too short, and one in which there is neither a slow scene nor a dull sentence."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

The Divine Redeemer and His Church. *Rev. Edward Douglass, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

The Spirit of the Dominican Order. *Mother Drane.* Art & Book Co. $1.00.

Devotion to the Miraculous Infant of Prague. J. Schaefer. 10 cts.

Why I Became a Catholic (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Burns & Oates. Cloth, 30 cts.

Cobbett's History of the Reformation. *Edited by Dom Gasquet.* Benziger Bros. $1.

The Yorke-Wendte Discussion. Monitor Publishing Co. 50 cts.

Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages. *Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M.* Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P.* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

The End of Religious Controversy. *Bishop Milner. Edited by Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A.* Cath. Truth Society. 1s *net.*

The See of St. Peter. *T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G.* Catholic Truth Society. 1s. 6d.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

Lessons in Literature. Ainsworth & Co. $1.

The Religion of a Traveller (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser.* Cathedral Library Association. 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* May & Williams. $1.25.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25.

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

Are Anglican Orders Valid? *Rev. Dr. MacDevitt.* Bryers & Walker. 60 cts.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8s.

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury, Mass. $2.10.

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, $6.25.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.50 net.

The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena. *Algar Thorold.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Woman, What Have I to do with Thee? *Presbyter Anglicanus.* Kegan Paul & Co. Crown 8vo, 60 cts.

Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. *Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 3 vols. $4.50.

Christian Reunion. *William Delaney, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. *K. M. Barry.* Fallon & Co. 60 cts.

Retreats, etc. *Father Dignam, S. J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Jewels of the Imitation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* Burns & Oates. 60 cts.

Questions of Honor in the Christian Life. *Katharine E. Conway.* Pilot Co. 50 cts.

Conscience and Law. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. $1.60.

In a Walled Garden. *Bessie R. Belloc.* Ward & Downey. $2.

Evolution and Dogma. *Rev. John A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C.* McBride & Co. $2.

Saint Philomena. *From the French.* R. Washbourne. 5 cts.

Mooted Questions of History. *H. J. Desmond.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts.

Catholic Directory, 1896. *Hoffmann Bros. Co.* $1.25

Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. 65 cts.

Our Own Story. *Rosa Mulholland.* Catholic Truth Society $1.00.

Christian Unity. *Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.* Catholic Book Exchange. 50 cts.

Father Furniss and his Work for Children. *Rev. T. Livius, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

Lyra Hieratica. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* Burns & Oates. $1.00

St. Antony of Padua. *Franciscan Fathers.* Burns & Oates. 75 cts.

Jesus, His Life; A Diatessaron. *Rev. Henry Beauclerk, S. J.* Burns & Oates. $1.40.

A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven. *M. C. Bishop.* Benziger Bros. $2.

The Christian at Mass. *Rev. Joseph L. Andreis.* Murphy & Co. 12mo, net, $1.00.

Poems. *Father John B. Tabb.* Copeland & Day. Small octavo $1.00.

Prehistoric Americans. *Marquis de Nadaillac.* McBride & Co. 16mo, cloth, *net*, 50 cts.

The Rhythm of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Copeland & Day. Octavo $1.25.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

VOL. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 3, 1896. No. 14.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Our Mother-Queen.

"HAIL Mary!" Ah, how full those words
Of reverent, trusting love!
They seem to bind us close to thee,
Our Mother-Queen above.

"Hail, full of grace!" Those words recall
That wondrous Nazareth scene,
When Heaven was in thy maiden heart,
Our God-illumined Queen.

"The Lord is with thee!" What a thrill
Of rapture in thy soul,
Which bowed beneath the touch of God,
And felt Love's sweet control!

Ah, blessed art thou 'mong women all,
And blessed thy God and Son,
Thro' whose thrice blessed and sacred name
Our race has pardon won!

O Holy Mother of our God,
We make this prayer to thee:
In life be with us, and in death
May we thy dear face see!

The Apostle of Alaska.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON.

IN the year 1884 an Archbishop, with a party of priests, visited the tomb of the great Irish missionary bishop, St. Livin, at Hauthem-St.-Liévin in Flanders. Having satisfied their devotion at the martyr's shrine, the priests betook themselves to the presbytery; but the Archbishop was missing. Search was made for some time in vain. Two of the priests at last bethought themselves of returning to the church; and, gently opening the door, they beheld the missing prelate prostrate before the shrine and absorbed in prayer. Deeply edified, they at once withdrew, leaving Mgr. Seghers, then Archbishop of Oregon — for he it was, — undisturbed. In the afternoon Mgr. Seghers preached; and a few words, spoken with that heartfelt enthusiasm that marked his character, allowed his friends to know what his prayer had been. "St. Livin," he cried, "is my patron — the patron of all missionary bishops! There is nothing that I desire more strongly than to die as he died." St. Livin was massacred while preaching to the pagans of Flanders in the seventh century; Archbishop Seghers was assassinated in Alaska while preaching the Gospel to the heathen in that wild Northern region.

It is the life of this modern apostle that the Abbé Maurice de Baets, professor at the University of Louvain, has so lovingly and so skilfully written, with the aid of the surest information placed at his disposal by the friends and companions of the great missionary. The introduction which fills some fifty pages in a volume of three hundred and forty, is a masterly study of the spiritual life of him whom

one who knew him well did not hesitate to call "the greatest missionary of our century." A brief sketch of the Archbishop's career will show that this praise was not flattery. Our sketch shall be based on M. de Baets' volume, especially on that part of it devoted to the missionary's life; the part in which the author describes the field of the apostle's labors, interesting as it is to European readers, could yield but little fresh matter to American Catholics.*

Charles John Seghers was born at Ghent in Belgium, on December 26, 1839. While still in his childhood he became an orphan. But his father's brothers and sisters and a lady friend of his mother did their best to replace the parents he had lost. After having completed his classical studies at St. Barbara's College in his native town, he there entered the seminary after the vacation of 1858. On August 9, 1862, he was ordained deacon; the same day he left the seminary for the American College at Louvain to prepare himself to fulfil his vocation as a missionary. On the 31st of May, 1863, he was ordained priest by Cardinal Sterckx, Archbishop of Mechlin. About this time Mgr. Demers, first Bishop of Vancouver, had made a pressing appeal to the Rector of the American College at Louvain for priests; the latter immediately selected young Seghers, who accepted the mission and all its hardships without a moment's hesitation. "I don't know whether I shall have bread to eat there," he wrote to the Rector; "but if there is good to be done that will suffice." This readiness to do at once what his superiors judged to be good was his rule through life.

His ambition on arriving at Victoria, on November 19, 1863, was to set to work among the Indians; this he abandoned forthwith when he found his handicapped Bishop needed him for as useful but less heroic work as convent chaplain, cathedral curate, and secretary. It was thus that, afterward, he consented with cheerful obedience to leave his cherished Alaska missions and his beloved diocese of Vancouver, because the Holy See had need of him as Archbishop of Oregon. Nor would he, later on, satisfy his desire to resign the archiepiscopal see of Oregon to return to Vancouver, with its Alaska missions, until he was certain that his wish was fully approved by the Holy See. "You wish to abandon the archdiocese you administer so well?" said Cardinal Simeoni, to whom he had offered himself when the Cardinal had found it impossible to find a fit bishop for Vancouver. "Certainly," replied the Archbishop; "if I am sure that the Pope will approve of and bless my resolution,"

A few days later the Archbishop, then in Rome, was summoned by the Holy Father. Leo XIII. asked him many questions about his old diocese of Vancouver and that over which he was then Archbishop. Mgr. Seghers pointed out to the Pope that Oregon was in a flourishing condition; that there were many fit to succeed him in the see; whereas the only priest who knew and was fit to govern the diocese of Vancouver, the zealous Father Jonckau, was in ill health and could not accept the position. "These are the reasons, Holy Father, why I have asked to return to Vancouver. But I am quite ready to remain metropolitan of Oregon; and if I thought for a moment that the Pope disapproved of my desire, I would think no more about it."

As Leo XIII. listened to the apostle's words he was deeply moved, and more than once tears came to his eyes. At last, with majestic simplicity, Leo decided the question with these few words: "I approve of what you desire." And in announcing the decision to the administrator of the Vancouver diocese, the Archbishop added: "My desire has received the highest sanc-

* "Mgr. Seghers, l'Apôtre d'Alaska." Par l'Abbé Maurice de Baets. Gand: A. Siffer. With portraits and maps. 1896.

tion possible, and the blessing of the Pope is the best proof that it is in accord with God's will."

Obedience was one of the apostle's great characteristics; not less conspicuous was his love for hard work. With St. Martin he would constantly repeat: "*Non recuso laborem.*" (I will not shun work.) He had an iron will; with God's grace, he used it to carry him through the hardships and labors of an apostle's life. "I heard him one day," remarks his biographer, "say of his work, 'It is very hard, but that makes no difference.' The tone in which these few simple, commonplace, insignificant words were spoken more than twelve years ago, impressed me so strongly that they still ring in my ears."

No matter how hard the work to be done, he heartily set to do it. To visit his beloved Indians on the western shores of Vancouver Island he had to take passage in some frail canoe which every sea threatened to swamp, or else to stow himself away in a hole of a cabin of some unsavory coasting smack. Even they who enjoy being afloat would consider such voyages dangerous and very disagreeable. But the Bishop undertook them without a moment's hesitation, although he constantly suffered from that worst of ills, sea-sickness. At the end of the voyage there were souls to be saved. That was enough. Across hill and vale, over the Rocky Mountains, amid the great Pacific rollers along the west coast, across the almost arctic wastes of Alaska,—nothing could stop his apostolic travels. More than once he fell by the wayside of some lonely, rocky defile, worn out with hunger and fatigue. More than once was he all but frozen journeying when the thermometer stood some fifty degrees below zero. Nevertheless, after a short night's rest, often on a hard plank or on the ground, he would be again on his journey. His best rest seemed to be change of work.

Father Cataldo once ventured to remark that the Archbishop of Oregon tired himself too much in riding hither and thither to visit his scattered and scanty flock. His Grace answered with a smile: "Oh, when I am on horseback I rest from preaching! When I am preaching I rest from riding." As early as 1867 his Bishop said of the young missionary: "There may be elsewhere such a priest as Seghers, but nowhere is there a better." This is high praise; but the whole career of the apostle, as it has now been unfolded, shows it was deserved.

Of his vast travels in planting the faith it is quite impossible to speak in detail, for they would fill a volume. Suffice it to say that, named Bishop of Vancouver on March 23, 1873, he immediately after his consecration set out to visit the four thousand Indians then dwelling on the west side of the island. He then baptized nearly nine hundred of their children. He next made two journeys to Alaska, pushing nearly as far north as the arctic circle. Appointed coadjutor to the Archbishop of Oregon, he at once visited almost all the vast territory of Oregon and Idaho comprised in the diocese of which he became the Archbishop, December 10, 1880, on the retirement of Mgr. Blanchet. On March 7, 1884, he returned to Vancouver; and, as soon as he had settled for the building of a clergy-house and church at Victoria, he set out afresh for Alaska. His fifth voyage thither was destined to be his last. Nor must we omit mentioning that twice did he make the voyage to Rome,—first as theologian to his Bishop at the Council of the Vatican, and again when the archbishops of America were called to the Eternal City to prepare for the Council of Baltimore—that greatest ecclesiastical gathering since the Vatican Council.

There is an old saying that a rolling stone gathers no moss; but, at all events, it is bright and polished. At least this was the effect of much travelling on Mgr. Seghers. Besides his mother-tongue—

Flemish,—he spoke English, German, and French; was familiar with many Indian dialects, and in a short month mastered the Russian that is spoken in Alaska. As a preacher, catechist, and public speaker, he enjoyed a high reputation wherever he made himself heard. He was an excellent musician and had a good voice. It has been said that were St. Paul on earth now he would turn journalist. Mgr. Seghers did not hesitate to do so, and contributed papers to the press which might serve young journalists as models of style.

His knowledge of science and of the fine arts was extensive. One day, visiting the College of Santa Clara in California, he delighted his hearers by speaking on these topics; and one of his auditory exclaimed with great simplicity: "How much more the Archbishop knows than his calling obliges him to know!" He certainly had not acquired this knowledge at the cost of what as a priest it was necessary for him to know. He had been well trained in theology at Ghent and Louvain, but during his stay in Rome for the Vatican Council he eagerly seized this opportunity to enlarge his field of ecclesiastical learning, and became a competent canonist. He was a great reader, and found time even amid his long and difficult travels in Alaska to read and note not a few volumes. He was constantly obtaining books from Europe; and to one who marvelled what use he, a missionary bishop, could have for them he made answer: "A bishop without books is as a soldier without arms." And almost his last words when leaving Victoria on his fatal voyage to Alaska were: "Take care of the library."

If, however, he held that priests and, *a fortiori*, bishops should be men filled with knowledge, he insisted yet more strongly that they should be models of piety. He himself was above all things a man of prayer, mental and verbal. "Be resolved," he wrote to a priest of his diocese,—"be firmly resolved never to omit your morning meditation, your evening examen of conscience, and your Rosary. It is impossible to follow a rule of life here, but to neglect these things is dangerous. Woe to the priest who does not say Mass daily when he can."

It was his own greatest consolation, after the most fatiguing of journeys, to be able on the morrow of his arrival to say Mass, especially when it was some spot where the Holy Sacrifice had never before been offered. Nothing wearied and annoyed him among the accidents of the road, except such as prevented him from celebrating the august mysteries. He would be the first to laugh if, when leaning over an hotel-keeper's desk to write a letter, some rough customer would accost him and throw down on the desk the dollars he owed for food or drink, taking the Archbishop for the cashier of the hotel. Or he would with great patience prove that he was not a professional gambler nor an impostor, as one worthy Catholic, dwelling in an outlying part of the diocese of Oregon, insisted he must be. The good man never expected to see his Archbishop under his roof-tree. He did not know the measure of Mgr. Seghers' zeal and activity. But it was otherwise if some incident made it impossible for him to say Mass; his disappointment in such cases was intense.

His health in the first years of his missionary life was feeble; indeed it became so shattered that the doctors of Victoria, and of the British war-ships stationed there, called together in consultation, thought his case hopeless. But Mgr. Demers, his Bishop, wrote to Pius IX., asking the Pope to pray that his best priest might be spared. Before the Pope's reply was known in Vancouver the Bishop was dead; but his faithful priest, his successor in the see, was cured—and permanently cured,—whether through the Bishop's or the Pope's prayers, or through

the prayers of both, God alone knows.

How Archbishop Seghers met his death on his last journey through Alaska, by the rifle of an assassin on November 28, 1886, is amply detailed in the Abbé de Baets' life. Although the Abbé has carefully examined all that has been published on the subject of this murder or manslaughter; although he has, through the courtesy of the Belgian and American governments, obtained a special report on the subject from the Attorney of Alaska; and though he has brought to bear on the sad matter his own knowledge as a criminologist, he can only conclude that a mystery shrouds the motives (that perhaps even time will not reveal) which caused the wretched Fuller to level his sacrilegious rifle against his Archbishop, master, and benefactor. Was it the act of a madman? Then why was he condemned to fine and hard labor? These and other questions our author proposes, but fails to find answers to them.

He draws a noble picture of the Archbishop's death. He describes the wretched mud hut of Alaska in which Mgr. Seghers and his one white and two Indian companions were passing the night; how the white man, making the wood burn brightly, roused the prelate. "Archbishop, get up!" The latter, sitting up, saw the rifle of the white man pointed at him. He calmly crossed his hands on his breast, and bowed his head in resignation as the murderer discharged his rifle. The fatal shot traversed the regions of the heart, and death must have been instantaneous. The murderer and the two Indians left the body alone in that poor hut, until the loving hands of a faithful Indian, aided by the audacious Fuller, carried it to St. Michael's, where it remained until, nearly two years afterward, it was taken to the island of Vancouver in a vessel of the United States Navy.

The rifle which took away the life of the Archbishop ended his earthly career, but it did not end his work on earth. Tertullian declared: "*Sanguis martyrum semen Christianorum.*" (The blood of the martyrs begets Christians.) True, as his biographer remarks, Archbishop Seghers was not in the fullest sense a martyr; but he died, arms in hand, a soldier of Christ, guarding the post given to him to keep. Already the fruits of his heroism are to be seen. In the closing days of 1894 Alaska became a Vicariate Apostolic under Mgr. Tosi, one of the last and not least faithful companions of him who spent his life in planting the faith amid the arid wilds of the uttermost parts of America.

Sadie's Knight.*

BY MRS. ANNA HANSON DORSEY, AUTHOR OF "ZOE'S DAUGHTER," "'BETH'S PROMISE," ETC.

I.

IT is a large room; its walls are delicately tinted with blue, and the carved high-post bedstead is draped with a lace net of the same shade. India matting covers the floor; and several cane-woven chairs, a pretty lounge of the same, bureau and wardrobe of rose-wood, vases of fresh flowers on tables and mantelpiece, and dainty toilet china, complete its furnishing. The windows open to the floor. Outside there is a covered veranda, which commands an entrancing view of river and shore, the ships and smaller craft going out and coming in, and an island in the distance made more picturesque by the ruins of an old blockhouse. The river, crisp and sparkling, is the color of turquoise, like the sky above it; and there is a mingled fragrance of roses and carnations drifting in with the breeze as it stirs the lace curtains.

Two young girls flit about with merry words and gay laughter. One is fair and

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small, with delicate, clear-cut features, violet-blue eyes, and a few loose curls of crinkled gold straying over her forehead; her complexion like an apple blossom in the mingling of its tints. The other is tall, brown-haired, brown-eyed, with irregular piquant features, a healthy bloom, and a dimpled chin. Neither of them is over sixteen. They are pretending to unpack a trunk belonging to the latter, who arrived that morning on the Boston steamer, to make a summer visit to relatives who live in the old seaport town of Portsmouth, Virginia.

The mothers of the girls were cousins, who, after marriage, had drifted apart,—Mrs. Ellerton to her husband's home in Massachusetts; Mrs. Ashton to Portsmouth, where Mr. Ashton had a handsome family mansion and a large business connected with naval affairs. For a few years the cousins corresponded; but as their maternal and domestic cares increased letters became less and less frequent, until at last they ceased, and would probably not have been resumed except for the unexpected meeting at a Northern beach where Mrs. Ashton and Mrs. Ellerton, with their children, arrived within a few days of each other to spend the season. To judge by their affectionate greeting, neither time nor absence had cooled their love for each other; nor was it likely—so happy were they in the resumption of their old and affectionate relations—that it would ever be permitted to lapse into silence again under any circumstances.

This visit of Sadie Ellerton to Kate Ashton with which we have to do was the result; and while we have been explaining how it happened they are still pretending to be very busy. A trim lady's-maid as black as jet, and a small mulatto girl with rings of soft black curls all over her head, and a pair of eyes that a gipsy queen might have been proud of, are doing the actual work,—the two girls hovering around, folding and unfolding the pretty things to look at them, directing where this was to be laid and that hung; chattering the while, their merry humor and pleasant voices in unison with the brightness of the bright summer day.

Everything was at length arranged; the empty trunk was removed, and the servants were going away, when Kate Ashton said:

"Abby, bring us up some cake and strawberries, and currant juice with plenty of crushed ice in it, and anything else nice you can think of,—won't you, please?"

"Thank you very much for helping me so kindly, Abby," said Sadie Ellerton, as Abby smilingly left the room, saying to herself: "That's a real lady, an' no mistake."

"Come back, Cassy! I want you," said Kate. The girl came back to her young mistress and stood waiting, bright-eyed and expectant. "Sadie, I give her over to you, to have and to hold as long as you stay. Cassy, this is your young lady, remember."

"What shall I do with her? I have no maid at home. What shall I do with you, Cassy? Put you under a glass case or in a picture?"

"I dunno, Miss," said the girl, showing her white teeth and deep dimples at the same moment. "I reckon I kin fan you."

"So you can. I should never have thought of that," said Sadie, with affected gravity.

"And bave your feets, too, when de skeeters come."

"Skeeters! What are they, Kate?"

"You'll find out when they come. Don't mind now," answered Kate, laughing.

"Bring me that box—the one on the table, Cassy; for, if you are to be mine, I must deck you in my colors," said the young New England girl, falling into the humor of the hour with pretty grace. She took out of the box a strip of red ribbon, which she tied around Cassy's curly head in a pretty bow, to the intense delight of

the latter, who stole a look at herself in the glass and laughed ecstatically. She had never had such a piece of finery before. And a pretty picture she was: her skin like yellow satin, her arms and feet bare, her eyes dancing. The girls smiled to see her trying to make the ends of the ribbon flutter.

"What *is* her name?"

"Cassandra."

"She must have a hand-glass like her great namesake. I wonder if you ever go melancholy mad as she used to do, Cassy?"

"I dunno, but I's had de whoopin'-cough."

"That's better," laughed Sadie. "Now, Cassy, I think I feel languid. Won't you please fan me?"

She threw herself on the lounge and closed her eyes. Cassy took up a large fan of peacock feathers and began swaying it to and fro in the most skilful manner.

"It is delicious!" murmured Sadie. "O Cassy, you're a treasure, a luxury! Tell me, when do the 'skeeters' come?—for I want my feet 'baved' too."

Kate Ashton laughed; and Sadie, rising from the lounge, patted Cassy's yellow cheek and told her she might go, which she did quickly, anxious to show her ribbons in the kitchen.

"Whose child is she? The cook's?"

"She's nobody's child. We call her 'mamma's luck.' Her father and mother were freed by their owner, and were going North to live, when they both died with yellow fever; and mamma had the poor little thing brought to her to be taken care of, and here she is yet. She's very bright—but here is Abby with the tray. Come, Sadie: I know you feel starved," said Kate, as the tray was deposited on the centre table, loaded with delicacies and fruit.

"I feel like a Persian princess. I shall expect to be sprinkled with attar of rose presently," said Sadie, drawing up her chair; "and see a procession of dancing-girls with bangles on their ankles come in to the music of flutes and zithers."

"Now eat your strawberries, and drink Bertie's health in this sherbet," answered Kate, laughing at her cousin's affectations, as she helped her.

"Who is Bertie?"

"O Sadie, have you forgot about Bertie? He's my *brother*, child; and is in the navy. And it is so provoking! His old ship's in from China at last; but she's down at Charleston waiting orders, and can't leave until they come—after being away three years too!" said Kate, in a vexed tone.

"Tell me about him. Is he like you?"

"Certainly not," said Kate, emphatically. "*He's* splendid; not much of a beauty, but he's so big and strong and clever, and has such pleasant ways, that everyone adores him. *I* think he *is* good-looking. I just love him dearly."

"Don't you miss him awfully?"

"Oh, yes indeed! We'd have such fun if he were home. Jock Weston's very good; but he's not Bertie, all the same. Jock is our cousin. You'll see him this evening. He's coming to take us rowing. That's the fashion here. Everything's done on the water, as it is in Venice."

"Why, how delightful! I know I shall enjoy it. But don't you get capsized sometimes?"

"Once in a while. But we don't mind it,—we all swim."

And so they chattered the morning away; then a nap was in order, after which the regular family lunch, then the late dinner; and by the time that was over visitors began to drop in, and the boating had to be deferred.

II.

The following day Kate Ashton's young friends called on Sadie Ellerton, eager to welcome her to their old town and arrange plans for her enjoyment. She felt as if she had known them all her life, so friendly and winsome were they. Jock Weston dropped in with two young midshipmen;

and presently the rowing excursion was brought up, and everyone became enthusiastic over the arrangements. There were to be several boats; and it was planned who were to go in each amid much chatter and mirth. Sadie, Indie Page, Jock Weston and the two middies were to go with Kate in her own boat,—the *Red Wing*,—Jock to be cockswain, and his friends to handle the oars.

As soon as the moon rose all who were going met at Mrs. Ashton's; and it was not long before they were afloat on the wide, star-spangled river, the boats moving swiftly to the sounds of flageolets, guitars, laughter like music, and singing accompanied by the regular click and dip of the oars. It was like a scene of enchantment to Sadie as their pretty boat, her sides gay in scarlet and gold, with Kate's pennon flying, took the lead, and sped into the channel through the shadow cast by an old line-of-battle ship which stood as high out of the water as a three-story house, her ports grim with cannon that looked as if they could bite as well as bark; then past the low shores and the dismantled fort, toward the island with its ruined blockhouse, which the British had cause to remember about the time they began to realize that "Britannia" did *not* universally "rule the wave." Then came the almost drifting back with the tide, which was running in strong and was near its flood; the oars rested in the oar-locks; and the pleasant chatter, the chaffing and merriment, were entirely delightful.

When they landed there was a servant waiting with a message from Mrs. Ashton for them all to come home with "Miss Kate and 'tother young missis,"—an invitation which they obeyed with alacrity; and found spread, as they knew they would, a "table of delights." The salt air had sharpened their appetites, and it is needless to say they enjoyed the dainties which covered the table.

"It is against all the traditions of my life to eat so often, but I'm starving. Dear cousin Ashton, how many times a day *are* people expected to eat?" asked Sadie.

"You'll find out in a day or so," replied Mrs. Ashton. "But there's one thing I must tell you: when our guests do *not* eat, we think our hospitality must be at fault."

"Oh, I'm sure I'll satisfy you! I'll take part of that broiled chicken, Mr.—cousin Weston,"—the innumerable cousinships were a perpetual stumbling-block.

"Did they tell you that you'll have to take a drink first thing every morning?" he asked in a low voice as he helped her.

"A what? Coffee?"

"No: a mint-julep," he answered, his eyes dancing.

"What is that?"

"Why, brandy!"

"I don't believe a word you say."

"You don't! Well, you'll see. Why, you just *have* to, or else your life—"

"Cousin Ashton, what *does* he mean with his mint-juleps?"

Mrs. Ashton laughed, and told her that it was considered a protective against malaria, if taken on first waking up; and that it was sent round in a tumbler, with crushed ice and mint leaves in it, to the different bedrooms for each person to take a thimbleful through the glass tube. "It is one of our oldest traditions."

"And it's made of our oldest brandy," added Jock Weston, demurely. "Let me help you to some ice-cream, cousin Sadie."

Now, Sadie belonged to a young folks temperance society at home, and made up her mind very quickly that if she must take one of two evils she would choose malaria, and would simply ask Mrs. Ashton to excuse her from the custom; so, after an hour's music and a few waltzes had finished the most delightful day she had ever spent, she kissed Mrs. Ashton good night and whispered:

"I need not take the julep if I don't wish to do so? I'm temperance, you know."

"No indeed, my child. It's merely a

old custom in these marshy lowlands, and some of us keep it up from habit. Good-night, dear!" said Mrs. Ashton, kissing her tenderly.

When Sadie opened her eyes the next morning, the first object she saw was Cassy standing motionless near her bedside, with a magnificent magnolia in her hand. It was half closed and its creamy petals were long and large.

"It's de fust one out," said the girl, sparkling and dimpling.

"O Cassy, it's the first one I ever saw except in a picture!" Sadie exclaimed, delightedly, as she took it from Cassy's soft yellow hands. "How beautiful the great leaves are—so green and shining! It was so sweet of you to bring it to me, little one!".

"I thought you'd like it. I come up to put on your stockin's, missy, an' your slippers, an' fotch it 'long."

"Cassy, I've never had my stockings put on for me since I was a baby. But you may run down and bring me a cool drink of water; then you may wait and see if you can help me dress."

Cassy disappeared.

"I shall be entirely spoiled if I stay here long; it is delightful to be waited on, but it encourages every lazy bone in my body. Here she is! I hear the pat of her feet and the jingle of ice. Where are your wings, Cassy?—for I think you must fly," said Sadie Ellerton, after emptying the goblet.

But Cassy had got a vase, filled it with water, and put the magnolia flower in it; then she proceeded to tie a thread of fine sewing-cotton around its petals, with touches so light that her fingers did not once come in contact with it.

"Why do you do that, Cassy?" asked Sadie, watching her.

"He don't las' no time ef he ain't tied up: he jes' spreads out an' dies; don't mell sweet nuther," said the child, with a wise look.

"Oh, I see! What a clever little witch you are! But you seem afraid to touch it. Is it poisonous?"

"'At's cos he turn brown wherever he's teched," answered Cassy, with an irrepresible laugh at the idea of her knowing something that white folks didn't.

Then she got her young lady's slippers and dusted them, filled her basin and laid out her combs and brushes, — moving quickly and looking important.

"I wonder," thought the young Northern girl, "as she's nobody's child, if I can't coax them to let me adopt her? She's the brightest little mortal I ever saw."

The days, filled in with ever-new enjoyment, sped by, and only a few more weeks remained to bring her visit to a close. There were so many plans made for her she feared there would not be time for all, and she did not like to think of losing one of them. To-day Kate was to drive her a mile or two into the country, attended by Jock Weston on horseback, to show her the wild yellow jessamine in bloom.

The ride was delightful; but when they reached the woods and drove in, the scene was so entirely like fairy-land that Sadie almost expected to see elves peeping from behind the trees, which were of great size, with long tresses of gray moss swinging from the highest branches almost to the ground, gently swaying to and fro as the breeze passed. The sunlight burst through the dense foliage in broken patches of gold, dancing and flickering over everything with magical effect. The jessamine vines had trailed, climbed, and festooned themselves everywhere on the tree branches; and the long sprays, full of pendant golden bells, threw themselves abroad in lavish beauty; every bell so nicely hung and so tremulous that Sadie thought, if she should listen intently, she might hear their fairy chimes. Mingling with these, the trumpet-flower and coral honeysuckle flung out their

crimson glows. The earth was covered with rich mosses and wild flowers strange to her Northern eyes; and everything was so beautiful that she would have been willing to remain all day, but Kate said they would have to go as soon as they ate their lunch, as the place was very damp and it would not be safe to stay much longer.

"It's swampy, you see, and — snaky," added Jock Weston. "Fact!"

"Boa-constrictors and cobras?" asked Sadie, with severe sarcasm.

"There may be farther down in the swamp, but the only snakes I have seen are moccasins and copperheads and adders—puff adders—and whip-snakes, and—"

"Is it true, Kate? If it is, let us go away now—at once. The very thought of a snake nearly throws me into a fit. Why didn't you wait until we got away from this beautiful place before spoiling everything?" exclaimed Sadie, with a flash in her eye that boded no good for Jock.

"Don't bother about what he says, Sadie; I don't. Miasma is the worst thing to be dreaded from the swamps down there. Jock, if you don't mind with your snake stories and stuff, you'll get no lunch. If it is not safe for us to be here, it is not for you; so you'd better be off," said Kate, laughing.

"I'm going to cut some yellow jessamine for cousin Sadie first," he answered, in dread of losing his share of the good things which he knew were stowed away in that basket.

"Thank you! I should like to have it," she replied, graciously. "But, if you *don't* mind, Kate, please drive a little nearer the road, out of this wonderful, beautiful tangle."

Then Jock came back with his arms full of the golden sprays, which he laid as a peace-offering at Sadie's feet just as the lunch was spread, and made himself so agreeable that he was restored to favor.

(To be continued.)

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.

IX.

THE Sokoki embassy had not effected our missionary's liberation; it even brought on him new pain and humiliation. He had risen in the estimation of his captors; and, as certain chiefs were about to visit some tribes which were tributaries to the Mohawk, it was resolved to lead thither Father Jogues as a slave, to show those tribes that even the French bowed to the mighty Iroquois.

In this march he met his full share of suffering. The farthest tribe lay at a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles; the wild, rugged country between afforded no means of subsistence but some insipid berries. However, once there, consolations came to him. Amid the glad festivities incident to the arrival of the Mohawk chiefs, the cabins were deserted; and, as Ondesonk strolled around, he found six dying children left alone. Availing himself of the opportunity, he baptized them, and continued his round.

On entering another cabin, he suddenly heard some one call him. "Ondesonk," said a sick man, whom he now saw lying on the floor, — "Ondesonk, do you not recognize me? Do you remember the service I did you in the Mohawk country?" The missionary tried to recall the features of the sufferer. "I do not remember to have seen you," he replied; "but, be the service what it may, my heart shall ever be most grateful."—"Do you remember," continued the other, "the time when you were tied up by the arms in the cabin of Tinniontrogen, and when an Indian cut you down?"—"Remember it!" cried the missionary. "I can never forget it, and would be overjoyed to know that bene-

factor."—"It was I," said the poor Indian. At these words Father Jogues burst into tears, and, clasping him to his heart, exclaimed: "Alas! how I regret to find you thus! Oh, that I could help you! Often have I raised my hands in prayer to the Master of life to beg Him to bless you. I can not restore you to health, but I can give you a still more precious boon."

To know this boon was his instant desire. The missionary explained the mysteries of faith, and then the man asked: "What must I do to please the Master of life?"—"Believe," said the Father,—"believe in Him, and in His only Son Jesus Christ, and be baptized."—"I believe," said the neophyte; "do the rest." The priest completed his instruction; and, baptizing him, left him overflowing with joy. His sufferings now redoubled in violence, and he expired while Father Jogues was still there. What were pains and dangers after such consolation! They only bound the missionary to his post; for he seemed placed there by God for the salvation of many, on whom the Cross could have poured its genial light only in consequence of his captivity.

In the village an Indian who was mad—or who feigned to be mad—rushed on him and knocked him senseless to the ground by two blows of a club; he would have killed him had not some others interfered. None seemed to pay much attention to this except the good old woman who had adopted the missionary. She now urged him to fly; but, full of the thought that he might still accomplish much good among his captors, he refused to make his escape.

Soon after, on the 30th of June, he sent a letter to M. Chanflour, his fellow-voyager from France, then governor of Three Rivers. It was the fourth which he had written since his captivity, though the first to reach its destination; and this letter exposed him to great danger. He asked a Huron in a war party about to set out to place it in a stake on the banks of the St. Lawrence,—a not unusual mode of conveying intelligence. The messenger did more: he took the letter to Fort Richelieu, and was received within the fort. But when the French saw his companions come up, they suspected treachery and fired. The Iroquois, suspecting the same, fled, leaving all behind them, and returned vowing vengeance against the missionary.

Prisoners, French and Huron, constantly arrived; and we learn that the Huron missionaries had again lost ground. Their flotilla to Quebec had been taken and plundered; and Father Jogues received on the banks of the Mohawk the relation of the Huron missions during the year of his captivity. Of himself he says: "The Hollanders have tried to deliver us, but in vain; they are still trying, but will, I think, have no better success. I am more and more resolved to remain here as long as it shall please Our Lord, and would not go even should an occasion arise. My presence consoles the French, Hurons, and Algonquins. I have baptized more than sixty, many of whom are now in heaven. This is my only consolation,—this and the will of God, to which I cheerfully unite mine."

The conversion of souls was his great object, and to gain this end he would gladly have given his life a thousand times over. When one who had been his constant persecutor fell ill and was forsaken by all, he was constantly visited and nursed by the patient missionary, who daily carried him an ouragan—or bark dish of food,—and sought in the fields strawberries to refresh his fevered throat. The Indian would doubtless have been converted had the missionary remained; for he showed his heartfelt gratitude. But he deferred baptism while the good priest was near; and when he at last departed, the dying man could not recall the past moment of benediction, and expired wretchedly.

No force, however violent, could induce Ondesonk to approve of the superstitions of his captors; nor would he submit to anything that his conscience condemned. A sick man dreamed that he would be cured if Ondesonk were to join in a certain dance, taking his book and doing as the French did. Argument, entreaty, force alike failed; and when they were about to drag him there, he started and outran them all.

A month after his last letter, and just a year after his last Mass, on the Feast of St. Ignatius he again left the village to accompany some Indians who were going first to trade, then to fish. This brought him a second time to Renssalaerswyck, or Albany, where he had already been, and where, as before, he was kindly treated. The Dutch officers left no means untried to procure his deliverance, impelled not only by charity and humanity but by the orders of the States General in Holland. Unable to effect his liberation, they gave many presents to the Indians to secure him at least a milder lot.

While the Indians were busy carrying on their trade Father Jogues availed himself of the hospitality of his friendly protectors to write his Provincial a full account of his captivity. Long disuse of any particular speech made him hesitate in what language to write,—his letter to Chanflour having been a mosaic of Huron, French and Latin. The latter language he now chose; and his letter still exists—a specimen of Latinity worthy of the closet, and wonderful in one whose studies had so long given place to the painful labors of the missions. It is dated August 5, the day on which his party probably left Renssalaerswyck to go to the fishing ground seven or eight leagues below it, on the Hudson.

In this letter, too, he recalls his favorite idea—namely, that he was placed there by Providence for the good of others; for he still continued to baptize, and he was loath to leave his cross. "I might probably," says he, "escape, either by the aid of the Hollanders or of some neighboring tribe; but, with the help of God's grace, I have resolved to live and die on the cross to which He has fixed me beside Himself. Were I not here, who would console the French captives? Who absolve the penitent? Who remind the Huron captives already baptized of their Christian duties? Who instruct the new captives, baptize the dying, encourage them in their torments? Who then would lave the children in the sacred waters? Who provide for the salvation of the dying adult, the instruction of the others? Nor can I believe it other than a result of His providential goodness that, while the entrance of the faith into these regions was debarred by wicked men on the one side and by a fierce war between the Indians themselves on the other, I had fallen into the hands of these Indians, who, by God's will, have hitherto reluctantly spared my life, that, unworthy as I am, those predestined to eternal life might be instructed, believe and be baptized. I have baptized seventy since my capture—children and youth and old men, of five different tongues and nations,—that men of every tribe and tongue and people might stand in the presence of the Lamb."

X.

On reaching the fishing grounds, Father Jogues began to help the Indians stretch their nets in order to catch the fish which haunted the place; but the rude constructions were hardly placed when news arrived which cut the missionary to the heart and plunged him into a sea of sorrow. Short as his absence had been, four Hurons had been brought in, and two had already expired at the stake without his presence to comfort them. That the like might not happen again, he resolved to return; although the cruelties which he would have to witness would prove a severe martyrdom to him. "But,"

says he, "my heart could not bear the death of any one unbaptized." This resolution taken, he went to his good aunt, as he called the woman who had adopted him. "Aunt," said he, "I would like to go back to the lodge. I am tired of this place."—"Well, nephew," she replied, "go if you are tired of it; take something to eat on the way." He accordingly started in the first canoe launched for the village, and was soon again at Fort Orange.

Here a new disaster was announced. The Indians who had been, by a mutual error, repulsed from Fort Richelieu, as we have already seen, had reached the village during his absence and thrown all the blame on his letter. This he had foreseen when writing; but, wishing to warn his countrymen, he had encountered the danger. The Indians at Renssalaërswyck knew of the affair, and charged him with it. His death was talked of among them as certain; and when news of another reverse was received, his companions became his vigilant guards; for now his execution admitted of no doubt.

Father Jogues, though fully realizing his danger, had no thought of flight; and was about to urge his companions to proceed, when Van Curler, his faithful and noble-hearted friend, stopped him, and again urgently pressed him to escape. "There," said he, pointing to the stream,—"there lies a vessel at anchor that will sail in a few days. Get on board quickly. She will go first to Virginia, then to Bordeaux or Rochelle, where you will land." The missionary thanked him for his constant efforts to ransom and save him, but told him he saw too much danger for the settlement; as the Indians would instantly suspect them of favoring his escape, and might do much harm. "No, no!" said Van Curler. "The chance is a fair one. Get on board. You will never find a surer means of escape."

The minister of the settlement—John Megapolensis,—who had already shown deep sympathy for our missionary, now joined his entreaties to the governor's; but the Jesuit was silent. The teachings of his great founder had schooled him to decide nothing rashly—to decide nothing of importance until examined before God. His resolution already taken—to abide steadfastly to the end in his captivity—was not to be lightly set aside for mere love of life. "My heart," he says, "was perplexed. I was in doubt whether it would not be expedient, for the greater glory of Our Lord, that I should expose myself to the dangers of fire and savage fury in order to contribute to the salvation of some soul." He therefore replied: "The matter seems to me to be too important to answer on the spot. Give me, if you please, a night to think it over. I will recommend it to God, and examine the reasons for and against it, and will give you my final resolution in the morning." Van Curler, though unable to realize the thoughts which passed through the mind of the missionary, who at this moment displayed all that is high and ennobling in Christian heroism, readily granted the strange request.

Father Jogues retired to pray in order to obtain the light of Heaven in the examination, and strength to remain perfectly indifferent,—to be able to take without a struggle either alternative. As he reflected, it seemed to him impossible to be of any service there. Couture alone, of all his countrymen, remained; and he was in no danger, able even to escape. As for the Indians, they were so envenomed against Father Jogues that he could have no hope of instructing them; and they showed their hatred so openly that the Hurons and Algonquins avoided him for fear of sharing his fate. Visions which he had had during his captivity may also have contributed to induce him to leave the place for a time. René Goupil, his beloved companion, would rise before him in his dreams; and as he sought to reach

his beloved friend the gorgeous temples of Europe would loom up and cut him off from the martyred hero. This but increased his desire of joining him, which seemed to have been a presentiment of his own death,—to occur, however, after visiting Europe. On another occasion he chanced to see the words "*Laudent nomen Agni*" in a city which replaced the bark village of the Mohawks. It appeared as though God contemplated the conversion of that people; and this thought, too, occupied the mind of Father Jogues. Should a mission arise among the Iroquois, the knowledge which he possessed of the language would enable him to begin work at once; and, as in the present state of affairs certain death awaited him, the general good called on him to escape. Such was the resolution to which he came, after weighing all the reasons before God with the utmost impartiality.

The next day he went to salute the Dutch governor and give him his final resolve. Van Curler set about making his arrangements with the captain of the vessel; and the latter, with his crew, declared that, if once on board, he would carry him safe to France. "Well, then," said the governor to Father Jogues, "go back to the Indians, and this evening or to-night steal off and make for the river; there you will find a small boat which will carry you to the ship." The missionary accordingly turned away and rejoined his guards.

"In the evening"—we give his own narrative—"I retired, with ten or twelve Iroquois, into a barn, where we spent the night. Before lying down I went out to see where I might most easily escape. The dogs, then loose, ran at me, and a large and powerful one seized my bare leg and tore it cruelly. I returned to the barn immediately. The Indians closed it well; and, to guard me better, came to lie near me,—one especially who was particularly charged to watch me.

"Seeing myself thus beset by difficulties—the barn well closed, and surrounded by fierce dogs that would betray me if I ventured outside,—I felt it was impossible to try to get away, and gently complained to Our Lord that, after giving me the thought to escape, 'He had shut up my way with stones.' This night, too, I passed without sleep. As day approached I heard the cocks crow; and a little later the servant of the Dutchman who had kindly sheltered us in the barn entered it—I know not how. I went up to him softly and made him a sign (for I did not understand his Flemish) to stop the dogs from barking. He went out at once, and I followed—after taking all my effects, which consisted of a Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, 'The Imitation of Christ,' and a wooden cross that I had made to keep me in mind of the sufferings of my Saviour.

"Once out of the barn, without making any noise or awakening my guards, I climbed over the fence that surrounded the yard, and ran straight to the river where the ship lay. It was all I could do with my leg, very seriously wounded; for it was a good mile. I found the boat, as promised; but, as the tide had fallen, it was high and dry. I tried to push it into the water, but failed to move it from its weight. Then I hailed the vessel to send me their boat to carry me out, but received no answer. I do not know whether they heard me. Be that as it may, no one appeared; and yet day was beginning to reveal to the Iroquois the robbery I had made of myself, and I was in dread of being arrested in this innocent crime. Weary of shouting, I returned to the boat and begged God to increase my strength. So well did I succeed by working it to and fro, and pushing it on, that I finally got it into the water. As soon as it floated I jumped in, reached the ship alone, and got on board without being discovered

by any Iroquois. I was put down in the bottom of the hold, and a heavy box was placed on the hatch to hide me."

In the filth of this place he remained two days and nights, and almost perished from the noisome air, and the wound in his leg, which now began to ulcerate, and for which nothing had been done except to put in it a 'hair of the dog that bit him,' as he actually tells us.

On the evening of the second day Megapolensis came to inform him of the threats of the Indians, and of the consternation of the people,—who indeed had reason to fear, as Father Jogues remarks; for they had armed themselves with muskets, and had just seen one of their number killed. The captain, hearing this, came to the front. He had pledged his word to the missionary, and would not now see him given up. But the good Father thought differently. "I do not wish," said he, "that any harm should befall even your cattle on my account, much less yourselves. The thought of my escaping from the Indians and death came from you; but, as you are no longer in the same sentiments, I renounce the offer, and am ready to return at once to my fate. Do not fear on my account."

This was all that he could say; for, worn out with hardship and want of food (he had not eaten anything that day), he fell fainting on the deck. As soon as he was restored, by the means which the good-hearted but forgetful friends at once employed, Megapolensis assured him that he had no intention of abandoning him to his enemies. For his own part, he believed that the savages merely sought to extort a handsome present, and would soon grow quiet. In the meantime he told him to remain at the settlement; and, when all was in peace again, to descend to Manhattan and embark for Europe. This promise satisfied the captain, and that night Father Jogues was taken on shore.

(To be continued.)

The First Joyful Mystery of the Most Holy Rosary.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

I.

'WEEN was never night so fair
Since Eden held the sinless pair.
Never the moon so chastely shone,
The stars so tenderly look'd on.
I fain would think that nought of ill
Was done or borne those hallow'd hours:
That firm stood every tempted will
And baffled Hell's astonish'd powers.
Nor only where the night had sway,
But where, beyond it, beam'd the day:
Through every clime of peopled earth,
On every land, on every sea,
There fell a wondrous Sabbath-rest—
A gather'd year of Jubilee.
The mother knew a painless birth;
The sufferer found unhoped relief;
The mourner's heart forgot its grief;
And sorrow thaw'd the frozen breast.
And not a soul that wing'd its flight
Across the darksome bourne of death,
But timely caught the saving light
That hung o'er favor'd Nazareth.

II.

'Neath roof of lowly cottage there
A Maiden kneels in silent prayer.
A lady she, of David's line,
Though clad in garb of peasant wear:
And oh, if other maids be fair,
Her beauty must be call'd divine!
'Tis "from within," as sang of old
Her raptur'd sire, to whom was given
To *see* what other bards foretold
As mystic secrets *heard* from Heaven.
Not hers the only perfect face,
Or faultless form, of womankind:
Nor hers the only noble mind
Among the queens of Adam's race.
Yet ne'er shall highest artist guess
That pure transcendent loveliness
Whereon the reverent Angel gaz'd,
When came the voice, "Hail, full of grace!..."
While she look'd up a moment's space,
And troubled seem'd—but not amaz'd!

III.

"Hail, full of grace! With thee the Lord
Abideth ever," Gabriel said.
"Among all women blest art thou."
But ponder'd she, with modest brow,
What might import this sudden word;
And bent again her beauteous head.

"Fear nought, O Mary! Thou hast found
Such grace with God as none before.
He wills that thou conceive and bear
A Son, whom Jesus thou shalt call:
And who shall reign for evermore
On David's throne; but kinglier crown'd—
Son of the Highest, Lord of all."
He said: and seem'd the very air
To wait the royal Maid's reply.

"I pray thee tell how this shall be:
For vow'd perpetual virgin I."

"The Holy One, to whom thy vow,
Shall with His Spirit o'ershadow thee.
Inviolate thus shalt thou conceive,
Inviolate bear, a Son Divine.
And lo, thy cousin Elizabeth,
Long barren call'd, holds even now
A son shall three months hence have birth!
For with the Lord of Heaven and earth
Is surely done whate'er He saith."

A moment, such as ne'er had been
Since reach'd her hand the tempted Eve....
Made answer then creation's Queen:
"God's handmaid I: His will is mine."

IV.

Thus came to us Emmanuel,
The Word made flesh, God's equal Son:
The Second of the Three-in-One
Came down from Heav'n with men to dwell.
And ever since that blessed hour
This planet sphere—unseen, unknown
To worlds beyond our system's zone—
Hath held, I trow, a peerless place
Among the myriad orbs of space:
For here hath dwelt the Sovran Power
Who call'd them forth from primal nought;
Dwelt member of our mortal race,
And drawn with us life's fleeting breath;
Hath eat and drunk, and tasted sleep;
Hath deign'd to smile, to grieve, to weep;
Ay, even hath stoopt to pain and death—
Then burst the grave, redemption wrought.

The Wonder-Worker of Padua.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XXIII.—The Glories of Anthony.

NUMBERLESS are the glories of Anthony, and they are ever increasing from age to age. Pope Gregory IX., who called him "the Ark of both Testaments and the storehouse of the Sacred Scriptures," longed to honor him. Under his teaching and preaching numberless heretics had been converted, rebellious cities had been reconciled, and the miracles which were being constantly wrought through his instrumentality had created astonishing fervor throughout the land; therefore it was the wish of his Holiness to attach Anthony to the Papal court and invest him with the purple. The gentle Franciscan, remembering the answers of St. Dominic and St. Francis on a like occasion, in 1217, made answer in the words of the founder of his Order. "My Lord," said the Seraphic Father, "my children are called Friars Minor because they hold the lowest rank in the Church. This is their post of honor. Beware of taking it from them under the pretext of raising them higher." So Anthony was permitted to return into the solitude of God, and this was one of his glories.

It was a glorious privilege Anthony enjoyed when he was permitted to fly to the rescue of his father, who was in dire distress. That father—Don Martino—was still a resident of Lisbon, still basking in the favor of the King and holding high office in the court. One day a young nobleman coming from the cathedral was seized and murdered by assassins, who threw the body into the garden of Don Martino, which was close at hand. Don Martino was arrested on suspicion and cast into prison.

To Anthony the fate of his father was miraculously revealed. Having perfect faith in his innocence, and desiring to go at once to his rescue, Anthony asked leave of the superior of the convent of Arcella to absent himself from Padua for a little time. He was himself Provincial, and not obliged to ask leave of the Father Guardian; but he never forgot the exercise of humility, for he was meekness itself. Having obtained leave of absence, he began his weary journey, scarcely knowing when or how he was to reach its end, or whether he should arrive in time to rescue his father from impending peril. Filled with hope and perfect trust, suddenly he found himself miraculously transported to Lisbon. The trial was in progress. Anthony at once entered the courts; and, presenting himself before the judges, who were struck dumb with amazement, he begged leave to speak in defence of Don Martino. He declared his father innocent. Where were his proofs? Anthony replied: "The murdered man shall bear witness as to the truth of my testimony."

Anthony led the way to the victim's grave, followed by the wondering judges and the excited populace. He commanded that the grave be opened; and when it was opened and the body was uncovered, Anthony, addressing the dead man, charged him, in the name of God, to say whether Martino de Bouillon was his murderer. Rising in his grave-clothes to a sitting posture, resting upon one hand while the other was raised to heaven, the dead declared in a loud voice that Martino de Bouillon was guiltless. Then, turning to Anthony, he begged absolution from an excommunication under which he labored; and, when his prayer was answered, he sank back into his coffin, a corpse again. Then the bewildered judges begged the Saint to reveal the name of the murderer, and he replied: "I come to clear the innocent, not to denounce the guilty." When Anthony reappeared at Arcella, he had been absent two nights and a single day.

On another occasion Don Martino, who had the management of a considerable portion of the royal exchequer, delivered a large sum of money into the hands of his subordinates, who neglected to give him a receipt for it. Some months later, when about to render his accounts, he remembered that he had no receipt for certain monies delivered; and when he asked for one, those who had received the sum denied all knowledge of the transaction. It was a plot of his enemies to ruin him. While he was standing before his audacious accusers, in despair of proving his case, Anthony appeared at his side; and, naming to his accusers the exact hour and the very place when and where they had received the money, even describing the different coins in which it had been paid, he demanded that a full receipt be at once rendered to his father; and as soon as it was done he disappeared. This is one of several instances of bilocation in the miraculous history of Anthony.

He knew the minds and the hearts of all, and spoke to many at a distance, calling them by name—he had perhaps never met them face to face; at his word they were converted, and returned to the confessional and the Holy Sacraments which they had long neglected. Said Pope Gregory IX. six hundred years ago: "The supernatural which blossoms from the tombs of the elect is a continuous proclamation of truth; for by this means God confounds the malice of heretics, confirms the truth of Catholic dogma, renews the faith that is on the point of being extinguished, leads back Christians who have erred—nay, even Jews and pagans—to the feet of Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

The famous book of the Bollandists contains nearly thirty folio pages filled with the record of pure miracles. Azevedo devotes an entire book of four chapters to

some of the miracles of Anthony selected by the Bollandists as most authentic. Under the head of "Death," among the classified miracles, Azevedo names a dozen cases; in each case the dead was brought to life. Under the head of "Error" he notes numerous miraculous conversions, among them a Lutheran, a Calvinist, a Turkish lady, and an Indian prince. Under the title of "Calamity" are stories of miraculous relief brought to many and various persons. Those condemned to death were delivered, the imprisoned were set free, and all manner of diseases were healed.

It is a pretty story told of a child whose mother seeing it fall from a high window, cried to Anthony for help. When the distracted mother rushed to seek her boy, he ran smiling to her and said: "A friar caught me in his arms and placed me gently on the ground." The mother took her child to the old Franciscan church of Ara Cœli, in Rome, to return thanks; and as they entered it the little fellow, pointing to a picture said: "See!—there is the friar who saved me!" The friar was St. Anthony of Padua.

A poor leper was being carried to the shrine of Anthony when he was met by a heartless soldier who scoffingly saluted him: "Whither art thou going, wretch? May thy leprosy come upon myself if St. Anthony succeeds in curing thee!" The leper went his way; and, while praying fervently, the Saint appeared to him and said: "Arise! Thou art whole. But seek out the soldier who mocked thee and give him thy clappers; for leprosy is already devouring him." (The clappers were an instrument of warning which all lepers were obliged to carry about with them when in the streets, that people might avoid infection.) He who was a leper but a few moments before found the soldier in a wretched plight. The soldier, in his turn, repented; and, calling upon the Saint, he was straightway healed.

Many were the wells he blessed, and the waters thereof cured fevers from that hour. Indeed, so wide is the range of his miracles that one need not fear to call on him in any strait.

Perhaps the tenderest devotion of all he has awakened in the guileless heart of maidenhood. At his feet she lays her heart, and asks of him guidance in the choice of its protector. Trusting him, through him she would trust his choice for her; and thus repose in perfect confidence upon the bosom of one whose lot in life she has been sought to share in a union so dear, so delicate, so devotional, it seems indeed under the immediate patronage of the most loyal and lovable of saints.

Anthony spent the first fifteen years of his brief life in his paternal home; two years at St. Vincent's, the monastery of the Canons Regular of St. Augustin, near Lisbon; nine years at Santa Cruz, in Coimbra; and about ten and a half years in the Order of the Friars Minor. He then passed away. So prodigious were the wonders worked at his tomb and through his intercession, within six months after Anthony's death the Bishop of Padua petitioned the Holy See to confer on the wonder-worker the honor of canonization. The preliminary judicial inquiries were instituted without delay, and, by an exception almost unparalleled in history, before the year was ended, on Whit-Sunday, May 30, 1232, the Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory IX., then at Spoleto, solemnly pronounced the decree of canonization. In it he says:

"Having ourselves witnessed the wonderful and holy life of blessed Anthony, the great wonder-worker of the universal Church, and unwilling to withhold the honor due on earth from one whom Heaven itself has surrounded with glory, we, in virtue of the plenitude of our apostolic authority, after having duly consulted our brethren the cardinals, deem it expedient to inscribe him in the calendar of saints."

Indescribable rejoicing followed the announcement that Anthony had been declared a saint. His mother and his two sisters, who survived him, enjoyed the extraordinary privilege of witnessing the festivities given in honor of the Saint. Every city that had known him in the flesh now especially honored him; every house or hospice or haunt that he had visited became hallowed in the eyes of his followers and a place of pious pilgrimage. At Brivé, in the south of France, pilgrimages were twice interrupted and for a long time discontinued. In 1565 the Calvinists were the cause of this interruption, and in 1793 the Revolutionists. But in 1874 Monsignor Berteaux re-established the devotion; the sons of St. Francis again took possession of the hill sanctified by the prayers of the wonder-worker; and the Bishop of Tulle, on August 3, 1874, when the Franciscans were reinstated, remarked on that joyful occasion:

"To-day I, the Bishop of this diocese, in the name of the Church, take possession again of this venerable sanctuary, this celestial hill.... This spot has heard the ardent sighs of an impassioned lover of Christ,—the mighty orator who drew his mystic lore from the Sacred Scriptures, and deserved to be styled by Gregory IX. 'the Ark of the Testament.' His commentaries on the divine pages may be likened to a golden harp sending forth magnificent harmonies to the glory of the Word Incarnate. The Child Jesus Himself touched his lips and his fingers, that they might pour forth golden words. This inspired preacher of the word of God, whom we call Anthony of Padua, has trodden these valleys and plains, has prayed and watched in this lonely cave, has slaked his thirst in this clear water which is a reflection of the purity of his soul. To-day I bid you welcome, sons of St. Francis, to this spot, once inhabited by your brother, the great wonder-worker. Proclaim Christ wheresoever you go;... and in all your strivings imitate your holy brother in St. Francis, the great St. Anthony of Padua."

Brivé is annually the resort of thousands of pilgrims; and not Brivé only and the valley of the Corrèze: everywhere and under many forms St. Anthony is venerated. At Vaucluse and elsewhere it has been the custom to invoke St. Anthony in order to insure a plentiful harvest. In a breviary of the fourteenth century belonging to the diocese of Apt we find the following form of blessing,—it is the blessing of the seed-grain:

"Bless, O Lord! this seed; and, through the merits of our blessed father St. Anthony, deign to multiply it, and cause it to bring forth fruit a hundredfold; and preserve it from lightning and tempest. Who livest and reignest world without end. Amen."

In the same volume is found the following prayer used when a blessing was invoked upon a child; and a measure of corn—the weight of the child—was distributed among the poor:

"We humbly beseech Thy clemency, O Lord Jesus Christ! through the merits and prayers of our most glorious father St. Anthony, that Thou wouldst deign to preserve from all ill—fits, plague, epidemic, fever and mortality—this Thy servant, who, in Thy name and in honor of our blessed father St. Anthony, we place in this balance with wheat, the weight of his body, for the comfort of the poor sick who suffer in this hospital. Deign to give him length of days, and permit him to attain the evening of life; and, by the merits and prayers of the Saint we invoke, grant him a portion in Thy holy and eternal inheritance, guarding and preserving him from all his enemies. Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost world without end. Amen."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Talks on Social Topics.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

A BIT OF HUMBLE PHILOSOPHY.

ALTHOUGH the white-haired gentleman who honors me with his friendship takes first rank in the list of philosophers whom I have the rare fortune to know, he is but one of many sorts and conditions of men. The peculiar manner of looking at the affairs of life which we term philosophical insight is by no means confined to the learned: indeed, I have found it fully developed among the most untutored. It is simply what our friends the ancients would have termed a gift of the gods, circumscribed by no social barriers and dependent on no fortuitous surroundings. Sometimes, in fact, it best flourishes when conditions are adverse, and is then the Mark Tapley of human attributes.

My old friend is college-bred—the very flower of the most ancient Anglo-Saxon culture upon this continent; but the charwoman who beats my rugs and washes my windows is mistress, between tasks, of her own quaint code of ethics. Her sentiments are often, it is true, couched in ungrammatical phrases, but their essence is not thereby impaired.

This kind restorer of my household peace (for happiness is to some coincident with tidiness) was discoursing the other day concerning the troubles to which flesh and heart are heir. "There's three sorts of what folks call trouble," she said. "There's the sorrow our Blessed Lord permits. That isn't trouble. There's the grief and shame our friends and relations bring on us by their misdeeds, and that isn't trouble. Then there's what follows from our own foolishness and sin. *That's* trouble, and it's the only real kind there ever was or will be." A tear fell upon the andiron she was polishing, and I concluded that she spoke from her own experience.

But she was right. All the dismal calamities which may be massed under the word affliction can be borne. Bereavement, blindness, wasting illness, poverty, the ravages of lightning and tempest, desertion by our beloved,—any misfortune can be turned into a blessing and endured with dignity and resignation.

Even when our pain is caused by the waywardness of those who are our very own, it is mitigated—deny it as we will—by the consciousness of our own innocence. One person can not disgrace another. Your child may stray into forbidden paths and cause you unutterable woe; but mingled with the odium which your faint heart believes that society casts upon you is your knowledge of the steadfast sympathy of all worthy to be called friends. You do not despise your associates because their kindred go wrong: you but love them the more; and you know that they will do the same by you.

The wife of a drunkard may bear neglect, reviling, blows even; but if no bitter words or unthinking conduct of hers drove him to sin, she has not the supreme pang of remorse—the one element which makes the only trouble worthy the name. And she is sure that her friends, although they may be silent, wrap her about with fond sympathy, and that heavenly hosts look down in loving pity.

This, then, is the remedy for the ills of life: to allow small chance for the entrance of unavailing regret. We blundered yesterday, and we will, perchance, make the same mistake to-morrow. Last week we sinned, and were, through God's mercy, forgiven; and next week we may forget our lesson and again fall from our high estate. But in time it may help us on the upward path to think of the truth expressed by the humble philosopher: that the trouble we bring upon ourselves is the only real trouble there ever was or will be.

The Use of Bells in Churches.

WELL-NIGH fifteen hundred years have passed away since the first bell rang out calling Christians to assemble for the praise and worship of the Living God. The use of bells was unknown in the early days of Christianity. The faithful were summoned to their devotions by running messengers calling loudly as they ran, or sometimes striking two smooth pieces of wood together; at other times, knocking at the doors with a wooden hammer.

It was in the cathedral of Nola that the first bell, similar in form and construction to those of the present day, was placed. Nola is a small town in Naples—or, as it was called by the ancients, Campania. Hence the Latin term *campana* for bell. The use of bells in churches was introduced by St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, of whom the following beautiful legend is preserved among the traditions of that city.

It was the sunset hour. The holy Bishop, meditating upon eternal life, was walking through a forest glade. The farewell beams of the departing sun streamed through the dense foliage of the giant trees in quivering lines of crimson and gold. The leaves softly rustled as the evening breeze swept lightly through the branches. The beauty of the scene, and the peace and calm which reigned around, filled the soul of the Saint with ecstasy. Clasping his hands and with eyes raised to Heaven, he prayed aloud: "Mayst Thou be blessed and praised, O Creator of the world, in this Thine earthly paradise! Oh, grant me a sign that Thou art with me and wilt abide with me forever!" Scarcely had the Saint ended his prayer when he heard a soft, sweet tinkling all around. Gazing in astonishment, he perceived that the bluebells were swaying gently to and fro, producing the sweet harmony which fell on his ear.

In memory of this wondrous answer to his prayer, St. Paulinus caused an enormous bell to be cast, and hung in the tower of his church in Nola. It was a perfect model of the graceful bluebell, and was always rung whenever the congregation assembled to worship God.

Elsewhere the use of bells spread but slowly. Only very rarely were their solemn tones to be heard pealing from the tower of a convent situated in some remote and lonely spot. About the year 550 many of the churches in France were provided with bells, but still their use was far from being general.

It was reserved for Pope Sabinian to include bells among the accessories of Christian worship, and during his pontificate they were rung for the first time in Rome. It was on the death of this same Pope, in 606, that the mournful tolling of the funeral knell was first heard.

The Rosary a Way to God.

THE consideration that the whole Catholic world is now united in supplicating the Blessed Virgin Mary under the title Queen of the Holy Rosary ought to have the effect of reanimating the faith and exciting the fervor of every true member of the Church. St. Philip Neri was wont to say that if for one single day he should neglect to recite the entire Rosary, he should not look upon that day as pleasing to God. During this month, dedicated in a special manner to the Holy Rosary, surely no one who loves and confides in the Help of Christians will be remiss in practising this admirable devotion; especially as our Holy Father Leo XIII. has repeatedly declared that it is most opportune for the needs of our times, and has often expressed his ardent desire to see it spread far and wide among the faithful.

It has been a shock to Protestants, as well as an incentive to the children of the Church, to witness how one of the most learned of modern Popes—one whose intellectual gifts and great deeds have won the admiration of the whole civilized world—has made unceasing appeal to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, exhorting his spiritual children to invoke her with lively faith, to do violence to her mother-heart.

The difficulty which non-Catholics raise against venerating or invoking the Queen of All Saints is easily explained. Ignorant of the fact that there can be no such thing as divine religion without sacrifice, they naturally recoil from praying to or praising her, because they have only prayer and praise to offer to the Mighty God. But "we have an altar," as St. Paul says; and thereupon we offer the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass—the only homage worthy of the King of glory. Furthermore, Protestants have no conception whatever of the spiritual motherhood of Mary: that on Mount Calvary she was formally appointed the spiritual Mother of all the faithful.

Every Catholic knows that, as Mary is exalted far above any other creature, she must be worthy of a homage and devotion far greater than are due to any other saint. We need never fear honoring too much her whom the Almighty honored so highly. It is apprehended by every Catholic that, as the merits of our Blessed Lady, freely bestowed by the special favor of God, immeasurably surpass those of other saints, her intercession must be inconceivably more powerful in its effects, and should therefore be more diligently and frequently sought. She was nearest to Christ in suffering, so is she nearest to Him in glory. Mary's place, therefore, in heaven is at the right hand of the Redeemer who will come to judge. Since she was the means of conveying Life itself into the world, she is the Mother of all who live. There are no children of God of whom the Blessed Virgin is not the Mother. Jesus Christ came to us through Mary, and she was thus rendered the means of conveying all else. "No grace comes from heaven to earth," says St. Bernard, "without passing through the hands of Mary."

The Holy Rosary is the Marian devotion insisted upon by the Father of the Faithful, because it is a compendium of the Gospel—a summary of all the mysteries of our faith. And, since the effect of our prayers will be proportionate to our dispositions, the Pope exhorts us to turn our attention to the mysteries of Redemption while reciting the Rosary, in order that we may learn the virtues of her who had a share in them all. St. Thomas teaches that other saints give example of particular virtues, but the Blessed Virgin gives example of all. On account of being nearest to God, the source of all holiness, she is the greatest of saints, and consequently the most perfect model of the Christian life.

Let us think of Our Lady of the Rosary as our way to Jesus Christ; for, as Blessed Grignon de Montfort says: "If we establish solid devotion to our Blessed Lady it is only to establish more perfectly devotion to Jesus Christ, and to put forward an easy and secure means for finding Him. If devotion to Mary removed us from Jesus Christ we should have to reject it as an illusion of the devil. Jesus Christ our Saviour, true God and true man, must be the last end of all our other devotions; otherwise they would be false and delusive."

LET us be, then, what we are and speak what we think, and in all things keep ourselves loyal to truth and the sacred professions of friendship.—*Miles Standish.*

A CONTINUAL striving after perfection is reputed perfection.—*St. Bernard.*

Notes and Remarks.

The preference which certain snobbish Catholics show for Protestant over Catholic colleges is always foolish and usually reprehensible. In view of the repeated warnings of Popes and bishops, and the sad effects, as experience shows, of a purely secular education, it is difficult to believe that parental love exists in those who deliberately oppose the eternal welfare of their children. It was only a few months ago that the Holy Father *permitted* the Catholic young men of England to attend secular universities after having made a thorough course in philosophy at a Catholic college. In a joint pastoral the bishops of Great Britain lay special stress on the conditions laid down by the Holy Father before Catholics may jeopardize their faith or morals by attending the universities; and they utter this solemn warning: "It will be an evil day for the Catholic community when its members make light of the dangers which beset education given in non-Catholic institutions and in a non-Catholic atmosphere. Parents and spiritual guides will fully recognize their grave responsibility in this matter. No prospect of social or professional advancement, no fond and overweening affection, no love for the perishable things of this life, should induce the guardians of Catholic youth to expose to grave danger the faith or the fair name of those committed to their charge."

The ancient bell which assembled the Mexicans to revolt against Spain under the leadership of that patriotic priest, Don Miguel Hidalgo, has been solemnly set up in the national palace of Mexico, amid the acclamations of the people. When Don Miguel was captured and shot as a traitor, another brave priest was found to lead the people against their Spanish oppressors. Don Miguel is styled the "Father of Mexican liberty"; but it may be questioned whether he contemplated any such liberty as obtains in the neighboring republic to-day, where Freemasonry is triumphant, and the legitimate work of the Church is hampered by needless and unbearable restrictions. It is to be hoped that the "remarkable Catholic revival" in Mexico which has been noted by non-Catholic travellers of late may re-establish complete religious liberty in our sister republic, and give meaning to the sonorous tones of Don Miguel's liberty bell. We may also remark that if, as the New York *Sun* complains, "we have not heard of any mettlesome priest serving under the flag of emancipation" in Cuba, it is for the good reason that in Cuba the insurrection is not of the right sort. There, as elsewhere, priests will always be found in sympathy with the liberties of the people.

The Congress which voted to discontinue the customary grants to Catholic contract schools for the education of the Indian did not do so without hearing a fair and able statement of the Catholic side of the question. We have been looking into a speech made on that occasion by Congressman Shively—now a candidate for Governor of Indiana,—in which the claims of the Catholic schools were strongly presented. Mr. Shively said:

> After all, Mr. Speaker, what is there in the charge of sectarianism and denominationalism against the contract schools? Under the contract system private enterprise and zeal build the school-house and equip the school. Not a dollar of the money appropriated for the contract schools goes to the superintendent; not a dollar of it goes to any preacher, priest or teacher; not a dollar of it is paid to any employee; not a dollar of it goes for medical attendance. Every dollar goes directly and exclusively to feed, clothe and shelter the Indian children while receiving industrial, intellectual, moral and religious training in the school.
>
> How about the Government school? To illustrate: This bill contains a clause appropriating $25,000 to establish a Government school. This sum is used to procure the land and erect the building. Then we select a corps of teachers and employees, all to be paid out of the public Treasury; we equip the school with Bibles and hymn-books paid for out of the public Treasury; we put the school in charge of some political theologian or theological politician, who receives his salary from the public Treasury. This superintendent impresses his peculiar views of religion....on the school, all at the expense of the public Treasury. And yet there are honest but mistaken zealots on the one hand, and snivelling bigots on the other, who approve all this, and at the same time bewail denominationalism in the contract schools! Religion is taught by persons, not by a prospectus, a curriculum, or rules and regulations fabricated in the Indian Office. And it is useless to deny that whatever of religion is taught in the

contract schools costs the Government nothing; while whatever of religion is taught in the Government schools is taught at the expense of the Government.

Mr. Shively also had the manliness to remind the House that the money voted to the Catholic schools "is reinforced by an energy, devotion, zeal, patience and fortitude that we can not attach to our appropriations." In spite of such earnest opposition even on the part of fair-minded non-Catholics, the Government adopted a policy adverse to the contract schools. The "reckless cultivation of the public Treasury" still goes on, and the Indian will still continue to be "a mere incident to the industry of distributing public money."

The biographical study of Cardinal Manning by M. Francis de Pressensé, which attracted so much attention in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has been republished in book form, with an able introduction by the same pen. Though a Protestant of the Protestants, M. Pressensé is too broad-minded not to have seen, and too honest not to have pointed out, the unfaithfulness of Mr. Purcell's portrait of the great English prelate. As an instance of inexcusable misrepresentation, the French Protestant points out that, while Mr. Purcell relates at length the misunderstandings of Manning with Canon Maguire, their harsh words to each other, their sometimes hostile action, he says nothing of their reconciliation; of that long illness during which the Archbishop came every day to visit his old adversary, who remarked on his death-bed: "Your footstep on my stairs has been music to my ears."

It is matter of satisfaction that so many different persons have promptly and openly declared that Mr. Purcell's portrait of Cardinal Manning is hardly more than a caricature; and it is noteworthy that an author of M. Pressensé's prominence and religious belief should accuse Mr. Purcell of not writing with an historian's impartiality.

Zeal and ability to work well seem to be the chief characteristics of Mr. James Britten, perhaps the best-known layman of the English-speaking countries. It is almost incredulous, the number of important works which he has set on foot during the fifty years of his life. At the age of twenty-one he became a Catholic and since that time his activity has been amazing. He it was who was chiefly instrumental in reviving the Catholic Truth Society of England; he originated the annual Catholic conferences; besides holding an important position in the Museum of Natural History at Kensington, he is the editor of *The Journal of Botany* and of *Nature Notes;* he has edited Aubrey's "Remains" and Timb's "Names of Herbs"; he has published a standard work on "European Ferns," and compiled two volumes for the Dialect Society; he has told the story of his own conversion in a pamphlet; published several other volumes through the C. T. S., and contributed to various Catholic periodicals. Mr. Britten has also aided in the foundation of Temperance and industrial guilds, belongs to scientific societies, art committees, and philanthropic organizations; and last, but by no means least, he is the honorary—that is the unpaid—secretary of the Catholic Truth Society. It is no wonder that an English contemporary writes of him: "When we reckon up all these good works for the Catholic cause, and note that they are all done in Mr. Britten's spare time, and at considerable sacrifice of means, we shall be prepared to recognize and to admire his zeal and generosity, and to wish that Brittens were as plentiful as Britons."

There is one name—mother—which never is found upon the tongue of the slanderer; in her presence all criticism is silent. The painter has with his brush transferred the landscape to the canvas, so that you can almost believe that the trees and grasses are real rather than imitations. The painter has even transferred to the canvas the face of the maiden until its beauty and purity almost speak forth. But there is one picture which no painter ever has been able faithfully to portray, and that is the picture of a mother holding in her arms her babe. Within the shade of this monument, reared to her who in her love and loyalty represents the mother of each one of us, I bow in humble reverence to motherhood.

These words are from an eloquent address delivered by Candidate Bryan in Fredericksburg, Va., at the monument erected to the mother of Washington. By the way, he

should be called the silver-tongued orator instead of the "boy orator." There is nothing of the boy about him but his enthusiasm and fresh-heartedness. But isn't it astonishing that Protestants can not bring themselves to honor the Mother of Christ and call her blessed? They regard Martha Washington as the mother of every American citizen, and can not acknowledge that the Mother of Christ is the Mother of every Christian.

The Indians of the Northwest lost a good father by the death of Bishop Marty, of St. Cloud. His love for them was truly apostolic, and his influence over them unbounded. The notorious Sitting Bull was one of Dr. Marty's parishioners; and it is said that the big chief, who was so savage and unyielding to all other "white faces," was lamb-like in presence of the Bishop. The ascendency of the missionary over his dusky children often protected the settlers from massacre, and more than once he was employed by the Government in the settlement of Indian difficulties. Bishop Marty was a profound scholar as well as a man of affairs. His remarkable activity covered fields so wide apart as the founding of monasteries and schools, the colonization of new states, and the writing of Indian text-books. The arduous labors which he underwent and the exposure to which he was subjected in the discharge of his duties undermined even his rugged constitution, and left him for some years almost an invalid. May he rest in peace!

It is not generally known that the law which drags young men out of the French seminaries to serve in the army is only one feature of the anti-Catholic policy of the Government. According to the legislation of 1889, priests are obliged to military service four weeks out of every year. At present no fewer than eleven priests of the city of Lyons are wearing the uniform and sleeping in barracks. No attention is paid to the needs of parishes or the combined remonstrances of priests and people. It is noteworthy, however, that both officers and soldiers treat these clerical recruits with the utmost consideration—which shows that the heart of the people is right, however wrong the politicians may be. It is also probable that the enlistment of the priests will have a good effect on the French army; and at the same time it shows to the world how the alleged Catholic governments of Europe behave toward the Church.

The predecessor of Mgr. Martinelli as Archbishop of Ephesus was the late Dr. Kirby, for more than forty years the honored head of the Irish College in Rome. Though well known in ecclesiastical circles, a frequent and welcome visitor at the Vatican, an ardent patriot, and an eminent theologian, Dr. Kirby made little stir in the outside world, and led a peaceful, prayerful, and uneventful life. He was a fellow-student of Leo XIII. in the Apollinaire Seminary, and gained the second prize in a theological dissertation in which the future Pope was the successful competitor. Dr. Kirby was the author of several devotional works, the best known of which is "Meditations on the Principal Truths of Religion." *R. I. P.*

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Very Rev. Jerome Vaughan, O. S. B., whose happy death took place at St. Peter's Priory, Manchester, England, on the 9th ult.

Sister Mary Teresa and Sister Mary Margaret, of the Sisters of Mercy; and Miss Mary Lovett, of the Daughters of the Immaculate Heart, who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. Morris J. Buckley, of New Haven, Conn.; who departed this life on the 9th ult.

Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Martin, who met with a sudden but not unprovided death on the 16th ult., in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers, of Mount Vernon, Ohio, who yielded her soul to God last month.

Mr. John Norris, who died a holy death on the 29th ult., in Chicago, Ill.

Mr. James Treahey, of Zanesville, Ohio; Miss Anna McNalley, Columbus, Ohio; Margaretta Stammen, Baltimore, Md.; Bridget Reese, Mont Clair, N. J.; Miss Amelia Collins, Meriden, Conn.; and Mr. James B. O'Connor, Lima, Ohio.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

My Guardian Angel.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

SWEET guardian of my waking hours
And watcher through the night,
Thy kindness doth encompass me,
A vesture of delight.

I cast myself upon thy care;
Where'er my footsteps go
Thy love doth shield from every harm
That erring mortals know.

Beneath the shelter of thy wing
In safety I can rest,
Hiding all sorrow, pain and care
Upon thy gentle breast.

Within thine arms, when sin assails,
Close folded let me be,—
Dear Angel, dost thou never tire
Of watching over me?

Silly Conrad.

BY CHARLOTTE CURTIS SMITH.

I.

SUPPER was waiting, and Conrad's mother stepped out of the door and looked anxiously up the mountain path for her boy. She could see three ranges of the Catskill Mountains all aglow in the setting sun; but she did not notice the mountain scenery: she was straining her eyes to catch a glimpse of a barefooted boy driving a cow.

"Con-rad!" she called, through her half-closed fist. "Con-rad! Con-rad!"

She listened, but there was no response.

"I wonder why he is so late?" she said to herself. Then she listened again.

Suddenly the wind brought her the sound of four shrill notes, repeated again and again from the side of the first mountain range.

"I hear him. My little fifer is coming," she said, gladly.

Then she called to her three older boys, who were playing by a brook a few feet from the house; and to her husband, who was patching up a rudely built shed where the cow was sheltered.

"Where is Conrad?" the father asked.

"He's coming," the mother answered, pointing up the mountain path.

"That stupid boy!" the father added, as he threw down the hammer and started for the house.

Conrad drove the cow into the shed. When he went into the house the family were seated at the table. The lad slipped shyly into his chair, and glanced at his father.

"What makes you so late?" his father inquired, looking savagely at the boy.

"The cow, father,—she wandered all over—" Conrad began timidly to explain.

"That's no excuse. You should watch her. You can go without your supper to pay for your carelessness," his father said, helping all the children to pork and potatoes but poor Conrad.

"Father—"

"You're a bad boy!" his father interruped, striking the table with his fist.

"Have patience, Johann," the mother said to the father, handing Conrad her own plate of food.

"No, no, mother!" Conrad said, passing the plate back to his mother, at the same time pushing his chair away from the table. He hesitated an instant to see if his father would relent and give him some supper; but his father never even looked up from his own well-filled plate.

"You've done wrong, Johann; the boy is hungry," the mother said, leaving the table to attend to one of the younger boys who had awakened and was crying in the cradle.

Conrad went out of the house, and a moment later the family heard him piping his four shrill notes.

When supper was over, and the father and children had gone out-doors—for it was not yet dark,—Conrad quietly peeped in at the door. "Mother!" he whispered.

"Yes, my son; come in,—I am alone," answered his mother.

"Mother, dare we sing to-night?"

"Yes, my child. But why were you so late home with the cow?"

"Why, mother dearest, the birds sang so sweetly away up on the mountain that I forgot all about the cow till I saw the sun setting."

"Yes, child; I understand your love for music. Come in and eat some bread and milk."

"Mother, please sing 'Röslein auf der Haiden,'" Conrad pleaded, coming in and taking her place at the cradle, while he ate his bread and milk.

The mother moved softly about the room, singing in a sweet cadence; and Conrad accompanied her with his child-like contralto. The blending of the two voices sounded more like the sing-song of summer insects than human voices, so fearful were they lest the father might hear them.

When they had finished singing the song Conrad said:

"Sing 'Die Lorelei,' please, mother; and 'O Tannenbaum'!"

And so they sang on until they heard the father calling the boys; then Conrad went upstairs to bed.

When the boys had followed Conrad, and the father and mother were alone, the father began scolding about Conrad.

"It's unlucky for a man to have a dunce for a son. All my children can help me, but Conrad is no good at all. Wilhelm, Jakob and Ludwig go to school and learn, but Conrad can't. When he goes he just sits with his book in his hand and gazes out of the window and listens to the birds singing. He's good for nothing."

"He's as smart as his brothers, I think," the mother answered.

"No, no! He's a dunce."

"His heart is full of joy and music," thought the mother; but she said no more in his favor. Through her affection and instinct she readily understood that her dear Conrad's nature was different from the other children's, but she could not explain what she felt.

The next morning Conrad and his mother stood at the door and watched the three older boys, with their books and dinner-baskets, start for school.

"Mother, why is it that I am so stupid?" Conrad asked, looking sorrowfully up in his mother's face.

"Dear child, you're not at all stupid," said his mother, bending over to kiss his sunburnt cheek.

"Oh, yes, I am! Father tells me I am. And the children call me 'silly Connie.'"

"But your mother understands you. Fear not; you are not foolish, my child," his mother assured him, smoothing his fair hair.

"I love to hear the birds sing, and the crickets chirp, and the frogs croak, and the wind blow through the trees; but I do not like to study," Conrad confessed.

His mother did not answer, but kissed

her boy once more; and bade him watch the cow carefully, and be home early, so as not to anger his father.

"Yes, mother: I'll watch her as well as ever I know how," Conrad promised.

"That's right, my boy!" his mother responded.

"Good-bye, mother!" Conrad called back, as he trotted off, driving the cow before him up the mountain path.

The mother watched her boy and the cow weave in and out among the foliage on the side of the mountain; and long after she had lost sight of him she could hear him piping his wild notes.

"Holy Mother, be praised! My Conrad is happy," she said.

But how could he help being happy! He saw nothing but the beautiful in nature, and he heard sounds to which other ears were deaf. He could detect the different trees by the rustling of their leaves. When he sat down to eat his mid-day luncheon he always chose an aspen or a bass-wood tree near a running stream, and the sound of the whispering leaves and the murmuring stream, and the songs of the birds, made him forget that he was called silly Connie and foolish.

Often as he lay on the mossy ground, with the dense shade around him, he would hear sounds so mysterious that he knew not whence they came: they were the vibrations of his own musical spirit, striving to be set free. When these mystic harmonies were low and sweet, he lay in a dreamy mood—listening, ever listening; but when they became clamorous like the whirlwind, he hastened from the quietude of the wood to a barren summit that lifted him nearer the clouds, and there he often found a storm of nature resembling the storm within his little heart.

The only musical instrument Conrad possessed was a fife which he had made out of an elder-stick. He had worked hard all summer trying to make it utter four tones. Many a stick he had hollowed and punctured to no effect. At last, by intuition, he made a whistle that would utter four notes. What delight, what ecstasy that little dried-up elder-stick gave him!

Conrad watched the cow faithfully all the morning; but at noon, when he was eating his bread and cheese, he heard a low rumble of thunder.

"Hurrah! Thunder and lightning are coming. I must climb the mountain," he shouted.

Away he went up the mountain side, forgetting everything except the elder-stick which he carried up his sleeve. On, on he went, hurrying to meet the storm, which came nearer and nearer, hiding the highest peaks with dark, angry, ragged clouds. When the storm-clouds burst they sent a torrent of wind and rain through the air. But above the fury of the storm Conrad could be heard piping his wild notes. He bared his head, and stretched out his arms to the wind, and laughed at the driving rain.

"Oh, how beautiful! Oh, how grand! Thunder-storm, I love you,—I love you with all my heart!" he shouted.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Wonderful Girl.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

Between five and six hundred years ago there lived in Sweden the celebrated Governor Birger and his lady Ingeborg, both of royal descent, and (a much more important fact) exemplary Christians. Not content with acquitting himself of all religious duties, the Governor's devotion led him to additional practices. For instance, every Friday he fasted, went to confession and received Holy Communion, in order to obtain from God the grace to support with patience the trials that might come to him from week to week. Much of his wealth was expended in the building

of churches and convents, and another goodly portion was distributed during the pilgrimages to Jerusalem, Rome, and other holy places which Birger's ardent piety induced him to visit.

It is not, however, with Birger's remarkable fervor and zeal, nor with the equally notable devotion of Ingeborg, that this sketch has to do; but rather with the little daughter of this noble and virtuous couple—Bridgit, born in 1302. I may as well tell our young folks at once, I dare say, that this particular Bridgit is going to turn out, as perhaps they have begun to suspect, a genuine saint. Her feast falls in the present month of October. Having told my young friends this much, I may further inform them that *this* St. Bridgit, the author of the celebrated "Revelations," is not to be confounded with the illustrious patroness of Ireland—the St. Bridget, or St. Bride, who lived and died seven or eight centuries before our little Swedish heroine was ever heard of.

There is a story told of a visit which Ingeborg paid to a neighboring convent some time before Bridgit's birth. Seeing the richness of the noble lady's dress and toilet, one of the nuns said to herself: "Well, there's *one* proud woman, any way." The very next night a mysterious personage appeared to this uncharitable nun and said to her: "You deceive yourself with regard to my servant Ingeborg. She is at heart truly humble, and seeks only to avoid the praises of the world by dressing according to her position. Simpler clothes would cause her to be remarked. I shall bless her with a daughter who, through love for me, will obtain such graces that she will be the admiration of the whole world."

The birth of this predicted daughter was signalized by an extraordinary occurrence. At the hour of her birth a very saintly priest saw above her father's house a brilliant cloud, in the midst of which sat a virgin holding a book in her hand. The virgin said to the priest: "Birger has just been presented with a daughter whose renown will become world-wide." In her future life Bridgit realized to their fullest extent these marvellous promises made in her infancy.

Her mother dying when she was only a few months old, she was brought up by her aunt. She was three years old before she could articulate a syllable; but then all at once her tongue appeared to be loosened, and she spoke clearly, and so sensibly that one who heard her would have thought she had been going to school for a good while.

It was natural that the child of a couple so thoroughly Catholic as were Birger and Ingeborg should early display tender piety toward our crucified Redeemer. Her devotion to Our Lord's Passion was by far the most precious legacy left her by those truly admirable parents. Our Blessed Saviour showed her how agreeable her love was to Him. One night He sent His Mother to visit Bridgit. The latter woke up suddenly and saw near her bed an altar whereon the Queen of Heaven was sitting, holding in her hand a rich crown.

"Come hither, Bridgit," said Our Lady. Bridgit jumped out of bed at once and approached the altar. "Should you like to have this crown?" said Mary.—"Yes," timidly answered Bridgit. At the same moment the crown was placed on her brow, and the servant of God felt the pressure of the circlet on her forehead very distinctly.

Bridgit was quite a little girl when she beheld this apparition, but she remembered it all her lifetime. When she was ten years old Our Lord Himself appeared to her, and this still further increased her love for Him.

One day, as she was listening to a sermon on the Passion, her heart was very deeply touched, and she felt that there could possibly be no greater happiness than really to love Christ. The following

night Our Lord showed Himself to her just as He appeared at His crucifixion. "See," He exclaimed, "how I am maltreated! Look at Me, My daughter!"—Bridgit thought that Jesus had just been outraged anew by some one, and cried out: "Ah! Lord, who has treated Thee thus?"—"Those who despise Me," was the reply, "and who are insensible to the love I bear them."

From that day Bridgit became so absorbed in the contemplation of Our Lord's sufferings that she could scarcely give her attention to anything else. The mere thought of those bitter sufferings was sufficient to draw torrents of tears from her compassionate heart.

All through her life Bridgit received very rare graces from God, and among others the gift of miracles. I shall cite just one miracle here to show how kind-hearted she was toward the poor.

One very hot day, about noon, a poor and sickly woman reached Bridgit's door, and had merely strength enough to utter one request. "Some milk for the love of God!" cried the woman. "A little milk will support me; without it I shall die." Bridgit hastened to get the milk, but could find not a drop in the house. Kitchen, dining-room, cellar—all were searched in vain. "He who changed water into wine at Cana can also change water into milk," thought Bridgit; and, without a moment's doubt, she presented the jug of water to the sufferer's lips. The woman drank eagerly, and declared that she had never tasted milk so excellent.

St. Bridgit is especially remarkable for her "Revelations"; but to tell our young friends what they would like to hear about these writings would take too much time and space for this number, so we shall postpone our chat thereon to a future issue; advising them all in the meantime to try by every means in their power to cultivate a more Bridgit-like and intense love for our Divine Lord crucified.

A Bad Boy's Sudden Cure.

The German papers tell of the remarkable way in which a school-boy was cured of what seemed to be a desperate case of deafness. The boy had been behaving badly in school, and the teacher became impatient and treated him to a sound box on the ear. When the boy reached home he told his father what the teacher had done, adding—evidently with the hope of being excused from future attendance at the school—that the blow had deprived him of his hearing.

The father was one of those foolish parents who think that their children can never possibly deserve chastisement; but, before taking any important measures against the teacher, brought his son to a physician to ascertain the extent of the injury. The doctor tried many experiments with loud sounds, but the sturdy youngster declared he could hear nothing. For a moment the man of medicine was nonplussed. He was at a loss to know how a mere blow on the cheek could so completely destroy the child's hearing in an instant. Then a happy thought struck him. He examined the ear carefully with a mirror, and said softly to his assistant: "The whole ear seems to be affected. Get me a knife and I will cut it off."

This was too much for the boy's nerves; and, howling with fear, he rushed out of the doctor's office. That boy was suddenly cured. The considerate father had to pay a handsome fee for the treatment, but the youngster was forced to return to school.

Time to Rise.

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window-sill
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head!"

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

With Authors and Publishers.

—Those who feared that the death of Father Bollig, S. J., would prevent the appearance of the second part of the "Liber Carminum Iambicarum," by St. Gregory of Nazianzus, will be glad to hear that another Jesuit, Father Gismondi, will continue the work.

—The *Catholic Messenger*, of Ceylon, is publishing an interesting series of articles dealing with the arduous apostolate of the late Bishop Semeria. The venerable Father Chounavel, one of his co-laborers, who went to the Island in 1852, is the author of a Singhalese grammar, which is a standard work for the study of the Tamil language.

—The importance of the quarterly supplements of Hoffmann's *Catholic Directory* is shown by the fact that as many as 876 changes are noted in the present supplement,—viz., 43 deaths, 486 removals, 307 additions, and 40 other changes. A comparison of the clergy-list with that given in the *Catholic Directory* of fifty years ago represents a marvellous growth of the Church in the United States.

—To relieve the stress that lies upon the laborer—particularly the ill-treated and underpaid laborer of the sewing-girl type—is a most Christ-like work. This is what the Rev. Morgan Sheedy does in "Social Problems," a volume embodying his lectures at the Summer and Winter Schools. The ventilation of subjects like this at gatherings of Catholics will at least help to generate a right public opinion on the labor question; and it is to be hoped that the publication of this book, which will address itself to a large audience, will render public sympathy still more acute. Father Sheedy examines the roots of the subject as well as its various branches, and his book is interesting, stimulating and convincing. Every Catholic who can afford it —and it is only a slight expense—ought to have a complete set of the Summer and Winter School Library, of which this is another volume. D. H. McBride & Co., publishers.

—In a neat little volume of 128 pp. the Rev. Joseph Hoey, of St. Francis de Sales' Church, New York, gives a most interesting account of the churches of our great metropolis, beginning with St. Peter's, Barclay Street, erected towards the close of the last century, and ending with St. Francis de Sales', the corner-stone of which was laid on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1895. The total number is 89, "every one a necessity." Father Hoey has written so well of each that the future historian of the Church in New York, or of any parish in particular, will have reason to feel grateful to him. The earliest record of a priest on the Island of Manhattan is the visit of Father Jogues in 1643, after his escape from the Iroquois. On that memorable occasion the sainted missionary heard the confessions of two persons, a Portuguese woman and—of course—an Irishman. The hand of the Almighty has wrought a wondrous change since then, as all the world knows. The book is embellished with portraits of Archbishop Hughes, Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop Corrigan, and the reverend author. There is also a picture of the new seminary at Dunwoodie.

—We admire the originality, both in name and character, of the new monthly, *What to Eat*. It is fortunate in occupying a wider field of human interest than most other periodicals can boast of, and it is so tasteful in an odd way that it excites appetite to look upon it. Among other choice tid-bits it offers this good story of the dinner table:

> Two well-known men about town, who prided themselves on their ability to be interesting at the dinner table, were invariably eclipsed when Gladstone was present. No matter what the subject broached, before it had proceeded far the G. O. M. forged to the front, and by his familiarity with the question became the the focus of all eyes and ears. Tired of being thus overshadowed, the gentlemen referred to hit upon a plan for getting even, at least for once. Selecting an abstruse and somewhat unfamiliar subject, they delved into the Encyclopædia Britannica and thoroughly posted themselves. The question was one on which scientists differed, and so the conspirators took opposite sides, each prepared to maintain his view. At a convenient moment during the next dinner when they met Mr. Gladstone, the subject was sprung and immediately the two disputants went at it, hammer and tongs. For some time the fight raged hotly, no one else venturing to take part in the discussion. The trick was working

capitally, and the triumphant pair cast congratulating looks at each other. Mr. Gladstone hadn't spoken a word. Finally the hostess, in a momentary lull in the conflict, said: "What are your views about this matter, Mr. Gladstone? Which do you think right now?"—"There is very little choice," returned the sly old fox, turning with a good-natured smile to the disputants; "I made up my mind as to that when I wrote the article on the subject in the Encyclopædia Britannica, which, by the way, gentlemen, I see you have been studying very carefully." There was a moment of embarrassing silence and then a roar. The conspirators acknowledged themselves fairly beaten.

The publication of this fantastic little monthly may, perhaps, be accepted as a sign of advancing civilization; at least we may hope it will rid us of the offensive charge that we are "a nation of dyspeptics."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

Social Problems. *Rev. Morgan Sheedy.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

How to Speak Latin. *Stephen W. Wilby.* Murphy & Co. 75 cts.

Jack Chumleigh; or, Friends and Foes. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Murphy & Co. $1.00.

The Temptation of Nora Leecroft. *Frances Noble.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

Claudius. *C. M. Home.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

Amy's Music Box. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner Co. 75 cts.

The Last Christmas Tree. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. 75 cts.

A Tuscan Magdalen. (Poetry.) *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. *Net*, 75 cts.

The Divine Redeemer and His Church. *Rev. Edward Douglass, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

The Spirit of the Dominican Order. *Mother Drane.* Art & Book Co. $1.00.

Devotion to the Miraculous Infant of Prague. J. Schaefer. 10 cts.

Why I Became a Catholic (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Burns & Oates. 30 cts.

Cobbett's History of the Reformation. *Edited by Dom Gasquet.* Benziger Bros. $1.

The Yorke-Wendte Discussion. Monitor Publishing Co. 50 cts.

Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages. *Geo. Haven Pulnam, A. M.* Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Rev. George M. Searle. C. S. P.* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

The End of Religious Controversy. *Bishop Milner. Edited by Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A.* Cath. Truth Society. 35 cts.

The See of St. Peter. *T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G.* Catholic Truth Society. 50 cts.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

Lessons in Literature. Ainsworth & Co. $1.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser.* Cathedral Library Association. 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Way & Williams. $1.25.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. $1.40.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25.

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

Are Anglican Orders Valid? *Rev. Dr. MacDevitt.* Bryers & Walker. 60 cts.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8s.

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury, Mass. $2.10.

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, $6.25.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.50 net.

The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena. *Algar Thorold.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Woman, What Have I to do with Thee? *Presbyler Anglicanus.* Kegan Paul & Co. Crown 8vo, 60 cts.

Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. *Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 3 vols. $4.50.

Christian Reunion. *William Delaney, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. *K. M. Barry.* Fallon & Co. 60 cts.

Retreats, etc. *Father Dignam, S. J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Jewels of the Imitation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* Burns & Oates. 60 cts.

Questions of Honor in the Christian Life. *Katharine E. Conway.* Pilot Co. 50 cts.

Conscience and Law. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. $1.60.

In a Walled Garden. *Bessie R. Belloc.* Ward & Downey. $2.

Evolution and Dogma. *Rev. John A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C.* McBride & Co. $2.

Saint Philomena. *From the French.* R. Washbourne. 5 cts.

Mooted Questions of History. *H. J. Desmond.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts.

Catholic Directory, 1896. *Hoffmann Bros. Co.* $1.25

Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. 65 cts.

Our Own Story. *Rosa Mulholland.* Catholic Truth Society. $1.00.

Christian Unity. *Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.* Catholic Book Exchange. 50 cts.

Father Furniss and his Work for Children. *Rev. T. Livius, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

Lyra Hieratica. *Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.* Burns & Oates. $1.00

St. Antony of Padua. *Franciscan Fathers.* Burns & Oates. 75 cts.

Jesus, His Life; A Diatessaron. *Rev. Henry Beauclerk, S. J.* Burns & Oates. $1.40.

A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craveu. *M. C. Bishop.* Benziger Bros. $2.

The Christian at Mass. *Rev. Joseph L. Andreis.* Murphy & Co. 12mo, net, $1.00.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

Vol. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 10, 1896. No. 15.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

The Angelus.

FROM THE GERMAN.

SLOWLY the day is dying
Behind yon purple mountain chain;
Soon will the night be lying
On village, upland, wood and plain.
Hark! thro' the dark'ning twilight pealing
Comes, like sweet music, softly stealing,
The song of even, the song of heaven—
Ave Maria!

A single star is shining,
Yon distant church-tower far above;
Beside his flock reclining,
The herdboy hears the call of Love;
Aroused, upon his good staff leaning,
He breathes that prayer of sweetest meaning:
The prayer of even, the prayer of heaven—
Ave Maria!

The Mother of the Foundlings.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

THE month of August witnessed the death in New York of a remarkable woman. The story of her sublime purpose and achievement shall be told long after the dissolution of the frail tenement which sheltered a truly noble spirit.

Catherine Fitzgibbon was born on the twelfth day of May, 1823, in Kensington, England. She crossed the Atlantic at the early age of nine years; and, her home at the time being in Brooklyn, New York, she made her First Communion and was Confirmed in the Cathedral of St. James, then the only Catholic church in that city.

The first recorded event in Catherine's life was a strange and terrible one. During an epidemic of Asiatic cholera she was seized with the dread disease. Given up by the doctors, a priest was called and the last Sacraments administered. Soon afterward she became unconscious,—her faculties had apparently deserted her; to all intents and purposes, she was dead. Yet she saw and heard with fearful distinctness the lamentations of her friends, the bustle and movement in the room, and finally the fatal preparations for burial. An indescribable feeling of horror took possession of her, but she could make no sign nor in any way avert the impending doom. In her despair, she made a vow that if God spared her this frightful ordeal she would consecrate her recovered life to His service. That vow was heard in heaven; it was religiously kept upon earth. To the great glory of the American Church and the salvation of many, Catherine Fitzgibbon became Sister Mary Irene.

She entered Mother Seton's community of Sisters of Charity—not then at Mount St. Vincent, on the Hudson, but in the old quarters of the Order, in what is now

the heart of Central Park. This was in 1850, Sister Irene being then some twenty-seven years of age. Every instinct of her nature had drawn her toward a community devoted to the care of the poor, the sick, and the erring—the daughters of St. Vincent, so dear to New Yorkers.

Before the noviceship was at an end Sister Irene was sent to St. Peter's School, Barclay Street, of which she afterward became Sister Servant. Her personality made its mark in this busy and populous quarter of the city. She was to many the trusted friend, consoler, and adviser. Most of her pupils of that time formed with her a friendship which lasted their lifetime. Large-hearted, gentle, and serene by nature, full of a fine tact and subtle sympathy, her influence made itself felt upon all who approached her. An ideal teacher, teaching was not, however, Sister Irene's life-work. Various causes had led to the conclusion that a foundling hospital was one of those charities which had become essential. The divine principle of charity, ever active in the Church, impelled Archbishop (afterward Cardinal) McCloskey to supply this want.

It may be asked, before proceeding further with the subject in hand, why such an institute, looked coldly upon by many well-intentioned persons, had been deemed necessary. The answer to that question is given in a pamphlet called "Synopsis of Twenty-Five Years of Work of the New York Foundling Asylum," and is as follows:

"Twenty-five years ago hardly a morning passed without its being recorded in the daily journals that the body of a newborn babe had been found floating near the docks, buried in an ash-barrel or flung into some lonely area. Each day an armful of little unfortunates, picked up by the police in their night-beats, were carried to the almshouse on Blackwell's Island to be bottle-fed by the paupers, rarely surviving their infancy. In view of these sad facts, it occurred to many charitable persons to employ in New York for the preservation of the foundlings the same means which for centuries past in the Old World had effectually met this dire need—namely, to open an asylum for their retention. It was suggested to the Sisters of Charity that this work, so dear to the heart of St. Vincent de Paul, might be appropriately undertaken by them. Recognizing its difficulty, and doubtful of public sympathy and support, the Sisters hesitated; but it would seem as if, while their fate was hanging in the balance, the little waifs made mute appeal for protection. About this time it not infrequently happened that infants were left at the door of mission houses or on the steps of neighboring churches."

Sister Irene was chosen as head of the new enterprise. Her path had been already much amongst the poor and suffering, and some of the tiny outcasts of humanity had been left at her door whilst she was still at St. Peter's. Consequently her heart was in the work from the first, and she entered upon it with a zeal truly apostolical. Her peculiar fitness for this task—which required so much of tact, so much of discretion, so much of charity, patience so superhuman, and, above all, high spirituality—will be fully appreciated by everyone who had the happiness of knowing Sister Irene.

The household was at first a small one only three Sisters aiding the directress in the foundation. Their resources were still smaller. Their capital consisted of a single five dollar bill placed in Sister Irene's hands by the superior, Mother Mary Jerome, herself one of the most eminent women produced by the Church in New York, with the memorable words: "Let this be the work of Divine Providence. If it be pleasing to Almighty God, He will sustain it." The work of Divine Providence it was. It has been estimated that Sister Irene obtained and applied for this an

other charities, chiefly kindred ones, over one million of dollars!

The directress' first step in the stupendous task she had undertaken was to visit all the asylums for similar purposes in the United States, besides studying attentively the history of such institutions in the Old World. Yet, as has been remarked by those competent to judge, "experience proved the better teacher; and her work, as it gradually developed, bore the impress of originality and a wise adaptation of arbitrary laws to the needs and demands of the present day."

Sister Irene was necessarily original in whatsoever she undertook. She could not, one would imagine, have labored in a narrow groove, nor put her hand to the plow in a prosaic or commonplace manner. She was, withal, eminently practical; but there was a divine touch of poetry—may it be called rather, perhaps, genius?—elevating all that she did, whilst it was permeated with her own lofty spirituality.

The study of the gradual development of this institute, which was the masterwork of Sister Irene's life, the ways and means which led to this progression, and an account of the legion of benefactors which arose for it, would be in themselves highly interesting. An influential body of ladies, comprising what is best socially and as regards good works in the society of New York, gathered around the beloved Sister. By every means in their power they sought to assist her: meeting periodically at the asylum, holding other meetings out-doors, organizing bazaars, benefits, lectures, and collecting extraordinary sums. An advisory committee of gentlemen was superadded, each one lending to the undertaking the weight of a responsible name and high standing in the community. Lawyers gave their legal services gratuitously, as physicians gave medical attendance; bankers added their credit, and builders supplied labor or material.

The first house was opened at 17 East 12th Street, on the 11th of October in the year 1869. As early as 1870 the good Sisters were enabled to move into more commodious quarters on Washington Square. Here they remained until, the Legislature of the State having granted a site for the hospital, with a handsome appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars, on condition that as much more should be subscribed, they made a final move to the splendid pile of buildings on 68th Street and Lexington Avenue, which have now become historic.

Alas! dark days marked their entrance into the new asylum. The allowance, *per capita*, made by the city was reduced, and the directress was one day obliged to borrow her car-fare to attend a meeting of the Board of Managers. Discouragement was, however, impossible to Sister Irene's brave and dauntless heart. Moreover, her marvellous spirit of prayer came to her rescue. A bill was introduced into the Legislature to place the financial affairs of the hospital on a secure basis. The opposition was, unhappily, so great that Governor Dix's signature was withheld; though in a personal interview he promised Sister Irene to do all he could for her. For he, too, was impressed by the magnetism, as it might be called, of the holy religious, and the evidently providential character of her mission.

Besides appealing to the Governor, Sister Irene, as was her wont, referred the matter to a higher court. A pen was placed in the hand of St. Joseph's statue until the Governor's signature should be obtained. One morning as the Sisters, worn with suspense and anxiety, were at prayer in the chapel, supplicating St. Joseph in particular to come to their aid, the pen fell from the hand of the Saint. Two hours afterward a telegram was received from Albany:

"I have signed your bill.

"JOHN A. DIX."

About this time a woman made application to be admitted with her infant. As no provision existed for such demands, the woman received assistance but her request was denied. She returned again and again to the charge, declaring that, as she had no home and no friends, she would destroy herself if turned away. She added that if admitted she would care for another infant with her own.

This idea came as an inspiration to Sister Irene, and was the beginning of a new era. From that time forth the *crêche* was no longer placed outside the door, where the mother might leave her abandoned offspring: she was obliged to ring and deliver the child to the Sister in attendance, who urged upon her the duty of remaining for at least three months at the asylum. If her remonstrances were unavailing, Sister Irene was summoned; and rarely did she fail to convince the applicant of the responsibility which rested upon her, and for which she alone would be called to an account at the judgment-day. The importance of this new charity will be readily perceived. It was to the advantage of the children, and often led to the spiritual regeneration of the mother.

Wondrous was the affection and reverence with which these poor women learned to regard the saintly directress, confiding to her all their troubles, feeling assured of her constant sympathy, leaning upon her in their weakness; whilst she pointed out to those who had sinned that by the sombre path of repentance they could attain the lost heights. To those who knew the gentle Sister Irene it would seem almost an impossibility that any of these erring souls, once having felt her influence, could stray downward again; nor did it often occur.

How tenderly and lovingly she spoke of them! The writer remembers, in company with some non-Catholic visitors to the asylum, to have heard Sister Irene converse upon the subject. All present were touched to the heart. It is no exaggeration to say that it seemed as if a seraph might have thus spoken of human miseries and of the great privilege of relieving them, especially by raising up even one lost soul. Her manner and speech were the very perfection of charity—a something altogether indescribable.

Sister Irene added to the original work that of St. Ann's Maternity, which became an important feature of the institute and a new field for the exercise of her whole-hearted tenderness for the unfortunate. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the hospital it was computed that 25,697 infants had been saved, and at least 5,000 of the mothers brought to a better life. Wonderful results when their consequences are also taken into consideration. These little ones were saved from death,—most probably from a death without baptism. Most of them were turned, by the perfection of the system, into useful members of society. Those who died, on the other hand, passed appropriately by "the Gate of Heaven" into the eternal blessedness. It was a touching idea, worthy of its originator, to so name a certain detached building reserved for children, whose physical condition from their very birth was declared hopeless. All in that section were baptized without inquiry as to creed. Needless to say that in the other wards, where there were any means of ascertaining the religion of the parent, only the children of Catholics were baptized.

These figures represent, indeed, but little of the actual accomplishment. The system of the Foundling Asylum is as nearly perfect as such system can be. Its interior arrangements are all for the comfort and well-being of the inmates, who are sometimes as many as 900 in number. Spacious wards, lofty corridors; a chapel which is a gem in its way; a kindergarten for children old enough to be taught anything; St. John's Hospital, a whole magnificent

wing for sick infants, the airy upper rooms for isolation when necessary; the excellent arrangements for heating, ventilation, and sanitation in general,—all do credit to the head and heart which planned them.

But the system extends far beyond the walls of the Asylum—that splendid pile of brick so finely situated. The provident care of Sister Irene and her assistants was not confined to that maternal solicitude of which each individual child was the object. For each one Sister Irene had a real affection, and its illness or death was a deep grief to her. Hence when, by the plan of adoption, these waifs were sent out into the world, Sister Irene's watchfulness followed through every vicissitude of their subsequent career. This adoption, it may be explained, is essential; because, from the nature of things, a child can not remain at the Asylum after a certain time. There are a considerable number of cases wherein the child is reclaimed by the parent,—an event which is facilitated by the careful description kept of each inmate, and the circumstances of its admission. This is, of course, the most desirable result which can be achieved; but where it is impracticable, the child is provided for in the following manner.

An agent from the Asylum, carefully chosen, is sent out to the Western States, for example. He makes known his mission. Applicants for children to adopt send in their names, and he forwards them to the hospital, making a searching investigation as to antecedents and surroundings. If everything is found satisfactory, the children are sent out in bands,—too young to realize their sad heritage, or to have anything more, in most cases, than a vague remembrance of the devoted guardians of their infancy. The new parent is required to write every year, keeping the Asylum informed of the condition and progress of the child; and the agent pays occasional visits to each of the waifs, who has taken the name of its new parent and entered on a new life. Sometimes the child is made acquainted with its origin, and keeps up an affectionate communication with its early benefactors. The books which Sister Irene so carefully kept are a wonderful study, containing letters from the children or their adopted parents, and tracing each step in their career. In almost all cases, such are the precautions taken, the record is a singularly gratifying one. Needless to say, it is full of curious and romantic incidents.

Another admirable feature of the work is that relating to out-door nurses, by which many deserving women are given employment, as foster-mothers, to a certain number of the infants. Before the children are placed in their care the surroundings and character of these persons are carefully ascertained. Furthermore, they are obliged to bring the infant, once a month, to the Asylum, where its condition is examined by the Sisters and some of the ladies. If satisfactory, the woman is paid and the child returned to her care. If not up to the standard, the infant is brought back to the Asylum. As many of these women are Italians, it is a curious and picturesque sight to see them advancing in lines, with shawls draped over their heads and a display of showy ornaments. They are, as a rule, fine specimens of womanhood, with glowing complexions and splendid physique.

Having said all this, but an imperfect idea is given of the wonderful work and of the immense stream of good of which the Foundling Asylum is the head. Of it Sister Irene was the life and soul, in no superficial sense, but in reality. Her abounding personal magnetism, her all-permeating influence, made themselves felt at every turn. She has happily left as her successor (the appointment having just been made) her assistant, her other self, through years of difficulty and privation—Sister Teresa Vincent. None could so fittingly have succeeded the one who

has gone, while it will be "with no dim touch of earthly things" that Sister Irene will watch over her cherished foundation.

Space prevents a detailed account of other charities of which Sister Irene was the author: — the Day Nursery, where children of working women were kept in charge of the Sisters whilst the mothers went out to work; a branch of the Foundling Asylum in a charming situation at Spuyten Duyvil, on the Hudson, where delicate or convalescent children could be kept; and an hospital on the same site for consumptives. The sad condition of incurables from this disease appealed especially to Sister Irene's ever-compassionate heart. The hospitals had no place for them, while in the crowded homes of the poor they were a source of danger to others as well as of misery to themselves; so that a splendid building was put up where they could be received, — cured if it were possible; and if not, afforded a permanent home. It is an admirable institution, where the minutest care is taken to prevent the spread of the disease, and where everything that intelligent charity can do is secured for the patient. In the erection of this Seton Home $350,000 were expended. And so Sister Irene has bequeathed another precious inheritance to suffering humanity.

On the morning of the eve of the Assumption Sister Irene passed peacefully away. Her death, needless to say, was as beautiful as her life. During her last illness she spoke often of the Blessed Virgin, saying that that "beautiful Lady" had come to take her. During the course of her life Sister Irene had received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction at least five times, so that upon this final occasion the thirty-five Sisters who knelt around whilst a Dominican Father anointed her hoped to the last that once more the word of Scripture would be literally fulfilled, and that she would be raised up. "A look of ecstatic joy," wrote one of the Sisters, "was in her eyes as she prepared to receive the Holy Viaticum, her guide upon the journey to eternity, which she knew to be approaching." The great heat had accentuated the long-standing heart trouble; for Sister Irene had been an invalid for many years.

The obsequies were the occasion of a magnificent demonstration. "Never in the history of New York," says the *Herald* of that city, "has such a tribute been paid. Thousands lined the way by which that 'great benefactor of humanity,' as this illustrious daughter of St. Vincent was styled even by the secular press, passed to her last resting-place." The details were, however, simple,—by Sister Irene's direction, neither flowers nor carriages being permitted in the *cortege*, and the coffin being the plain, unadorned one of the true religious.

An early Mass was offered up in her beloved chapel by the Rev. W. L. O'Hara; after which innumerable visitors came to look upon the remains, and the procession set forth to the Dominican Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, where a Low Mass—again in accordance with the dead Sister's expressed wish—was said by Archbishop Corrigan. Priests in great numbers, both secular and regular, headed the procession, preceded by acolytes. The pall-bearers—all notable citizens of New York—were followed by the medical staff of the Asylum, the sorrowing Sisters of Charity, who, with a great gathering from other communities, made up at least four hundred religious; and the foundlings, who had lost their true mother. Relatives followed, with hundreds of all classes of the laity; the poor, Sister Irene's special friends, being well represented.

The funeral *cortege* went from the church to the Grand Central Station, where a special train had been chartered by Mr. John D. Crimmins, a lifelong friend and benefactor of the deceased. Having arrived at Mount St. Vincent, the Sisters

lined the way upward. The body was met by Monsignor O'Reilly, and Father McNamee, chaplain to the Mount. Priests and acolytes alternately with the Sisters chanted the *Miserere* on the way to the cemetery, where the *Benedictus* was sung and the final prayers said.

In that still grave on the hillside was laid "the most remarkable woman of her age in her own sphere of philanthropy," as one secular paper calls the lamented dead. "Were she shrined in tomb of burnished gold," adds one of the great dailies, "with all the jewels of Golconda, her farewell could not have been more grand, more memorable the wondrous tribute paid her." "I have looked," says the editor of another journal, "with veneration, almost awe, upon the frail figure and distinguished face of this brave Christian woman." Upon the simple wooden cross which marks her grave at Mount St. Vincent is the simple inscription:

SISTER MARY IRENE FITZGIBBON.
DIED AUGUST 14, 1896.
R. I. P.

The history of Sister Irene will never probably be adequately written. Her life and character, full at every turn of hidden acts of charity and kindliness, of daily heroism, of extraordinary magnanimity, was marked by a multiplicity of unusual gifts. The cultured intellect, the gift of discernment; the almost prophetic instinct for whatever related to the welfare of the Church; the sensitiveness to whatsoever concerned Catholic truth; the broad, enlightened judgment; the comprehensive, mind, the wonderful organizing power, are seldom combined in one individual—in one woman. Yet who more womanly, more gentle, more exquisitely refined, more ideally feminine? Her heart was as her head—broad, generous, warm, and delicate. She was essentially human-hearted. Her sympathy, including both discernment and appreciation, was almost unbounded.

Sister Irene's love of prayer was such as has characterized all nobly gifted souls. Her confidence in its power was indeed absolute, and frequently justified by events. To see her assisting at Mass or receiving Holy Communion or making the Stations was an object-lesson in true piety,—so simple, so unostentatious, so fervent. Here, again, was a characteristic of this gentle spirit: a complete absence of affectation or littleness of any sort,—a true nobility, marked by simplicity, distinction and repose in her manner. Every current topic—especially, of course, those pertaining to the Church—was of interest to her; and she conversed well and interestingly upon all.

Ever frail of constitution, her activity was unceasing. Each portion of that vast household she daily visited. The labor was prodigious, subdivided into innumerable details. Still that quiet figure passed on its way; the calm, steady eyes, of a deep blue, ever preserving their unalterable serenity; the smile, with something of heaven in it, greeting all who approached; the low voice, soothing to the ear, ever speaking words of hope or of good cheer. It was beautiful to witness the affection and confidence she inspired in the little ones, who crowded round her full of the perfect love which casteth out fear.

The career of Sister Irene was such as to make the most hardened scoffer pause and ask himself the lesson and meaning of such a life and whence its sublime secret. Studying it in all its details—beholding her at the head of colossal enterprises, happy only when planning some new work of love; having for friends the leading Catholics of the great metropolis, to whom her friendship was as a pearl of great price; the trusted adviser and consoler of innumerable souls,—it is still in her favorite character, her self-elected specialty, that Sister Irene will be longest remembered—as "the Mother of the Foundlings."

Sadie's Knight.

BY MRS. ANNA HANSON DORSEY, AUTHOR OF "ZOE'S DAUGHTER," "'BETH'S PROMISE," ETC.

III.

ONE lovely afternoon Indie Page, Madge Gray, and Midshipman Crofts called for Sadie and Kate to join them in a walk. They were going to call on "Lady Polly."

"She's one of our curiosities," said Jock Weston, who as usual was at his aunt's. "Queer as Dick's hatband, but she's no end of fun."

"What is the matter with her?" asked Sadie, with interest.

"Crossed in love," he answered, looking sentimental.

"How very romantic! I'd like to see some one who has been crossed in love. It will be like reading one of Poe's poems," laughed Sadie, little imagining how nearly she would realize the comparison. "Don't you think Indie Page is a very bright, pretty girl? Of course you do. But do tell me her right name."

"It's Indiana. I know another named Florida, and one named Texana, and another Alabama, and one Tennessee, and yet another Oceana. As to Louisiana and Virginia, when you meet a person not named one or the other, it's the exception," replied Jock.

"Are you in earnest? I never know whether you're jesting or not."

"It's every word true. Oh, this is a place for names! My aunt's cook is named Venus; and our coachman—well, we call him Jupe for short, but his right name is Jupiter," he said, with a grin.

"How very odd!" laughed Sadie, as she left him to run up for her lace sacque and hat, which Cassy had laid out, with her parasol, on the bed.

She was there in waiting, to take off her slippers and button up her walking boots; then to stand watching her every movement with admiring glances, as Sadie put on her plumed hat, giving it a jaunty little tilt to one side, and her crisp muslin gown a pull here and a pat there, until the effect was all that she wished; then she dropped a new quarter into Cassy's hand, with an injunction to buy candy with it.

"Don't you know what it is?" she asked, seeing Cassy's eyes dilating and growing brighter as she gazed at it.

"It's eight'n-pence, I declar'! I never had more'n fo'pence befo' in my whole life. I reckon I kin buy a bar'l full of candy an' mint drops an' nigger-toes,* ef I wants to."

"Cassy, your fo'pences and eight'n-pences are Greek to me. But good-bye, and be sure to have a posy of pinks and thyme for me by the time I get back," said Sadie, wondering what on earth the girl meant by "nigger-toes," and whether it were possible the name could be a relic of cannibal days.

Kate ran in all ready, and they went downstairs together; then the party set out, Jock Weston walking with her, as he always did when he could. They sauntered along, part of the way by the river. There was no need to hurry: it wasn't the way in this warm, delicious climate to waste vitality by making haste about anything. And, as the day was perfect, their walk was delightful. They were beyond the suburbs, and soon reached what was known as "English Point," where, in the midst of a grove of trees, they saw a small, dilapidated brick house, with wild roses clambering over the front; also a little wooden porch recently painted in the most extraordinary style.

"Lady Polly's mansion," said Jock Weston, with a flourish of his hand.

At a short distance away there was a great pile of ruins—evidently those of a once large and spacious dwelling,—which

* The common name in those days for the butternut.

were overgrown with thistles, "jimson" (Jamestown) weed, blackberry vines, and mullen. There was no garden—no order anywhere apparent; it was a desolate-looking spot and had a haunted aspect.

The front door was wide open, and the party walked in, after rapping in vain; and Sadie looked around with amazement. The walls were festooned with countless strings of "bachelor's-buttons" and blown eggshells; there was an old convex mirror between the windows, profusely decorated with peacock feathers; some strips of rich brocade were tacked against the walls; there was an old portrait of a gentleman with ruffles and powdered hair; and scraps of costly India china were mixed up confusedly with plaster parrots and sheep on the table and mantelpiece. At the present period that quaint apartment would have been pronounced highly æsthetic, but then it was regarded as the outcome of an unbalanced mind. Poverty was apparent everywhere,—even the cat looked starved. A tall brass-mounted clock, that didn't go, stood in one corner; and a high, narrow *chiffonnière*, of the same workmanship, in another, completing the appointments of Lady Polly's drawing-room.

Kate beckoned Sadie to the open door, and called her attention to long lists of names written on it in pencil.

"Lady Polly's visiting list," whispered Indie Page, laughing.

Sadie glanced over it and read the names of the whole English peerage.

"Only titled persons are noticed by the chatelaine," whispered Jock Weston.

"Is she deranged?" asked Sadie, with a bewildered expression.

Just at that instant the middle door opened, and a remarkable figure came in with mincing steps,—a tall, slight woman, with a small face that had suddenly grown old when she was young; the delicate features were peaked and thin; her faded blue eyes, drooping at the outside corners, were without eyelashes; her teeth, still sound, were yellow and so long that she could not close her lips over them; and her small chin receded back into the wrinkles of her throat. Her cheeks were dabbed with rouge, and her face ghastly by lily-white. She had false curls, artificial flowers and old lace on her head; while draped around her, sweeping the floor with its rich fringe, was a once superb crimson Canton crape shawl, heavy with embroidery, but now faded and wrinkled like its owner.

She approached her guests, dipping a curtesy to each one, swaying herself like an ancient willow as she offered the tips of her fingers.

Jock Weston sprang forward, and, with the air of a master of ceremonies, introduced Middy Crofts as the Prince of Wales, to that young sailor's wild astonishment; and Sadie Ellerton as the Vicountess Ellerton. Sadie could not help it. She would not have consented to it if her consent had been asked, and would gladly have gone away then; for she felt a great pity for the grotesque, demented lady.

"I am charmed," said the latter, with her best manner, "to meet so distinguished a lady as the Countess of Ellerton. I should have called to-day, but I'm expecting a ship in from the Roads with a friend on board." Here she put up her fan, half hiding her old face with a conscious air. "I have been watching to see her sail round the point all day; but the tide's out and the wind ahead, so I'll have to wait until to-morrow. But I'm very glad to see you and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. When did your Highness reach our shores? Oh, I never, never liked the Colonies to separate from England! I was always loyal to King George—and so was my friend. How is his Majesty the King, your father?"

"Hale and hearty," Crofts managed to gasp in answer to an imperative nod and frown from Jock.

"Will you honor me by writing your name upon my door before you go?" said Lady Polly. "Cards are so easily lost, you know; but I couldn't lose my door very well," she said, laughing.

"She always says that. It's the joke of her life," whispered Jock.

Then she addressed herself to the "Countess Ellerton" and her other noble guests, talking of the fashions and balls of long ago as if they were of yesterday.

Crofts, in a desperate effort to meet the situation, made some remark about General Washington, not knowing that she detested him.

"The wicked rebel!" she exclaimed. "He should have been hung,"—which reduced Crofts to a wrathful silence.

She called attention to the decorations with great pride; and, leading the visitors to the porch, assured them that she had painted it with her own hands, and that 'Sir Thomas Lawrence had come out to see it, and declared that it was the best imitation of marble he had ever seen.'

This was almost too much for the gravity of the party, in the face of that daub of dirty white, with streaks and dabs of slate color all over it. Jock Weston flushed and coughed violently, and Kate barely repressed a giggle. It was evidently time for them to leave.

"I am sorry that you will not stay to tea. I should like to offer you some cake and ice-cream, but my servant has lost my keys," said Lady Polly. "But write your names, Your Royal Highness, and you, Countess, that I may have the proud honor—"

She did not say of what, for a dazed look came into her faded eyes; and, laying her finger on her forehead, she turned away and went into the house.*

(To be continued.)

* Lady Polly and her sad story, to be told in the next chapter, is not a fiction. She is described as the writer last saw her. Her name, of course, is fictitious.

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.

XI.

FATHER JOGUES was conveyed back to the cradle of the present city of Albany, of which he gives a quaint description, and when night fell was secreted in the house of the superintendent of the trade, a kind of commissary who had married an Indian. His wretchedly built house was the constant resort of some of the Indians, and consequently a dangerous place for the missionary. The building was about a hundred feet long. The man and his wife lived at one end; the other serving as their barn and stable. Above was the storehouse, and here, in one corner, Father Jogues was placed. A slight partition, through which everything could be seen, separated him from the Indians who were daily brought thither by his reckless host. Reckless, indeed, is too mild a word for his conduct toward the subject of our narrative. The food which he gave him was of the worst description, while the water was not fit to drink; for a filthy bucketful was brought to him once every two weeks, and that in the heat of summer. This miserly old man went even so far as to take for himself what good dominie Megapolensis sent regularly for the missionary's use.

In this state Father Jogues remained six weeks, almost constantly crouched down behind a hogshead which formed his only shelter. When he had been there ten or twelve days he wrote a letter to Father Charles Lalemant detailing his escape and actual state; adding that, with the fear of a frightful death yet before him, he was still calm and resigned. This letter—his last from New York—con

tained, it is needless to say, no allusion to the treatment he experienced from his unkind host.

But he was now to be delivered. The Indians were at last pacified; and William Kieft, the governor of New Netherland, apprised of his state, ordered him to be sent down at once to New Amsterdam, as New York was then called. Megapolensis was to be his companion, and they started in the first vessel. Navigation was slow in those days, and a week was consumed in this short voyage. On the way he became a great favorite with the crew, and as they passed an island they resolved to name it the "Island of the Jesuit Jogues." Megapolensis, pleased at the honor thus paid to the missionary, gave them a bottle of wine; and with the thunder of their little cannon, the island was duly christened by the name proposed. But posterity has been less attentive to his merits, and to-day there is no clue by which we can identify Father Jogues' Island.

New York, as the Jesuit found it, was not the immense city which has now scattered its dwellings on both sides of the Hudson and East rivers. It was but a feeble beginning. "A fort at the extremity of the island, about five or six leagues from the mouth, called Fort Amsterdam, was the nucleus of a projected city to be called New Amsterdam. The fort had been begun in 1615; but its bastions and curtains, mere mounds of earth, had then fallen away; and, as there was no ditch, the fort was entered on all sides. The garrison of this and the other fort consisted of about sixty men. In this one stood a good-sized church and the governor's house—a neat brick edifice with barracks for the soldiers. The houses were scattered along the river. There may have been on this island of Manhattan and around it about four or five hundred men of different sects and nations. The Director General states that there were eighteen different languages spoken; and, though only the Calvinists held public service, there were Catholics, English Puritans, Lutherans, Anabaptists, etc., residing in the place."

Such was the spot to which Father Jogues now proceeded. He was warmly received by the people of the place, who flocked out to greet him. One man, seeing his mangled form, ran up to him and, falling at his feet, kissed his glorious wounds, exclaiming: "O martyr of Christ! O martyr!" Nor was he a Catholic: he was a Polish Lutheran, but better able to appreciate deeds of Christian heroism than those among whom he lived; for, good-hearted as they were, they seem to have been such strangers to that idea that they asked Father Jogues how much the Company of New France would pay him for all he had suffered; and when he endeavored to enlighten them on this point, they could not realize the possibility of undergoing the toils of a mission except for a pecuniary consideration. Such is ever the effect of devotedness to the material, visible world: it weans us from all that is high, ennobling, and spiritual; and at last all this becomes so strange that we consider it a kind of folly.

Much as we may compassionate the error of these good people, we can not but admire their kindness to Father Jogues. The governor especially showed him the greatest attention and furnished him with the necessary articles of dress. It was now the beginning of October, and in a little while it was proposed to send a small vessel to Europe to announce the Indian war which then threatened serious consequences to the rising colony. Father Jogues received notice to hold himself in readiness to embark; but before it sailed he had the consolation of exercising his ministry in that city, whose commercial greatness he seems to have foreseen.

He met with two Catholics: a Portuguese woman—with whom, however, he

was unable to converse, but who showed, by the pious pictures in her room, that she still adhered to her faith; the other was an Irishman who came for trading purposes from Virginia. He availed himself of the occasion to approach the Sacrament of Penance. From him Father Jogues learned that the English Jesuits were then in Virginia, and that one had been killed by the Indians; but the latter statement was most probably a false report, current at the time in Virginia.

The vessel was ready for sea by the 5th of November; and thus, after a stay of three months in the colony, Father Jogues took leave of his generous benefactors; and, provided with commendatory letters from Kieft, took sail from the Bay of New York.

XII.

The vessel in which Father Jogues sailed was not one regularly employed in the trade, but a wretched little craft of fifty tons, sent rather to give intelligence than to be a transport for passengers or commodities. There was no cabin, and the missionary's bed was a coil of rope on the deck, where not unfrequently he was drenched by the waves breaking over him. Had the voyage been one unattended by any accident from the perils of the sea, this alone would have been a sufficient hardship. But, alas! terrible storms arose, and the little stock of provisions was well-nigh exhausted, so that all on board felt the pangs of hunger. Thus, unable to hold their way, they were driven in on the English coast; and here again new trails awaited them. They were near the town of Falmouth, and, seeking to enter it, were espied and pursued by two Parliamentary vessels; for Falmouth was in the hands of the King's party. They escaped, however, and anchored safely by the wharf. The weather-beaten crew were anxious to enjoy themselves on shore, and accordingly all landed except one who remained with Father Jogues. Their absence had been noticed by a gang of robbers, who, seizing the man, put a pistol to the missionary's throat and stripped him of his hat and coat, finding no valuables about him. Then, taking from the vessel what they liked, they departed. The captain soon returned, and made every effort to overtake the thieves, but in vain.

Meanwhile Father Jogues, walking around on the wharf, came to a French collier, and, going on board, approached the master. The latter, thinking from the wretched state of our poor missionary that he was an ordinary beggar, gave him a piece of money; and, seeing him remain, gave him a second. On this Father Jogues whispered to him: "I am a Frenchman and a Jesuit." Apparently by stratagem he got the missionary from the hands of the Dutch captain, who seems to have been indisposed to give him up, and embarked with him for France; for he no sooner heard who he was than he resolved to do what he could for him. The Frenchman was poor and could give his countryman only a sailor's cap and coat, and in this guise he landed him between Brest and St.-Pol-de-Léon on Christmas Day.

The first thought of the missionary thus restored to his native land was to repair to the nearest church to thank God, and, if possible—for it was yet early,—receive the Holy Eucharist, of which he had been deprived for more than sixteen months. He accordingly advanced to the first cabin that he saw on the shore. The good and charitable peasants, supposing him to be one of the many natives of Ireland who fled from the exterminating hand of the enemies of their religion, not only showed him the way to the church, but lent him a hat and cloak to go more decently, and invited him to return after his devotions and share their humble fare. Thus aided, he repaired to the church, and, after confession, approached the Holy Table.

Refreshed by this Divine Food, for

which he had so long sighed, he returned to his new benefactors. There, as he sat at table, they saw his hands mangled and dislocated; and, moved to pity, they begged him to tell them where he had suffered so. He now told them his story; and, while tears flowed from their eyes, they all, down to the smallest child, would give him some little alms of their poverty to enable him to proceed on his way to a college of the Jesuits. But God was satisfied with the sufferings of His servant. He now brought him in the way of a good merchant of Rennes proceeding to that city. Hearing Father Jogues' account, he took him in charge and paid his way to that place, where he arrived the eve of Twelfth Day.

Attired as he was, he knocked at the college door and asked to see the rector, for whom he had, he said, news from Canada. The porter, not suspecting the character of the applicant, showed him into a room for strangers, and went to tell the rector. The superior was actually vesting for Mass; and when informed that a poor man wished to see him, continued vesting, intending to see him after Mass. But the word Canada induced him to think his errand might be important; and, laying aside the vestments, he went to the door.

Father Jogues handed him the letter of Governor Kieft; but the rector, absorbed with his own thoughts, instead of reading it began to ask him the many questions that rose to his mind. After finding whence he came, he inquired: "Do you know Father Jogues?"—"Very well," he replied.—"We have heard of his captivity among the Iroquois and of his horrible sufferings. What has become of him? Is he alive?"—"Yes, he is alive: he is free, and it is he that is now addressing you." He then threw himself at his superior's feet to ask his blessing. In a moment the news spread through the house that Father Jogues had actually arrived, and all thronged around him to congratulate their brother on so unexpected a deliverance from captivity. Thus enjoying the affection which binds the religious of the same Order to one another, his first care was to announce his arrival to his Provincial.

"At last," he writes, "my sins have rendered me unworthy of dying among the Iroquois. I am still alive, and God grant it be for my conversion! I, at least, acknowledge it as a great favor that He has wished me to endure something. I often say with feelings of gratitude: 'It is good for me that Thou hast humbled me, that I may learn Thy justifications.'"

He then gives the narrative of his voyage in a few words, but on the following day went into more details in a letter to his former novice master, Father Lalemant, with whom he had always maintained a close relationship. Here, as elsewhere, in speaking of the kindness of the Dutch, he expressed that feeling of gratitude which became indeed a common debt of the Catholic missionaries to the inhabitants of the valley of the Hudson; a debt which they ever showed themselves ready to acknowledge. One of Father Jogues' first cares on reaching Paris was to have a sum remitted to New Amsterdam to repay the amount expended for his ransom, food, and clothing.

After resting at Rennes for a few days, he proceeded to Paris to place himself at the disposal of his superiors; ready to take any post they might assign to him, but eager to return again to the scene of his labors. His reputation had preceded him to Paris, and the faithful crowded to view and kiss the glorious scars of the warrior of Christ. Even the Queen Mother would not be deprived of such a happiness, and he was accordingly presented at court. These honors alarmed the humility of the lowly missionary, and he became more pressing in his entreaty to be permitted to seek again the solitudes of

America. One obstacle caused some delay: his hands—even the right—were still so deformed that he could no longer canonically offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; a recourse to the Vicar of Christ was necessary. This was now had; and when the Sovereign Pontiff heard that one who had suffered mutilation in the service of God now asked to be permitted to labor unto death, his instant answer was the highest commendation that could be pronounced on the missionary: "It were not meet that a martyr of Christ"—for so he termed him—"should not drink the Blood of Christ."

Thus restored to the exercise of the priesthood, Father Jogues, with the necessary permission of his superiors, proceeded in the spring to Rochelle to embark. Father Ducreux, the historian of Canada, accompanied him part of the way, as he himself states; deeming this a happiness worthy of note, so great was the universal veneration felt for the missionary. On the way he stopped at a convent of Ursuline nuns at St.-Jean-d'Angély, and here lost a glove,—probably taken intentionally; for it was carefully preserved, and was, through the mercy of Almighty God, the instrument of a miraculous cure.

He was soon at sea again; and, after another stormy voyage, reached Canada on the 16th of May, 1644. Here he found the war as furious as ever; his fellow-religious, overjoyed to see him again, needed indeed consolation; for but a month before his arrival Father Bressané, attempting like him to reach the Huron country, had fallen into the hands of the Iroquois. Uncertainty hung over his fate, and the sight of Father Jogues' wounds augured little hope for Father Bressané.

(To be continued.)

MISHAPS are like knives, that either serve us or cut us, as we grasp them by the blade or the handle.—*Lowell.*

Towards the River.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

I AM lonely in my journey towards the River,
Many friends and faces failing day by day;
Brightest joys of childhood, granted by the Giver,
Seem all scattered as I wander on my way.

I am lonely in my journey towards the River;
Where the sunshine fell of old, now looms the cloud;
Oft I cry within me: Lord, who shall deliver
From this body's death, the churchyard and the shroud?

I am lonely in my journey towards the River,
Sunshine falls in golden splendor as I go;
Yet the bitter winds of winter make me shiver
As I tramp with weary footsteps through the snow.

I am lonely in my journey towards the River;
Though the bounteous flowers are blooming every June,
Yet the Sun puts back his shafts within their quiver,
And the evening mists creep underneath the Moon.

I am lonely in my journey towards the River,
Winter's death-like touch upwithers leaf and flower;
But God's Rose and Lily sure shall bloom forever
In the garden of our Sinless Lady's Bower.

Still so lonely in my journey towards the River,
Others oft have felt as lonely as do I—
O sustain me, Lord, of all good gifts the Giver!
List in pity to the heart-plaint and the sigh.

Thus, though lonely in my journey towards the River,
Straining eye and clouded sight shall strain no more;
Let me know the Son of Mary to deliver,
With His mercy and His welcome on the shore.

I am lonely in my journey towards the River;
Though in night-watch comes the echo of a strain,
When angelic voices swell and Godward quiver,
Earth's lost melodies of old come back again.

I am lonely in my journey towards the River,
In His pity oft I felt His chastening rod;
Partings, losses, storms, were each but to deliver:
All now gathered to the Family of God.

Ranks and orders, where the lustre, white and glorious,
So o'erpowereth that with joy the spirit faints;
Gathered round about the Throne, at length victorious,
With Our Lord, His Blessed Mother, and the Saints.

The Wonder-Worker of Padua.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XXIV.—An Unfading Memory.

FROM the very first confraternities in honor of St. Anthony have existed in many parts of the world. With the revival of the spirit of Catholic devotion, the love for St. Anthony increased. His blessed name had ever been associated with the relief of the wants of the poor; and a favorite form of charity, in his name, has been the liberal bestowal of loaves among the hungry and impoverished. This bread has come to be known as the Bread of St. Anthony.

Says a good woman, writing as late as 1892, from Toulon:

"I promised bread to St. Anthony for his poor if he would help me, and he *has* helped me. All my friends pray with me to the good Saint, and all our troubles are commended to him with a promise of bread to his poor. We are astonished at the graces thus obtained. One of my most intimate friends promised a certain amount of bread every day of her life if a member of her family could be cured of a fault that had caused her great grief for three and twenty years, and the prayer was granted. In thanksgiving she bought a little statue of St. Anthony, and we put it up in a dark corner where we require a big lamp to see it. And now my back-shop is filled all day with people in deep and fervent prayer. Not only do they pray, but one would think that they were paid to spread this devotion, so zealously do they do so. Sometimes a soldier, an officer, a sea-captain, going for a long voyage, will promise so much per month in bread to St. Anthony if they make their journey safely. Sometimes it is a mother asking for the health of her sick child, or perhaps for the success of an examination. Then, again, it is a family asking for the conversion of one amongst them who is dying and will not see a priest; a servant out of a place, or working people out of work; and all these petitions, which are accompanied with the promise of bread, are granted."

The Universal Association of St. Anthony of Padua, founded by Don Locatilli at the request and with the blessing of Pope Leo XIII., has been established at Padua. It now numbers nearly 260,000 members. The Pious Union—a similar organization—is flourishing in Rome. Here and there in England and Ireland, chiefly in convents, the bread-givers have given freely in St. Anthony's name.

There is a humble little Franciscan monastery church at Crawley, Sussex, England. Within that church is a chapel which for a long time was not dedicated to any special object. Recently a remarkably fine portrait of St. Anthony was discovered at Crawley; it was placed in the unoccupied chapel, and the chapel was dedicated to the Saint. Thus was established the Guild of St. Anthony; its object the promotion of devotion to St.

Anthony and to propagate the work of the distribution of his Bread to the Poor. "Masses and other spiritual advantages are given to its members, who are placed under no other obligation than the entering of their names in the register kept for that purpose at Crawley." The alms, or the bread promised in the name of St. Anthony, can be given wherever the donor pleases. Any reader who is interested in this beautiful charity can learn full particulars by applying—in person or through the mails—to the Rev. Father Guardian, O. S. F. C., Franciscan Monastery, Crawley, Sussex, England.

When faith has been at a low ebb devotion to our Saint has not dwindled. At Auges, where there is a very precious relic of St. Anthony, the inhabitants have been ever loyal to a man. A hard-working peasant is reported to have said to his son, with more enthusiasm than judgment: "You may work on Sundays and you may work on holydays—even Christmas and Easter, *if you must;* but if you are so wicked as to work on St. Anthony's Day I will hang you from the highest gable of the house."

The body of St. Anthony was brought into Padua on Tuesday. It is a well-attested fact that no single sufferer who invoked his aid on that day failed to be cured. In 1617 a lady of Bologna, who in her distress had appealed to St. Anthony, saw in a dream his likeness. The Saint opened his lips and said: "Go on nine consecutive Tuesdays and visit the chapel of the Friars Minor; there receive Holy Communion, and thy prayer shall be granted." And it was as he had promised her. This miracle gave rise to the devotion of the Nine Tuesdays in honor of St. Anthony; later it was increased to thirteen, in honor of the date of his death.

For more than thirty years the body of the Saint remained in its marble shrine in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore; but the friars and the people were not content, and in 1263 it was translated by St. Bonaventure to the high altar of a new church built by the Friars Minor in his honor. On opening the shrine at this time it was found that the body had returned to dust, but the tongue was incorrupt and of a natural color. St. Bonaventure exclaimed in a transport of devotion: "O blessed tongue, which always didst bless the Lord and cause others to bless Him, now does it appear plainly how highly thou wert esteemed by God!"

In 1310 his body was again translated to a chapel which had been built expressly for it. This chapel did not satisfy the devotion of the friars; and still another, far more commodious and splendid, was erected, and thither the remains were translated in 1350. Many relics had been scattered among churches in various parts of Europe; and these were, as far as possible, gathered together, and in 1745 they were all solemnly deposited in the magnificent receptacle, where they are now venerated.

In 1749 the church was nearly destroyed by fire, yet the altar of the Saint was quite uninjured. While the flames were raging fiercely, crowds of people were seen climbing upon the sagging roof and hurrying through the building in the midst of smoke and falling timbers; and, though many fell among the glowing coals and were struck by flying firebrands, no one was injured.

The church and the chapel are among the richest and most beautiful in the world, and these alone are sufficient to attract thousands annually to Padua. His is the ruling spirit there; one thinks only of him. Often a hideous little carving of bone or wood or metal is offered you for a mere trifle; and his medals, his photographs, copies of portraits of surpassing loveliness, are for sale on every street corner. Within that shrine what splendor delights the eye! All that can be done with marble and bronze, and silver and gold and precious stones has been superbly

done in the ornamentation of that wondrous mausoleum.

Three sunburnt fishermen were kneeling with their foreheads resting on the sculptured marble of the tomb when I last drew near it. Is not good San Antonio the protector of all seafarers? Do not fair winds come through his intercession? Are not his medals and statuettes worn by devout Christian sailors the wide seas over?

Having spent hours of rare refreshment in that glorious temple, and gathered my little store of pious objects, I returned to mine inn for rest. From the windows I saw the lofty walls of Il Santo—the Basilica of San Antonio—towering against the sunset. There is nothing finer than the proportions of this wondrous structure. Larger than San Marco at Venice, it is far more impressive when viewed from without. There are a hundred gables that toss like a broken sea. Clusters of delicate spires spring into space like frozen fountains; and over all rise seven splendid domes that seem to be floating in mid-air. One almost fears that the whole will melt away in the twilight, and leave only the spot that it once glorified—like an Arabian tale that is told. Surely its creation was magical. Some *genie*, sporting with the elements, made marble soluble; and, dreaming of the fabulous East, he blew this pyramid of gigantic bubbles, and had not the heart to let them break and vanish. Or is it but another miracle of the beloved Saint?

St. Anthony of Padua has been hailed as the Eminent Doctor, the defender of the Divinity of the Incarnate Word, and the vindicator of the Real Presence. He was also the champion and the apostle of the glorious mystery of Mary's Assumption, as the Patriarch of Assisi had been of her Immaculate Conception. It was St. Anthony who uttered the versicle incorporated in her Office on the Assumption: "The august Mother of God has been assumed into heaven and placed above the angelic choirs." What proof had he of this? Our Blessed Lady appeared to him; with his eyes he saw her in her glory; with enraptured ears he listened to her voice celestial as she said: "Be assured, my son, that this my body, which has been the living ark of the Word Incarnate, has been preserved from the corruption of the grave. Be equally assured that, three days after my death, it was carried upon the wings of angels to the right hand of the Son of God, where I reign Queen."

Therefore, with a heart filled with indescribable joy, he exclaimed: "The Virgin of Nazareth has, by a singular privilege, been preserved from the original stain and filled with a plenitude of grace. Hail, O Mother of God, city of refuge, sublime mountain, throne of the Most High, fruitful vine yielding golden grapes, flooding the hearts of men with the holy exaltation of pure love! Hail, Star of the Sea! Thy gentle and radiant light is our guide in the darkness, showing us the entrance to the harbor above. Woe to the pilot whose eyes are not fixed on thee! His frail bark will become the plaything of the storm, and will be swallowed up in the foaming billows."

The glowing tributes which have been paid to St. Anthony of Padua would fill volumes, yet the noblest tribute of all is the silent but ardent love his millions of followers have given him. Nothing need be added to this, yet I will add what St. Bonaventure said: that St. Anthony was "an angelic soul," and that his crown of glory was enriched with all the gems of grace and perfection distributed amongst the other saints. "He possessed the science of the angels, the faith of the patriarchs, the foreknowledge of the prophets, the zeal of the apostles, the purity of virgins, the austerities of confessors, and the heroism of the martyrs."

St. Antoninus, the illustrious Arch-

bishop of Florence, says of St. Anthony: "He was a vessel of election, an eagle in knowledge, a wonder-worker beyond compare." And the Franciscan Liturgy adds: "A violet of humility, a lily of chastity, a rose of divine charity." He was the ardent advocate, the favorite and the champion of the Sacred Heart. Three centuries after his death the Venerable Jane Mary of the Cross describes the following vision with which she was blessed:

"While in prayer on the Feast of St. Anthony, I saw the soul of this Saint borne by angels to the feet of Christ. Our Lord opened wide the wound of His Heart; and this Heart, all radiant with light, attracted and seemed, in some sort, to absorb the soul of St. Anthony, as the light of the sun absorbs all other light. In the Heart of Jesus the soul of the Saint appeared to me like a precious gem of radiating brilliancy, which filled all the cavity. The varied play of its colors represented to me the virtues of the Saint. They shone with marvellous splendor in the ocean of light proceeding from the Heart of Jesus, to the honor of Christ and the glory of the Saint himself. Then Jesus took this lustrous gem in His Heart and presented it to His Heavenly Father, who caused it to be admired by the angels and saints."

. . . . . .

"When you hear that I am a saint, then bless ye the Lord." These words, that fell from the lips of the youthful Anthony when he first went in search of martyrdom, were not addressed to his brethren at the Abbey of Santa Cruz alone: they are as fresh and as appealing now as they ever were; they are alive and shall always remain alive; and to-day—now—this very hour—they are addressed to me and to you, and to everyone that lives or shall live in ages to come, even unto the end of the world.

"Bless ye the Lord!"

(The End.)

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

THE SECRET OF A SORROWING HEART.

MRS. CASEY and I were very good friends, and I enjoyed very much an occasional chat with her. Her conversation was a quaint blending of beautiful simplicity and a gentle shrewdness, which, within her limitations, betokened her a keen observer of men and things; while a wise charity characterized all she said.

One pleasant summer morning, invited by her kindly nod and smile, I took a seat beside her on the south piazza, where she sat knitting the soft grey stockings that furnished her constant employment.

"I wonder if your thoughts are as busy as your hands?" I inquired, as she made room for me on the bench beside her.

"Mostly they are," she replied. "I think a great deal, ma'am; but I never let my thoughts get away with me entirely. Times when they're not so pleasant—for there's many a thing to sadden an old woman like me—I call a halt on them."

"And what do you do then?"

"Oh, I take a little stroll down into the garden, or give a hand in the kitchen if they're busy, or maybe steal into the chapel for a visit. 'Tis a comforting thing to have Our Lord so near."

She smiled up at me brightly, but I heard the echo of a half-breathed sigh.

"How long have you been with the Little Sisters?" I inquired.

"Close on eleven years," was the reply. "I'm nearing seventy-three."

"You have no relatives?"

"I have one son, ma'am, if he isn't dead by now?"

"And he never comes to see you?

"He doesn't know whether I'm living or dead, ma'am."

Feeling that I had been trespassing on delicate ground, I refrained from questioning her further. Apparently, my curiosity

had no depressing effect upon her, for presently she said:

"'Twas a sudden notion brought me here,—a freak maybe you'd call it; but I'd do it over again if I had it to do. I was busy and happy enough before I came, and I'm busy and happy enough where I am. The bit and sup of charity from a stranger isn't half as hard to swallow as when it's doled out to you by your own, or those that ought to be your own. There's an old proverb I mind well. I think of it often. I'll engage you have heard it many a time:

> 'A son is a son till he gets a wife,
> But a daughter's a daughter all her life.'

I've had sorrowful proof of that, ma'am. Some may talk as they will about the man being the head of the house and the master; it doesn't hold good always,—only seldom. Some tyrants of men are leaders, and a woman's heart is broken with that kind. Thank God there are not so many of them, after all! I don't believe there are, only when the drink makes them so; and even then many a drinking man is decent when he's in his sober senses. A woman doesn't feel so hard against him—that way. As a rule, I think the woman is the real head of the house. A sensible man knows his wife's advice is to be taken; and a weak, shiftless one is often kept under by a strong-natured woman. I've seen it in a long life, ma'am; it's nearly always the way. I often wonder what will be the end of those Women's Rights if they get their way. 'Twould be a sad thing if they'd get the upperhand of the men. I hope to God it may not turn out that way. What do you think, ma'am? You're not for them, of course?"

Having heartily assured her that I was not in sympathy with the New Woman, I ventured to ask a question, with the intention of diverting her thoughts to the original subject.

"You had a daughter once, Mrs. Casey?"

"I did ma'am," she answered; "and a good child she was. Herself and the boy came to America together, and I followed them four years after, when they had a little home for me. Katie was a milliner, and John had learned the machinist trade in Ireland. We were respectable people in the old country, where it costs money to learn a trade or a business; and their father did well by them both. But times got hard, and he died. Sometimes, when I think over it all, I feel as if I'd like to speak to somebody. I hope I don't tire you, ma'am, with my old talk."

"Far from it, Mrs. Casey," I answered. "You know that I sympathize with you; and, then, a confidence often relieves an overburdened mind."

"Yes," said the old woman, thoughtfully. "I may as well tell you the rest; though maybe you'll think worse of me when you've heard it."

"Oh, no!" I replied. "Do not fear that, Mrs. Casey. We all make mistakes now and then."

"That is so," she rejoined. "Well, as I was saying, my husband died, and that is how we all came to America. 'Tis the same story many a one has to tell. The children made a comfortable home for me in R——. Katie earned fifteen dollars a week, and John eighteen or twenty. He was a very promising lad, always reading machinery books, and once he found what was wrong with a machine when the experts gave it up. After that the master sent him about the country mending and repairing; and then by degrees he began to leave off practising his religion. Then he invented some kind of a screw, and was a long time trying to get some one to invest money in it. He found a man at last, and a bigoted Protestant he was, with a family of dashing girls. This was in Memphis, Tennessee. The end of it all was that he married and prospered greatly. But he didn't write to us often after that; though when he did he was

never without sending a gift of money.

"Katie and myself got on nicely; but one cold winter she had an attack of pneumonia, and it left her lungs delicate. She began to spit blood, and that frightened me. I wrote to John, but received no reply for a month or more. Then he wrote asking us to come and make a visit with him; for he said the South would be good for Katie. She wasn't for going; but I thought of her, and her alone, and persuaded her; telling her 'twould do no harm to try it. So at last she consented. I wrote to John then that we'd go, and he sent us the money to pay our travelling expenses. We hadn't seen him for ten years, and when he met us at the wharf he was greatly changed. His face was long and peaked, and his hair was grey; and, though he was finely dressed, he didn't look near so happy as in the days when he was working at his trade.

"When we went home to his fine house the wife was very stiff. She was all in silks and ribbons—for 'twas of a summer's evening,—but to my mind she had a common look. She couldn't compare with my sweet, pale, soft-voiced Katie. She took us up to our room, and told us to go to bed, as she would tell a couple of children. But the night was fine, and I thought I'd say my Rosary in the garden; so, after Katie was asleep, I stole down. The moon and stars were shining bright, and the scent of the flowers delicious. I sat down on a bench beneath a kind of balcony, to say my prayers. I hadn't been there long till I heard footsteps on the porch above me. They didn't see me, and I couldn't get up without their finding me out; so I was obliged to hear every word. It was John and the wife.

"'Mr. Casee,' said she, giving the name the queerest sound, 'why didn't you tell me how Irish your mother was? The girl is well enough, but the old woman is just terrible. I can't let any of our friends know she's belonging to us.'

"I trembled for fear of the answer he'd make, but he only said:

"'Now, Sarah, try to be reasonable. My mother is a fine old woman, and I am not ashamed of her. She will not trouble you. I didn't mean her to see you at all; but now that she's here, you'll have to make the best of it.'

"'And introduce her to my friends?' said she, with a sneering laugh.

"John was silent for a few minutes, and then he answered:

"'No, Sarah, you needn't trouble about that. She won't put herself forward.'

"'Hm! she won't! I fear she will. I just fancy I can see her coming into the parlor in that big white cap.'

"'Say no more about my mother, Sarah,' he retorted; and then they went in, and all was quite again.

"I stole up to the room. Katie lay fast asleep, breathing softly as a little child. If it hadn't been for her I'd have gone out into the night and darkness that minute; for my heart was hurt and my pride was strong. But I knew how it would be if I told her the sorrowful tale; and 'twas only for her that I lived at all.

"I went to my bed comforted. I was up at the break of day, but Katie still slept on. When I saw how pale and thin she looked, and felt the fresh breath of the morning stealing in through the window, and the scent of the flowers — for the garden below was full of them,—I said to myself: 'O my darling, I'll bear a deal for your sake!' So I went downstairs, hoping to meet John; for he was always an early riser. And I did meet him, sure enough, coming out of one of the rooms.

"'Good-morning, mother dear!' said he, with an affectionate smile and taking my hand tenderly. 'I'd like to have a few words with you before the others are up.'

"'Very well, my son,' said I, stepping out onto the porch.

"He followed me and asked for Katie.

"'She's sleeping nicely, poor girl!' I

replied,—'better than she has slept for a long time.'

"'I'm glad of it. Come, mother, we'll walk about a little; the morning's fine.'

"Well, I knew that he wanted to get out of hearing of any one in the house; but I went along with him, and after a while he said:

"'Mother, my wife is a very bigoted Protestant, and all her friends are the same. When I wrote asking you and Katie to come, I thought she'd be away North for the summer with a party of friends. But the plan was broken off before I had time to let you know.'

"'Well, John dear?' said I, waiting.

"'I've been thinking it might be more pleasant if you and sister Katie would occupy a small cottage that's vacant just around the corner. I could go to see you there—and it would be better every way.'

"'Yes, John dear,' said I, 'it would. We'll be glad to go. It will be pleasanter in every way. But, my son, don't let your poor sick sister know we're not welcome here.'

"'What do you mean, mother?' said he.

"'I was always a woman of few words,' I answered. 'That you know without my telling you. When can we go?'

"'Maybe it would be better to go soon—before you've unpacked your trunk. The place is all in order. In fact, I own it myself, mother. The tenant went out only last week. And you will at least have peace.'

"'The sooner the better, John,' said I, giving his hand a little squeeze; for I pitied him from my heart.

"Well, I made it all right with Katie, telling her the house would be full of company, and making out 'twas my own proposition to have a nice little place to ourselves. I made an excuse to ask for Katie's breakfast in the room, and we ate together. By nine we were in the cottage, and a pretty place it was. Not a sight of the Madam did we get before we left. She was in the parlor talking to some one as we passed out. But I heard her say, 'An old Irish woman and her daughter'; and by that remark I knew she meant to deny us altogether.

"Three months we spent in that little house, till Katie faded away like a flower out of my arms and went to heaven. Never once did that woman put her foot across the threshold, but every night John would steal in for a few minutes. He provided well for us, and was very kind and affectionate when he came. But I couldn't deceive Katie long. Very soon she saw through it all, and was longing to get back home, where we'd be independent again as we were before. Nothing grieved us like seeing John pass the door of a Sunday going to the Baptist church along with his wife.

"Well, to shorten my story, we fell in with a kind priest, and he came regularly to see my girl till she died. She went without a struggle or a pang. One morning I was busy in the kitchen, and she sitting at the open window in a big willow chair with a cushion at the back. It seemed a long time since I heard a sound from her, and I went in. There she was dead, a sweet smile on her lips and her Rosary between her fingers. Did I weep and wail, ma'am? Oh, no! My heart was rejoiced to see her out of pain and trouble; to know that neither of us would have to eat any longer the bitter bread that was choking me every day. I closed the doors and locked them, and laid her out with my own hands. I put on her my own habit that I had laid away, and then I went to the undertaker. I knew the train left at two o'clock that day, and I was bound to get away on it. Her birthday occurred three days before. That evening John came in and put a hundred dollar bill in her hand; and it wasn't the first time he did the like. I had some little savings besides, so it was easy enough for me to have everything done

in time. I don't know what you'll think of me, ma'am, or whether I did right or wrong; I can't be sure about it myself till this day. But all I wanted was to get away. I didn't want to see John again, and I had my wish.

"When the train left that day I was on board, with my precious girl in her coffin in the freight-car behind me. Here I brought her, and here I buried her in the little cemetery. The neighbors were kind. I don't know what they thought, but they asked me no questions; for I was always to myself, and never intimate with any one. For a while I pottered along alone; but my health failed greatly, and I had no trouble in getting into the Little Sisters. I knew the good Mother well."

"And your son?" I asked. "What did he have to say about it?"

"I never had a line from him, for he didn't know of my whereabouts. Oh, he was well enough himself, ma'am; but 'tis likely he was vexed with me for what I did, and the wife had the upperhand."

"And you never wrote to him?"

"I did not, and—God forgive me!—I never wished to."

"But you forgive him?"

"If praying for him day and night be forgiving, I do that, ma'am. No son could have been better to his mother under the circumstances; but he was false to his God and his holy religion."

"And you would like to see him? In your heart of hearts you long for him sometimes?"

She raised her tearful eyes to heaven and clasped her hands with a passionate fervor as she replied:

"Oh, never! never! I know you won't understand,—you can't understand. The Lord will pardon me,—I know He will; for He knows—He knows what a cross it is to a broken-hearted mother."

She was right: I could hardly understand; but the God on whom she relied so confidently—surely He understood.

Is Anti-Catholic Prejudice Dying Out?

THERE are many reasons for thinking that bigotry should be less bitter and less general in the United States than it was in the first years of the century—the spread of enlightenment; the decay of the rigid, old-time Puritanism; the growth of religious indifference; the greater intimacy of social relations, etc. But such is not the case. Ignorance of the Catholic Church may be less crass than formerly, but prejudice and distrust would seem to be as strong as ever. Only the other day the editor of a widely circulated paper published a reply to certain of his readers to whom he had given offence for no other reason than that "he was disposed to speak kindly of Sisters of Mercy and other good Roman Catholics." And we have seen how a candidate for nomination to the Presidency was promptly rejected because his wife and children happen to be members of the Catholic Church. Discrimination of this sort is practised everywhere. It is enough for a candidate for any office to be a Catholic to meet with almost certain defeat. No: popular prejudice has not lessened a particle. Pretensions to liberality are vain, for the most part. Bigotry is as rife as ever; and religious animosity is not softened, though manifested less openly. Catholics are generally regarded with distrust, if not with positive hatred.

Many persons imagine that the force of the Protestant tradition of enmity toward Catholics, especially priests, was at its greatest half a century ago. This is a delusion. That force is actually greater at the present time. This may easily be shown. The first subscription list for the erection of the old cathedral in Boston was headed by the illustrious John Adams, the successor of the immortal Washington in the Presidency of the United States. And we are told that there were few wealthy

Protestants who did not esteem it a privilege to make liberal contributions for the same purpose. When the great and good Cheverus, for whom the dignity of Prince of the Church was in reserve, was recalled to his native land, more than two hundred Protestants publicly remonstrated against his translation; and when he took his departure from the city that had been blessed by his presence for so many years, three hundred carriages escorted him several miles on the road to New York, where he was to embark. Again, when Bishop Fenwick was borne to rest after a life full of good works, the bell of a Protestant church joined with that of the cathedral in giving expression to the general sorrow.

That was long ago; but such manifestations of kindly feeling would astonish the natives nowadays, in spite of all the pretensions to liberality that are made. Prejudice still holds sway, and it is useless to deny it. The devotedness of our clergy, the self-sacrificing lives of our religious consecrated in a thousand ways to the cause of suffering humanity, the distinguished public services of many Catholics, the virtues of the laity in every walk of life, have not excited the admiration and love of the Protestant body. To most Protestants the Church is essentially evil. The notion prevails that a virtuous Catholic is such not in consequence of his religion, but in spite of it. It is as astonishing as it is sad that prejudice like this should be so widespread in a country like ours at the close of the nineteenth century.

There must be a reason for this, and it is well to know what it is. There are men calling themselves Christians and ministers of the Gospel of peace whose chief object in life would seem to be to promote discord, to stir up strife, to spread hatred of the Church and distrust of its members. There has never been a movement against Catholics in the United States that was not inaugurated or promoted by the Protestant clergy. They are chiefly responsible for the injustice that is done to Catholics, and for the suspicion with which the Church is regarded by the great masses of the American people. We are aware that prominent Catholics who are in a position not to feel its effects have pooh-poohed the A. P. A. movement; and that the Pope has been assured times without number that anti-Catholic sentiment is not strong in this great land of freedom. Nonsense! The late Frank Hurd, of Ohio, declared that the A. P. A. movement in his State amounted almost to persecution; and the methods of its abettors have been quite as violent and unscrupulous in many other places.

It is a serious charge to make against the Protestant clergy that they are constantly bearing false witness against their Catholic neighbors; that they are the abettors of every anti-Catholic crusade. However, there is no denying this. The reader may remember an article contributed to the *Century Magazine* two or three years ago by the Rev. Washington Gladden, in which he accuses the great majority of his *confrères* of the monstrous contention that Catholics, as such, are a dangerous class, any kind of opposition to whom is to be welcomed. "The extermination or repression of the Roman Catholic Church seems to these pious men a desirable end, and they are therefore inclined to argue that any means to that end are justifiable." There are not a few Protestant clergymen — honest, God-fearing men — who cherish no animosity toward Catholics, and who often take occasion to defend the Church when they know her to be maligned; but these are exceptions. The "great majority," sad to say, truth to tell, are bigots, for whose ignorance of Catholic teaching in this age of books there can be little excuse; and whose implacable hatred of the Church is certainly not inspired by the God of charity.

It is well to realize the truth of all this.

It will help Catholics to appreciate the difficulties in the way of a right understanding of the Church by non-Catholics; it will influence us to do all that lies in our power for their enlightenment; and it will cause us to redouble our prayers for those who "sit in darkness," that the misconceptions in the minds of thousands and thousands of our fellow-countrymen as to the real nature of the Catholic Church may be removed,—that they may see the "city seated on a mountain," and find shelter within its walls.

Notes and Remarks.

At last we have the text of the Apostolic Letter on Anglican orders. After instituting a minute and thorough examination, the Pope has decided that "ordinations carried out according to the Anglican rite are absolutely null and utterly void." This decision was what was expected by Catholics generally. Considering all that it involved, every right-minded Anglican will be moved to respect the courage and candor of the Papal declaration. It emphasizes the intolerance of truth. An ambiguous or less explicit decision would not have tended "to preserve souls from injury or procure their advantage." And no such decision was to be feared from the Father of the Faithful. This act will take rank in history with the memorable non-compromises of his predecessors.

The utter uselessness of book reviews appearing in the ordinary magazines and newspapers is illustrated in the estimate of a work on confession and indulgences by one "Dr." Lea. This book makes pretence of great learning, but is in reality made up of ill-digested facts and unwarranted inferences. The learned scribes who create literary immortality for such journals as the Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *Critic*, however, exploded innumerable sky-rockets in honor of the author, and pronounced his book "a valuable addition," etc., etc.; quoting abstracts about the corruption of the Church and the traffic in spirituals. So far as we have seen, the book has not been reviewed in any Catholic publication, nor would a refutation from such a quarter have neutralized the evil effect of the book. The only secular journal in the language with scholarship enough to be able to refute this work, and honesty enough to wish to do it, is the *Athenæum*, of London, which calls "Dr." Lea's volume a "confused and commonplace attack on doctrines held by Catholic writers, and sometimes a travesty on them." It declares that "an anti-Popery lecturer could not do much better than this"; that the author "amidst statistics contrives to show his Protestant fanaticism"; and finally holds up the unhappy "Doctor" as a horrible example of "how an historian can become a bitter partisan."

We rejoice that the Missionary Union founded by the Paulist Fathers to gather funds for the maintenance of missions to non-Catholics has already met with substantial encouragement. The directors of the Missionary Union announce that they have offered to pay the way of a priest in some of the Southern and Western dioceses, if one could be set apart to labor among our separated brethren. As soon as the excitement of the present political campaign has subsided, the good work will begin in New York; and the indefatigable Father Elliott will introduce this modern apostolate into Canada. Nothing in the history of the Church in America is more consoling than the growth and popularity of this movement. The need of it can not be doubted, in view of the suspicion and bigotry with which so many otherwise good people regard the Church; the success of it is guaranteed by the continued enthusiasm of the handful of priests who have tried it.

Is the spirit of genuine, heartfelt religion increasing or decreasing? The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Annecy's answer to this query is anything but reassuring. In a volume recently published he states that attempts are made to lure careless Catholics to Mass by making the church service as attractive as possible,—by gorgeous decoration, by

masses of flowers, by operatic music and professional singers. He denounces the laxity of parents who delay the baptism of their children; condemns the pagan custom of parade at fashionable weddings, and display of flowers at funerals; and declares that the twenty-five minutes which some Catholics give to a Low Mass on Sundays are wholly powerless to neutralize the irreligious tendencies of the rest of the week. In fact, Mgr. Isoard realizes — what outside writers have charged especially against France — that laxity prevails to an alarming extent, and that the moral temperament of the nation is sadly enfeebled. This deplorable condition arises, as the London *Tablet* points out, "from a fundamentally false conception of what religion is and what it demands of us. A Christian, a son of the Church, is in an intellectual and moral position widely different from members of the sects. His spirit is one of penitence. This character is absolutely needful to him; for the penitential spirit results from the dogmatic teaching of the Catholic faith. To recognize one's self as a sinner is to be convinced of the necessity of expiation by privations and direct attacks on one's worldly desires. Yet the immense majority of the Catholics of our day know little or nothing of this."

Francisque Sarcey likes to think of himself as the *pontifex maximus* of French criticism, as indeed he is; and in defending his own title he has a most unexpected good word to say of the Holy Father and the Index of Prohibited Books. We could hardly have expected such a declaration from a professed freethinker, but this is how he reasons it out:

> The Pope, custodian of faith in the world, extends his jurisdiction over all writings that appear in the world. A book that has just been published and is making a great commotion is laid before him, and the question is put to him, May we read it? After a long examination he replies through the Index: "No, my children. You ought not to read it; for by doing so you may compromise your faith and your morals."

M. Sarcey then points out that in the realm of dramatic criticism his own decision is regarded as pontifical and infallible by many good and bright people, and he asks very pointedly: "Why is it that what is so natural in a simple critic appears so monstrous when applied to the Pope? I try to protect what I hold to be good taste; he tries to protect what he holds to be the true faith. I ask for him the same liberty that I claim for myself."

The Rev. Walter Calley has created a sensation: he has declared himself in favor of parochial schools, which he considers necessary for religious education. "We must not lose sight of the fact," he exclaims, "that against all social and business training, intellectuality and the study of the classics, stands religion. . . . The State puts the civil before religious training, but that is contrary to all Christianity. . . . Neglect education of any kind, and you have barbarism; neglect religious education, and you have infidelity. Let us get back to the old days when the word of God stood for something; and God help us to open up a Protestant parochial school here."

We do not know what particular sect Brother Calley represents, but it doesn't matter. He is candid enough to admit that opposition to Catholics is so strong that Protestants "can not, through prejudice, estimate the value of their effort to root out infidelity; for unless our children are trained in religion, God help the future of our nation and the child of our land!"

That Catholics in this country have neither a literary nor social influence proportionate to their numbers is evident from the impunity with which their faith is attacked or ridiculed in books and newspapers. Politicians are delightfully respectful of our religion, because — amazing as it must seem to outsiders — Catholics quickly resent in a politician what they easily forgive in a writer. It is to be hoped that this spirit will disappear with the present generation. It is fast dying out in England. There no one can insult the Catholic religion with impunity. He is sure to be taken vigorously to task, and is thus always on guard. A French translation of a book by Mr. Andrew Lang having been placed on the Index, that gentleman wrote

to an English paper expressing his "surprise and regret" that a book written with perfectly innocent intention "should be thus unhappily distinguished"; and adding that it would grieve him if Catholics should infer from its condemnation that it is a wilful attack on their religion. The book in question is out of print in English, but the incident reveals the honesty of Mr. Lang and the influence of Catholics across the water.

From the eloquent and thoughtful discourse delivered by the Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien at the laying of the corner-stone of a new church at Augebrack, Ireland, we extract this notable passage: "No one can be nearer to Jesus than His Mother, but Jesus is God and Mary is His Mother; therefore nearer to God than Mary is no one is. Therefore she is highest and she is holiest; for if there were another created or to be created holier, that other would have been the Mother of God. She is holiest not because she is the Mother of God, but she is the Mother of God because she is holiest. She was the Full of Grace before the Angel addressed her by that title, once only uttered in the Scripture; that predicate never applied to any one but herself. Belisarius was made commander, for he was the ablest; but he was ablest before he was commander, and ablest when the war was over and his command dissolved. Belisarius begging his obolus is Belisarius still."

The venerable Mr. Gladstone gave his friends another surprise when he made a lengthy and impassioned address at Liverpool without fatigue. The old lion was roused by the horrible atrocities which the Turks still continue to inflict upon the Christians of Armenia. With all his accustomed power and adroitness he urged the people of England to protect the Christian subjects of the Sultan,—a duty assumed by Great Britian through the Treaty of Berlin. The jealousy existing between England and Russia is said to be the only obstacle in the way of punishing the Turk; and against the slow and cold-blooded processes of "modern statesmanship" the Christians of the English-speaking world, led by Mr. Gladstone, protest. "It is, indeed, an august spectacle," as the New York *Sun* observes,—"that of this old man eloquent consecrating the great powers of an intellect still uneclipsed, and the tremendous influence of which only death can deprive him, to a cause which comes home to every generous heart, and in which the honor of England is engaged."

The late Father Point, S. J., was over ninety-five years old, having labored more than seventy years in the priesthood. In 1825—the year of his ordination—he was deacon of honor at the coronation of Charles X., the last Bourbon King of France; and before his death was perhaps the only living person who had witnessed that ceremony. *R. I. P.*

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Charles A. Vissani, O. S. F., who lately passed to his reward in Rome.

Sister M. Aloysius and Sister M. Baptist, of St. Catherine's Convent of Mercy, New York city, whose long lives of self-sacrifice were crowned with precious deaths last month.

Mr. Robert J. Crane, of New York, who died suddenly on the 26th ult.

Mr. Theodore Schulte, who departed this life on the 5th ult., in San Francisco, Cal.

Mr. Dennis Cawley, of Ashville, Pa., whose death occurred on the 11th ult.

Mrs. Eliza Conroy, whose life closed peacefully on the 13th ult., in Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Ellen Miner, who yielded her soul to God on the 19th ult., at Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. Emma Wallace, of Stuart, Iowa, whose happy death took place on the 24th ult.

Mr. Renshaw M. Jones, of New York city; Mrs. Ellen E. Kohl, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. M. Connolly, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Mr. Clarence Merrick, Zanesville, Ohio; Mr. Michael Stengel, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. E. J. Casey, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Maria Ayers, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Georgie Reagan, Stuart, Iowa; Mr. Patrick Ryan and Mr. Jerome O'Neill, Chicago, Ill.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Queen of the Rosary.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

WHEN early bees were humming
And little lambs at play,
With springtime we were coming
To crown thee Queen of May.

Decking thy shrine with flowers,
'Mid perfume, light and song,
The birds that filled the bowers
Were not a happier throng.

And now stands grave October
Among her golden sheaves,
Her brow, serene and sober,
Ablaze with autumn leaves.

And we again are singing;
Once more we come to thee,
A radiant garland bringing,
Queen of the Rosary!

Silly Conrad.

BY CHARLOTTE CURTIS SMITH.

II.

WHEN the storm had spent its force, and only distant thunder could be heard rolling away down under the mountains, Conrad thought of the cow. At first his little heart beat fast, for his sensitive nature dreaded his father's wrath. It was already growing dark, and he was far from the place where he had left the cow at noon. He knew not what to do; so he sat down on a stone and piped away on the stick. His own music charmed him, and he laughed and forgot all about the cow and his angry father.

The storm had silenced the birds; but when Conrad's wild notes pierced the air, they responded and flew from their hiding-places. He watched their curious flight, and piped to them until dark. He lay on the ground all night in his wet clothes, every little while piping on the stick to see if he could awaken the birds. Toward morning he fell asleep; but he was up with the birds, piping on the stick again.

When the sun rose he took off his clothes and hung them up to dry; and while he was waiting he ran about piping on his stick like a true child of the woodland. He never had been so happy. No father to scold him; no cow to tend; nothing to do but to make music, music, music, and listen to the birds! When his clothes were dry he dressed himself; but he enjoyed his freedom too well to think of going home. He ate blackberries and wintergreen berries, and went piping and dancing up and down the steep hills and through the valleys. At night he thought of his mother and her songs. But what was he going to do about the lost cow?

One day he came to a small town beside a wide stream of water,—wider than he had ever seen in the mountains. A steamer was lying alongside of the dock and people were going aboard. Conrad watched the crowd. Just before the boat started he heard sounds that thrilled every nerve in his body. His heart beat so fast that he could not hear distinctly; cold shivers crept down his back and tears rolled down

his dirty cheeks. It was the first time he had ever heard a musical instrument.

Before the gangplank was hauled in Conrad was aboard, sitting on the floor behind two men. One was playing on a violin, the other was playing on a harp. Conrad kept very still until the musicians stopped playing, then he came from his hiding-place and began piping on the elder-stick with all his might. The crowd of people shouted and applauded, and Conrad piped the louder. He played the four notes quickly, then he played them slowly; over and over again he played them, trying to express the music that had awakened within him.

The musicians thought him a great curiosity, and so they took him to New York. But before many days Conrad became separated from the violin and harp—for he followed the music, not the musicians,—and he never found them again. He wandered about the streets, piping on the stick. People gave him pennies, and he soon learned the way to spend them. Conrad did not like the city: he longed for the mountains and he wanted to go home. But the lost cow—what was he going to do about her? At last he thought he would try to earn money enough to buy one; then he could go home and his father would not scold.

One evening he sat on one of the North River piers, piping his four-note tune, when a white-bearded gentleman spoke to him.

"Well, little man, do you call that a tune?" the gentleman asked.

"Yes, sir; it's sweet music, I think," Conrad said, then piped again.

"And why are you here every evening, tooting on that whistle?" the gentleman inquired.

"For money for the lost cow," was Conrad's answer.

The gentleman questioned Conrad, and the boy told him about his home in the mountains; his mother and the songs she sang to him; the lost cow, and the fear he had of returning without the money to buy another; and the violin and harp he had lost and could not find.

When the gentleman had heard Conrad's story, he took the ragged, barefooted boy by the hand and led him through the streets bustling with people. The crowd reminded Conrad of ant-hills and swarms of insects he had watched in the mountains. He asked his kind friend where everybody lived, and he was surprised to hear that there were homes in that great city. He thought that the crowd crawled into holes and slept like the ants and flying insects. He told how he himself slept in a hole down by the water, where all night he could hear the water splash and the steamers whistle as they passed.

After the boy had had a good supper, the gentleman asked him if he would like to hear music. Conrad sat down on the floor to listen; for he thought the chairs too pretty to sit on. When the friend had played a few strains on his violin, Conrad leaped into the air.

"Oh, how beautiful! Play more, play more, please!" he exclaimed; then sat down again to listen.

It did not take long for his new friend to discover that Conrad was a genius. So he told the boy that he would teach him to play, and when he could play well he would give him money for the lost cow. Then Conrad said:

"But I'm very stupid: I can't learn anything."

"We'll see what you're good for," said the kind-hearted gentleman; and the little musician was very happy.

III.

While Conrad was going to school and learning to play on the violin in New York, his broken-hearted mother was grieving for him. Every evening when the sun was setting she looked up the mountain path and called to him sadly:

"Conrad! Conrad! Where is my boy? Where is my little fifer?"

Every evening his mother looked for his return, but his father said: "I'm rid of a bad bargain."

The cow returned the night after the storm, and the father did not worry about the loss of his stupid son. Now the cow was tethered in a clearing near the house, so Conrad was not needed.

His mother could not believe that he was dead; for she had searched the mountains, and surely if he were dead she would have found his body. Every hour she could spare from her family she was up in the mountains looking and calling for her boy. She had been his champion all his life, and the care he had caused her increased her love for him the more. When the first snow fell she prayed that the Virgin Mother and the holy angels would protect her boy and guide him safely home.

The mother missed Conrad especially during the winter; for he always remained at home when his brothers went to school. And she thought of him winter nights when she heard the wind moaning and sighing in the chimney; for she remembered that Conrad liked to sit close to the bricks to listen to the sweet music of the wind, while his brothers crept up to bed to get rid of the doleful noise.

When the summer nights came again the mother sang "Röslein auf der Haiden," thinking the song might bring Conrad if he were near. Every evening at sunset she still looked up the mountain path and called:

"Con-rad! Con-rad! Con-rad!"

But the father said: "We'll never see him again."

As the years rolled on, the father's heart softened when he saw his boy's vacant chair at the table, and he longed to fill the little fellow's plate once more.

Conrad was eight years old when he began to study the violin, and he was thirteen when he played for the first time before the public. He played "Legende," by Henri Wieneawski, at a *musicale* at Chickering Hall. When the little fellow—for he was small for his age—stood before the large audience, playing with all his soul, he did not notice the sea of heads before him: all about him looked dark, and he was conscious only of the vibrations of his instrument. Standing there in his black clothes and white linen, he did not look like the boy who once piped on a stick down by the North River piers. He was no longer "silly Connie": he was now Conrad Kosenkranz.

When he responded to his first *encore* he played a "Fantaisie Pastorale"; but when he was called out the second time he played "Röslein auf der Haiden," after a fashion of his own, much to the surprise of his instructor. He played it as he remembered his mother and he used to sing it in the mountains. The hearty applause that followed did not flatter him at all. He asked, "Do they want me to play all night?" and he slowly put the violin into its case.

As Conrad walked off the stage he thought: "Now I can buy the cow, and go to the mountains and see my mother."

In a few days Conrad started for home with the fifty dollars for the lost cow. He travelled by stage to the village of Shandaken, then he walked over the mountains toward his home. And when he went down the cow-path at sunset he heard his mother calling:

"Con-rad! Con-rad! Con-rad!"

He thought of the elder-stick in the case with the violin; so he took it out and began piping the four notes on it.

"What do I hear? What do I see? My prayers are answered!" exclaimed his mother, when she saw her long-lost boy, in trim attire, descending the mountain path, piping the four notes that she remembered so well.

The strain awakened bad memories in the father's heart; for he cried:

"There's that stupid boy coming home

to be a burden on me! I'm sure it's he."

"I have the money for the lost cow, father," were Conrad's first words.

The father was so proud of his son's fine appearance that for once he did not scold. And the mother's heart was too full of joy to talk.

Conrad explained to his parents about his fear to come home. He told them of the awful storm in the mountains, his journey to the great city, and his life there. Conrad was delighted to be at home once more. And he was overjoyed when he found he had a little sister—for all the children were boys when he went away,—and he named her Röslein. Wilhelm, Jakob, and Ludwig were tall fellows, earning good wages, which they brought home to their father. They were quite proud of Conrad, and did not refer to the time when they called him "silly Connie." Heinrich and Adolph, the two younger brothers, now tended the cow,—not the one which Conrad left in the woods, but a younger one. The boy was sorry to hear that his cow had been sold.

Conrad remained in the mountains until snow fell, then he went back to New York to resume his studies; and his mother went with him, and remained a short time to settle him comfortably for the winter. He never became inured to city life: his heart always yearned for the mountains. Every summer he spent with his mother at the mountain home; and every day at twilight they sang the sweet German song that they both were so fond of. When they were weary with singing, Conrad played on the violin; and so for many days his mother heard the music she had so long felt in her deep heart.

(The End.)

A LAZY young fellow getting up late one morning complained that the bed was too short. "Ah!" said his father, "that is because you lie too long in it."

Rival Artists who Were Good Friends.

Filippo Brunelleschi and Donato were both sculptors at Florence about the year 1400. Donato had completed a crucifix for the Church of Santa Croce in that city, to be placed beneath a picture by Taddeo Gaddi, representing a young girl restored to life by St. Francis. Filippo, on being shown the crucifix, and being asked by his friend what he thought of it, answered that the figure of Christ was not of perfect beauty. Donato testily rejoined: "Take wood, then, and make one yourself." Filippo, who did not allow himself to be irritated, felt that there was some truth in the retort, and resolved to set about the making of a crucifix himself, such as he thought ought to have been produced. He did this secretly, and it was an admirable work. Some time afterward Donato was invited to come and dine with him; and they had bought a lot of eggs and delicacies, which Donato was carrying homeward in an apron, when he was told to go forward to the house with these, and his friend would follow.

On entering the house, Donato's eye caught sight of Filippo's crucifix, of which he had never heard anything; and he was so amazed and ravished with it that all the eggs and dainties fell at once to the floor, as his eyes became riveted on beauties such as he himself could never attain to, in the disposition of the members of the body. He at once recognized the crucifix as a miracle of art. And the two rivals were fast friends forever after.

Filippo was also a skilful and ingenious architect and engineer, and was recommended to the Pope by Cosmo de Medici as a man of immense capacity,—a compliment which made the Pope smile, as Filippo was very small. It used to be said that if every state had one man like Filippo its citizens might all live in peace and security without the use of arms.

With Authors and Publishers.

—It is good news that Mr. Aubrey de Vere is about to publish his autobiography. We venture to predict that this work, which will contain the aged poet's recollections of all his great contemporaries, will prove to be one of the most notable books of recent years.

—Hitherto it has been thought that only one copy of St. Bonaventure's "Speculum Vitæ Christi" existed, but another copy has been accidentally discovered in England. It was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1494, and had been used by some vandal as a scrap-book. Considered merely as a bit of book-making, it is one of the most valuable specimens known to collectors.

—That "The Following of Christ" is enjoying fresh vogue is attested by the various new editions of the work lately published. Among the best we have seen is that issued by Benziger Bros., with morning and evening prayers, devotions for Mass, etc. The print is clear and large, the illustrations above the ordinary, the binding substantial, and the form most convenient. The only fault we have to find is with the paper. It is so thin that the lines show through in places, producing a blurred appearance of otherwise pleasing pages and rendering them somewhat difficult to read.

—Miss Edna Lyall's intense sympathy with human suffering gives a beautiful tenderness and warmth to her style. Her indignation against tyranny and injustice is confined within no barriers of race or creed, as "Doreen" plainly shows. Her latest work, a slight volume with the uncommonplace title, "The Autobiography of a Truth," sketches briefly the sufferings of a Protestant clergyman and a Professor who fell victims to the tyranny of "the great assassin" who disgraces even the throne of Constantinople. Miss Lyall's primary object in writing this book was to arouse the Christian conscience against the brutalities of the Turk; and though her work is no "Uncle Tom's Cabin" it will not be without effect. The publishers are Longmans, Green & Co., and the profits of the sale will be given to the Armenian Relief Fund.

—Messrs. Kilner & Co. have in press a new book from the busy pen of Mrs. Dahlgren. It is entitled "The Secret Directory, a Romance of Hidden History," and illustrates the danger of joining secret societies.

—We welcome a new edition of "Goffine's Devout Instructions," with numerous illustrations. It is printed from large, clear type on good paper, and is neatly and substantially bound. The text has been revised, and the work is thus rendered acceptable to all classes of readers. The merits of Goffine's "Instructions" are too well known to call for further notice. It is a pleasure to see so good a book in such attractive form. The price is exceptionally low.

—A professor in Hamilton College has prepared a polyglot edition of the Epistle of St. James for use in schools. The Greek text serves as a basis, and beside it are ranged the Latin, English, French, Italian, and German translations, together with the versions of Wycliffe and Tyndale. All the texts except the Vulgate are Protestant, and therefore unsuited for use in Catholic schools, and, indeed, in any other. We would suggest to the learned professor who compiles this little volume that "Roman Church" is not the correct title of any religious body, so far as we know A teacher who needs to be told this, at this late day, can hardly be accepted as a safe literary guide. Ginn & Co.

—There is a pretty criticism of one of Raphael's masterpieces in the "Letters of Edward Fitzgerald," just published. He writes: "I dare say I may have told you what Tennyson says of the Sistine Child, which he then knew only by engraving. He first thought the expression on His face almost too solemn even for the Christ within. But some time after, when A. T. was married and had a son, he told me that Raphael was right; that no man's face was so solemn as a child, full of wonder." Another time when Tennyson was asked by Fitzgerald what there was in Dante's face that was missing in Goethe's, the poet answered. "The Divine."

—The "Dream of Gerontius," as Cardinal Newman once told Mr. Aubrey de Vere, owed its preservation to an accident. "He had written it on a sudden impulse, put it aside, and forgotten it. The editor of a magazine wrote to him asking for a contribution. He looked into all his pigeon-holes, and found nothing theological; but in answering his correspondent he added that he had come upon some verses which, if, as editor, he cared to have, were at his command. The wise editor did care, and they were published at once. I well remember the delight with which many of them were read by the Bishop of Gibraltar, Dr. Charles Harris, who was then on a visit with us, and the ardor with which we all shared his enjoyment."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

Goffine's Devout Instructions. *Preface by Cardinal Gibbons.* Illustrated. $1.00.

Social Problems. *Rev. Morgan Sheedy.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

How to Speak Latin. *Stephen W. Wilby.* Murphy & Co. 75 cts.

Jack Chumleigh; or, Friends and Foes. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Murphy & Co. $1.00.

The Temptation of Nora Leecroft. *Frances Noble.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

Claudius. *C. M. Home.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

Amy's Music Box. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner Co. 75 cts.

The Last Christmas Tree. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. 75 cts.

A Tuscan Magdalen. (Poetry.) *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. *Net*, 75 cts.

The Divine Redeemer and His Church. *Rev. Edward Douglass, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

The Spirit of the Dominican Order. *Mother Drane.* Art & Book Co. $1.00.

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THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

VOL. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 17, 1896. No. 16.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Our Lady of Victory.

LADY OF VICTORY, Regent of hearts,
Thy name in the combat new courage imparts.
With banners of white
And watchword of peace,
Thou comest in light,
And war hath surcease.
Thou comest an army all set in array,
The minions of Satan against thee in fray;
And lo! they are vanquished, and flee in affright
Before thee, who standest in purity's might.

Thy weapon is love,
O Regent of hearts!
The angels above
Wing thy sin-hostile darts;
Before thee the banners of Satan are furled,
Our Lady of Victory, Queen of God's world!

Another "Unsectarian" History.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

ABOUT two years ago we tried to convince the readers of Our Lady's Magazine that an "unsectarian" text-book of history is an impossibility—if the term "unsectarian" be used as indicative of no bias, religious or irreligious, on the part of the author. We think that we proved our thesis;* and a careful examination of a recent work—one which has been lauded as impartial, despite its Protestant origin—confirms our judgment.† There is much to praise in this work, but not sufficient to warrant the superiors of Catholic educational institutions in closing their eyes to its manifest defects. Indeed, these defects are of such importance that we can not comprehend how any Catholic professor or teacher could tolerate the book in his class-room. We have been credibly informed, however, that such toleration has been accorded; that in some Catholic colleges or academies this History of England has been adopted as a text-book. The news that Burke's abridgment of Lingard's work had been ignored, or perhaps cast aside, in favor of this Protestant production reminds us of an interesting episode in the life of Pope Leo XII.

In 1824 many of the friends of the princely Abbé, Louis de Rohan-Chabot, endeavored to persuade the Pontiff to enroll him in the Sacred College, and they were well armed with a formidable list of the candidate's merits and qualifications. The Pope, who was something of a poet, answered the praises of the young nobleman with a verse to the effect that he was

* In THE AVE MARIA, Vol. XXXVIII., No. 21.

† "A Student's History of England, from the Earliest Times to 1885. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford."

certainly pious, but that he was too young.* Some time afterward another appeal was made; and the Holy Father replied with another hexameter, declaring that the Duke was indeed learned and of glorious family, but that he was too young.† And, lest further importunities should be made, the applicants were informed that his Holiness was well provided with a number of verses, all dilating on the many exellencies of the Abbé, but all terminating in the decisive "He is too young." Just so in the case of Gardiner's History of England: there is considerable merit, but every good quality is negatived by one lamentable deficiency. The style is clear and terse; the English is grammatical; the author's grasp of subject is fairly commendable; the plan of division is good; the illustrations are excellent and instructive. But there is too often wanting that without which no book on history has an excuse for being. This *desideratum* is truth. We do not complain of a mere minimization of the truth, but of its frequent distortion and of its not rare utter absence.

There are no egregious blunders in this History. You will not find the Fellow of Oxford committing such bungles, for instance, as you will read in the little work which a German author has lately destined for the enlightenment of our children in matters of Church History.‡ Mr. Gardiner would not speak of Queen Elizabeth as the founder of the High Church in England, thereby implying that the High is the same thing as the Established Church of England. Nor would the Englishman fall into the German's error of making Charles II. the nephew instead of the grandson of James I. Mr. Gardiner would scarcely agree with the German in representing Charles II. as "installed by the Puritans" as the successor of his father; nor would the Oxonian say that Pope Adrian VI. was a German, since that Pontiff was a Fleming.* Of course the English scholar would not characterize the Reformation as "a great *split* in the Church." But, although you will look in vain for any such absurdities as these in this latest English History, you will find errors far more important; and you will sympathize with the teacher whose duty it will be to warn his pupils of the historical pitfalls into which the carelessness of some "board of studies" would lead them.

Our author is a scholar, and his literary manner is that of a gentleman; therefore it would be small praise to say of his work that it contains no rampant lies,—none of those effusions whose foulness would compel one to handle their author with a pair of tongs. Nevertheless, the veriest historical euphemism would hardly qualify Mr. Gardiner's errors as unconscious mistakes. We find it impracticable to note all these deviations from, or perversions of, the truth; but it may be asserted with safety that in nearly every instance of temptation the Oxonian Fellow endeavors to force his Muse into the position of a panderer to Protestant prejudice, and of an aid to Protestant misrepresentation. We shall bring only a few of these instances to the notice of those pedagogues—whether reverend professors, respected tutors, or gentle Sisters—into whose responsible hands this History of England has been placed by persons whose responsibility is greater than their own.

Speaking of St. Augustine's mission for the conversion of the pagan Anglo-Saxons, our Anglican historian is constrained to admit that the missionary's authority

* "Sunt animus, pietas, virtus; sed deficit ætas."

† "Sunt mores, doctrina, genus; sed deficit ætas."

‡ "Outlines of Church History. Adapted from the German of the Very Rev. Theodore Dreher, D. D." St. Louis, 1896.

* The German's text speaks of the fourth Adrian. But this is evidently a typographical error; for the author is alluding to the Adrian who had been a "tutor of Charles V." The fourth Adrian lived in the twelfth century, and was a Frenchman.

came from Pope St. Gregory the Great; but he takes care to warn the reader that the Roman Pontiffs of that day were by no means the authoritative personages that they afterward became. Indeed, the reader is asked to conclude that then the Papal influence was due solely to the habitual respect of the peoples for ancient Rome. "In those days the Pope had far less authority over the churches of Western Europe than he afterward acquired.... The general habit of looking to Rome for authority made men look to the Roman Bishop for advice and help, as they had once looked to the Roman Emperor." When the class has arrived at this passage, we trust that it will find that its teacher is something more than a person whose duty it is to compare the recited words with those of the text; that, in fine, the professor, or respected tutor, or gentle Sister, is sufficiently well equipped to be able to demonstrate the falsity of both what is asserted and what is implied in our Protestant friend's lucubration.

But school-children are prone to revere the printed word; and we would like to study the expression of their puzzled countenances when they begin to realize that, after all, their text-book is not so very authoritative a source of information. But what will be their astonishment when they hear that the celibacy of the clergy is quite a modern institution, and observed or not, in the tenth century, as the clergy willed! Now the professor, etc., must brace up; for there is a deal of speciousness in our Anglican historian's distortion of facts. Are our pedagogues sure that they can supply the antidote for the poison which will have been injected by this remark? "At all times the monks had been unmarried, and attempts had frequently been made by councils of the Church to compel the parish priests or secular clergy to follow their example. In England, however, and on the Continent as well, these orders were seldom heeded, and a married clergy was everywhere to be found." Some time will have to be devoted to an elucidation of this matter of celibacy; but more will be required in dissipating the clouds in which our Oxonian involves the glorious figure of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The average teacher may not find it an easy matter to disprove this most unwarranted assertion: "Archbishop Thomas did not die as a martyr for any high or sacred cause.... He was a martyr for the privileges of his order and of his see." Much attention will also be required by the Anglican assumption that the ante-Reformation Church of England was a "national" Church, in the Protestant sense of the term. We are told, when reading about King John, that Pope Innocent III. did "something new" when he advised the chapter of Canterbury to elect Stephen Langton to the archiepiscopal throne. "The archbishopric of Canterbury was a great national office, and a king as skilful as Henry II. would probably have succeeded in refusing to allow it to be disposed of by the Pope and a small number of monks."

Now that it is growing more probable every day that ere long "Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint," a fairly extensive course of reading upon the Maid's career should be undertaken by those teachers whom we are now addressing, if they wish to be able to defend the propriety of her canonization from the naturalistic theories of Gardiner. The student can derive from the History before us no other idea of Joan d'Arc's claims to heavenly inspiration than that she was, at best, an hallucinated girl. However, natural though such a belief must be to a Protestant mind, we have a right to expect from even a Protestant historian a careful investigation of cold facts before he gives his theories to the world. Gardiner seems to have studied the career of Joan with but little perspicacity. Having seen the Maid attending at the coro-

nation of her King, he says: "She was eager to push on the war, but Charles was slothful." Now, nothing in the career of the Maid is more certain than that she wished to retire to her native obscurity immediately after the attainment of the object of all her exertions—her sovereign's coronation at Rheims. She loudly and energetically proclaimed that her mission was finished; but the monarch and his ministers would not consent to her departure from the army. Gardiner tells us that "the English had no difficulty in finding an ecclesiastical court to judge their prisoner. *Even the French clergy detested the Maid* as having appealed to supernatural voices which had not been recognized by the Church." We trust that our imaginary teaching readers realize that either we have judged too leniently of Gardiner's subjective veracity, or his ignorance of the trial of Joan is the crassest of the crass. We hope, in the interest of the confiding Catholic pupils who perforce pay attention to this unmitigated nonsense, that these teachers will be able, and sufficiently patient, to show their charges, in defiance of their textbook, that the Maid was not tried by a legitimate ecclesiastical court; that the infamous Cauchon and the sycophantic University of Paris were not "the French clergy"; and that the great heart of France, both clerical and lay, anathematized the murderers whom a pontifical decision condemned.

The Catholic student of Gardiner's pages will be astounded when he reads that "*Luther was not only an eloquent preacher of morality, but the convinced maintainer of a doctrine which, though not a new one, had long been laid aside*"; and that "in Luther's teaching was to be found the spirit of political as well as of religious liberty." Our teachers will probably encourage the laughter of such of their students as are sufficiently advanced in logic and in the Catechism to appreciate properly this observation, made by Gardiner in reference to the claim of Henry VIII. as head of the English Church: "*As far as the Pope was concerned, Henry's claim was no direct invasion of his rights. The Pope had exercised authority and jurisdiction in England, but he had never declared himself to be Supreme Head of the Church either in England or anywhere else.*" Probably some compunction will be felt by those who introduced Gardiner's History into their Catholic schools when they read, and hear their pupils reciting, as a justification of Henry's suppression of the monasteries: "The rood of Boxley was exhibited in London, where the bishop of Rochester pulled the wires which caused its motions, and the blood in the phial of Hales was declared to be no more than a colored gum." Of course, by the time the student has read this illustration of priestly trickery he will be prepared to recite *con amore:* "The main cause of the growth of Protestantism was the revolt of honest minds against the profligacy of the Popes and the clergy." But we would fain believe that the same student has not hitherto thought that until the sixteenth century Catholicism was a muddle of inconsistencies; even though his Anglican mentor tells him that the main object of the Council of Trent was "to bring the doctrines of the Church into a coherent whole, *in order that they might be referred to with as much certainty as the 'Institution' of Calvin was referred to by the Calvinist.*" Will our student believe that Gardiner speaks seriously when he says that "Elizabeth took care to deal as lightly as possible with those who shrunk from abandoning the religion of their childhood; and she announced that *they were free to believe what they would, if they would only accept her supremacy*"?

We need make no more quotations in order to fulfil our purpose. The passages

in this History which would compel the conscientious teacher to interrupt the continuance of its study in order to refute their falsities are so numerous that the work could not be finished in an entire college course. Enough has been culled from Mr. Gardiner's work to cause serious reflection in the minds of those Catholic superiors who have chosen it as a text-book, and to produce wonder on the part of the Catholic pupils who are asked to derive their knowledge of English history from such a source. We do not know what Catholic colleges or academies have adopted the work. But whoever the delinquents be—seculars or religious, men or women,—they have incurred a tremendous responsibility. And for what reason have they selected so dangerous a text-book? They could not have read it. Charity bids us suppose that they were attracted by its nice pictures, its fine binding, its delicate typography, etc. Well, good friends, an indulgently pitying smile may greet your presentation of literary trash by way of premiums at the end of the scholastic year,—and we do not know that you ever bestow anything that is worse than trash. But we have, as Catholics, a right to insist that during the ten months spent by our children under your presumedly fostering care their minds be fed with solid literary and spiritual pabulum, all gilt-gingerbread stuff being carefully banished. If we find that those minds are as readily poisoned as they would be in an "unsectarian" institution, why should we continue to reject the undoubted temporal advantages which would accrue to our children from an education in that institution?

LEARN to live thy religion, and thou shalt have little need or desire to argue and dispute about it.—*Bishop Spalding.*

HABIT, like the ivy of our walls, cements and consolidates that which it can not destroy.—*Picciola.*

A Man with a History.

BY L. W. REILLY.

DURING the past summer, finding myself in need of rest from my work as a physician, I determined to get as far away from home as I well could do in a month's vacation, and to see strange people in scenes to me entirely new. Accordingly, from Philadelphia I went to Boston, passed up through New England, visited the Catholic Indians in Maine, and proceeded as far as Nova Scotia, where, in *a terra incognita* to the average American tourist, I spent an invigorating fortnight.

On my way through Canada I paid my respects in Montreal to an eminent medical specialist. He detained me two whole days, but who could resist his warm-hearted hospitality? In his professional enthusiasm, he invited me to examine, in one of the large hospitals of that charitable city, a case of malignant disease that was apparently yielding to a novel treatment of his.

After our visit to my friend's star patient, we proceeded together to the other private rooms where there were invalids under his care, and then to the public wards. In one of those allotted to men my attention was attracted to a nurse—an old man, with bushy gray hair,—who was binding up wounds and sores, applying poultices, salves and lotions, and on his knees kissing the bandages that he made for one sufferer before going to another one. He moved about quietly, worked quickly, and acted tenderly; but his face was stern, and about him was an air of melancholy that was almost forbidding. On our way out I said to my host:

"That's a skilful nurse you have there, but he doesn't seem to like his job."

"Who? François? Why, he's the best bandager in all Montreal! And he likes

the work so well that he will take no pay for doing it. He does it, he says, *pour l'amour de Dieu.* He keeps a little tobacco shop that supplies his few needs. Every morning he spends from eight to twelve o'clock among the sick poor. He will not dress the sores of the well-to-do patients for love or money; that is, not unless their malady is notably offensive,—cancer, for instance."

"He must be a man with a past."

"He is. He is an example of the violation of the Biblical warning: 'Parents, provoke not your children to anger.' At least, he fancies that he is. But run off now to 'do' the Church of the Gesu that you say you must see—look, we are in sight of it,—while I go my morning rounds. Come back at one o'clock, and while we are having our lunch I'll tell you his story."

I accepted the terms, and this is what I heard.

. . . . . .

A dozen years ago a happy family of French Canadians, named Caron, lived in Fall River. Besides the parents there were five children—three sons and two daughters,—the eldest of whom was twenty-two, the youngest fifteen. All but the mother worked in the mills. They were thrifty, comfortable, pious and contented.

The elder daughter, Leontine, in her eighteenth year was merry, brisk, plump; a pretty brunette, with dark hair, brown eyes, rosy cheeks, and a trim figure. She was as innocent as she was gay, and as simple in the world's dark ways as she was winsome. In an evil hour, at a dance, she made the acquaintance of a boatman on a line of steamers plying to and from New York. He captivated her. In their subsequent meetings he drew glowing pictures of the Metropolis, and promised to make her life there one dream of joy.

As she knew that her folk would not consent for her to marry out of the faith, she did not venture to invite her lover to her home. But she met him clandestinely until he had perverted her conscience to see no wrong in getting married before a squire. When the brief ceremony was over, he hurried her on board the boat on one of its return trips to New York. During the passage Leontine wrote a note to her parents, informing them of what she had done. Imagine the grief of the faithful household when they received the news of the wedding, and found out by inquiry where it had taken place! Imagine their dismay when further investigation disclosed the fact that the groom was a bigamist!

Before the honeymoon was over, the scoundrel, having got wind that the Carons had discovered his turpitude and were on his track, abandoned his bride and disappeared. The forsaken girl wrote home for forgiveness, but her letter was not answered.

"Never, never, *never* again shall she enter this door!" said the father, in his rage at the disgrace that she had brought upon the family.

The mother, too, closed her heart against the daughter who could carry on love-making in secret, then enter upon an unblessed marriage, and leave her kin for a man who was comparatively a stranger. "She forsook us: why should we share her shame?"

The brothers and the sister accepted without objection the decree of ostracism.

Meantime Leontine found employment in the big city. She wrote twice, but both letters were returned to her unopened. When her time was nearly come, she went to a maternity hospital kept by Sisters of Charity in Brooklyn, and there her baby Rose was born.

When the deserted mother was strong enough to go out, she thought to herself: "The sight of me and my child—my innocent and helpless child—may touch their hearts, not to be reached by letters." So she journeyed to Fall River.

Twilight was deepening into night as

the sad young mother approached what had once been home. She knocked at the door: it was opened by a strange woman. Leontine inquired for her people, and was told that they had moved to Willimantic in Connecticut. She guessed the reason—they had fled from ignominy!

Weak in body and broken in spirit, Leontine spent her last money to procure transportation to the paternal door. Her mother answered the timid rap. When the latter saw who was there she cried, "O Leontine!" and was about to greet her with a welcoming embrace. But the father, jumping up from his seat at the table, leaped to the side of his wife, pulled her back with a rude jerk, and slammed the door in his daughter's face.

Leontine would have fallen then and there in a faint, if, even as the things about her swayed before her swooning vision, the fear of injuring little Rose did not bring her to her senses with a start.

"O my God," she moaned, "do Thou have pity upon me and my child, since my parents have cast me off!"

She got lodging from the police that night. The next day she set out to walk to South Coventry, where there was a family from Rivière-du-Loup, the home of her childhood, who might give her shelter while she sought work. She was not disappointed in their hospitality. After a few days' rest, she secured charge of some spindles in a mill.

Baby Rose, deprived of her mother's care during the day, did not thrive. Lack of suitable nourishment combined with the summer's heat to render her the victim of an infantile disorder. Within a week after she fell sick she was dead.

The loss of her babe affected the mind of Leontine. In the middle of the night, after the infant was laid out in its coffin, when no one else was awake, she picked up the body and turned her steps toward Willimantic. She arrived there the next day, in the evening. Her brother Pierre saw her coming, with her child wrapped up in a shawl, and he gave notice to the other members of the family. The door was quickly locked, and when she knocked and said:

"Let me and my sick child in, for the love of the good God!"

"No," replied the father. "Go away,—go away! You have brought enough shame upon us."

"My mother!" cried the half-demented creature, "will not *you* let me in?"

There was no answer. Inside of the house there was a woman in tears, half willing to relent, but kept undecided through fear of her husband's displeasure.

"My brothers and my sister, will you not intercede for me?"

They did not respond to this appeal. But the father shouted in angry tones:

"Go away! You do not belong here. You forsook us, we forsake you. Begone!"

Then that outcast daughter raised her voice in malediction:

"I go," she shrieked, "never to return to you! Not one of you shall ever see my face again. You are all one in driving me away; so may God be as hard to you as you have been to me!" Then she hurried off into the night.

Since that hour Leontine Caron has not been seen by any one who formerly knew her. Where she is or how she is no one of her old acquaintances can tell.

From that fatal night misfortunes rained on the Caron family—sickness, loss of employment, accidents, etc. In four years from then five of the household were dead. Pierre was caught in the machinery of the mill and whirled around a belt until every bone in his body was broken. Jean Baptiste went back to the ancestral acres at Rivière-du-Loup, and fell a prey to pneumonia the next winter. The third son—Antoine—died of typhoid fever in Vermont, whither the family had moved to escape the notoriety brought upon them by their daughter's crazy journey with

her dead child. Stephanie married the "super" of a mill, who was also a partner in the company that conducted it. Her riches turned her head. She soon became ashamed of her parents, and, incited by her husband, she estranged herself from them. After eleven months' enjoyment of the pride of life, she was carried off by puerperal fever.

These multiplied afflictions broke the heart of Mrs. Caron. Not from any physical ailment, but from sheer grief she died, calling for Leontine, and beseeching her husband to give her a home.

Then, over the corpse of his devoted wife, François Caron saw how harsh he had been to his daughter, who was more sinned against than sinning. Then he awoke to the fact that in praying daily "Forgive us our trespasses *as* we forgive those that trespass against us," he had been begging the Almighty to be cruel to him. Then he remembered with a shudder the last words of Leontine—"May God be as hard to you as you have been to me!"

After the funeral, Caron gave up his situation, sold all his belongings, and set out to find his child. He visited Willimantic, Fall River, New York, Boston, and other cities, but in vain. Nowhere did he get tidings of her. At last, abandoning the futile search, he came hither, concealing his family name from all but three persons in town, of whom I am one (and you mustn't disclose it while he lives), practising penance, devoting himself to works of charity, seeking to win from the Lord the grace of discovering his daughter and of deserving pardon for himself. He is a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. He fasts every day, he prays long into the night, he gives away in alms all that he makes above a meagre support. "*Le bon Dieu*," he once said to Sœur Anne, "seems to be deaf to me, but I hope and believe that He will hear me at last."

For seven years now he has led this life—a living sermon, an example of the parental wrong of provoking a child to anger; a model of contrition, a pattern of filial trust in God. But, in this skeptical age, who will believe that his petition will be heard?

. . . . . .

Last night this letter came to me from Montreal:

"VERY DEAR FRIEND LOUIS:—You remember François, the nurse, whose tragic story I told you? Well, you must learn its *dénouement*. Day before yesterday the *ancien curé* of Rivière-du-Loup in the Diocese of Three Rivers, came to the hospital for treatment. This morning he encountered François as the latter was passing with me through one of the corridors.

"'Ah, François *mon fils*,' he exclaimed, 'it is a long time since I have seen you! What ailment brings you here?'

"'I am a nurse, *mon Père*,' he replied, looking like a criminal who had been found out.

"'And how long have you been here?'

"'Seven years, *mon Père*.'

"'*Eh bien!* Come to my room, *mon fils*. I have something to tell you.'

"'May I, doctor?' he inquired, turning to me.

"'Yes, certainly,' I answered, expecting some important disclosure. 'But come to me on Sœur Anne's floor as soon as you are free; for I can not get along without you for that new patient.'

"But I shall have to get along without him, because—but I am getting ahead of my story.

"When François and his old pastor were in the room together, with the door locked, the priest said directly:

"'I have news of Leontine.'

"'I have waited for it for years, *mon Père*,' was the pathetic answer.

"'She is dead.'

"'*Ah, mon Dieu!*'

"'She died holding my hand. That was

one month and three days ago to a day. She had dragged herself back to die where she had been born. Of her life I will say nothing. It is sufficient to know this—she received the last Sacraments. She went gladly, hopefully, gratefully.'

"'*Ah, mon Dieu!*'

"'She had heard somehow of the deaths of her mother, brothers, and sister. She had made inquiries at long range and through strangers for you, but you had vanished—no one knew whither. That she could not ask your pardon once more and assure you again of her undying affection was her last great grief. To forgive and be forgiven would have taken the sting out of death. But that consolation was denied her.'

"'*Ah, mon Dieu!*'

"'She entreated me, if I should ever get news of you, to send you her last message of love, to make you certain of her full forgiveness, and to implore you to pardon her, even in the grave, her girlhood's folly.'

"The old man was too much affected to make any response. He was crying; his face was hidden as he rested it in his hands on the table, but the tears trickled through his trembling fingers.

"'She did not fear death after God Himself had forgiven her. She had been estranged from Him,—partly, so she said, because He had permitted her to become estranged from you, and because He would not move you to relent. Poor child! as if it was His fault, and not her and your doings in opposition to His will, and His Commandments to love and forgive one another.'

"'It is true,' moaned the father: 'I would not heed until too late.'

"'However, when His merciful Providence brought me unexpectedly to her bedside, and when she had accepted the offered grace of confession, the darkness left her mind and the bitterness fled from her heart. Peace came to her. And with peace came more sorrow for her poor wasted life,—real contrition, founded on the goodness of Our Lord in bearing with her so long, and in opening to her the refuge of His Sacred Heart at last. Like a child—like the little Leontine of the day of her First Communion,—she closed her eyes in the sleep of peace; those beautiful, big, bright brown eyes—you remember, François?'

"'O my Father, don't! don't! *don't!*'

"'Nay, my son, I did not mean to pain you. Tranquilly she expired, with the sacred Name of Jesus on her lips and a prayer for you in her heart.'

"'*Ah, mon Dieu!*'

"'She lies buried beside Jean Baptiste. I, who had baptized her, given to her her First Communion, and administered to her the last Sacraments,—I offered up the Requiem Mass and blessed her at her grave.'

"'May the good God reward you, my Father; and may He be forever praised!' cried the old man. 'Now indeed I do look for mercy. I thank Him for all that I have suffered. I offer it up, in union with the Passion of Our Lord, in expiation for my sins and for the sins of my child. O my Leontine—my little Leontine; my daughter—my dear daughter, I do forgive you, as I ought to have done long, long ago! Poor child—poor innocent, deceived child! You paid dearly for letting yourself be misled by the stranger. And I—I added to your woe, thinking more of the shame to me than of the shame and pain and misery to you. May the Father in heaven forgive us both!'

"But here the overcharged heart gave way. He fell out of his chair to the floor unconscious. A blood-vessel burst in his brain. There was but time for the priest to give him absolution when his spirit went to rejoin his loved and lost.

"Fathers," wrote the doctor in conclusion, "provoke not your children to anger!"

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.

XIII.

FATHER JOGUES, as we have already seen, returned to Canada in the spring of 1644, and found the colony on the verge of ruin—reduced to the last extremity by the incessant inroads of the Iroquois. The great fault of the colonists was their entire dependence on the mother-country and the want of resolution to carry out their plans.

In this state of affairs it was impossible for Father Jogues to return to Lake Huron; he was therefore sent to the new town of Montreal, which was called the City of Mary, in honor of the Mother of God, to whom it was consecrated. Here he wintered, with Father Buteux as his superior; and, though we find no details of his labors during this or the following winter, which he also spent at Montreal, his stay led to the eliciting of many facts with regard to his captivity; for Father Buteux, by entreaty, request, and even command, drew from him a detailed narrative, which is still preserved, and possesses great value, as confirming and explaining his Latin letter, and as preserving much not elsewhere recorded.

When Father Jogues at last bore away the crown which he so ardently desired, Father Buteux wrote: "I will have, I believe, the happiness of having written most for the honor of this first martyr of Canada. I ask no other recompense than that all may be for the greater glory of Him for whom he gave his life." A little later he observes: "I regret that I was not more importunate in eliciting from him what might be for the greater glory of God and His saints. But yet what could I do with a man who, to hide the grace of God, would ask of me some method for making his meditation well or his thanksgiviug after Mass; and that with a real sentiment of humility and truth, believing that he knew nothing? Alas! I should have wished to learn both of him, and particularly the latter, as from a soul, if I may say it, glued to the Holy Sacrament. It was before that hidden God that he performed all his spiritual exercises—prayer, examinations, Office,—great as might be the cold, intense the heat, or importunate the insects."

Father Jogues carefully avoided all display and sought to be unseen and unknown. So far did he carry this, in his desire of avoiding the honor which was rendered him by all, that it seems he never signed his name after his return to Canada, as in whatever writings we have of him the name is wanting, even in a letter to his superior.

Meanwhile the Governor of Canada was on the alert to seize the first occasion of drawing the Mohawks to thoughts of peace. The capture of some chiefs of that tribe enabled him to treat of peace without revealing his weakness or compromising the name of France. Some of the prisoners were accordingly released, and, after much kind treatment, sent home to propose a treaty. This step led to the most happy results. In the following summer a solemn deputation arrived, and was received at Three Rivers on the 12th of July, 1645, with every degree of pomp. Father Jogues, who had descended from Montreal, was present, though not seen by the deputies. When all was silent their speaker began his council march and chants, explaining the several presents of which he was the bearer. When belt after belt of wampum had been thrown at the Governor's feet, he exclaimed, as he held aloft one which was beautifully adorned with their shell-work:

"This is for the two black-gowns. We

wished to bring them both back, but we have not been able to accomplish our design. One escaped from our hands in spite of us, and the other absolutely desired to be given up to the Dutch. We yielded to his wish. We do not regret their being free, but we regret our ignorance of their fate. Perhaps even now while I name them they are victims of cruel enemies or swallowed up in the waves. The Mohawk never intended to put them to death."

The missionary heard him with a smile. He was no stranger to the wily character of the Iroquois, and he smiled at the effrontery of the assertion. "For all that," said he, "the piles were ready and the torturers were at hand. Had not God rescued me, I should a hundred times have perished. But let him talk on."

He saw, to his joy, a peace concluded; presents were made to the Governor, and nothing was needed but the approbation of the council lodge on the Mohawk. While the Indian deputies were on their way back he returned to Montreal, there to await the result, on which he foresaw his future depended. His usual labors filled up his hours till the following spring, when the confirmation of the peace, and the request now for the first time made for a missionary, warned him to prepare. It was still the hunting season, and he could now steal some days to give himself to silence and prayer, performing the usual retreat made each year by the members of the Society of Jesus. Many Mohawks came to Montreal from time to time, but not from the first and second villages, which, however, almost alone sent out war parties; and yet should a mission be established, it would necessarily be in one of them.

When, at the close of the retreat, Father Jogues received a letter from his superior announcing that he and his consultors had unanimously resolved to found an Iroquois mission, and to confide to him the duty of opening it, his heart was filled with fear,—but fear "lest what I desired, and what my soul prized most, might not happen." He feared to be thought unfit, as he deemed himself unworthy; and though, remembering the past, "nature trembled," he felt no human fear.

On the 2d of May he wrote his answer to the superior, announcing his readiness to set out. As to his journey, he merely observes: "If God wills that I go to the Iroquois, the one who is to be my companion must be virtuous and docile, courageous, and willing to endure something for God. It would be well, too, that he should know how to make a canoe, so that we may go and come without being under any obligation to the Indians."

He thus expresses his happiness in receiving the mission: "Yes, Father, I will all that Our Lord wills; and I will it at the peril of a thousand lives. Oh, how I should regret the loss of so glorious an occasion, when it depends but on me that some souls may be saved! I hope that His goodness, which did not forsake me in the hour of need, will aid me still. With His grace, I am able to overcome all the difficulties which can oppose our project."

Father Jogues set out soon after for Three Rivers, where another embassy had already arrived to solicit expressly the establishment of a mission; and, to show their sincerity, deplored, after their custom, the death of two missionaries then recently deceased: Father Massé, the patriarch of the Canada mission; and Father Anne de Noüe, who died in the exercise of charity and zeal—frozen to death amid the drifting snows.

On reaching Three Rivers, however, he found the intention was to send him and M. Bourdon as ambassadors, in the first instance, in order to certify the good dispositions of the tribe. A few days sufficed to prepare; and the two ambassadors set out on the 16th of May, in the year 1646,

accompanied by four Mohawks and two Algonquins, deputies of their nation, to confirm the peace which was to unite at last the great hereditary enemies of the valley of the St. Lawrence. "An Iroquois mission seemed a dream, and yet it was a reality." Convinced, however, that it could not bear fruit till it was watered with the blood of some other martyrs, it was called the Mission of the Martyrs.

All things considered, the undertaking was a dangerous one; and public prayers were offered up for the two ambassadors during the time of their absence. Father Jogues did not even wear his black gown, the well-known sign of his office. "There is nothing," said the Algonquin chiefs, "more repulsive at first than this doctrine, that seems to war against all that man holds dearest. And as your long gown preaches it as much as your lips, I think you will do better to go at first in a short one."

In a lay dress, then, like his companion, he was now ascending the Sorel; then, coasting Lake Champlain, they arrived, on the 29th of May—that year the eve of Corpus Christi,—at the portage which led to the lake beyond: the Andiatarocté of the Mohawks, to which the missionary now gave the name of the Holy Sacrament; but, alas! the name of the King of kings has given way to that of "the dull Hanoverian."

The little party now began to suffer from want of provisions; and, one of the Algonquins having met with an accident, they were compelled to make a *cache*, and endeavor to reach Ossaragué, the fishing station on the Hudson (probably Saratoga), where they expected to find a party of Mohawks catching smelts. They were not disappointed. Recruited here, they soon arrived at Fort Orange, between fifty and sixty miles from the station. This enabled the misssionary to deliver the letters he bore from the Governor of Canada addressed to the Governor of New Netherland; and to express once more, in person, his gratitude to his deliverers; for, though on his return to France he had taken care to reimburse their outlay, he felt that no sum of gold could repay their generosity, as none could have produced it.

For Megapolensis he felt a deep interest, and could not show it better than by endeavoring to lead him back to the fold of Christ. He accordingly sent from Albany a paper in which, with the most perfect charity, he sought to show his benefactor that his fathers had erred in leaving the Church of Rome. Would that we had that document! It must have contained an unction, a charity and force that few could resist; for, alas! it is not the means of convincing that are usually wanting, but only the art of finding the avenue to the hearts of men.

After resting a while at Albany, he proceeded to the nearest Mohawk castle—Ossernenon,—which lay about ten or twelve leagues distant. Here he arrived on the 7th of June, but found that it had assumed a new name and perhaps a new site. It was now called Onesgisre. Here he remained two days, to satisfy the curiosity of the many who flocked to see him, and to receive the congratulations of the few who had formerly befriended him. Meanwhile preparations were made for a general assembly, and when all was ready the two deputies of the French were solemnly received. Then Father Jogues rose, and, displaying the presents which he bore, addressed them thus:

"Neither you nor I could expect that I should so soon appear in one of your public assemblies to treat of peace. But such is the usual conduct of the Master of life, of whom I have often spoken to you. Before exalting His servants, he first, in a manner, crushes them and proves them by the severest trials. I do not recall this to cast blame on any who hear me or on the youth. Providence permitted me to fall into your hands; through my

aunt's great goodness I escaped. That trial enabled me to learn your language, so that I can to-day, without an interpreter, address you, and deliver the word of Onontio and the French.

"You yourselves, Mohawks, know how important it is for you to be at peace with that nation. Your allies and friends, the Dutch, have doubtless told you of the glory of the French name; of the power of the King, his vast dominions and resources. I can assure you that there is not a happier kingdom in all Europe than France; in that country abounds all that can make men happy, if there is true happiness in this world. There is the science of earthly and heavenly things: fine arts, splendid cities, rich and gorgeous dresses, magnificent edifices, and stately abodes for the nobles. There you will find civility, courtesy, and, above all, the knowledge of the Master of life, who made the sun and the stars, and whom all sincerely love and adore. You may convince yourselves that I speak the truth by going to France, as you may easily do after the peace. As soon as you land you will be amazed at the multitudes of people, and will cry out with your countryman who died at Paris, regretted by all, 'France is all one city!'

"Is it not better to live in peace with such a nation than to be in continual war with the few of its people who from time to time visit your shores? You wrong them, I know; but, as the pebble wrongs the pebble, in destroying them you destroy yourselves. Although they can easily do without you, they have received your envoys well and treated them most kindly. Ask them, and they will confirm my words. But doubtless they have already told you how the French tried to gain their hearts.

"The council fire is now kindled at Three Rivers; the houses of the French are open, their tables set; and since you have rejected the Algonquin scalps offered by the Sokokis, you have convinced French, Montagnais and Algonquins that no artifice, no deceit, can hereafter break the alliance so happily begun to-day. To bind it more closely, the French ask you to set at liberty the young captive of their nation; and the Hurons, their daughter Teresa, long in your hands."

Father Jogues then spoke for the Algonquins; and, explaining the reason of their not giving presents (having left them at the lake), he delivered the presents of the French, and some in his own name, to the tribe in which he had been adopted. The greatest enthusiasm seemed to prevail in favor of the French; and when a new assembly met, all that was asked was agreed to. Presents were made to the deputies for the Governor, and to Father Jogues in person. The latter gifts came from his tribe, the Wolf, whose word was: "The French shall always find among us friendly hearts and an open cabin. And thou, Ondesonk, shalt always have a mat to lie on, and fire to keep thee warm."

The peace was now absolutely and finally concluded, and the missionary sought to extend it to all. The solemnity of the day had attracted to the council Indians of the other allied tribes. Among the rest were many Onondagas; these the envoy addressed, and, though interrupted by the jealous Mohawk, won them to the French by the present which he delivered.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

In the spiritual universe there are no fences, and the fields of patriotism and righteousness lie under the same stars. Now, our schools, with their close relation to the business of life, demand a reinforcement on the side of spirituality. They have been more and more secularized, and it is only as the people become largely at one on religious matters that they can ever recover a distinctly religious character.—*Horace Scudder.*

Durward Glen.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

A GLEN mysterious in its brooding shades;
The pathos of its ever-weeping ledge,
Where maiden-hair dips just beyond the edge
Of streamlet clear; aërial arcades
Of swaying forest-tops transforming glades
To lofty minster aisles, before whose gates
Our Lady with her Blessèd Infant waits
Till nature's charm in trance celestial fades.

A memory meet for heaven; yet, like deep themes
Inspiring harmonies transcending lines
Of mortal minstrelsy, the soul inclines
In adoration where the altar teems
With our Redemption's mysteries, passed all dreams,
On thy crowned height, Saint Mary of the Pines!

Swift from a blasted fissure of the hill
A fountain sprang, clear, crystal clear, and cool,
To find its way, not to some stagnant pool,
But, o'er lush grass, itself scarce yet a rill,
Through meadows green and blossoming and still,
To join a swifter stream from yonder glen
More wild than e'er was fashionèd by men,
And thus a joyful destiny fulfil.

Crowned is the sylvan beauty of the spring
Now by a Gothic arch; historic blocks
Take the environment of native rocks,
Neath which, deep cut, are solemn words that cling
Long to the heart and quickened memory—
"Think,
O pilgrim, of thy Saviour's thirst, and drink!"

AUGUST 12, 13, 1896.

THE higher the mountain on which you stand, the less change in the prospect from year to year, from age to age. Above a certain height there is no change.—*Thoreau.*

Sadie's Knight.

BY MRS. ANNA HANSON DORSEY, AUTHOR OF "ZOE'S DAUGHTER," "'BETH'S PROMISE," ETC.

IV.

"IT'S after twelve, I know; and we ought to be in bed," said Kate, opening the door very softly between her room and Sadie's, so as not to disturb her if she happened to be asleep. Finding her, however, not only awake, but gazing out as if spellbound at the radiant night, while she whispered the prayers of her Rosary, she came in. "Put your white woollen shawl around you when you have finished, and come out on the veranda. We will imagine ourselves in fairyland," she said.

"Oh, how glad I am that you came! It is altogether too lovely to shut one's eyes on. It seems to bring one nearer to heaven," answered Sadie, as they stepped out on the veranda and settled themselves in cane-woven rocking-chairs, which the soft, velvety salt breeze gently swayed.

The broad river was luminous under the full moon, and the low monotone it whispered to the night was interrupted only by the "All's well!" of the sentinels on the old line-of-battle ship lying off in the channel, and the musical sound of her bell striking the hour and half-hour. Those two pretty watchers, in their soft white robes and fleecy woollen wraps, high above it all, were in harmony with the scene and the hour.

"It is so good to have you here, Sadie! How shall I ever let you go!" said Kate.

"Don't let me go,—come with me. I don't want to be let go, and won't," replied Sadie. Then they kissed and snuggled nearer to each other.

"You were very quiet all evening, Sadie. You're surely not getting home-sick?"

"Oh, no indeed! How could I? I never had such a good time in my life. One will have quiet moods sometimes."

"I'm afraid you did not enjoy our visit to 'Lady Polly'?"

"I thought it was very sad. I don't think I could laugh at her; and, Kate—if you won't mind,—I can not understand your being able to get any fun out of the unfortunate old creature."

"Oh, bless you! We don't make fun of her misfortunes: we only fall in with her crazy humors, because it makes her happy. Why, the whole town would be up in arms if any one were unkind to Lady Polly, or tried to play off any mischievous tricks on her!"

"What is her story?"

"The veriest romance you ever heard out of a novel. Ma knows it all, but I'll tell you what I remember having heard. She was a great beauty in her young days, and her father was very wealthy. In the last war with England, Cockburn sailed up and down the Bay here, burning and ravaging everything in his reach. He was known as the 'demon of the Chesapeake,' and they call him so even now. One day, when pretty Polly Guy was sitting on her porch under the roses, in a white gown and blue ribbons, pretending to stitch a wristband, she saw a man-of-war's boat filled with English sailors stop at the landing; and would have run in and locked herself up, but she noticed there was a handsome young officer in command; and waited to find out what they wanted, for the sake of a flirtatious chat with him. He spied her; and, ordering his men to halt, came up very respectfully, *chapeau* in hand, and asked permission for his sailors to fill their casks from a famous spring on the place. Her father was away in town, but they were 'welcome to as much water as they wanted,' she graciously replied, and sent her maid for one of the servant-men to show them the way to the spring.

"When he had started his men off on their errand, he returned to Miss Polly and began to pay her florid compliments, and make love to her in the usual style of the day. The girl's sentimental, romantic nature was deeply impressed. They met several times later, and became engaged. He told her he was a younger son of Lord Collingford, that he was a midshipman on the *Minden*—one of the ships of Admiral Cockburn's fleet,—and that as soon as the war was over he would come back and marry her; a promise which she accepted in simple faith. The next thing known was that Cockburn had landed one day, burned Mr. Guy's fine house to the ground, and destroyed everything on the plantation, killing all the cattle that he did not steal. That pile of ruins you saw in the neighborhood of Lady Polly's dwelling was all that was left of the large, beautiful house. But this made no difference to the lovers, although it did to Mr. Guy; and, to aggravate matters, his pretty daughter became such an audacious, outspoken royalist that he threatened to whip her and lock her up if she didn't hold her tongue. She used to get letters from her lover; and now and then she'd sail away in her pretty little skiff and meet him somewhere along shore, under the great trees which grew down to the very sands.

"One day peace was declared, and Cockburn's fleet sailed home; and poor Lady Polly never saw or heard from her handsome sailor sweetheart again. But she never doubted, and is sure to this hour that he is coming; and she has been watching and watching all these years for her Lord Collingford, as she calls him. It all seems like yesterday to her, poor soul! and she doesn't know that she's grown old and crackbrained. Her mind got so full of hallucinations about King George and the English nobility that she wouldn't allow people to come to see her because they did not belong to the aristocracy; and the doctor said she would go melancholy mad if some plan could not be fallen on to humor her. Then everybody

went masquerading as lords and ladies to her house, and you'd have supposed that all the nobility of Great Britain had emigrated to Virginia. But it made her perfectly happy and as proud as a butterfly; then she quietly settled down into this ridiculous craze. If you had not been introduced as a viscountess she would have been very rude and disagreeable."

"What a romance! I wonder which would be the sadder for her: to know that he was false or to believe him true?" said Sadie.

"That's a conundrum. She's happier as she is, I reckon, in a way," answered Kate Ashton. "Let us make a vow, Sadie, never to fall in love."

"I never mean to fall in love. But if I should be caught unawares, it will have to be by some one as beautiful and good as Sir Galahad himself," said the other, laughing. "Don't you think I shall have to wait longer than Lady Polly for such a knight?"

"I'll have to consider the matter. I don't know but one Sir Galahad in the world, and that's our Bertie—"

"My dear girls, what *are* you doing up so late? Come in at once and go to bed," said Mrs. Ashton's gentle voice. She had awakened and heard the low murmur of voices on the veranda; looked out and saw the two girls, who got up at her bidding, kissed her good-night and went in.

While Sadie was saying her prayers and the sweet Litany of the Virgin Undefiled she distinctly heard a low, regular breathing in the room. Her heart stopped beating for an instant. What could it be? She brought her devotions to a close and stood listening. The sounds seemed to come from under her bed. She was a brave girl, and always liked to find out an explanation of things that alarmed her, which had more than once saved her from needless panic. Sadie relighted her candle, set it on the floor to look under the bed—an easy task, for it was so high that she had to mount three steps to get into it,—and it was not difficult to see Cassy stretched out on her back in sweetest slumber. She had waited up for her young lady; but the quiet and the faint odor of the flowers in the room had been too much for even her willing spirit, and she thought, "I'll jes' lay down on de flo' an' res' a minute"; and, slipping under the bed, she was asleep in a second. Sadie called her softly and shook her; but Cassy only gave a gentle, happy sigh, and did not move. Then she got her by the shoulders and drew her out; and, lifting her in her strong, young arms, laid her upon the lounge to slumber away the rest of the night.

When Cassy opened her eyes at daylight, and, looking sleepily around, saw where she was, and her young lady sleeping peacefully under the blue lace net she did not stand on the order of her going, but scudded off to her own room, over the kitchen. When Sadie awoke, Cassy was in waiting with fresh flowers and iced water, looking a little shamefaced; but nothing was said. The flowers were admired, and she was made much of, as usual; until at last all care vanished from her, under the belief that she had not been discovered.

A trip to the Capes in a chartered steamer had been planned for the day by the friends of the Ashtons in honor of their guest. A gay company was invited, and there was to be a band of music, dancing and feasting; and Mrs. Ashton was to matronize the party, with Jock Weston for master of ceremonies and chief butler. It was a gray, sultry day; but all were bent on making the best of things, and they steamed out of the harbor at two o'clock, the band playing and flags flying. When they got out of the river fairly into the Roads, a strong, steady breeze from the ocean met them and the sun shone out. Refreshed and exhilarated, all languor disappeared, and they were

ready for the dancing to begin. The collation followed, and everyone's appetite was so sharpened by the briny air that there was no affectation of delicacy shown by any of the hungry party in disposing of the tempting viands set before them.

The steamer was by this time in rough water and began to roll, while the salt spray flew up sparkling in the sun. But no one minded it: they were all so nearly amphibious that *mal de mer* had no power to throw a wet blanket over their enjoyment. Sadie turned out to be a good sailor; for, so far from being made sick by the plunging and rolling of the boat, she felt exhilarated by it, and in the wildest spirits. She enjoyed every moment; she was the honored guest of the occasion, and all present did their best to make it pleasant for her; for not only had the sweet Northern girl made a most favorable impression, but hospitality in its best sense was one of the canon laws of the land, the exercise of which in this instance accorded fully with their inclinations.

A young naval officer was introduced to Mrs. Ashton as a friend of her son; and she learned from him that the ship Bert was on was to be ordered to the navy yard to be put out of commission, and go into the dry-dock for repairs. This was glad tidings of great joy to her and Kate, and spread like wild-fire,—Bert Ashton being no end of a favorite.

"I'm so delighted that you'll see my big brother, Sadie! Oh, I am just so happy I don't know in the least what to do! I think I'd like to whoop!" exclaimed Kate, radiant with delight.

"I'll bring the fog-horn, Kate; will that answer?" asked Jock Weston, gravely.

"O Jock, aren't you glad too?"

"Well—yes, I am. Bert's a pretty nice fellow; we all like him, cousin Sadie."

"You mean thing! You are *not* glad, and I don't believe you care a snap for him," said Kate, indignant at such faint praise of her idol.

"Because I don't bray with delight, and whoop and blow the fog-horn? That sort of thing doesn't suit a fellow like Bert Ashton," answered Jock, dodging Kate's sunshade and running off.

It was quite dark as the steamer turned her prow toward home. Far up in the purple sky the stars shone serenely, while piles of white clouds, lying low on the horizon, throbbed and quivered with heat-lightning,—now red, now golden, now silver; now blue in streaks, in broad flashes, and fantastic, zigzag motions, like a wild dance of witches. It was a phantasmagoria of splendor which seemed to crest the white-caps of the waves with jewels, and illuminated the air with fitful, eerie, quivering radiance. Sadie had never beheld anything so strangely beautiful. Not even the *aurora borealis*, of which there were sometimes fine displays at her Northern home, could equal it, she thought; and she sat watching the shifting glories behind the gates of pearl, while the others danced and flirted and kept up the fun with tireless mirth.

The two girls were silent for some minutes, and then Kate leaned forward. dropped a light kiss on Sadie's forehead and said:

"You are tired, dear! Suppose you stay here—a little while, at least? For as soon as they miss you the hue and cry will begin."

"I am not tired exactly—it's all so delightful. But I should like to be quiet a few minutes, to enjoy the strange beauty out there," answered Sadie.

"It *is* lovely; but I like brightness, and the faces I love, and people's voices, and music and laughter, a heap better. All this is—is gruesome," said Kate, laughing softly as she drew close the folds of a large flag which was draped from a doorway across to one of the stanchions supporting the upper deck, and formed a snug little alcove where Sadie was completely hid from view.

Sadie was now alone. She glanced abroad over the dark waters, where the reflected stars seemed to be joining the wild dance of the reflected lightning, whose momentary flashes chased and gambolled, over the white-caps of the billowing wake, sown thick with phosphorescent gleams.

A sweet peace stole over the young girl's spirit. The whisper of the waves as they swept past sounded like a symphony of murmured prayer, which irresistibly bore her heart nearer to heaven; and, almost unconsciously to herself, her hand stole into her pocket and drew out her rosary, and she began to murmur the prayers in honor of Her who is known as Virgin Immaculate, and through all the earth as "Blessed among women."

This young girl's happy spirit was ever *en rapport* with Nature; and every beautiful object or scene shown forth held her almost entranced and lifted her mind to the Creator of all, to adore the outgoings and outbreathing of His love.

But she was soon missed; the "hue and cry" began; her sanctuary was invaded, and she was led off, with many merry words and much laughter, to take part in the Virginia Reel, which there would be just time to dance before the boat entered her dock.

It had been a memorable day to all that gay company, but especially so to Sadie; and the impression of that short vigil, which filled her heart with holy thoughts, while the "sad sea waves" sang a low chaunt of the ages, was never effaced.

She was not sleepy, she was not tired, and wrote to her mother that night telling her of the day. This composed her mind, as it completed her enjoyment, to describe it all to the dear, tender, waiting heart at home, to whom she confided every thought. These were her closing words:

"There are so many things that I see and hear around me that are strange I'm afraid I forget some of them. Did I tell about the curfew bell? I believe not. Well, every night, precisely at nine o'clock, the great town-bell is rung; and all the slaves who are out in the town without a written pass from their owners hurry home to escape being 'taken up' and put into the 'cage' for the night. Sometimes they are discharged with a whipping, but that's only when they are hard cases.

"I don't think I wrote you fully how kind Uncle Ashton was about the Catholic part of my visit. He called on the priest and invited him to call on me, and says he never met a more cultivated, well-bred gentleman in his life; and, then, he wonders 'how his Church can be willing to bury such a man in such a place. Uncle Ashton has no prejudices, but he hasn't any religion, and believes one as good as another.

"Their ideas of fasting are funny, dearest! On Fridays they insist on my eating chicken, because 'that is not meat.' And they ask the queerest questions; but all so sweetly and so tenderly afraid of offending that I try not even to look surprised, but answer them very simply out of my Catechism. How I wish they knew the Truth as we know it! Some day I hope that God, in His own good way, will answer our prayers and bring them into the Fold. They are so good, so intent on making others happy, so humane and generous. I never hear an uncharitable word spoken of any one; the law of love and kindness governs the family.

"Good-night, dearest mother! Think of me as being very happy among my 'kinfolk,' but I *do* long so to see you.

"Your loving child,

"SADIE."

(To be continued.)

LITTLE localized power and little, narrow streaks of specialized knowledge are things men are very apt to be conceited about.—*Holmes.*

Bishop Keane and the Catholic University.

THE news of the retirement of Bishop Keane from the rectorship of the Catholic University has been received with a sense of pain. The unexpectedness of this change, and especially the way in which it was actuated, have naturally excited surprise and created a feeling of deep sympathy with the retiring rector. There is no complaint from any quarter. The action was taken by the Head of the Church, and none will be found to oppose it even by the meekest of remonstrances. Some persons—not a few perhaps—will find no cause for regret in the retirement of Bishop Keane; but it is to be hoped that none will refuse him fullest credit for the development to which the University has attained, or hold that he has not done his best and his utmost to promote the welfare of the institution over which he has presided so long and with so much honor and success. Bishop Keane labored with a zeal and single-heartedness that ought to command the admiration of everyone. He is too pious a man to care for sympathy, and too honest to value mere praise; but it will be a gratification to him to receive assurances that his labors and the spirit in which they were borne are thoroughly appreciated by the Catholic public of the United States.

It was characteristic of Bishop Keane to accept the Papal decision with hearty good-will, and in resigning his post to say that its duties had grown to be beyond his strength and abilities; to declare that the Pope's action was prompted by solicitude for the best interests of the University, and that his own interest in its prosperity would continue unabated. If these declarations were not sincere—and no one who knows Bishop Keane will doubt their sincerity—he would not have been minded, on the spur of the moment, to add an appeal to all whom his efforts on behalf of the University have ever reached to redouble their interest, their zeal, and their generosity, in this new chapter of its existence, to make it "the crowning glory of Christian education in America."

It is to be hoped that the trustees may be able to find a willing and efficient successor to Bishop Keane. The Catholic University is as tender a plant as its opponents could wish if, after eight years of existence, it can not withstand a change of presidents, although the second incumbent were less zealous, less devoted, less self-sacrificing and less competent than the retiring rector, whose large-heartedness and broad-mindedness have won for himself and the institution a host of friends and well-wishers. Our own best wish for the Catholic University of America is that its future rectors may be imbued with the spirit of Bishop Keane.

Notes and Remarks.

We sometimes read in Protestant papers about converts to the Church flocking back to the sects after a few months' experience of Catholicism. Mr. Henry Austin Adams, one of the most distinguished of recent American converts, doesn't seem to "flock" very well, however; in fact, some of the hardest knocks the sectarians and their press representatives have received of late they owe to him. A "delicious indifference to facts" is the feeling he attributes to those Bo-Peep editors "whose sheep are forever being lost in the adjoining Papal pastures," and who do presently much comfort themselves with the refrain, "Let them alone, and they'll come home," etc. That an occasional one does revert is most true; but one snowflake doesn't make a winter, and hasty generalizations are dangerous. "At Charleston," writes Mr. Adams in the *Catholic World*, "the first earthquake seemed an awful exception; the second shock had a familiar look; the third fixed the earthquake habit, and for months the negroes looked for

the cataclysm as regularly as for sunrise." What, he asks, can these reverts learn about the teachings or history of the Church after their conversion that they could not learn before? Mr. Adams was constantly amused, after his entrance into the Church, by the efforts of Catholic friends to explain away or apologize for "the human element in the Church"; and he adds: "So far from this precious human element scandalizing the recent convert, I believe that nothing is more refreshing than this very naturalness of Catholicity, after the long suffocation, artificiality, and emotionalism, of Protestantism. Poverty, plainness, simplicity, bluntness, downrightness, are glories; and they seem so to the convert fresh from the plush and unction of official Protestantism."

We wish that the gallant Philadelphia Brigade or some other organization could prevail upon Archbishop Ryan to deliver a public address—say once a week or so. Happily, his speeches are reported in full by the press, as a rule; and so his eloquent words go farther than they otherwise would. In addressing a congregation of old soldiers recently, he said among other good things:

Our continued existence depends upon our national morality, and our national morality depends upon religion. Therefore, he who seeks to undermine religion is the greatest enemy of his country. Of course, this opinion does not imply union of Church and State, which in our circumstances is out of the question; *but separation of Church and State does not imply separation of God and State.* Some one may say this is all very well, but we have outgrown Plato and Franklin and Washington. We can stand alone. The greatest nations of antiquity, like the Greeks and Romans, were pagan nations. They relied on humanity alone to achieve true greatness; why can not we emulate their natural virtues, untrammelled by religious traditions, unfettered by superstitious restrictions? But, gentlemen, they who speak so forget for the moment that these pagans were influenced to a far greater extent than we imagine by religious dogmas and religious sentiments. *It would be an insult to an upright Greek or Roman pagan to compare him to a modern infidel.* The pagans believed in a Supreme Being, and in the providence of that Being in the hours of temptation and of sorrow. The pagans believed in future rewards and punishments, and loved as well as feared the Being who created them. Great conservative truths like these, though mingled with error, gave stability to the State, as well as virtue to the individual. Were we to reject religion now, we should be left without even these conservative elements, and in the condition of the French people during the delirium of their revolution—in moral chaos, without order and without God.

It is not often that wit and wisdom are so happily blended in a public man as in the case of Mgr. Ryan. There are few orators whose spoken utterances are so worthy of preservation in book form as are those of the scholarly Archbishop of Philadelphia.

Mr. Frederic R. Coudert, the eminent Catholic barrister who has just returned from a prolonged European trip, declares that the Venezuelan Commission has been aided greatly in their researches by documents found in the archives of the Propaganda. Mr. Coudert, it will be remembered, is a member of the Commission, and the manuscripts of the Vatican were freely offered for his inspection. The first Europeans to live within the disputed territory were Jesuit and Capuchin missionaries, and the reports they forwarded to the Propaganda have proved valuable in the present controversy. There is something of "the irony of fate" in the spectacle of Andrew D. White, who is also a member of the Commission, being compelled to pore over these monkish documents. For many years Mr. White has devoted a large part of his time to proving that the Church is at war with science, and that priests and monks never did anything but harm to the world. While the decision of the Venezuelan case is pending, it is presumed that Mr. White will be at no pains to discredit the missionaries; but when the Commission is dissolved we may look for a new chapter of the "Warfare of Science."

Vigor and vociferousness are not the only leading traits of the politician. He is also unselfish. The unwary voter is urged to favor one candidate and oppose another on high moral grounds. He is told that voting in this particular campaign is a matter of conscience; and the disinterested ardor of the politician, who hopes to sail into office with the next President, waxes warmer as the contest draws to a close. We are reminded of a story told by Chaucey Depew. He once

asked a classmate, whom he was visiting in New England, what were his intentions for the future of a vigorous youngster playing on the lawn. "Well," said his friend, "my wife and I believe in natural selection, and letting a boy follow the bent of his mind. To find out what that was, we left him in the sitting-room one day with a Bible, a silver dollar, and an apple. I said: 'If when we come back he is reading the Bible, I shall train him to be a preacher; if he has pocketed the dollar, I will make a banker of him; if he is playing with the apple, I will put him on a farm.'" When the fond parents returned, Young America was sitting on the Bible, eating the apple from one hand and clutching the dollar in the other; and his disgusted father remarked: "Wife, I fear this boy of ours is a hog; I'll have to make him a politician."

The system of village banks established in Germany by Father Raffeisen is likely to become generally accepted as soon as its merits are fully known. The system was founded in 1848 to meet the emergencies raised by the famine of that year, and rests on the principle of co-operative purchase of the necessities of life without the intervention of merchants or money-lenders. It is said that banks started in this way with a capital of fifteen hundred dollars now transact a business representing fifteen million. Since the founding of the system there has not been a bankruptcy, or a dollar lost to creditors, in any of these banks, of which there are now more than two thousand in Germany. An English lecturer recently stated that "Father Raffeisen has done more for agriculture from his slender resources than has been effected by all the agencies of the Government." So many co-operative plans have found favor with American farmers, we wonder that this system of stores and banking has not yet been introduced.

Another miracle of the sort which Catholic scientists like to hear about has just been performed at Lourdes. It is recounted in the London *Tablet*. Two years ago a little girl, the daughter of a physician of Nantes, was born with the deformity known as club-foot. When the child was fifteen months old a medical specialist performed an operation with the hope of straightening the foot, but without the least success. The child's knees were also deformed, and, in spite of the best medical service, her limbs began to wither away. The slightest weight upon her legs caused them to bend under her. The physician then took his little girl to Lourdes, where friends of the family joined him in devout prayer for her cure. The first two baths afforded no relief; but after the third she walked without help, pretty much as an infant does when it has just learned to go alone. Here is a child deformed from birth in both feet, with a considerable wasting of the muscles of the legs, emerging perfectly cured from the baths at Lourdes, although she had already undergone two unsuccessful operations! The old "explanations"—nervous excitement, faith, imagination, hypnotism, etc.,—will not hold good in the case of this two-year-old child.

Owing to the unfinished condition of the new abbey-church, there was no public celebration of the Golden Jubilee of St. Vincent's College, near Beatty, Pa. Benedictine prelates and monks from many parts of the country assembled at the informal celebration last month; but we hope that Catholics will ere long have an opportunity of publicly acknowledging the noble work of the Order in the United States. The labors of the venerable Archabbot Wimmer have been richly blessed at St. Vincent's, and the work of the Order which he introduced into this country now extends over twenty-five States. Besides giving many holy bishops to our hierarchy, the Benedictines have played an important part in the work of Catholic education. That these labors were performed without noise or ostentation only adds to their merit; and our sincere hope is that the second half century of Benedictine labor may be as full of honor and success as the first.

The last man in the world whom we should expect to see flourishing a green ribbon or marching in a parade on the 17th of March is Mr. Moncure D. Conway—the

professed freethinker, the friend of Renan, the expounder of Voltaire, and the editor and biographer of Tom Paine! Mr. Conway was apparently impressed with the kindliness of Irish Catholicity; for in an article on St. Patrick which appears in the agnostic *Open Court* he writes: "He has kept out of Ireland the paralyzing Sabbath, and made the Irish Sunday a day of gladness. I like to think of him as he is pictured on some ancient church windows that I have seen—a fine example being in the Marmoutiers Convent at Tours,—gentle, noble, humane; holding in his hand not the shamrock with which he is said to have taught the Trinity, but the thorn that blossoms in winter, and is said to have flowered from his staff. Christianity is still made a thorn in Scotland, and in Ulster, spiked with dry, dead, piercing dogmas; it is still somewhat thorny in England, though budding under the humanitarian breath; but in Celtic Ireland, even amid its winter of poverty and discontent, the thorn still blossoms in Patrick's hand."

Notable New Books.

DEMON POSSESSION AND ALLIED THEMES. By J. L. Nevius, D. D. Fleming H. Revell Co.

The current of Christian theology, outside the Catholic Church, has been setting so long and so strongly in the direction of an evolutionary, materialistic rationalism, that it is not without something of a surprise one comes upon a book such as this. The vast majority of "intelligent" Protestants have long since ceased to believe in the reality of the devils and angels one meets with so often in the lives of the early Reformers. The scientific world pooh-poohs the possibility of demon possession. Has not Mr. Andrew D. White proved to his own complete satisfaction, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, that the demons and angels, the visions and miracles, so frequently mentioned in the pages of Church History, are but evidences of the ignorance and superstition of early times? And yet here is a book, full of fact and philosophy, intended to prove the reality of demon possession, and written by a Protestant! Its author, the late Dr. Nevius, was for forty years a missionary in China. He seems to have been a man of exceptional ability, a ripe scholar both in the ancient classics and in the modern sciences, and an unprejudiced, truth-loving Christian gentleman.

A number of cases of demoniacal possession came under his own observation in China. The investigation of these led him to push the inquiry further, and to ascertain by correspondence the experiences of his fellow-missionaries throughout China and the East. The results of these inquiries—which are interestingly set forth in the first part of the present volume—were such as to make Dr. Nevius a firm believer in the reality of demons and demon possession, and a deeply-interested and painstaking student of the subject during the remainder of his life. Approach to it was sought from every side—pathological, psychological, historical, and Biblical. His researches along these lines, as set forth in the second part of the book, form the most complete and masterful treatise on this elusive but fascinating subject that has ever come to our notice. The style is simple but forcible; and the author's conclusions, though directly counter to the trend of modern scientific thought, seem logical and irresistible. The biographical, Biblical and general indexes greatly enhance the value of the work.

THE COLOR OF LIFE; AND OTHER ESSAYS ON THINGS SEEN AND HEARD. By Alice Meynell. London: John Lane. Chicago: Way & Williams.

Coventry Patmore, in his "Rod, Root and Flower," says: "A man may read Plato without clearly comprehending much of what he means. He can not read him without becoming, in some degree, a changed man." So in reading Mrs. Meynell's essays one feels that elevation of thought which comes from intercourse with a woman of sublimated intellect,—an elevation which takes one into a region where the rare atmosphere makes distances elusive and the laws of literary perspective unavailing. Subtle in thought, she requires those who would follow her to read *into* her meaning; for to read her lines as one would the periods of Macaulay

is to meet Mrs. Meynell as a passing acquaintance, and not as a friend with whom an exchange of thought would be a delight.

Fourteen short essays make up the second volume of prose which this gifted woman has given to literature; and in them are to be found the pure, simple, scholarly diction which distinguishes the master-artist in words; the mental attitude which commands the forces used, so as to suggest without hinting at reserve power; and an insight into the mysteries of common things, which has resulted in choice winnowings of wise thoughts under the humble title "Essays."

"A Point in Biography" has a special value in these days of memoirs, and conveys its lesson in no uncertain words. "The Horrors of Mortality" contains many of Mrs. Meynell's prominent features of style; it surprises, yet convinces. A philosophy of life seems embodied in this short essay,—though not that on which the writer herself has based her literary life; for her work is too finely wrought, has too much "the color of life" in it for "quick use, brief beauty, abolition, recreation." In questioning between the honors of the present and those of a remote future, she writes: "Who of the wise would hesitate? To be honorable for one day—one named and dated day, separated from all other days of the ages,—or to be for an unlimited time tedious?" The same note is struck in "Symmetry and Incident," one of the finest of her essays, where she says: "Time was when to survive yourself meant to secure, for a time indefinitely longer than the life of man, such dull form as you had given to your work: to intrude upon posterity. To survive yourself to-day is to let your work go into daily oblivion."

Her essay on Eleonora Duse is a rare piece of criticism, and makes one forget everything else which has been written of this Italian artist; while it establishes a high standard of art criticism, and a true one, based on the relations between nature and the art of acting.

"Cloud," "Winds of the World," "Rushes and Reeds," and "Grass," evince an appreciation of nature, which, while it is warm, somehow makes one feel that the writer went to nature rather than that nature came to her, knowing that she loved it.

The closing essay is on "Eyes," and it might have been "Eyelids"; for to them does she ascribe the varying expressions usually attributed to the eye itself. Having spoken of the "form," "drawing," "breadth and length" of the lids, she says: "All love and all genius have winged their flight from those slight and unmeasurable movements, have flickered on the margins of lovely eyelids quick with thought. Life, spirit, sweetness are there in a small place; using the finest and the slenderest machinery; expressing meanings a whole world apart, by a difference of material action so fine that the sight which appreciates it can not detect it; expressing intricacies of intellect; so incarnate in slender and sensitive flesh that nowhere else in the body of man is flesh so spiritual."

Well has it been said that in Mrs. Meynell's essays her subjects have "in every case the double novelty which attaches to the 'common,' when submitted to the splendor of perception to which nothing is common."

ESSAYS EDUCATIONAL. By Brother Azarias. D. H. McBride & Co.

When the news of the sudden death of Brother Azarias flashed over the country, it brought sorrow to every lover of high scholarship and good literature. The fame that had come to this gentle Christian Brother was not, indeed, of his own seeking, but it was the inevitable result of the vast and varied erudition he had gathered during his short life, and the painstaking conscientiousness that stamped every product of his pen. We did not then remember that much of his wisdom lay embalmed in various periodicals which the fruit of his genius had adorned; and that to the half dozen volumes which bear his name, and which are to be found on the shelves of every well-chosen library, would be added other volumes, any one of which would entitle its author to grateful remembrance. The present one was until recently unexpected. It is not for that reason less welcome. It is a steady, strong light still flowing from "a star quenched on high"; and the remembrance that the gentle

master who teaches with such modest and persuasive earnestness is now contemplating the Eternal Truth in its wholeness lends an added solemnity and authority to his teaching.

The scope of these essays, though limited as to subject, is sufficiently wide as regards time. They begin with the palatine schools established before the reign of Charlemagne, and reach as far into our own time as the pedagogic publications of M. Compayré. In the essay on "Cloistral Schools" Brother Azarias traverses much the same ground as Mr. Putnam does in his work entitled "Books and their Makers in the Middle Ages." In fact, this essay should be read in connection with Mr. Putnam's valuable work. Maitland and others have labored strenuously to show that "medieval ignorance" is a phrase which exists only in the imagination of modern ignorance; and yet a lie dies so hard that, as Brother Azarias says, "the myth of Hallam's rare layman who could sign his name will continue to pass down upon the tide of prejudice until Macaulay's forthcoming New Zealander shall label it in some forthcoming museum with his sketch of the ruins of St. Paul's."

In the essay on "The Palatine School" the author expresses his belief that these schools were not stationary, but followed the court from place to place. Honors were distributed according to merit, and a studious youth without wealth or family was as likely to be honored and promoted by the King as the sons of the most powerful noble. The curriculum embraced grammar, dialectics, rhetoric, special studies of Roman law, national customs and traditions, models of Gallo-Roman eloquence, and even of the vernacular Gallo-Frankish idiom, which was then beginning to attract attention. At that early day laborious pedants were already disputing about the artificialness of Greek, the dignity of Latin, the splendors of the Gallic tongue and the pomp of English.

In the next two essays Brother Azarias discusses "Medieval University Life" and the origin and methods of university colleges. It is impossible to give in a few lines even a partial conception of these wonderful institutions, where "prince and peasant, lordly cardinal and struggling clerk, sat on the same floor, listening to the same lecture." To our mind these chapters—and especially the first of the two—are the most valuable and painstaking essays in the volume. Other chapters are: "The Primary School in the Middle Ages," "The Simultaneous Method of Teaching," "Beginnings of the Normal School," and a critical study of M. Gabriel Compayré and his work.

It were vain to attempt to express in words our estimate of this precious volume. Every page bristles with quotations from many books and many languages; yet every page is most readable. We cordially recommend the work to our readers, especially teachers; and we shall wait with some impatience for the two other volumes of posthumous essays which the enterprising publishers promise us.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Edward M. Smith, C. M., who was called to the reward of a devoted life last month in Chicago; the Very Rev. Dean Wager, of Windsor, Ont., who passed to his reward in Heringen, Germany, on the 26th of August; and the Very Rev. John A. Rochford, O. P., whose holy and self-sacrificing life closed peacefully on the 5th inst., in New York city.

Mr. A. Waldteufel, of San Francisco, Cal., who yielded his soul to God on the 17th ult.

Mr. Francis Elder, who departed this life on the 29th ult., at Toledo, Ohio.

Mr. Michael J. Cooney, whose edifying death took place on the 25th ult., in the same city.

Miss Mary F. Henkel, of Pueblo, Colo., who yielded her soul to God on the 14th ult.

Mr. James Keenan, of Troy, N.Y.; Mr. J. Murphy, Sydney, N. S.W.; Mr. John Counihan, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Michael Mooney, New York city; Mr. Frank T. Farrell, Meriden, Conn.; Mr. Patrick W. Connolly and Mrs. Richard F. Cahill, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Elizabeth M. Greenan, Pontiac, Mich.; John Norton, Mary Mahon, and Sarah McDermott, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mr. Michael J. Collins, Ansonia, Conn.; and Mr. J. P. McGoey, Ottawa, Canada.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, res in peace!

Margery.

A SEQUEL TO "TWO LITTLE GIRLS."

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

LIFE early poured her bitter drops into the cup she held to Margery's lips. Scarcely two years after little Bessie's death—and the loss of that loved friend touched the childish heart with deepest anguish—her father sustained a great financial loss, which swept from them their home and the little hoard of money that had been slowly accumulating during long, laborious years. It was a bitter day for Mr. Conway when he was forced to leave his pretty white cottage, standing on the hill amid the orchards he had planted, and move into an old log-house on the uncultivated farm he had rented in an adjoining county. But, being a brave man, he put his trouble determinedly under foot and made his second start in life with courage.

He had been obliged to withdraw his two children from the convent school; but as Mary's education was almost finished, she was happy in the thought she could now be of some assistance to her parents. She passed a successful examination, and secured a district school near home; but shortly before the time for entering on her new duties arrived, she was stricken with a very serious illness. It baffled the country doctors' skill for several weeks; finally they succeeded in saving the girl's life, but she was left a helpless cripple.

"Alice," said Mr. Conway to his wife at the close of that terrible November day when he had heard the doctors' verdict that his first-born child should never walk again, "what evil have we done to be thus afflicted by God? I have always tried to live as a man should; have tried to do my duty as a Christian, and yet—" His voice broke completely as the remembrance of all his misfortunes surged over him.

Mrs. Conway's quivering lips refused to answer, though her eyes were filled with tears. Margery went to her father's side, and, slipping her arm around his neck, said:

"Don't talk that way, father. God is good. He heard our prayers and left us Mary. She might have died as Bessie did. What should we have done then?"

But Mr. Conway refused to be thus comforted; and when Sunday came he did not offer to take Margery and her mother to church; but sent the little negro boy, saying he would stay at home with Mary. No trial Mrs. Conway had yet encountered so afflicted her as this rebellion on the part of her husband against the will of God. With wifely solicitude, she strove to win him over; but to all her urging he would shake his head and say:

"It's no use, Alice. Try as I may, I can not feel as I used to. I could have stood any misfortune to myself, but to my poor little girl—"

Then Mrs. Conway ceased her pleading, and, with her children, began to pray.

Mary bore her affliction with a calmness

and resignation surprising to all. Inaction was something so foreign to her nature that when the mother heard the doctor's sentence, she said to him: "She can not endure it! The young, restless heart will fret itself to death." And, lo! Mary bore the trial best of all.

"Where's the use of fretting, mommie?" she would say to her mother, the bright smile playing around her lips. "I can not help it. If it were some obstacle to overcome, I should overcome it or die hard in the attempt. It is the essence of folly to give way to worriment, which in this case is another name for rebellion. I am not a very good girl, but I am good enough to see and know and firmly believe that everything God sends us is for the best; and I want to make the best of what He has sent to me."

But as the winter passed, and the song of the redbird on mild February days, the faint smell of newly-plowed fields, and other thrilling voices of springtime, were borne to her on the soft winds, a feeling not yet experienced crept into her heart. One morning as she lay watching the sunlight on the carpet, listening to the sounds of busy life without, she suddenly asked herself how she should endure the long days of spring and summer chained to this one spot. She remembered it would not be for one spring and summer, but for as many of the glorious seasons as she should see. And she would not always be so situated as she was now. In time Margery would grow up and leave her for a home of her own; her parents would become aged and die; and who would care for and love the helpless cripple? She felt all the pain of those long years, all their loneliness; and a piteous moan escaped her, and bitter tears crept through her closed eyes.

After a while she grew more resigned; and, glancing up, her dimmed eyes fell on a picture of the Sacred Heart hanging opposite. It was a good picture, and the eyes seemed possessed of the eloquence of life. Their expression, and the peace and resignation on the face, called back the strength to the young heart, while a voice seemed to whisper in her soul: "Life is not made or marred by the illness that afflicts the body, but by ourselves. It is just the resolution made and carried out, through physical torture and mental pain, to live one's very best, to do one's very best, that makes the hero in any situation." And the pictured eyes awoke another, sweeter, lower voice, that said: "If hearts are sad, Christ's Heart was sadder; if hearts are lonely, His Heart was lonelier; if hearts are crushed, His Heart was broken. There is no solitude, no desolation, no anguish of yours, He has not experienced, and He alone can give you solace."

So the others heard not the least complaint through the long, pleasant days, for all complaints were made to the Sacred Heart; and the pictured face seemed to the young invalid to become more than human as time passed by.

One July afternoon Margery, sitting on the low doorstep, noticed a strange man coming down the dusty path that led to the house from the distant road. He proved to be a book-agent; and, as Mrs. Conway was not home, Margery did not invite him into the house. However, he took a seat by her, saying he was tired, and soon was telling the child something about himself. He was a medical student, who was spending his vacation canvassing in order to raise a sufficient amount of money to cover the expenses of his next, and last, year at college. There was something in the eager young face and kind blue eyes that inspired Margery's confidence, and in reply she began to talk to him of Mary's illness; then, at his request, conducted him to the sick-room. He asked Mary a number of questions, surprising her by his accurate knowledge of her case, and concluded by telling her

of a similar one he had attended with his teachers in a Cincinnati hospital.

"That girl," he added, "recovered the use of her limbs and is now as well as I am. You can be cured too, but never by an old fogy of a country doctor!" For he had the young city man's contempt for country members of his own profession.

When the student left, Margery sat on the doorstep for a long time, thinking deeply. Finally, she rose and went to Mary's room.

"Mary," she said, "I am thinking of all that young man told us."

So was Mary, but she answered lightly:

"You foolish little Margery! I can not go to Cincinnati, for we have no money. And, Margery, do not say anything about this to father. If he thought there was the shadow of a hope, he would send me; and, you know, his expenses are already more than he can meet."

Margery did not speak of the matter to any one again, but she could not sleep at night for thinking of it. When the doctor had said he could not cure her sister, with her ready faith, that had lost nothing of its childish simplicity with the passing years, Margery had turned to God for assistance; now she believed the student's visit was an answer to her continual prayer. But how should she get the necessary money? As she puzzled over the hard question one night, it suddenly occurred to her that she should go to Cincinnati, where work for young girls was plentiful, and earn the needed amount. She put the wild thought aside, but it returned again and again. She fell asleep with it in her mind, and it was her first waking thought in the morning. After a while it appeared less chimerical, and she began to regard it seriously. She was now fifteen, and, with the optimism natural to one of her years and disposition, felt confident the results would be good, were she permitted to follow the bent of her wishes. If Mary could be restored to health, her father would once more be happy, and the dreadful cloud of doubt and despair now blinding him would be removed. Oh, she had a great stake to win!

She then spoke of her plan to her mother, whom it shocked into a tearful silence. Let her carefully guarded child—her little Margery—go out into the cold, hard, selfish world! The heart of the mother answered: "No." But that heart was divided, and the other claimant was Mary, stricken down in the morning of her youth. Was there any sacrifice too great to make for that patient sufferer? So, to Margery's surprise, Mrs. Conway said, after that first moment's pain:

"It is a generous thought, my darling; but ask your father about it."

Mr. Conway thought his sensible little girl demented when he heard her modest request for ten dollars to go to Cincinnati; and, as he listened to her plan, he shook his head.

"My little Margery," he said, "Cincinnati is a big place, but there are fifty people for every position to be had. You would only be disappointed. But maybe I can borrow the money. Yes, I *must* get the money if there is any hope for Mary."

"But, father, Mary will not let you do that,—she said so. Let me go and earn the money. Oh, I know I can! God will help me."

He would not listen to her appeal, but both mother and daughter noticed that after that his face wore a more cheerful expression and that his step seemed to grow light again. He saddled the little roan mare early one morning, telling his wife he was going down to N——, where their old home was, to see some of their friends. It was late in the evening when he reached home, and the faithful watcher's eyes noted that the shadow had returned to his face. She knew without his telling her that he had gone to N—— to try to borrow enough money to send Mary to the city, and that he had failed to obtain

it. Three days passed. A prophetic sense seemed to warn Margery that she was nearing the end of her old life, and she nerved herself for the ordeals the new would bring her.

One morning—ah! she never forgot that morning, nor how the September sunshine was bathing the ripe corn-fields and brown meadows,—her father called to her as he was closing the yard gate behind him on his way to work. As she reached his side, he caught her hand, and, pressing it in a hard, convulsive clasp, said, in a husky voice:

"You may go to the city, Margery."

I can not tell you of the days that followed: of how that father and mother tried to wear happy faces while their eyes were sore with unshed tears; tried to give words of encouragement to their child with lips that trembled with their hearts' terrible pain. Mary was inconsolable. She had opposed the project from the beginning; for she was not worth, she said, the risking of her little sister. But no one heeded her words; they knew Mary was worth any sacrifice.

The last hour came. The little roan mare and buggy were at the gate waiting to take Margery away. The poor girl tried to be brave,—tried to keep back the tears; but as she entered for the last time the familiar room where Mary lay, her face buried in the pillows, the young heart could no longer contain its sorrow; and, flinging herself on her knees, she took Mary's head on her breast and wept unrestrainedly.

"Oh, I can not let you go, my little Margery!" sobbed Mary. "What if some harm should come to you in that great city and I should never see you any more!"

"Oh, but you *will* see me, Mary!" said Margery, between her own sobs; "and very soon, perhaps. Then, when the doctors cure you, we shall come back home together, and how happy we shall all be again!"

Other words were spoken, other bitter tears fell, and then Margery was gone. The roan mare trotted briskly down the dusty path, the quick fall of her feet striking painfully on the ears of the desolate mother and sister, as they asked each other, in their agony, how they should endure the long, dreary days until their darling returned to them.

Margery was a brave girl; but as the train steamed into the Union Station, and she stepped from the coach into the noise and bustle of the unknown city, her heart grew sick with fear. The gate-keeper looked at her pityingly, she thought, as she timidly passed in with the crowd; and more than one woman half paused to speak to the girl who looked at them with such wistful eyes. As she reached Third Street, she stopped and looked around bewildered. The cries of the newsboys and bootblacks, the grind of wagons and cars, the din of bells, confused her. Presently a man approached her, saying:

"Will you have a cab, Miss? I'll take you to any part of the city."

The voice and benevolent face proclaimed him a warm-hearted son of Erin, and the little Irish American no longer felt alone.

"I want to go to the Sacred Heart Home," said Margery, to which place she had been recommended by her pastor, who gave her a letter of introduction to the Reverend Mother. "Do you know where it is, please?"

"'Deed, then, I do," replied the cab-man; "and a better place you couldn't go to,—for I take you to be a stranger?"

"Yes, sir," said Margery, getting into the cab, wondering how he happened to know so much about her.

In an incredibly short time, it appeared to our little country girl, the cab drew up before a tall brick house, over the door of which, on a neat sign, Margery read "Sacred Heart Home." She rang the bell timidly; and when the door was

opened and she saw the long spotless hall, in the centre of which stands a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart, she felt instantly at home. The portress conducted her to the reception room and summoned the Assistant Superioress, who, on learning Margery was from Kentucky, took her under her special care; for the Sister was a Southerner, and her heart naturally warmed to one from the Southland. After dinner the kind Sister took Margery to visit the Reverend Mother, and the eyes of the good religious grew moist as they listened to the pathetic story Margery had to tell.

"You will get work, my child," said the Superioress, laying her hand on the girl's dark curls; "for God will reward such a precious sacrifice. It may not come right away, but that must not discourage you in the least. What is worth having, Margery, is worth waiting for and praying for, remember."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Poor Gentleman of Bristol.

A certain English Duchess used to be fond of wearing a singular bracelet in which was set a coin—just an ordinary guinea. If you had known her familiarly and had asked her concerning this peculiar article of adornment, she would have related to you the following very pretty and quite true story:

In the old town of Bristol there was an inn called the Bush, which had gained more than a local reputation. Bristol at that time had grown very rich on the profits of the West India trade, and the Bush was the favorite resort of the many merchants who congregated there. Among them was an elderly man, noticeable only for his excessive leanness, a slight stoop of the shoulders, his seedy and old-fashioned garments, and his apparent inability to tip the waiter. Each day at about the noon hour he would make his appearance, call for a sixpenny glass of brandy and water and the London paper of the previous evening. When his paper was read and his glass emptied, he would quietly leave. He was so uniformly gentle and courteous that he won the hearts of all at the inn, and became known as the "poor gentleman who had seen better days."

Christmas came around, and honest John Weeks, the landlord, could not endure the thought that his "poor gentleman" should be obliged to content himself with his frugal and unsatisfactory luncheon while all the world was dining off roast goose and plum-pudding. So he kindly made the fact known that on the Feast of Joy dinner would be served free to all who could not pay.

The stranger accepted the invitation, and presented himself, arrayed in his usual shabby suit, at the heavily-laden board of his kind friend. After a hearty dinner he asked for his London paper, read it through as usual, and started to leave. "Let me help you with your top coat," said the good landlord; and, as he thus assisted his departing guest, he slipped into his hand a bright new guinea as a Christmas gift. The "poor gentleman" bowed and smiled and went away.

Not long after this the amiable landlord reaped a sad reward. He had been too generous with the poor, and was in danger of losing his inn and being turned out in the world to begin life over again. He was in despair, when there arrived a letter from the great London bankers, Coutts & Co., saying he might draw on them for the purchase-money of the Bush. Weeks hurried to London to thank his benefactor, and was introduced to the head of the firm, Mr. Thomas Coutts — the "poor gentleman," who was the husband of the Duchess of St. Albans.

So now you know why an English Duchess once wore a guinea set in her favorite bracelet.

The Miracle of the Birds.

St. Bonaventure, in his Life of St. Francis, thus recounts this famous miracle: "Drawing nigh to Bevagno, Francis came to a certain place where a vast multitude of birds of different kinds were gathered together; whom seeing, the man of God ran hastily to the spot; and, saluting them as if they had been his fellows in reason, while they all turned round and bent their heads in attentive expectation, he admonished them, saying: 'Brother birds, greatly are ye bound to praise your Creator, who clotheth you with feathers, and giveth you wings to fly with, and pure air to breathe in, and who careth for you who have so little care for yourselves.' While he thus spake the little birds, marvellously agitated, began to spread their wings, stretch forth their necks, and open their beaks, attentively gazing upon him. And he, glowing in the spirit, passed through the midst of them, and even touched them with his robe; yet not one stirred from its place until the man of God gave them leave; when, with his blessing and at the Sign of the Cross, they all flew away. These things saw his companions who waited for him on the roadside; to whom returning, the simple and pure-minded man began to blame himself greatly for having never hitherto preached to the birds."

A beautiful picture by Giotto in the church of Assisi represents this miracle, which was an act of literal obedience to the command: "Go preach the Gospel to every creature."

We are apt to consider those persons very ignorant who are obliged to make a little cross instead of writing their names; but in the old Saxon times the use of this "mark" was not confined to the illiterate, being required after a signature as the symbol of an oath to attest good faith.

A Word of the Heart.

Once a Jew went into a Parsee temple, where the sacred fire was burning.

"I am astonished," he said to the priest, "that you worship a material thing."

"Fire is the emblem of the sun," answered the Parsee.

"But I do not see why you worship the sun. The Almighty Creator is greater than that."

"The sun is the sign of the invisible Being who made it."

"But," persisted the Jew, "it is wrong to worship a sign."

"What do you call the Supreme Being?"

"Jehovah," reverently said the Jew.

"That is grand," answered the Parsee; "but it is awful."

A Christian drew near. "We call Him Father," he quietly remarked.

The pagan and the Jew looked at each other, saying, "Ah, that is a word of the heart!" Then the three looked up to heaven and instinctively uttered the words "Our Father."

St. Peter's at Rome.

One of the greatest attractions of all Christendom is the Church of St. Peter at Rome. The main design was not completed till 1590. Nearly three and a half centuries passed in maturing it. This great edifice covers about six acres. The interior is of magnificent proportions. The nave is 152 feet high and 88 feet wide; the side aisles are 34 feet wide. The diameter of the interior of the cupola is 139 feet. The exterior height to the top of the cross is 448 feet. The nave is richly decorated with gilding and stucco ornaments, and colossal statues fill the lower niches. The dome is supported by four massive piers, each with two recesses. Above the lower ones are four balconies in which sacred relics are preserved.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The following new books are announced for early publication by the Benzigers: St. Alphonsus' "Explanation of the *Salve Regina*" and "Treatise on Prayer"; "A Round Table," being a collection of short stories by well-known American Catholic authors; Cochem's "Life of Christ," with illustrations, and "Explanation of the Mass," with a preface by the Bishop of Covington; also "Sermons for the Children of Mary," from the Italian, by the Rev. J. R. O'Connor.

—It may truly be said that no personality of this century has possessed so strong a fascination for "the general mind" as Cardinal Newman. A moderate library would be required to contain all the works in which his name has figured prominently; but the public never wearies of hearing about him. A penny pamphlet by Father Rivington, dealing with "The Conversion of Cardinal Newman," shares in this general interest. It is an analytic account of the process by which the eminent divine gravitated into the Church.—Another useful pamphlet recently issued by the English Catholic Truth Society is Mr. Allies' defence of "St. Peter's Primacy," being the concluding sections of the author's "See of Peter." It is hoped that this characteristic excerpt will draw public attention to the whole work.

—To illustrate "the incapacity for rendering unto words the letters that belong to them" the genial Lounger of the *Critic* quotes three words from the manuscript of a well-known American author—one of the most charming of our writers—which once came under his observation: "resistence," "mechanicle," "gound" (for "gown"). The manuscript of a very bright book-reviewer holds such gems as these: "smouldering censor of fate," "pius maidens," "augure well," "upstreperous," "facinating," "goulish," "yoemen," "manuel," "inuendoes," "illuding" (for "eluding," in the sense of "elusive"). Spelling is not what it used to be. When a favorite author, some twenty years ago, spelled fist "physt" orthography received a blow from which it never recovered. It is fortunate that the accomplishment of writing well does not, of necessity, include that of matching the alphabet.

—The series of entertaining dramas written by "Mercedes" have met with such a hearty welcome that a second and in some instances a third edition has been found necessary to supply the demand for them. Good school dramas are not too plentiful, it would seem. "Mercedes" has afforded the following: "On a Strike," "Kathleen; or, The Cost of a Promise," "The Troubles of the Little Folks," "Lost among the Fairies," "Katinka; or, the Indian's Trust," and "The Parable of the Ten Virgins."

—The number of Protestant writers who depend upon their imagination for their facts is infinite, as Solomon tells us. They are not so harmless, however, as the variety known to the Wise King, and hence deserve more attention than that rendered to a mere census taker. The indefatigable Mr. James Britten pays his respects to some of them in an ugly, yellow 16mo. volume entitled "Protestant Fiction," in which he collates and discusses the ludicrous blunders as well as the malicious misrepresentation which Catholics constantly find in newspapers, novels and volumes of alleged verse. To the excellent quality of this work we have already drawn attention, and we rejoice that it is now accessible in book form. Catholic Truth Society (London).

—The author of "Bonnie Brier Bush" is no bigot, as that beautiful book bears abundant evidence. One of his valued friends is the venerable Monsig. Nugent, whose kindly face is familiar to every man, woman and child in Liverpool. He was among those who were present to say good-bye to the distinguished author when he took his departure for the United States. "It is the rule of the steamships," Dr. Watson said to an interviewer in New York, "that none except passengers may go aboard the ship. Adieus must be said at the gangway. On this occasion, however, one man, Monsig. Nugent, was permitted to come aboard, and he was

the only one. He was the very last person I saw before my voyage began. He shook hands with me just before passing down the gangway, and gave me his blessing So, you see, the last friend to bid me God-speed from English shores was Monsig. Nugent. He gave me letters of introduction to Cardinal Gibbons and some of the most famous Roman Catholic Bishops in the United States. Such letters they are, too. 'Read them,' said Father Nugent as he handed them to me; 'then you can see what I really think of you.' I did read them, and I can assure you they breathed a spirit that was grateful indeed." Dr. Watson is best known by his pen-name, Ian Maclaren; and our readers can rest assured that any book bearing it is well worth reading. "Bonnie Brier Bush" has a flavor about it as refreshing as a mountain breeze.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

Demon Possession and Allied Themes. *J. L. Nevius, D. D.* Revell & Co. $1.50.

Essays Educational. *Brother Azarias.* McBride & Co. $1.50.

Protestant Fiction. *James Britten.* Catholic Truth Society. 80 cts, *net.*

Goffine's Devout Instructions. *Preface by Cardinal Gibbons.* Illustrated. $1.00.

Social Problems. *Rev. Morgan Sheedy.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

How to Speak Latin. *Stephen W. Wilby.* Murphy & Co. 75 cts.

Jack Chumleigh; or, Friends and Foes. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Murphy & Co. $1.00.

The Temptation of Nora Leecroft. *Frances Noble.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

Claudius. *C. M. Home.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

Amy's Music Box. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner Co. 75 cts.

The Last Christmas Tree. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. 75 cts.

A Tuscan Magdalen. (Poetry.) *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. *Net,* 75 cts.

The Divine Redeemer and His Church. *Rev. Edward Douglass, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

The Spirit of the Dominicau Order. *Mother Drane.* Art & Book Co. $1.00.

Devotion to the Miraculous Infant of Prague. J. Schaefer. 10 cts.

Why I Became a Catholic (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Burns & Oates. 30 cts.

Cobbett's History of the Reformation. *Edited by Dom Gasquet.* Benziger Bros. $1.00.

The Yorke-Wendte Discussion. Monitor Publishing Co. 50 cts.

Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages. *Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M.* Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P.* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

The End of Religious Controversy. *Bishop Milner. Edited by Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A.* Cath. Truth Society. 35 cts.

The See of St. Peter. *T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G.* Catholic Truth Society. 50 cts.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co 50 cts.

Lessons in Literature. Ainsworth & Co. $1.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser.* Cathedral Library Association. 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Way & Williams. $1.25.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. $1.40.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25.

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

Are Anglican Orders Valid? *Rev. Dr. MacDevitt.* Bryers & Walker. 60 cts.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8s.

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury Mass. $2.10.

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, $6.25.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.00.

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.50 net.

The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena. *Algar Thorold.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Woman, What Have I to do with Thee? *Presbyter Anglicanus.* Kegan Paul & Co. Crown 8vo, 60 cts.

Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. *Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J* Benziger Bros. 3 vols. $4.50.

Christian Reunion. *William Delaney, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. *K. M. Barry.* Fallon & Co. 60 cts.

Retreats, etc. *Father Dignam, S. J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Jewels of the Imitation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* Burns & Oates. 60 cts.

Questions of Honor in the Christian Life. *Katharine E. Conway.* Pilot Co. 50 cts.

Conscience and Law. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. $1.60.

In a Walled Garden. *Bessie R. Belloc.* Ward & Downey. $2.

Evolution and Dogma. *Rev. John A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C.* McBride & Co. $2.

Saint Philomena. *From the French.* R. Washbourne. 5 cts.

Mooted Questions of History. *H. J. Desmond.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts.

Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism. *Rev. William Humphrey, S J.* Thomas Baker. 65 cts.

Catholic Directory, 1896. *Hoffmann Bros. Co.* $1.25

Our Own Story. *Rosa Mulholland.* Catholic Truth Society $1.00.

Christian Unity. *Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.* Catholic Book Exchange. 50 cts.

Father Furniss and his Work for Children. *Rev. T. Livius. C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

VOL. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 24, 1896. No. 17.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Lost from Home.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

THE sea's a sea of ruddy wine,
The sun's gold is behind the hill,
On the hill's ridge a star doth shine:
I lie a-dreaming, let me dream still.

Up through a rift in the blue floor
I see into God's eternity;
Mary sits at an open door,
A score babe-angels press her nigh,—

A score young earth-born wanderlings
Gathered new into Mary's fold;
Only to-day they got their wings
(Plumes of azure and rose and gold).

Babes from north and babes from south,
Babes from east and babes from west,
Each gets a kiss from Mary's mouth,
Each in turn lies on her breast.

And it's "Oh, we are all motherless
And lost from home!" the children cry,
As closer round her knees they press.
There stands a tear in Mary's eye.

"Hushee hushee, my children sweet!
I hear your mothers following ye.
Hark to the wind of their rushing feet!
Until they come bide here with me."

LET us be men with men, and always children before God; for in His eyes we are but children. Old age itself, in the presence of eternity, is but the first moment of a morning.—*Joubert.*

The Strange Events at Tilly-sur-Seulles.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

MY readers will have certainly perused with keen interest the able papers published in THE AVE MARIA for June on "The Reported Apparition of the Blessed Virgin at Tilly-sur-Seulles, Normandy," and written by Father Clarke, S. J. In these papers the reverend author, after carefully weighing the *pros* and *cons* of the case, abstains from giving a decided opinion as to the character of the apparitions. This state of uncertainty is, no doubt, a trying one; but to persist in it, even at present—at the end of nearly six months,—is the only wise and prudent course.

With Father Clarke's article fresh in our minds, and wrought up to a high pitch of excitement by all that has been said and written on the subject, both in the country itself and elsewhere, we arrived as usual to spend our summer holiday in our old home at Bayeux; and a few days later we were driving along the high-road that leads from the ancient episcopal city to the picturesque line of country where Tilly is situated. We confess our inability to enter into the keen and ardent controversies that are now rife on the subject of the apparitions,—controversies that require a theological knowledge and an

experience of mystical and supernatural matters far beyond us. We simply submit our "impressions" to the readers of THE AVE MARIA, humbly confessing that we can not attempt to solve a mystery that continues to perplex many wise and experienced priests, and striving only to give a faithful account of what we our selves saw and heard during the three visits we paid to the now famous village.

Father Clarke has given his readers a complete and most correct description of the *bourg* of Tilly and its surroundings; we will not therefore weary them by what would be only a useless repetition. At the entrance to the village, by the side of the high-road, stands the school where, on the 18th of March, the nuns and their pupils beheld for the first time what they describe as a vision of our Blessed Lady. These visions, it will be remembered, continued for two months, and lasted sometimes for an hour or more at a time.

It was our good fortune to be received by the nuns, who, in order to avoid a continual and sometimes indiscreet influx of visitors, have been forbidden to admit any one unprovided with a special recommendation. The Sister who received us—Sœur St. Patrice—is the one who, on the eventful 18th of March, was present in the school-room when the sixty pupils—all save one—distinctly saw the radiant, white-robed figure high up in the air, across the valley, standing amidst the clouds, over the exact spot where, as subsequent examination proved, towers the elm-tree, and where a temporary shrine has now been erected. The Sister—a simple, pious, matter-of-fact woman, whose accent of sincerity inspired complete confidence—willingly entered into the details of the vision. She described the figure as always clothed in white and wearing a veil. The hands were generally extended, in the attitude of the miraculous medal; sometimes they were joined as if in prayer, and once or twice extended as if to bless. We stood at the window where the good Sister beside us had seen the vision more than twenty-six times, and we confess to having said the Rosary with more devotion than usual as we gazed at the vista of trees beyond which the mysterious figure had so often appeared.

On the day of our visit the sky was grey and heavy with rain, the landscape dim and hazy; no radiant, white-robed figure appeared even to the "seer," whose simplicity and humility struck us with an irresistible conviction of her absolute sincerity. There was not in her words a touch of mysticism or exaggeration, but much humble gratitude and joy. She answered our questions willingly. When the nuns and children prayed, the vision seemed to grow brighter. Upon them all the effects of the apparition were, she assured us, identical: all experienced an increase of faith and piety, a greater desire to serve God, a deep feeling of calmness and joy. Several persons of the village—among others Madame le J., wife of the *maire* of Tilly, and a person of calm judgment and good sense—also saw the vision from the school, at the same time as the Sisters, on more than one occasion. We must remark, however, that it has sometimes happened that the persons assembled at the school have seen nothing, while the nuns and the children have been favored by the dazzling apparition.

One circumstance connected with the nuns' visions marks them as entirely different from those of the *voyantes*, of whom we shall speak later. Neither the Sisters nor their pupils ever had what is called by some an ecstasy, by others a trance. They remained in their natural state: able to think and speak of other things; alive to all that was going on around them; interested, fascinated, and absorbed by the marvellous sight, but with their bodily senses clear and keen as ever.

One curious incident was related to us both by the Sister and by Madame P., a

pious person from Alençon who for some time past has been staying at Tilly. In the month of July the nuns and some of their pupils determined to make a novena to Our Lady, with the object of begging her to manifest her intentions: the vision having never spoken either to the Sisters or to the school-children. The novena ended on the Feast of St. Anne, July 26; and on that day all those who had taken part in it received Holy Communion. On the afternoon of the same day, at the hour when the apparition was usually seen—between four and five,—the nuns and the children beheld on the same spot a glorious basilica of dazzling whiteness. It was seen by the Sisters from the school; and by several other persons—Madame P., for instance,—from the road. It was visible, said our informant, for nearly an hour; but at intervals only,—it occasionally disappeared and came back. All who saw the vision agree as to its principal features: its whiteness, brilliancy, vast proportions, and varied ornaments—pinnacles, turrets, and sculptures.

Our impression on leaving the Ecole was a favorable one: we felt perfectly convinced that the good Sisters, with their straightforward simplicity, are witnesses to be trusted, whose faith and sincerity it is impossible to doubt. That they have really seen a vision seems absolutely certain. Was that vision a heavenly one? is the question that many priests are now asking themselves. In our humble opinion, until the contrary be proved, there seem to be in the apparitions seen by the nuns certain signs that inspire confidence. The witnesses were, on the 18th of March, utterly unprepared for any supernatural manifestation, and therefore their imagination was not unduly excited. The vision appeared at the hour when the children were praying, and its brightness and beauty seemed to increase as the prayers grew more fervent. The effect produced upon the witnesses was a salutary one: their faith and their desire to love and serve God were increased. "Did you feel frightened?" we inquired of the Sister. "No indeed," was the reply. "Neither we nor our children were in the least alarmed; we felt very happy."

If our impression on leaving the school and the nuns was favorable, those we brought back from the field of the apparitions, situated on the other side of the valley, were bewildering and confused.

As stated in the account given in these pages by Father Clarke, some days after the vision seen by the Sisters, a little farm servant, Louise Polinière, beheld Our Lady in a field of oats belonging to Monsieur Lepetit, a wealthy inhabitant of Tilly. This apparition was succeeded by a number of others; several hundred people now assert that they have seen either Our Lady, or the head of Christ, or globes of fire, or strange and terrifying figures. Among the "seers" a certain number of girls appear to have ecstasies or trances, during which they profess to converse with Our Lady. Two of these *voyantes* have recently been convicted of imposture and fraud. Another, Jeanne Bellanger, is subject to fits resembling epilepsy. The last two, Louise Polinière and Marie Martel, are the subjects of many warm discussions. The first is a rough little farm servant, whose character is unimpeachable, and who is more annoyed than flattered by the notice taken of her; the second, a girl of twenty-two, is a village dressmaker, whose antecedents do not inspire much confidence in those who have known her from infancy, but whose case has been enthusiastically taken up by many visitors to Tilly, and whom a good priest, M. l'Abbé Gombault, has proclaimed, perhaps somewhat hastily, the Bernadette of Tilly.

It was on the 15th of August that we paid our first visit to the field of the apparitions. Under the soft blue sky, the undulating country spread out in its calm

beauty. If less deeply azure, the sky was almost as cloudless as it had been just a year before when we kept Our Lady's feast among the peasants of Bosnia, within sight of the hundred minarets of Serajevo.

All along the road from Bayeux might be seen carriages, country carts, and even bicycles—all going in the same direction. From the *châteaux* and cottages of the neighborhood, from Bayeux and Caen; from the seaside resorts so plentiful along the Norman coast, visitors flocked in crowds to the now celebrated village. Although opinions vary as to the supernatural character of the visions, popular curiosity is wildly excited, and the subject of Tilly is warmly discussed in every social sphere throughout Normandy.

The field of the apparitions lies on a high plateau outside the village. It was formerly sown with oats; now a path has been made across it. It is enclosed, like all the fields in this part of Normandy, by a row of trees planted above a fence; and it is close to one of these trees, a young elm, that the vision is generally seen. The spot where this particular tree stands corresponds with the spot where the nuns beheld the apparition—high up in the air, above the tops of the trees.

A small wooden shrine had lately been erected just in front of the famous tree, whose bark has been torn off and carried away by enthusiastic pilgrims. Within the tiny chapel stood a statue of Our Lady, who is represented such as she is described by the "seers": clad in a white robe and veil, with golden stars on her dress, roses beneath her feet, her hands outstretched as in the miraculous medal. This statue was given by the mother of a sick child, who attributed her daughter's improved condition to Our Lady's intercession. The Bishop of Bayeux, at the request of the *curé* of Tilly, authorized him to bless the statue after Vespers on the Feast of the Assumption; stipulating, however, that he did not intend thereby to sanction the authenticity of the apparitions, but merely to give a visible symbol to the manifestations of piety that take place in the field.

A crowd of many hundred people—three thousand, it is said—had assembled at Tilly on the occasion: people of every rank and age; ladies from the neighboring *chateaux;* peasant women in their close white *coiffes;* sturdy Norman farmers in their long blue blouses; tradesmen and their families out on a holiday; tourists and cyclists, men and women, old people and children. Among those who were nearest to the little chapel there rose an uninterrupted hum of prayer. Rosaries were said aloud, hymns were sung, and many eyes were fixed upon the tall, slim tree, close to which the Queen of Heaven is said to stand. Against the low wooden balustrade that surrounds the shrine is Marie Martel, one of the *voyantes.* Presently the girl's eyes appear fixed, she becomes immovable, and so insensible to all that goes on around that the prick of a pin can not rouse her. Her eyes seem to follow an invisible presence; they rise and her head is thrown back; she is evidently absorbed in what she sees. Then the vision vanishes, the girl comes back to herself and weeps abundantly.

Many opinions are brought forward on the subject of Marie Martel's visions. Are they a form of hysteria or are they the result of hallucinations? While the Abbé Gombault, a stranger to Tilly, extols the young girl, her own *curé* shakes his head in doubt. The war of words rages wildly both in the *chateaux* and the presbyteries of the country. The Bishop of Bayeux, so far, remains mute. He has neither been to Tilly nor appointed a commission to examine the facts of the case; and, though we hear that he is troubled and perplexed by this series of curious events, he has thought it wise to observe strict silence on the subject up to the present moment.

On the 15th of August, besides Marie

Martel, the little farm servant of whom we have spoken, Louise Polinière, also had a vision, visible to herself alone. We did not see her; but we were present when, in another part of the field, a third *voyante*, Jeanne Bellanger, fell on her knees during the recitation of the Rosary, and became, like Marie Martel, insensible to all that was going on around her. The child's fat, baby face assumed an expression of joy; her lips smiled, her hands were clasped; her eyes, fixed upon the ground, rose and seemed to follow an object visible to herself only; till at last, with her head thrown backward, she seemed transfixed in the contemplation of an apparition far up in the sky above.

The case of Jeanne Bellanger presents, let us add, certain curious symptoms. She is not particularly pious, and her accounts of her visions have been at times strange and incoherent. Once—in presence of the nuns and of a Catholic newspaper reporter, who related the incident to us,—she was subject to a fit resembling certain cases of possession: crawling on the floor, stiffening herself so that two men could scarcely hold her, throwing away the rosaries given to her. This kind of fit lasted two hours Are we here merely in presence of an hysterical child, or of a poor soul over which the evil spirits have obtained temporary control?

According to several learned priests who have written upon the subject, there is in the events now taking place at Tilly a mixture of divine and diabolical agency, with probably a strong combination of credulity and hysteria, of error and perhaps even deceit. Hence it is that the whole affair is still enveloped in bewildering obscurity. It is only fair to add that, as a rule, the priests of the diocese keep aloof, and so far are more inclined to disbelieve than to believe in the heavenly character of the apparitions.

No miracles have as yet been obtained at Tilly, though many sick persons have been brought there. Singular coincidences are, however, not wanting; but these, reply the more cautious spirits, may be the work of the Evil One. For instance, Madame H., a lady living near Versailles, related to us that her only daughter, the superioress of a convent of Norbertine nuns, was anxious about a young nun of her community who lay dangerously ill. Madame H. herself had a novena begun at Tilly, and during the novena the young religious died. Some weeks later a child of five years had a vision, and declared that at Our Lady's feet she saw a young nun dressed in white. "There are no nuns dressed in white here," was the answer. But the child persisted in her assertion; and Madame H., who was still at Tilly, sent for a photograph representing the community of Norbertine nuns. She showed the photograph to the child, who immediately put her finger on the picture of the dead nun. "That is the one I saw," said she.

Our last view of Tilly was at night,—no longer under a cloudless sky, but after a day of unceasing rain. We went to the field between nine and ten, after dining at the inn, where our repast was enlivened by a stormy encounter between two newspaper reporters. It was a dark, wet evening. There was no crowd, only before the little shrine a group of peasants were praying and singing; their tiny lights flickered in the darkness, and the sound of the spirited canticles echoed along the solitary plateau.

No *voyantes* were there that night, only the sound of simple, hearty prayer; and, amid the turmoil of contradictory reports and bewildering discussions that still filled our mind, the sound was a welcome one. Whatever may be the rights of the case, whatever agency may be at work—divine, diabolical, or simply human,—those prayers are sure to bring light in God's good time upon the strange and mysterious events of Tilly-sur-Seulles.

The Reformation of Jonas Buckley.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

MRS. BUCKLEY lived in the outskirts of Hillward, in a frame cottage that had a view of the mill-pond from its front porch, and of the town in the distance from its kitchen windows. The house stood off the road in a small garden; and, within and without, it was the pride of Mrs. Buckley's heart; for it was her very own.

Mrs. Buckley's business was multifarious. She washed and ironed at the houses of her employers—"No clutterin' up of my house with other folkses soiled clothes," she would say,—she scrubbed and scoured, was a good needlewoman, and had an enviable reputation as a sick nurse. Though an individual service brought her small remuneration, she had, in the aggregate, a fair income.

"She'd never have had the comfort she has if Jonas Buckley hadn't taken a disgust to Hillward," said a neighbor, commenting on Mrs. Buckley's prosperity. Probably she would not; but whether Mrs. Buckley was made glad or miserable by the abrupt departure of Jonas no one was the wiser.

"Jonas," said Mrs. Buckley one morning, after years of suffering, "I really can't stand it any longer, working for two, and the poorhouse before us, and all on account of rum."

Jonas looked at his wife in amazement, opened his mouth as if to speak, turned on his heel and walked out of the house.

Fifteen years after—during which time she did not hear a word from her husband—Mrs. Buckley was returning home from a day's sewing when she saw little clouds of smoke issuing from the vine-covered porch of her house. In fear of fire, her walk became a run; then she paused, sniffed the air, and when she continued on her way her steps dragged. Her sense of smell had told her that the smoke proceeded from a pipe; the smoker she could not see because of the vines, but she knew him to be Jonas.

They had been of the same age, and a good-looking couple when they stood before the Congregational minister to be married. She had toiled incessantly, but had preserved her freshness; while the man smoking a short black pipe had aged, though he was a giant in strength beside the little woman gazing at him, a glow on her cheeks, moisture in her eyes.

"So you've got back, Jonas!" she said.

"A husband's place is where his wife is, unless he be called away by wars or such like." His moral aphorism vented, Jonas knocked the ashes from his pipe, and stood up while his wife opened the door. "A right tidy place!" he said, looking about the sitting-room. "You deserve credit, Janey, for what you've done."

"Janey" was the pet name he called her in the early days of their marriage. Thinking of ways and means, it brought no flush of response to her cheeks.

"And see here," he continued, noting perhaps the anxious look in her eyes, "if you're well fixed, so am I. Just look at that!" and he held out a roll of bills before her.

"Why, you must be a rich man!" she exclaimed, astonished.

"No, I ain't neither; but I've steady work. I'm an eelectrician, and I've been sent out to work at the plant here."

She looked her husband in the eyes, then broke out:

"You ain't been livin' in the neighborhood for very long, have you, Jonas? It would be part and parcel with the rest if you had."

Jonas laughed. "No, I ain't," he said. "Been down in York State some while, but most of the time I've been in Boston."

And that was all the reference the couple made to the past.

In more ways than one Jonas showed the reformation wrought in him. He told her that he had "quit drinking." "Ain't touched a drop for goin' on three years." And when his wife asked him if he had taken the "gold cure," he said he hadn't, and added that he had no faith in medicines; acknowledging though, with an air of mystery, that there was something that kept him in the path of rectitude. What it was he did not state, and Mrs. Buckley did not ask to know. His tone to her was gentle, almost deferential; and after supper he filled the water-pitchers and brought in the kindling wood for the morning's fire,—things he was never known to do before.

"Now I'm home again and gettin' good pay, you must give over goin' out to work, Mary Jane," said Jonas the next morning.

"But, Jonas, I've engaged myself for days to come. It won't do for me to disappoint folks, and them so kind to me all these years," expostulated his wife.

"See here, Mary Jane," Jonas went on. "Once before I got lazied from dependin' on you; now I want you to get lazied dependin' on me—providin' you have my three meals regular," he added, anxiously.

Mrs. Buckley pondered a moment, then answered:

"You must let me quit goin' out little by little. I'll do what I've engaged to do; and then, if you don't change your mind, I'll not go out again unless for some special sickness, and then only to set up nights. You'll have your three meals regular, no fear," she assured him, with a laugh that made him look up quickly, it was so much like the laugh "Janey" was wont to give long ago.

Jonas agreed to her proposition; and, handing her the roll of bills he had shown her the evening before, told her the money was for the house "and any such things as you take a fancy for."

Mrs. Buckley went about her work in a dazed condition of mind,—"leaving off" early in the afternoon to run in to consult Father Strong.

"Jonas is back, and so changed for the better you'd never know him," she said, and went on to relate in what the change consisted. "He's so good and kind in his ways," she continued. "He's considerate of my steps, and it's such a relief to have a man about the house! I was so glad to have him home; and, rememberin' how he could not abide a Catholic above all things, I did not tell him I am one now—thank God!—and I just don't know how I'm to break it to him—" Mrs. Buckley paused here to dry her eyes.

"The longer you put it off, the harder it will be," answered Father Strong. "You have nothing to feel ashamed of, Mrs. Buckley."

"I guess not!" replied Mrs. Buckley, coloring up. "But," she faltered, when her excitement had subsided, "there has been so much trouble; and now, when it might be peace for us both, it's hard to upset things. Not that I'm sorry I'm what I am. You know a little, but only God knows all it's been to me to be a Catholic."

Father Strong knew well her life of self-sacrifice. He honored the sturdy independence that sought no other help than that of Heaven; and his sympathy was hers entirely. For all that, he could not advise her otherwise than her conscience had already dictated her to act.

"Tell him to-night. He may be very unreasonable, but that will pass; and—who knows? Prayer does everything. You may complete his reformation by making a Catholic of him."

Mrs. Buckley said she would tell Jonas after supper. Nevertheless, she did not do so; for when she broached the subject of religion, Jonas shut her up, not with asperity, but with an air that showed he was as afraid of the subject as she was herself. But he said—and he spoke in

a tone of voice that would not brook contradiction:

"I've got my beliefs, and maybe you've got yours. Any ways, I hope mine'll be yours some day." Then he continued in milder tones, as he filled the short black pipe, and as if to change the subject: "I guess you wonder why I didn't come home sooner, Janey, seein' how I've quit drink so long. The fact is, it was a long time before I got steady work; and when I did, I wanted to save a bit and make sure of myself. Then I got that appointment here, and now we're fixed,—leastways we *will* be when you give over goin' out to work."

"That will be next week, Jonas," said Mrs. Buckley, and let him take her hand in his; and thus this elderly couple sat on the vine-covered porch till long after sundown, perfectly content only for the secret each held from the other.

Day after day Mrs. Buckley endeavored to make known to Jonas what she felt would cause him to turn from her again, and Saturday arrived without her having made her revelation. On that day Jonas astonished her by saying that he was going to Boston, and would not return till the following evening.

"There's some person there I've got to see," he said.

"On business, I suppose," observed Mrs. Buckley.

"Well," deliberated Jonas, "you might call it business if you had a mind to, and I don't know that you'd be goin' against the truth in doin' so. But it's more of a friend I'm goin' to see. It's a friend I can trust for advice,—a friend who's been a friend."

"It's only a couple of hours' ride, and yet I've never been to Boston—" began Mrs. Buckley, and paused abruptly, frightened to think Jonas might believe she hinted a wish to accompany him.

And Jonas did believe so, for he said:

"You shall go; for, as they say down in York, it's way up in G. But not this time. It's particular I see my friend with nothin' on my mind, and when you go it's to be an outin'."

"I didn't mean to hint, Jonas,—neither for this time nor for any other, for that matter," said Mrs. Buckley; and, being only human, went on setting the room to rights a little sore at heart,—a little hurt, too, that Jonas did not confide to her the business he had with his friend.

Saturday was a very busy day with Mrs. Buckley; and, although she attended more than one Mass on Sunday, the time dragged while she waited the return of Jonas. She missed him as she had never missed him in the fifteen years of his absence; she never acknowledged it, but then his absence had been a relief to her. Finally, when afternoon arrived and no Jonas, and she was called suddenly to the sick-room of an invalid—who, in Mrs. Buckley's parlance, was "a creakin' door that hangs long on its hinges,"—she was glad to get away from the little house that had suddenly become lonely and distasteful to her. She did not leave, however, without putting out a supper for Jonas, and pinning a little note on the cupboard door to tell him that she might not return till morning; the charitable messenger who came to fetch her having reported that the "creakin' door" was about to fall.

His wife was not gone an hour when Jonas returned; and he was reading the note she left when word came from the works where he was employed calling on him to take the place of a disabled hand. He gulped down a mouthful of food; and, expecting to return before his wife, left no message for her.

Mrs. Buckley reached home that night tired, and somewhat disgusted at being called out on what proved to be a useless errand. The condition of the tea-table made known to her that her husband had returned. She called his name, thinking

him to be somewhere in the house; then she looked to see if he was asleep. Not finding him, she cleared away the almost untouched dishes, and in doing so came across her rosary.

"I must have dropped it when Eliza came to call me to Mrs. Pinks—" catching her breath, her face paled. "He has found out and left me again!" she moaned to herself. "If I had only made him let me tell him, and now he thinks I was ashamed to tell!"

She did not sleep at all that night for worry; and it was with a headache and cramped limbs that she started out the next morning for what was to have been her last day's work. Her way led her down High Street, where the wires had been lately put up for the new electric lamps. She walked almost unconscious of her surroundings, when suddenly she was roused from her preoccupation by finding herself in the midst of a crowd—an ominously silent crowd of people,—who looked upward. She, too, looked upward, and saw a man high in mid-air suspended by his hands from a live wire.

"No, the current is not to be turned off!" shouted some one. "He would fall and be dashed to pieces,—look!"

The wire passed opposite the windows of a sash and window factory. Mrs. Buckley saw a board shot suddenly from a window till one end rested on the wire, the other left to rest on the sill. Then she saw her husband crawl across the board, a heavy coat held between his teeth, till he reached the man upheld by the imprisoned current of fire. The coat Jonas flung about the man's neck and shoulders, and then he upheld him in his arms, while the board swayed under their weight, and shouted:

"Have the current cut!"

It was too much for Mrs. Buckley. She felt herself grow sick; and as she tottered back, one who stood by caught at her and broke her fall. When she came to, she found herself in a druggist's, with Jonas bending over her.

"The man is all right, Mary Jane," he said. "He was up a pole and slipped, and forgot himself enough to catch at a wire. He'll be in the hospital a week or so, but it's nothin' fatal."

She rose to her feet and clasped his hands in hers. "And you, Jonas?" she cried, feeling him over.

"*Me!*" shouted Jonas. "What should ail me?"

"Jonas," she whispered through her tears of rejoicing, "you're not angry with me now, are you?"

He looked at her dazedly and drew her aside; the people who had flocked into the shop falling back out of respect for the man they knew to be a hero, and the little woman his wife, whom they did not know to be a heroine.

"Why should I be angry with you, Janey?" he asked, tenderly. "An' you forgivin' all the past, an' never throwin' aught up to me!"

"Because—you used to hate Catholics. I am one," she said, unabashed. It was a trumpet she blew.

For a moment he stared at her speechless; then, forgetting where he was and the people who listened, he drew her to him and exclaimed:

"Janey dear, *I* am a Catholic too, thank God! Why, little woman, it was a priest that made me reform; and it was a priest I went to see in Boston, for advice about tellin' you."

It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man, that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end.—*Carlyle.*

We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end to them.—*Addison.*

The Rosemary.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

NEAR the lowly home where Joseph won
In toil the Saviour's bread,
Where the humble board for her God and Son
By Mary's hands was spread,
Where the song birds sang their sweetest songs,
And the softest breezes blew,
A common shrub 'mid the varied throngs
Of the garden flowers grew.

And on it once in the springtide bright
The Virgin Mother laid
The brightened robes of the Saviour white,
From the finest linen made;
And the angels looked from heaven above
With joy on her face that morn
As she spread the robes with reverent love
That her Baby Boy had worn.

And, lo! as she spread them one by one
On that common shrub and mean,
A perfume rare, until then unknown,
Uprose from its leaves of green.
And of fadeless green are its leaves to-day,
Let it grow by lawn or lea;
And that fragrance sweet remains for aye
With Our Lady's Rosemary.

Martyr Memories of America.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.

XIV.

FATHER JOGUES now laid aside his new dignity, and devoted himself heart and soul to his sacred calling; and though the Mohawks, by preparing an escort and advising him of its readiness, seemed anxious to hasten his departure, he lingered to visit the Hurons, especially the sick and dying; to hear their confessions, and, if necessary, administer the last Sacraments. Several dying children were also baptized. But finally he was compelled to start.

He left the Mohawk on June 16; and, after a passage of thirteen days, reached Three Rivers on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. The news of his return sent a thrill of joy through the hearts of the pent-up colonists, and all exulted in the prospect of a long and prosperous peace. As to a mission there was now no doubt, and Father Jogues' return seemed to admit of no delay. He himself was most anxious to begin his destined work, although he looked upon it as one to be sealed in his blood. Writing to a friend before his appointment, he said:

"Peace has been concluded, to the great joy of the French. It will last as long as it shall please Our Lord. For its maintenance it is deemed necessary to send a Father to see what can be done for the instruction of those tribes. I have many reasons to think that I shall be the one chosen, having some knowledge of their language. You see I need the powerful help of prayers; for I must dwell amid these savages almost without liberty to pray, without Mass or Sacraments; I must be responsible for every accident that may happen among the Iroquois, French, Hurons, and Algonquins. But what is this? My trust is in God, who does not need us to accomplish His designs. We must endeavor to be faithful and not mar His work by our faint-heartedness. I hope you will obtain me this favor of Our Lord: that, after having thus far led so cowardly a life, I may now at last begin to serve Him. My heart tells me that, if I have the happiness to be employed on this mission, 'I shall go and shall not return.' But I should be happy indeed were Our Lord to deign to complete the sacrifice which He has begun, and make the drops of my blood shed on that soil the earnest of what I would give Him from every vein of my heart. In a word, this people is 'my bloody spouse'; I have espoused it to

me in blood. May our good Master open to it the doors of His Gospel!"

Such are the remarkable words with which the holy missionary announces the opening of his new campaign. But, eager as he was to take the field, the superiors hesitated; for soon after his return came rumors of war, vague and indistinct, like the distant thunder of a coming tempest. They deemed it better to delay. A council was held on the 9th of July to decide whether he should return; and it was thought better that he should go to winter at Montreal, and not proceed to the Mohawk; it was, however, left to him to undertake the latter voyage, if he found a favorable opportunity of reaching his destined mission.

Father Jogues accordingly repaired to Montreal to await more precise intelligence from the centre of New York. His mind was occupied entirely with that region; for it was at this time that he drew up a description of the Dutch colony. It has fortunately reached us in his own handwriting, but a journal of his last voyage with the Sieur Bourdon has perished. It was in the archives of the Jesuits of Canada until that country was taken by the English.

After remaining about a month at Montreal, Father Jogues hurried on to Three Rivers; and, finding nothing to substantiate the unfavorable news, asked leave to depart. On September 24 it was decided that he should set out with Lalande, a young Frenchman of Dieppe—one such as he had asked,—Onihsre, an Iroquois of Huron birth, and some other Hurons. Three days later he was actually on his way. As he advanced, the tidings of hostility on the side of the Mohawks became more frequent, and the Indian companions of the missionary began to desert him. Undismayed by their desertion, Father Jogues and his companion advanced resolutely, and passed Lake Champlain without accident. He was within two days' march of their castles when he fell in with a fierce war party marching on Fort Richelieu. With a shout of exultation, they rushed on the missionary and his comrade Lalande, and stripped and bound them; then, as though they had achieved a great victory, they turned back, and on October 17 the prisoners were dragged into Gandawagué, the place of Father Jogues' former captivity. Here they were received with the usual shower of blows, and on every side were heard horrible threats—"You shall die to-morrow. Fear not: you shall not be burned; your heads shall fall beneath our hatchets. Your heads shall be set upon our palisades, that your brethren may see them when we bring them in captives."

This announcement of the manner of his death revealed to the missionary that it was not as a prisoner of war that he was to die. He then sought to show them the injustice of treating him as an enemy when he came as the messenger of peace. But his words produced no effect. Not satisfied with beating him, they sliced the flesh from his arms and back, and, devouring it, exclaimed: "Let us see whether this white flesh is the flesh of a Manitou."—"I am but a man like yourselves," was his dauntless reply; "though I fear not death nor your tortures. You do wrong to put me to death. I have come to your country to preserve peace and strengthen the land, and to show you the way to heaven; and you treat me as a dog. Dread the chastisement of Him who rules both the Iroquois and the French." Such was his answer, as we learn from the account of some Hurons who soon after escaped. And, except in form, it may be relied upon; as their accuracy in such cases, though often considered of little value, was undoubtedly great, as may be seen by comparing the account of his first capture, given by fugitives, with his own accounts.

It may be asked why Father Jogues found everything so altered among the

Mohawks, and what crime was laid to his charge. Superstition rules the savages. In all they see diabolical agency. The most ordinary sickness, a slight toothache, is in their eyes a work of satanic malice; and woe to him on whom a trifle may throw suspicion! He dies by the hatchet. He is not burned before the assembled village; but, unawares, the blow is dealt, and their vengeance appeased. During Father Jogues' absence their crop of Indian corn had been blasted; myriads of worms had devoured all their fields, and at the same time pestilence desolated their cabins. The missionary had left a small box containing the most necessary articles for the mission, and on it suspicion fell. They had from the first shown a disinclination to keep it; but he opened the box to show them its contents, and had departed believing them convinced. On it, however, all their suspicions now centred, and the general voice proclaimed that the canton was scourged by a devil concealed in Ondesonk's box. None dare open it; it was cast into the river, and all awaited his return to punish his sorcery. "If he were not a sorcerer, why in every forest carve on our trees the hated Sign of the Cross?"

Such were now the thoughts of a great party of the tribe—of the whole family of the Bear, who demanded his death. But his own family, the Wolf, and the Turtle, headed by Kiotsaeton, the ambassador in the recent negotiations, stood firm. "Kill us rather," they exclaimed,—"kill us rather than men who have done us no harm, and who came here on our word!" A council was held and justice prevailed; but it was too late: the Bear had achieved his design before the deputies of the council reached Gandawagué.

Toward evening, on the 18th of October, some Indians of that bloodthirsty family came to invite Ondesonk to sup in their cabin. He could not but have known their purpose, yet he rose and followed them. Scarce had his shadow darkened the door of the lodge to which he was invited when a man, concealed behind, sprung forward, and a single blow, dealt on the head with his well-aimed tomahawk, stretched Father Jogues lifeless on the ground. A brave arm was raised to save him, but the generous Kiotsaeton received a deep wound without being able to rescue the victim of their fury. They now cut the missionary's throat, and severing his head, set it on the palisade. The next day Lalande and a faithful Huron companion met the same fate, and were buried in the rushing river.

Thus perished, in the fortieth year of his age and the tenth of his apostolate, the first of the band of heroic missionaries who fell by the hands of the Iroquois. The first to enter the present territories of the United States, the first priest to visit the cradle of New York, he had the happiness of being the first to water the soil with his blood.*

XV.

The Dutch at Albany were, of course, the first to hear of the murder of the servant of God. To his astonishment and grief, the Indians one day presented Megapolensis with the clothes and books of the missionary. He reproached them for having committed so great a crime, but they doggedly replied: "It was just; he brought a devil into the country to kill us."

Some days later the interpreter of the post, John Labatie, wrote to Governor Kieft, who, in turn, communicated the sad tidings to the Governor of Canada. It was not, however, till the following June that these letters reached Quebec. Amid the universal grief caused by this event wherever Father Jogues was known rose the voice of Faith. The Catholics esteemed

* The place of the death of Father Jogues was on the west side of Cayadutta Creek, about one hundred rods from the Mohawk. The village site was identified in the summer of 1877 by General John Clark, of Auburn, N. Y., who sent me a hatchet he dug up on the spot. [*Note by Dr. Shea.*]

him a martyr and envied him his crown. "We could not bring ourselves," observes Father Ragueneau, "to offer for Father Jogues the prayers for the dead. We offered up the Adorable Sacrifice indeed, but it was in thanksgiving for the favors which he had received from God. The laity and the religious here share our sentiments as to this happy death, and more are found to invoke his memory than to pray for his repose."

All now called to mind his eminent virtues. His courage in the work of God, which completely overcame his natural disposition, and enabled one of the most timid of men to prepare to encounter any danger; his humility, too, with which, during his first years, he had labored silently and unknown, and which caused him to fly from honors that showered upon him in Europe; his love of prayer; and, above all, his love of the cross,—these and a thousand other virtues now rushed to their memory.

Heaven did not withhold its approbation of the reverence for Father Jogues. Kiotsaeton was, as we have seen, wounded in his attempt to save the life of the holy martyr. The blow sank deep in his heart; and, seizing his musket, the Mohawk chief disowned his tribe and struck into the forest. The next year he entered the French colony, and declared that he had come to live among them. The war had already broken out, and the French feared treachery. Kiotsaeton was put on a vessel and bound, to prevent his escape. In this cruel position he addressed the missionary, and his bonds fell from him. Astonished at this, his guards bound him the next night; but he was again freed. He was bound no more. Going subsequently to France, he fell ill and died a Christian, the Hospital nuns watching over him with a mother's care.

The saintly Jesuit was now known in France; and if Canada was hallowed by the sanctity of a Mother Catherine of St. Augustin, it was due to the example of Father Jogues. The father of this nun had two daughters in the Hospitalières, and one was selected for Canada. To this he would not consent; and, to prevent her departure, he used his influence with the government to forbid any nuns going. But when the letters of Father Jogues were placed in his hands, his eyes filled with tears, and he offered to God not one but both for so noble an enterprise.

There is another event still more striking, the attested account of which has, by the will of Providence, survived the destruction of papers in the revolutions of the last two centuries. As stated before, Father Jogues left a glove at the Ursuline convent, St.-Jean-d'Angély, when about to embark for the last time from France. Among the nuns was one named Sister Mary Teresa, known in the world as Mary Prevostière. She was about twenty years of age. After much suffering, she was brought to the verge of the grave by an abscess which defied all remedies. It was accompanied by terrible contraction of the nerves, inflammation, fever, and weakness. On the 20th of January, 1648, Mother Mary Margaret Poisson, the superior, ordered the Sister to apply to the wound the glove of Father Jogues, and to implore his aid. She did so with lively faith; but the fever only continued to increase, till three o'clock in the morning, when pain and fever suddenly vanished, and she rose up in perfect health. She made her bed and went down to the chapel to thank God for so signal a favor. On the anniversary of that day the fever came back; but on her entering the chapel to renew her thanks to God it again disappeared and never returned. A juridical statement of this marvel was drawn up under oath on May 17, 1654, signed by Mother Poisson, Sister Teresa, Sister Louise Dabillon, and seven other nuns.

(The End.)

Sadie's Knight.

BY MRS. ANNA HANSON DORSEY, AUTHOR OF "ZOE'S DAUGHTER," "'BETH'S PROMISE," ETC.

V.

THREE days later Father Saunders called to return Mr. Ashton's visit and make the acquaintance of his young Catholic relative. Cassy, who was on duty that day as portress—a post she highly enjoyed,—was rather awestruck by the tall, dignified gentleman with a most kindly expression, who, on stepping into the hall, laid his hand on her head, saying, "God bless you, my little child!" then placed three cards on the tray she held toward him. "Take these to Mrs. Ashton," he added, as he entered the cool, darkened drawing-room, where the fragrance of roses and other sweet-smelling blossoms stole out of the shadows, filling the air with perfume.

Mrs. Ashton and the two girls were sitting together chatting, each busy with embroidery or fancy knitting, when Cassy, wild-eyed and breathless, rushed in and dropped the card tray into the lap of her mistress, saying:

"He done gone into the drawin'-room, Missis; an' he put his han' on my haid an' said, 'God bless you, my little chile!' jes' that a way."

"Sadie dear," said Mrs. Ashton, looking at the cards, "the Rev. Mr. Saunders, your good priest, has called. I will go down at once to welcome him, and do you hurry after me. And, Kate dear, ring for Abby, and tell her to send in some cake and iced claret, it is such a very hot day."

Making some slight change in her toilette, and brushing away the rings of shining hair that would stray over her forehead, Sadie hastened to the drawing-room, where she found Father Saunders talking in the most cheery and amicable manner.

Sadie was so glad to see once more a priest in his long coat and Roman collar that, as he took her hand, she knelt for his blessing, which he gave just as he had given it a few moments ago to the little black servant who admitted him.

"I think, Father," said Sadie, laughing, "that my little maid was half frightened by the—to her—new form of salutation."

"She was undoubtedly startled," remarked Mrs. Ashton; "for, I'm ashamed to confess, we are a Godless family, Father Saunders. We've no religion at all, and Sadie is our one saving feature at present. But, presuming on our relationship, may I not also hope for some scraps of blessing?"

"Certainly,—not scraps, but full and entire," said Father Saunders, who was much and favorably impressed by Mrs. Ashton's amiable manners. "You are not so far from religion as you think, dear Madam; for the intention goes a long way toward it. Then, too, we are to take account of the accidents of birth, education, and circumstance; and remember that the door of Mercy is ever open."

"You have given me something to think of," she answered, and rose as Abby came in with the tray, to pour out a glass of cool wine, which greatly refreshed him.

"I have a message for you, my child," he said, turning to Sadie, "from a lady who, having retired from the world, of course never visits—Madame Gervaise. She noticed a young stranger who had some difficulty in obtaining a seat at Mass Sunday before last. She discovered your residence, and then came to me and asked me to offer you her pew for as long a time as you stay. It chanced to be the very day Mr. Ashton was so good as to call, so it simplified the matter."

"How very kind, Father!" said Sadie. "I accept with many thanks."

"And pray add mine. I know Madame Gervaise, Sadie; and we must call and tell her how grateful we are. And now, Father, how about your dining with us on

Wednesday? Mr. Ashton is very much in earnest about it, and so am I," said Mrs. Ashton, cordially.

"Nothing would give me more pleasure," replied Father Saunders, a slight cloud passing over his countenance, marking the flitting of some painful thought that held him silent for a moment. Then he added: "But the fact is, dear Madam, there's great trouble among my people—a number of whom are employed at the navy yard and dry-dock—on account of a rumor that some hundreds of the hands are to be dismissed; and every man fears for himself. They look to me for help; although how I am to assist them is a problem. I can only trust in God and do the little I can think of. I have an old friend in Washington, high in the confidence of the President, to whom I think of appealing personally after I see the Commodore to-day and learn the true situation. I am sure Mr. Ashton will realize why this duty must do away with all thought of pleasure, so pray present my regrets."

"He will not only think so, my dear sir, but will give you what aid he can. He has personal influence, which may help, especially if politics is at the bottom of the affair. I wish you success with all my heart."

"God bless you, Madam!" said Father Saunders, much touched by her sympathy; and, turning to Sadie, he added: "Say the Rosary for my distressed people and their poor pastor whenever you can." And, giving her too the gracious benediction that marks the coming and going of a priest, he left, feeling comforted by their ready kindness.

"A true pastor!" said Mrs. Ashton. "How promptly he lifts the cross of his people to his own shoulders!"

. . . . . .

The next evening, a thunder squall having spoiled Indie Page's sailing party, Kate and Sadie went up to the latter's room, where a mysterious consultation, with closed doors, was held. This was followed by a rummaging of some old trunks that were carefully kept in a room in the garret, under lock and key, to which only Kate and her mother had access. Mrs. Ashton was spending the evening with a sick friend, and the girls had given orders to admit no visitors. Abby knew there was a frolic a-foot; but she was a quiet, discreet lady's-maid, and kept her thoughts to herself; besides, she adored Kate, and would not have done anything to spoil her fun for the world. She told Cassy that she was not to go up to the ladies unless she was called for, much to that young creature's discomfiture.

An hour later Sadie was transformed into a court lady of the time of Louis Quinze. A rich brocade petticoat and a full gold-colored satin train, which had been worn by one of the family at a grand ball given at Williamsburg in honor of Colonel Washington and his bride, fitted her tall, shapely form as if it had been made for her; old yellow lace fell from the sleeves at the elbows and around the low, square-cut corsage; there was a string of pearls around her throat, and a black patch or two coquettishly arranged on cheek and chin. Her hair, dressed high and powdered, was adorned with pale blue ostrich tips; and her feet were encased in high-heeled white satin spangled slippers.

"Why, I hardly know myself," she said, surveying herself in the cheval-glass, which held her radiant image like a picture in a frame. "This style is so becoming I think I'd like to dress so all the time. I wonder if cousin Ashton couldn't be persuaded to give me the patterns?"

"Come along!" was Kate's only answer.

"Come along where?" asked Sadie, bewildered. "It's raining."

"No, it isn't: the storm roared off to sea a while ago. I'm going to show you to cousin Sue. You certainly do look lovely," she added, as she threw a large

black silk cloak over Sadie and drew the hood over her high coiffure. She then covered her own head with a black lace scarf, and put on a dark mantle; softly unlocked the door, and led the way down the back veranda stairs. They stole through the garden, out of the gate, and in a few minutes were safely on their way. There was no moon, and the clouded sky favored their escapade. They had not far to go. Mrs. Maitland—"cousin Sue"—lived on the same street, but several squares distant from the Ashtons, in an old-fashioned house, with a large porch in front about six feet from the ground; built so for safety when the great high-tides came in above the salt-marshes, flooding the water-front. Here she resided when her husband's cruises carried him too far for her to follow, melancholy as a bride at the separation.

"You are to go up and rap with the knocker, and the moment the door is opened sail in. No doubt Nancy will yell and have the 'fantods'; but don't mind. I'll come to the rescue, and introduce you to cousin Sue as the Queen of France," whispered Kate as well as she could for giggling over the anticipated surprise.

"I don't half like to," said Sadie.

"Nonsense! Poor cousin Sue is so lonesome she'll be delighted. Come now, up with you! Drop that cloak the moment you hear some one coming to open the door."

The old iron knocker was lifted and fell with two resounding blows. Sadie heard footsteps approaching along the waxed floor of the hall; the door was opened, and as she glided forward into the full blaze of the hall lamp there was a shriek—*not* Nancy's,—a recoil; the door was violently pushed to, and she was just saved from falling by her train being caught tight in it. Kate now rushed up.

"I'll knock again; and when Nancy or Quimbo comes, jerk your train out, and we'll just fly round the basement way. Give me the cloak," said Kate, suiting the action to the word.

They heard footsteps as before, but they were a man's this time, and a strong hand seized the knob. Good heavens, what a plight! Sadie pulled and jerked at her train, hoping to tear herself loose; and Kate collapsed in a giggle against the jamb, to see how completely the "surprise" had been reversed.

"Who is it?" inquired a bass voice. "And what do you want?"

Dead silence.

"Kate, may I unfasten it and leave it?" whispered Sadie.

"Not for worlds. Ma values her heirlooms above everything."

Two vigorous jerks at the door made the girl cling with all her strength to the knob.

"O Kate, what shall I do?" she gasped.

"Oh, very well!" the voice continued. "Hold on if you want to; but I've got your train, and mean to keep it until you come in and show yourself."

"O Kate, how perfectly dreadful!"

"Open this door and let go that dress! It's Kate Ashton. Now, Sadie, be ready to run," said Kate.

The door was opened immediately—though not easily, for the heavy satin jammed it,—and Sadie tried on the instant to escape. But her captor, true to his word, held tight to her train; while Kate gave a shriek and—rushed into his arms, clinging to his neck and crying out:

"O Bertie, Bertie! Who *would* have thought to find you here? Where did you come from?"

He laughed and kissed her, still holding on to the train.

"O Sadie, it's Bertie! Isn't it lovely! Come on in. Bert, this is Sadie Ellerton, our new cousin. She's a duck. I dressed her up like the old picture; for I knew Nancy would make such lively times that it would rouse up cousin Sue. O cousin Sue, come here!"

It was no use objecting, so the "Queen of France," mortified and ready to cry, went in. Mrs. Maitland did all she could to set her at ease: told her that it was her own great-grand-aunt's gown she had on; and that she looked so much like her portrait that, when she opened the door and caught a glimpse of her, she thought her ghost must certainly be walking.

"I was quite startled, I assure you; which was foolish, for I might have known it was a little masquerade frolic. When you knocked I thought it might be Kate, and went to the door myself, so she would not be kept waiting, Bert being here."

"I am very sorry," began Sadie.

"Oh, cousin Sue doesn't mind in the least, chickie!" said Kate. "She's used to me and my ways; aren't you, cousin Sue?"

"Some of them, my dear," replied cousin Sue, with a twinkle,—"enough to make me feel sure whenever I hear of any bit of mischief that Kate Ashton has a hand in it. But this is such a delightful one! Indeed, my dear," added Mrs. Maitland, putting her arm around Sadie and kissing her, "I would not on any account have missed seeing such a pretty ghost, and I mean that we shall be great friends."

"Now, Bert, tell me this moment what brought you here instead of to your own house?" said Kate.

Then Bert explained that he had been sent by his captain with dispatches to Washington, and thence to the Gosport yard with a letter to the Commodore which required an answer in the morning, of which he was to be the bearer; and that, having first finished his errand, he had gone straight home, only to find everybody out, and had flown to cousin Sue for comfort, knowing that she was always in and ready to be kind to the friendless.

"Why, was there ever anything more pathetic!" exclaimed Kate. "And now tell me when that old tub you've been knocking around the world in is coming to the navy yard, and what is to be done with you?"

"Well, I suppose a few more fathoms of red-tape will have to be unreeled first. Then we'll come up here and go out of commission; and then I imagine the South Pacific or Rio will be my lot," he answered, laughing at Kate's sauciness and prettiness, and her little grown-up airs, for he had left her a child of twelve years.

"And the yellow fever, and typhoons, and all the rest of it!" continued his sister, indignantly.

Sadie did not raise her eyes. She felt like one of Madame Tassaud's wax figures, sitting there dressed up in the finery of a century ago, which had once been filled out with a form of life and beauty long since gone to dust and ashes. Still she tried to talk to gentle Mrs. Maitland, telling her how delightful her visit had been, and how kind every one was to her. Bert Ashton's eyes were not downcast, however; and he made much of his opportunities to gaze upon her; thinking she was the prettiest thing, by long odds, that he had ever seen.

Kate, finding that her cousin's embarrassment did not wear off, rose to go, wondering how any one could be shy of Bertie. Mrs. Maitland made the girls promise to come again, and they started home, attended by Bert.

"I hope you will forgive me, little cousin," he remarked, with a good-natured laugh, as they walked on.

But Sadie's stiff brocade, rustling with every step, did not allow her to forget the ridiculous part she had played that evening, and the best she could do was to say:

"There is really nothing to forgive. It was altogether absurd."

Then he began to talk of other things, doing his best to divert her mind from the occurrence, until they reached home; and while he was in his mother's arms, being embraced and kissed, Sadie rushed up to her room, turned the door-key and

flung herself upon the lounge, her satin train and stiff brocade petticoat huddled up around her, where, between crying and laughing, she was on the very verge of hysterics. She wasted no time, however, in her preparations for bed. She hung all the old finery on a chair in Kate's room, wishing that her great-grand-aunt had lived to wear it out; bathed her face; and, feeling refreshed, got under the blue lace net, nestled her head among the pillows, and fell into that deep, restful sleep which only the youthful and healthy know.

When the girl awoke next morning, Cassy was as usual in attendance, her eyes sparkling, her face full of importance. She evidently had something on her mind. She waited until she saw her young lady's eyes unclose, then came toward her, holding up a superb, half-opened tea-rose and a spray of citronella.

Sadie threw the net open, and, smiling at her little maid, asked:

"What have you there, Cassy?"

"He sont um, Mars Bert did. He went out in de gyardin fust thing dis mornin' an' got um his own se'f; an' he tole me, Mars Bert did, to giv um to you wid his complents as soon as you waked up. But he's done gone 'way long ago," said Cassy.

"Oh!" It was a gasp of relief on hearing that he was gone. "He was very kind to think of me. Put them in water, Cassy." Then mentally: "What did he suppose I'd care for his flowers! I certainly shall get to hate him, and I hope his old ship will stay where it is until I'm gone."

At breakfast Bertie was the one theme: how delighted Mr. and Mrs. Ashton were to see him; how sorry Kate was that he had to hurry off so; and how much he regretted not seeing Sadie to say "good-bye," and hoped he'd be sent up on some official business again before she left; and how good and true he was,—until Sadie felt conscience-stricken at not being able to appreciate such a paragon.

(To be continued.)

Talks on Social Topics.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

A DOUBLE REWARD.

ONE time a merchant went over the sea to a far land, thinking to better his failing fortunes. He was highly successful; and after some years returned home with a pardonable pride in his possessions, and anxious to meet the friends and relatives who had assembled at a country house to do him honor.

His ship was late, and there had been bad weather on the voyage; but, not waiting to change his clothes, he hastened to the place where the welcoming banquet was spread, and extended his hands. But his entertainers simply looked at one another and gave him no greeting. "Can it be," passed through the mind of each one, "that he has deceived us? This is not the apparel of a rich man."

The merchant was much amused; but a young Moor, whom he had brought home with him, was indignant.

"Is this the way," he inquired, in a whisper, "that your people receive you after an absence of many years?"

"Wait a moment," said the merchant "and you will see a change in their behavior." Saying this he took a costly ring from his pocket and put it on his finger, when the manners of his hosts changed perceptibly.

"Let me grasp your hand," said one.

"I will not be content without embracing you," announced another.

"You must come to my home!" cried a third.

"What is all this?" questioned the mystified Moor. "Is this ring a magic one? Has it bewitched your friends?"

"Oh, not at all!" calmly answered the merchant. "They merely judge by it that there is wealth behind it."

"It is the love of money that has

bewitched them," was the Moor's response. "And they call *me* barbarian!"

This is a pretty story, and once may have been an apt one. But to-day the shrewd relatives would have surmised from the dilapidated garb of the wanderer that his bank account was above reproach. The proprietor of a large dry-goods shop informs me that with new clerks he is invariably obliged to combat a disposition to be civil to customers in proportion to the elegance of their attire. "But soon they learn for themselves," he says, "that it is the plainly dressed people who have money in their pockets."

One of the prerogatives of position is the independence it brings. This does not apply to the acquirement of wealth only, as the term is commonly used. My neighbor the millionaire wears a 'shocking bad hat,' and is called amiably eccentric; but the man who wrote the cleverest book of the season wears one still more shocking, and is commended likewise. If your pedigree is authorized by the Herald's College, you may blacken your own shoes; if you are a noted statesman, you may venture to remove your coat and smoke your pipe upon your front veranda.

It is only necessary to succeed in one line or another and the whole field is won. Success is not obliged to wear a livery; and abject compliance with the fleeting fashions of the hour will only make the initiated surmise that your stocks are uncertain, your gifts overrated, your pedigree false, or your character a sham.

And the moral? Alas! there is none, unless it be the fact that, even from a worldly point of view, simplicity brings confidence and peace. But lack of pretension has a higher reward; for he who dwells above earthly vapors and loves all sweet and simple things may not be able to discern the mud puddles below, but the stars will be near.

Bits of Colored Glass.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

THE grape imprisons the summer sun, which sparkles with beauty in the wine of December; we should likewise gather store of love during our summer, which will live for our comfort when the chill snow flies.

***

Boards of public "charity" were invented by the devil to prevent real individual charity.

***

God have mercy upon the man who thinks he has done his duty when he has paid his poor-tax!

***

Anger and gluttony are two very common sins which seldom are reproved. Old people, especially, are frequently gluttonous, from the erroneous opinion that age requires more food than youth.

***

You must use a bit to make a safe man, a safe artist, and a safe horse.

***

If you have no charity your soul is not much better than a disinfectant—it serves only to keep your flesh free from the action of bacteria.

***

Speaking from a practical business standpoint, it is better to be a comforter of one of Christ's poor than to be the inventor of the telephone.

***

A Western Senator founded a great university, and a day-laborer gave a meal for Christ's sake to a pauper. The latter deed was infinitely more noble.

***

We should die like the stars—into day, not into night.

***

If we leave our graves quietly under God's sun and rain, He clothes them on with grasses and flowers; and if we leave

our sorrows quietly under the daylight and starshine of His will, He makes His grace blossom thereon unto wonderful beauty and peace.

***

Sanctity does not consist in a bilious visage. I have known very holy monks who took long ropes about the waist, and who laughed sturdily and often.

***

Men shoot plunderers of the dead upon the battle-field; but we praise our authors who plunder the dead, since we do not know enough to recognize the theft.

***

I may be wrong, but I think that only very passionate persons become great saints.

***

If children were taught all the lore of obedience, and put into practice this beautiful science, there would be no police nor lawyers in the world, and even the confessional might be filled with cobwebs.

***

Science is Truth with her wings clipped.

***

We are like bricks, made of clay; and we are not fit for use in the City of God until we have been shaped in the mould of His Will, and have been burnt in the fires of affliction or of purgatory.

***

The pronoun "I" has credit so poor that it is believed only when it speaks ill of itself.

***

The ticking of a watch is a little thing, but it beats out the lives of men.

***

The other day I saw a picture of the Holy Father Leo XIII. wherein he went onward with venerable head bent low and eyes downcast; and the autumnal wind plucked at his mantle, and the dead leaves drifted and eddied about his tardy feet. God grant that the winter be kept far from him, and that our autumn may be full like his of good deeds!

Is Nothing to be Done?

THE breaking up of the Catholic schools for Indians hitherto supported by Government contracts, and the enforced abandonment of the children attending them, ought to be a painful announcement to American Catholics. The indifference with which it has been received we shall not trust ourselves to characterize. The whole world knows of the injustice with which the Indians have been treated,—how they have been robbed of their lands, imposed upon in every way, and forced to "move on" out of the way of the exterminating white man. And now when mission schools are being broken up that might be maintained at a small cost—the children exposed to the loss of faith and morals, the work of years of devoted, self-sacrificing labor being ruined,—the Catholic public, attentive to many things of infinite unimportance, looks on unheeding; and hardly one is found to raise his voice in behalf of the injured and oppressed, who unquestionably have special claims on our sympathy, and whose religious needs could easily be supplied by earnest, well-directed efforts.

In the case of the boys who attended the mission schools only loss of the faith is feared,—*only that!* The girls are exposed to degradation. So sad is the fate that inevitably awaits them in some places that the Sisters have been caring for many more than their allowance from the Government would permit,—denying themselves the simplest comforts of life in order that a greater number of those unfortunates might be instructed in the Christian religion and preserved from corrupting influences. The parents of Catholic Indian girls know what their withdrawal from the kindly care of the Sisters means, and make piteous appeals to have them preserved from contact with soldiers, employees, and adventurers on reservations, or saved from

the dangers to which they are exposed among pagan Indians. Many of the unfortunate girls now being sent adrift will be sold, often for the price of a pony, into a slavery worse than death.

One hears of costly churches being erected all over the country; of monies freely given for all sorts of purposes. Is there nothing for the maintenance of these mission schools, for the support of which saints would have disposed of sacred vessels, and our forefathers would have sold their jewels and cheerfully submitted to all sorts of privations?

No complaint is heard from the Sisters who have devoted their lives to the children of the Indians; only deep regret that circumstances beyond their control force them to abandon the fields of their self-sacrifice! The good religious who, until last month, conducted an Indian school in one of the Western States were left without means of support while they were negotiating for the sale of the buildings which they had spent years in erecting; they were unable to pay their way to another field of labor, having expended all their resources to found a mission home, from which the injustice of our Government has driven them. But this was nothing to the grief of seeing their dusky charges scattered to their wretched homes, to resume a life the perils of which need not be described.

It is a disgrace to the Government of the United States that it should thus oblige Catholic missionaries to abandon schools which it formerly invited them to establish. The new system, as everyone knows, is the result of anti-Catholic prejudice, roused by preachers and other bigots. The ingratitude of the action is monstrous. Only a few years ago President Harrison was necessitated to invoke the black-robes' influence with the red-men; and it is matter of history that the success of long-pending negotiations with the Chippewas and the Sioux was due to their intervention. Sitting Bull was so often deceived by the fair promises of Indian commissioners that he finally refused to treat with them on any terms, and more than once threatened to put on his war-paint and scalp every pale-face in his territory. Bishop Marty calmed his fury.

The Indian is indeed an object of pity. The cruelty of his exterminator finds apt expression in the saying, often repeated, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." An ecclesiastic—who shall of course be nameless—once said in our hearing: "It is utterly useless to do anything for the Indians and 'niggers.' They are not worth saving." Spirit of Christ's Apostles! When that hireling stands in judgment before the Divine Shepherd of immortal souls he will wish that it had been given him to realize that the Precious Blood was poured out freely for all mankind, not excluding the Indian and the "nigger."

The Indians lost one of their best friends in the late Bishop Marty. Realizing that they are a doomed race, and witnessing their sad condition, he spent himself in their behalf. There is need of a successor to him—a noble enthusiast like Bishop Keane, with zeal, large-heartedness, and self-sacrifice like his,—to devote himself to this much-neglected portion of Christ's flock, and to rouse the Catholics of this country to a sense of their duty toward those for whom it will soon be too late to do anything.

There may be differences of opinion as to the wisdom of expending large sums of money and any amount of energy on works the need of which is not generally recognized, and the success of which absolutely depends on united endeavor, at a time when factions rage amongst us and race prejudice is rampant; but only the enemy of souls could oppose any efforts that might be made for the Christianization of the Indians, whose appeals for their children can now be heard by all who are disposed to heed them.

How Saints are Made.

ONE of the great advantages of reading the Lives of the Saints is that a personal affection springs up in the heart for the servant of God whose life is under consideration; and we are moved to emulate the virtues of which we are thus afforded an heroic example. The history of a saint always has much in it that touches upon our own life. He has his sorrows and joys; his temptations and darkness. He may have had his falls,—some of the greatest saints made bad beginnings. Then his virtues and good deeds are sweet to think upon; whilst his image, no matter how long it may be since he lived among men, becomes bright and distinct within the mind. From being one of many he becomes a patron, a dear and trusted friend; he can cheer our sorrow, elevate our mind to the desire of heavenly things, counsel us in doubt, and point the way lovingly to the Cross, which every true Christian is obliged to follow. The Lives of the Saints are the Gospel in practice, and many a saint has been made by thinking on the saints.

A pious woman had long been a sufferer from sickness, and it was her custom to have her eleven children gather around her bed for their evening devotions. Before prayer a portion of the Lives of the Saints was read. On one occasion the reading told of the tortures inflicted on a young martyr, who rejoiced to die for Christ. On laying down the book the mother cried out: "O my children, who would do anything like this in our days!" The children rose and exclaimed with one voice: "We would, mother,—all of us, with the help of God's grace."

What sentiments parents would awaken in the souls of their children if they would impose silence in their homes for a few moments every evening and read a page from the Lives of the Saints!

Notes and Remarks.

The Holy Father has written a tender letter to Cardinal Vaughan urging the formation of a fund for the assistance of converted Anglican clergymen throughout England. The condition of these converts, as Leo XIII. points out, is often most pitiable. "Withdrawn in many cases from a position of ease and comfort, they find themselves suddenly in a state most critical,—sometimes in absolute destitution, with no means of providing for the urgent needs of their families. By birth, by education, and by their habits of life, they are wholly unprepared for such enormous sacrifices; and when these privations are added to the cruel anguish of broken friendships and social isolation it is hardly a matter of surprise if some find their courage fail them.... Our object is not, and could not be, to obtain for them a position superior or even equal to that which they have so nobly given up; for they would still have privations to undergo. But we would wish, at least, to secure for them the means of providing for their most urgent needs during the first years after their conversion, until they are able to obtain, by their own efforts, the resources required for a suitable maintenance."

The Cardinal has already taken steps to carry out these instructions of the Holy Father. There will be no lack of co-operation on the part of English Catholics. "We will share our bread with the hungry," said Cardinal Vaughan at the recent Catholic Conference. "We will introduce them to many brethren who, having already crossed the Red Sea and the desert, are now laboring in the Promised Land."

"English literature will always *have been* Protestant," says Cardinal Newman. The classics were, as a rule, written by non-Catholics; and we can not banish them or expurgate them, or write them over again. But it is a subject of gratitude that English literature, in happy contradistinction to many others, has always been profoundly religious and moral. A writer in the *Bookman* shows that Robert Louis Stevenson—as every reader

knows from his works—was above all a moralist, and that "he carried religion in his very bones and in his marrow." His irregular marriage was the fault of the religious school in which he had been brought up; but in his daily life the thought of duty and the religious sense ruled supreme. "He knew what it meant," as he has put it, "to go up 'the great bare staircase of his duty, uncheered and undepressed.' In the trials of a life unusually difficult, and pierced by the spear's points of the sharpest limitations, he preserved a splendid and unbroken fortitude. No man ever met life with a higher courage; it is safe to say that a man less courageous would not have lived nearly so long. There are few things more wonderful and admirable than the persistence of his energy. Ill and compelled to silence, he still dictates his story in the dumb alphabet, and at his lowest ebb of health makes no complaint. And through all there runs a piety as invincible as his fortitude; a certain gayety of soul that never deserts him; a faith in the ultimate rightness of destiny which holds him serene amid a sea of troubles."

The stern Scotch sense of duty which kept Stevenson at work under these great discouragements was supplemented by a spirit of active piety. One of his most beautiful compositions is the prayer he composed and recited every morning in the family circle at Vailima.

It was the Council of Trent that first stemmed the torrent of Protestantism when it threatened to flood Europe in the sixteenth century. Recently the famous Tyrolese city was the scene of another assemblage—the international Anti-Masonic Congress, which in many of the old countries is regarded as hardly less important. If earnestness and enthusiasm count for anything, the Congress will not be without happy results. Among the resolutions passed was one directing the formation of an international organization, with headquarters at Rome, to combat the craft, and to circulate suitable literature. The membership of the organization is already international, and the "Grand Master of the Orient" in Italy has blown a bugle blast of defiance. He anathematizes the movement, and promises that in the future, as in the past, the Masonic body in Europe will be vigilant and enthusiastic in its opposition to the Church.

It has been suggested that an ecclesiastical Art Exposition be held in connection with the next Eucharistic Congress in 1899. If the Exposition can be held without noise or parade, we do not think it would interfere with the pious object of the Congress. Its effect on church decoration and liturgical observance would certainly be wholesome; for, of course, no article would be exhibited which was not in complete accordance with the laws of the Church. The scope of the contemplated Exposition embraces architectural designs of churches, schools, and convents; the various forms of ecclesiastical sculpture and statuary; the structure of altars and church furniture; designs for altar vessels, vestments, and banners; fresco painting and religious pictures for Catholic homes. The plan also includes a convention of societies for the promotion of legitimate church music, and a series of lectures on Christian art. It would be unfortunate if the proposed Exposition should distract the Congress from its main object, which is strictly devotional; but there can be no doubt that the best way to bring about needed reforms in church architecture and decoration would be to present the subject to the earnest and zealous priests who will go to St. Louis in 1899.

An admirer of the late Jules Simon, writing in the *Review of Reviews*, makes the strange claim that he was "a freethinker in the purest sense of the word" (whatever that may mean), although he was ardently attached to the Catholic religion by conviction and sympathy. The writer continues:

Jules Simon was as modest as he was able. He had often expressed a wish that there might not be too much laudation around his tomb. He had also mentioned a desire to be told when death was approaching. A friend fulfilled this sad duty. The philosopher showed no signs of emotion or fright on hearing the terrible news. As he could speak no longer, he motioned for a pencil and a piece of paper, and with a steady hand wrote his own epitaph: "Jules Simon—1814-1896. *Dieu, Patrie,*

Liberté,"—his name, the year of his birth and the year of his death, and the beautiful motto that had commanded and ruled his whole life—"God, Country, Liberty!"

If Jules Simon was a "freethinker," he had an unusual way of showing it. He died an edifying death, comforted by the last Sacraments and declaring that his faith in the one true Church had never wavered. During his best years he was a strenuous opponent of irreligion and vice in all their forms; and his vehement words in the French Senate, when an attempt was made to crush religion out of the schools in 1882, are not yet forgotten: "Our duty as lawgivers is to inscribe the name of God in the laws we make; just as it is our duty as republicans to silence the foes of the Republic who say that impiety and republic are synonymous. We are bound to do it also because we have soldiers who are ready to die for their country; and when you send a man to death, you must be able to tell him that God sees him."

We had supposed that the Church was flourishing everywhere in the Republic of Nicaragua, but such is not the case. The *Recorder*, of Bluefields—which seems to be a great centre of Protestantism,—informs us that Mass was celebrated there on the 20th of September for the first time since the so-called Reformation. A considerable number of Catholics and many sectarians were present to witness the Holy Sacrifice. The event is said to mark an era in the annals of Bluefields. The *Recorder* adds: "The Church which, in the words of Macaulay, withstood the shock of hundreds of revolutions and schisms has implanted herself on this soil, and will thrive and prosper by virtue of those merits which are intrinsically hers."

Mr. Bernard Holland, whose name is familiar to the readers of magazines, makes a forcible contrast, in the *National Review*, between the service of the paid nurses in English poorhouses and the labors of the Little Sisters of the Poor who do the same work in France. Needless to say, the contrast is altogether in favor of the Sisters, which moves Mr. Holland to suggest that the need of the day is an order of Protestant Little Sisters of the Poor. "If a religious order of women," he says, "could be formed with the special object of attending the aged inmates of workhouses, they might find in the love of God and the *esprit de corps* of their order a compensation—not to be given by fair wages, rations, and a uniform—for the lack of interest in the 'cases,' the dulness of the life, and the absence of professional prizes. The dulness itself would be diminished by means of the circulation from place to place, which is possible in a religious order, since the members are bound by no local ties and are under the central control of their superiors."

Such suggestions have been made before, but they have never been realized. Monasticism and the sacrifice it demands are an outgrowth of Catholicity. They can spring only from the fertile soil of divine religion. There have been many pure souls in Protestantism since its origin in the sixteenth century, but there has been no monasticism to speak of; and it is not likely that the sects, in the day of their decadence, can command heroic sacrifice. A Protestant Little Sister of the Poor is an impossibility.

Visitors to the quaint old city of Burges witnessed a rare and edifying sight on the Feast of St. Idesbald, patron of those who go down to the sea in ships. It was a procession made up largely of historical tableaux illustrating the lives of St. Idesbald and other canonized servants of God, who were connected more or less closely with the history of the city. It is hard for us to realize—even during a presidential campaign—what it means for a Catholic city to be *en fête* for a saint; but the splendor of the celebration at Bruges has hardly been surpassed within living memory. The city was ablaze with flags and decorations, and prelates and priests assembled in great numbers from the neighboring provinces. Most of the citizens and soldiery of Bruges preceded the historical groups representing the saints, and many precious relics were carried in the procession; but St. Idesbald, of course, was the most prominent figure,—every step in his holy life being represented by a living picture. The picturesque cos-

tumes and the historical figures made the twelfth century, in which the Saint lived, seem really present. In English-speaking countries, we fear, such a scene would be merely spectacular; but even Protestants who were present at Bruges were edified by the solemnity and piety of the celebration.

The character of financier has unfortunately been forced upon our American priests, but there is one spot in Europe where our worthy clergy may still draw useful suggestions in the gentle art of collecting money. It is proposed to erect, in the suburbs of Milan, Italy, a church in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes; and the manner of raising the necessary funds is thus described in the *Sacred Heart Review:*

A ground-plan of the land, still unpaid for, on which the church is to stand, has been made. This plan is divided into 10,000 centimetres representing so many square metres. The faithful are invited to choose one of these centimetres — which signifies in reality a square metre,—and to present it to the building society. Each square metre costs ten francs. A quarter of the ground is already paid for. Another ingenious device—a pile of bricks lies near, and a printed notice invites each visitor to put one or more bricks into a cart, which, when it is full, is driven to the spot where the church is to be built. These bricks cost ten centimes apiece.

The promoters of the scheme also publish a tiny journal, which they have called *The Ave Maria*, and which is devoted to the interests of the new church If any of our clergy have shown more invention than this — barring, of course, cake-walks and female minstrels—we have not heard of them.

The unreality of Anglicanism is now unmistakable. Even the Anglican clergy declare that the ground under their feet is no longer solid. It is a long call from England to Ceylon, but we find an article in the *Catholic Messenger*, of Colombo, in which the following passage is quoted from a lecture delivered by Mr. John Proctor Carter, M. A., assistant master at Eton College, before a conference of Anglican clergy. Mr. Carter approaches the subject of the reunion of Christendom in a very conciliatory spirit, and admits that "the claim of the Church of Rome can not be treated with indifference." He then goes on to make this remarkable admission: "Whenever, we declare, with the Fathers of Nicæa, our faith in the Catholic and Apostolic Church, we must tacitly mourn over the rents in its once seamless robe. It is true, I trust, that there is still an internal unity; but yet I can hardly join heartily in the triumphant strain that sings:

'Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided:
All one body we,—
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.'

"To me," adds Mr. Carter, "there is something unreal in this." And the editor of the *Messenger* remarks: "If he only had the candor of Newman, he would exclaim with the great convert, 'Our church is *not* one!'"

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Azarius Massé, C. S. C., St.-Césaire, Canada; the Rev. Henry Kelly, Dover, England; the Rev. Joseph Fessler, of the Archdiocese of Oregon; the Rev. A. J. Tisdall, S. J., Denver, Colo.; and the Rev. P. V. Keogh, O. P., Somerset, Ohio,—all of whom recently departed this life.

Sister M. Xavier, St. Joseph's Academy, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Mary Franklin, of the Daughters of the Immaculate Heart, Buffalo, N. Y.; and Miss Mary Laverty, of the same community, Brooklyn, N. Y., who lately passed to their reward.

Mr. John Wernet, who breathed his last at Canton, Ohio, on the 14th inst.

Mrs. Susan Stephenson, whose life closed peacefully on the 7th ult., at Princeton, N. J.

Mrs. Catherine Engler, of Columbus, Ohio, who yielded her soul to God on the 6th ult.

Mrs. Alice Philbon, of Chicago, Ill.; Sarah Kopp, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Mary O'Keefe, Mrs. Sarah Casey, Mr. William Hannan, Mr. William Noble, and Miss Elizabeth Riley,—all of Meriden, Conn.; Mr. John Hannan, Berlin, Conn.; Mr. James Murray, Neosho, Mo.; Mr. James Noonan, Cumberland, Md.; Mrs. Eliza Rinehard, Hancock, Md.; and Mrs. Jane E. Mathews, Washington, D. C.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Lady on the Wall.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

THROUGH a door ajar I watched her—
Lilly, on the toy-cover'd floor;
Giving lessons to her "dearest"—
The most precocious doll of four:

"Hold this book now, and read it—so.
What makes you want to hang your head?
Is you tired? Well, don't mind, then;
I guess '*tis* time to go to bed.

"Wait! I'll say your prayers, though, for you.
Kneel down with me. Be still, that's all;
For Our Lady hears and sees us
From out her picture on the wall.

"Why, Dolly, *please* don't roll over!
I wish you wouldn't act so wild,
When you know Our Lord's dear Mother
Can never love a naughty child!"

O Lilly, I, too, am praying
No blight upon thy faith may fall,
Nor thine uplifted eyes e'er fear
To meet Our Lady's on the wall.

Little wise and patient teacher,
Keep, keep thy pure heart undefiled,
Mindful aye our Blessed Mother
Can never love a naughty child.

HONOR is like the eye, which can not suffer the least impurity without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw.—*Bossuet.*

Margery.

A SEQUEL TO "TWO LITTLE GIRLS."

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

(CONCLUSION.)

GREATLY comforted by the words of the good Reverend Mother, Margery wrote a long letter home that afternoon, telling of the many incidents of the journey, and dwelling lingeringly on the kindness of all whom she had met. The next day, accompanied by one of the young ladies who boarded at the Home, she began her search for work. It was kept up for a week; and, though unsuccessful, Margery's courage did not fail; and one day her perseverance was rewarded by a gentleman's calling at the Home for a girl to assist him in his office. The Assistant Superioress recommended Margery to him, and that afternoon the happy girl entered on her new duties. Many were the castles in Spain she built as she folded circulars and addressed envelopes; but, alas! they were rudely shattered by her employer's telling her at the end of a month that, as his rush was over, he no longer required her services.

The dismissal came like a shock to the girl, and as she left the office its first feeling of despair crept into the young heart. On reaching the street, she stood irresolute. What should she do? Where should she find work? A man passing,

and seeing the dumb agony in the dark eyes, paused, half turned to speak to her, then reluctantly went his way. The bootblack near the doorway looked his sympathy, and whispered sadly to the crippled newsboy—to both of whom she had always spoken kindly on meeting them: "Little Miss has lost her job."

Days passed and grew into weeks, and Margery's last dollar was gone.

"Margery, what is the matter?" asked the Reverend Mother, meeting the girl in the hall. "Sister tells me you eat scarcely anything. You have lost your pink cheeks, and I never hear you laughing and singing with the others in the parlor any more. What is the matter with you, my child?"

Margery's reply was a wild storm of tears. The Mother took the sobbing girl in her arms; and as she heard the story, so familiar to her ears, of a fruitless search for work, her heart ached for the sufferer.

"Margery! Margery!" she exclaimed, "do not cry so. Work will come in time,—it *must*. Be patient. And if you have no money, what of that? Is it necessary for me to tell *you*, Margery"—and the clasp on the trembling form grew tenderer,—"that while I have a home it is yours as long as you care to share it with me; that while I live you have a friend who will not fail you?"

"Mother," said Margery, looking up through her tears at the calm, sympathetic face bending over her, "I am so grateful. And you are so good to me, and all the Sisters are kind and good. But, oh, when I think of Mary!"

"I know, my child," replied the Reverend Mother. "But does not God love Mary better even than you do? Do you think He intends that she shall spend her young life on a bed of suffering? No, dear. He but sent her this to keep her from some danger she else had encountered. I am going to the chapel to pray for you and her. Come with me. Let us tell the Sacred Heart of our troubles, and relief will be sent; but teach your young heart to await patiently God's good time."

December came, and still Margery was unable to find a suitable position; and, as a last resort, she was obliged to accept an offer made her to act as agent for a line of holiday books. Any one less suited for the *rôle* of a book-agent than the timid country girl can scarcely be imagined; yet she was successful in a measure, while the insight it gave her into life was invaluable to her in after-days. By Christmas she found herself rich enough to send a pretty gift to each of the loved ones at home. But how endless seemed the wintry days, and how bitterly cold some of them were!

"I can not stand it much longer," she would say to herself, looking at her thin, pale face in the mirror. "This constant walking and the cold will kill me unless God sends aid soon."

As she was returning home one raw January afternoon, weary with the day's fruitless efforts, she noticed a white house standing apart from the others, fronted by a sweep of rolling lawn. It recalled to her the pretty cottage where she had spent her happy childhood; and instinctively, it seemed, her footsteps paused at its gate. A small, neatly clad negro boy opened the door; and, in answer to her query, said his mistress was in and would see her. Margery had but time to note the refinement and exquisite taste suggested by the general appearance of the room, to refresh her hungry, country heart with the odorous breath wafted to her from a vase of sweet violets, when the lady entered. She was slight of stature, with a sweet face that told of suffering bravely borne. Margery stated her business; and the lady (I shall call her Mrs. Falconer, as she might object to her real name appearing in my story) gave an order, and then invited the young girl to take a cup of tea. In her gentle, motherly way, Mrs. Falconer began to question Margery, and soon knew the

sad story of her aim, her hopes, and her bitter disappointments.

"You are a brave little girl," said she, when Margery had finished,—"too good and brave to be allowed to go on killing yourself as you are now doing. Where are you staying in the city?" When she heard, she asked: "Are you a Catholic?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Margery.

"Well, I am not, but some of the very dearest friends I have are; and I revere your Sisters, and look on the lives of your priests as the models of human perfection. When I lived in N—— I took an active part in philanthropic work, and in this way was often thrown in contact with them. There is one very good priest I know—Father Daviess; and—but what can you do?"

"I can do office work, and—I can sing," finished Margery, shyly.

"Let me hear you sing, please," said Mrs. Falconer, quickly.

Margery went to the handsome piano, and the song of the exile, "Home, Sweet Home!" was the only one she could remember. When she finished and returned to Mrs. Falconer's side, she saw traces of tears on her smooth cheeks.

"That voice will do," she said, with a smile. "If I can get you a position—and I *will* get you one—" She thought for a little while, then went on: "I shall call for you Saturday and take you to see Father Daviess; after that, success! Now you have just three minutes to get to the station. Good-bye, my little dear, until Saturday. Be of good cheer." And she hurried Margery away before the overflowing heart could frame its words of gratitude.

With Saturday, faithful to her promise, came Mrs. Falconer to take Margery to see Father Daviess. Mrs. Falconer told him Margery's story, to which the good priest listened attentively.

"You have had a hard time, child," he said; for his kind heart was always moved by the woes of others, and especially of the young. "Why did you not come to me? But now that you have found me," he continued with a smile—for he saw the tears shining in Margery's eyes, and a baby could undo poor Father Daviess by tears,—"we must see what can be done. You sing, Mrs. Falconer says. Do you sing church music? Yes? That is well. There is a vacancy in my choir; and, though the pay is small," he said, turning toward Mrs. Falconer, trying to ignore the smile in her eyes that told him she saw through his little scheme, and knew the promised salary would come out of his own drained pockets, "it will help her to keep out of debt. Now, if we can only get her some employment, and I have no doubt we shall, for"—to Margery—"your path turned toward luck when it led you to Mrs. Falconer's door."

"I see, Father Daviess, you have not forgotten how to flatter," Mrs. Falconer said, shaking her head at him. Then they talked on other things—old times, old friends; for it had been several years since they last met. But Mrs. Falconer saw that his benevolent face was troubled, and she knew he was thinking of poor Margery's difficulties.

"Do you know," he asked suddenly, the cloud leaving his eyes, "that Harvey has opened a branch office in the West End, with your old friend Dallas for superintendent? He will do anything for you, Mrs. Falconer; and, if you ask him, I know he will find a place for our little friend in his establishment."

And this is how it happened that the beginning of February saw Margery in a good paying position, with every possibility of advancing herself, besides having the opportunity of using and improving the beautiful voice with which she had been gifted.

Margery was very economical, and by the following September she had enough money saved to send for Mary. Mr.

Conway accompanied his sick daughter to Cincinnati, and returned to his wife with the comforting assurance that their child would yet be restored to perfect health. It took long, long weeks, and called for brave endurance of the most terrible pain; but one day Mary's patience and Margery's sacrifice were rewarded—Mary walked again!

"Margery," said Mary, one Sunday afternoon as they sat by one of the pleasant windows looking down over the city, "do you remember the young medical student who was the first to tell us there was hope for me?"

"I shall never forget him," answered Margery. "I pray for him every day."

"I met him yesterday," said Mary. "He was with Dr. O'Meara. And, do you know, he recognized me immediately! He appeared to be very glad that I had got well."

"Of course he was," returned Margery. "This world is not the selfish place cynics strive to make it appear. I have found in my experience with it that the good exceeds the evil; that there is more kindness than unkindness. The reason we start out thinking the contrary to be true is because mankind is so prone to proclaim the evil and unkindness, to hide the good and the kind."

"You have become quite a philosopher, little sister," said Mary, with a smile.

"So I have. But tell me more about him, Mary."

"There is no more to tell, only that he is a doctor now and his name is Maguire."

"A Frenchman!" observed Margery, and then the happy girls laughed; and young Dr. Maguire, who chanced to be passing with Dr. O'Meara, on their way to visit the patients, thought he had never heard anything so clear and musical.

It was now near Thanksgiving Day; and, as Margery had obtained a short vacation, the sisters went home. The joy of the meeting between the parents and their children baffles description, and almost compensated for the pain of separation. In its light, Mr. Conway saw the mysterious working of God in what he had deemed the manifestation of unmerited displeasure. He acknowledged the sinfulness of his rebellion, and, in sincerity and humility, strove to make amends.

At the close of her vacation Margery returned to her work in Cincinnati, and the following spring Mary was able to begin her long delayed school. Mr. Conway had been prosperous in his new place, and, with the assistance of his daughters, was soon able to buy back his home.

Now, it turned out that young Dr. Maguire had, notwithstanding his early contempt for country physicians, decided to become one himself. For some reasons best known to himself, he had settled in N——; and after a time his name was often mentioned in Mary's frequent letters to her sister. And before long one of these welcome missives brought Margery a piece of news that gladdened and yet pained her: Mary was going to marry Dr. Maguire. The wedding took place one sweet June morning, and half the town—Protestants as well as Catholics—gathered into the little church, where Mary had been baptized and had made her First Communion, to witness the beautiful ceremony. A Nuptial Mass *is* beautiful. You *feel* that matrimony is a sacrament.

All Margery's sorrow vanished when she saw how perfect was her sister's happiness; and, as Mary was still to live with her parents, instead of losing a sister as she had at first supposed, she had been given a very affectionate and helpful brother.

Soon afterward Margery—not our little Margery any longer, as she was now twenty years of age—decided to resign her position in the city and return to her parents.

"I do not really need it now," she said to Mrs. Falconer—who during all those years had proven herself a true friend, and to whom Margery had grown very dear,—"and there are others who do. Do you not know of some poor girl, Mrs. Falconer, such as I was when I first met you, who would welcome my position?"

"Yes, my dear, I do. But to lose you—I find that hard."

"And it's hard for me to leave you," said Margery, pressing the hand clasping hers. "But I feel it is my duty to go. My parents are lonely without me; and I know there is work for me to do in that little place, more necessary perhaps than what I am doing here."

"Is it to be always work for others, Margery?" asked Mrs. Falconer. "Is there never to be any rest and happiness for you, my child?"

"Rest might be stagnation," answered Margery; "and I am very happy."

"Yes, in the happiness of others."

"That is the best of all earthly happiness, I think," said she.

So Margery returned home, and the little family was again joyfully reunited. And, as my story is a true one, I think my young readers will see that even here on earth God rewards our sacrifices for others and our faith and unwavering confidence in Him.

An Old Custom.

You have wondered, no doubt, why the weathercock so often surmounts the cross upon the spires of churches. This is a survival of an old custom. A ball was placed upon the cross to represent the world which was saved; and the cock symbolized the repentance of St. Peter, and the duty of Christian vigilance, in remembrance of those words of Christ: "Watch and pray, that you enter not into temptation."

Young Inventors.

You might search through the archives of the patent-office for a long while without finding the name of a child among those of inventors; nevertheless, there have been a number of instances where little folk have quickened the ingenuity of their elders.

Once a Dutch spectacle maker was busy within his shop, and in front of the door his children were playing. Toys were not as attractive or plentiful then as now, and the youngsters were fain to put up with some loose glasses which were intended in time to be fitted to spectacle frames. By accident, one of the little fellows peered at a church steeple through two of the lenses, and the weathercock seemed in that way brought so near that he ran in to his father for an explanation of the strange phenomenon. The spectacle maker was no less surprised than his son, and went out to see for himself what a wonderful thing was done by the bits of glass. His amazement did not subside until he had projected an idea which he afterward carried out, and produced an instrument by means of which astronomers might search the paths of the stars.

The Argand burner takes its name from the poor Swiss who invented it; but the use of the chimney in connection with it was due to the thoughtless experiments of his little brother, who, for want of something else to do, amused himself by placing an old bottomless oil flask over one article after another. The principle of the burner is simplicity itself, owing its superiority to the fact that a round flame was supplied with oxygen from the interior as well as the outside; but when the youngster happened to place the broken flask over the wick there shot up so beautiful and clear a blaze that Argand was led to think of the chimney which would make the Argand burner a boon to humanity.

With Authors and Publishers.

—We call the attention of Catholic teachers to two important books published by Macmillan & Co. "The Interpretation of Literature," by Prof. Crawshaw, is an analytic and exceedingly helpful treatise on the art of writing, though its claims are far more modest than this. "Studies in Structure and Style," by Prof. Brewster, is a clever bit of laboratory-work in literature, the specimens being contributed by Froude, Stevenson, Morley, Arnold, Bryce, Ruskin and Newman. The careful perusal of these two books will stimulate and greatly assist teachers of English, and thus react favorably on classes even though the books are not introduced into the regular school-work.

—"The Cottage by the Sea" is the title of a novelette by Mrs. James Carey Coale, published by Murphy & Co. The story opens in a sea-coast hamlet in the State of Maine, the trade of which is whaling. The author tells us that "there has always been a romance about these poor beasts, particularly as we are informed on good authority [pretty good] that one of them, selected by the Creator of the universe, swallowed Jonah." There is much in this book, small as it is, to call for severe criticism, and there is very little that merits praise. If Messrs. Murphy & Co. were as careful of their imprint as one would think printers to the Pope should be, they would have hesitated about placing it on such a production as "The Cottage by the Sea."

—Father Finn's latest story, "Ada Merton," is the strongest bit of fiction he has produced. Unlike his other works, it is best suited for mature readers, though young people will find in it instruction and edification compounded with plenty of amusement. The story is pitched in a minor key; and, although it is far from melodramatic, the incident is uncommonplace and the pathos deep. It is a new form of the old warning that loss of faith means hollowness and misery even in this life. Ada Merton is an ideal convent-child, and her father is a familiar type of the worldly, irreligious and withal affectionate father. Ada's mother is as repulsive in fiction as she would be in real life, but the awful consequence of her apostasy is skilfully worked out. The machinery of the story is modern, fresh and probable. Published in rather severe style by B. Herder.

—The prosperous appearance of the *Catholic Reading Circle Review* leads us to believe that it has received the support it merits. Aside from its position as the organ of our summer schools and the reading circle movement, its value as a scholarly magazine is considerable. The latest number is taken up with excerpts from the lectures delivered at Plattsburg and Madison during the past summer.

—"Seven Stories," and "The Straw-cutter's Daughter," by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, have been issued in attractive form by the publishers, Messrs. Burns & Oates. The latter book is made up of two stories adapted from the French, and takes its title from the first, though the second is longer and perhaps better. These books deserve a place in every lending library, and will be popular with all classes of readers.

—In many places the A. P. A. movement has died a natural death. But there are backwoods settlements and "cultured" cities where the devil of discord still rules, and the need of Protestant enlightenment is urgent. A few clever books, stating the true situation in a manly way, would do much to allay prejudice wherever it has been roused. There is no lack of such books—many of them have been reviewed in these columns, and new ones are constantly appearing. "The Conspiracy of the A. P. A.," just published by P. J. Kenedy, is as good as any. It is a temperate and effective account of the growth, methods and effects of the infamous dark-lantern association, most of whose pet libels it squarely meets and demolishes. The author of the book, which is in paper covers, is Mr. J. A. Edwards.

—We have been hoping to see an adequate review from some competent Catholic pen of two recently-published books which have been widely read among Protestants and

which have probably found their way into the hands of many Catholic readers. We refer to "The Law of Psychic Phenomena" and "A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life," by Thomas Jay Hudson. They are calculated to do much harm to ill-instructed persons; and as they discuss subjects that have seldom been treated of by English Catholic writers, the antidote to their poison is not readily accessible. Certain of the theories advanced by Mr. Hudson must seem plausible to those who are unacquainted with the character and range of facts which he undertakes to explain. His books are not without merits, but their defects are serious ones. We may add that in the way of new facts they contribute nothing to our knowledge of the phenomena of what is commonly called spirit agency.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

The Conspiracy of the A. P. A. *J Alex. Edwards.* P. J. Kenedy. 25 cts.

Ada Merton. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* B. Herder 75 cts.

Demon Possession and Allied Themes. *J. L. Nevius, D. D.* Revell & Co. $1.50.

Essays Educational. *Brother Azarias.* McBride & Co. $1.50.

Protestant Fiction. *James Britten.* Catholic Truth Society. 80 cts, *net.*

Goffine's Devout Instructions. *Preface by Cardinal Gibbons.* Illustrated. $1.00.

Social Problems. *Rev. Morgan Sheedy.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

How to Speak Latin. *Stephen W. Wilby.* Murphy & Co. 75 cts.

Jack Chumleigh; or, Friends and Foes. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Murphy & Co. $1.00.

The Temptation of Nora Leecroft. *Frances Noble.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

Claudius. *C. M. Home.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

Amy's Music Box. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner Co. 38 cts., *net.*

The Last Christmas Tree. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. 75 cts., *net.*

A Tuscan Magdalen. (Poetry.) *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. *Net*, 75 cts.

The Divine Redeemer and His Church. *Rev. Edward Douglass, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

The Spirit of the Dominican Order. *Mother Drane.* Art & Book Co. $1.00.

Devotion to the Miraculous Infant of Prague. J. Schaefer. 10 cts.

Why I Became a Catholic (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Burns & Oates. 30 cts.

Cobbett's History of the Reformation. *Edited by Dom Gasquet.* Benziger Bros. $1.00.

The Yorke-Wendte Discussion. Monitor Publishing Co. 50 cts.

Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages. *Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M.* Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

The End of Religious Controversy. *Bishop Milner. Edited by Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A.* Cath. Truth Society. 35 cts.

The See of St. Peter. *T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G.* Catholic Truth Society. 50 cts.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co 50 cts.

Lessons in Literature. Ainsworth & Co. $1.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser.* Cathedral Library Association. 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Way & Williams. $1.25.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. $1.40.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25.

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8s.

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury Mass. $2.10.

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, $6.25.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.00.

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.50 net.

The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena. *Algar Thorold.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Woman, What Have I to do with Thee? *Presbyter Anglicanus.* Kegan Paul & Co. Crown 8vo, 60 cts.

Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. *Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J* Benziger Bros. 3 vols. $4.50.

Christian Reunion. *William Delaney, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. *K. M. Barry.* Fallon & Co. 60 cts.

Retreats, etc. *Father Dignam, S. J.* Benziger Bros. $1.50

Jewels of the Imitation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* Burns & Oates. 60 cts.

Questions of Honor in the Christian Life. *Katharine E. Conway.* Pilot Co. 50 cts.

Conscience and Law. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. $1.60.

In a Walled Garden. *Bessie R. Belloc.* Ward & Downey. $2

Evolution and Dogma. *Rev. John A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C.* McBride & Co. $2.

Saint Philomena. *From the French.* R. Washbourne. 5 cts

Mooted Questions of History. *H. J. Desmond.* Benziger Bros 75 cts.

Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism. *Rev. William Humphrey, S J.* Thomas Baker. 65 cts.

Catholic Directory, 1896. *Hoffmann Bros. Co.* $1.25

Our Own Story. *Rosa Mulholland.* Catholic Truth Society $1.00.

Christian Unity. *Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.* Catholic Book Exchange. 50 cts.

Father Furniss and his Work for Children. *Rev. T. Livius C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

Vol. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 31, 1896. No. 18

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Long Live the King!

BY MARY F. NIXON.

A KING is dead, and over all the land
Semblance of deepest mourning reigns; and men
And women, hastening, flock from every hand
To hear his melancholy dirge; and then—
He is forgot: loud acclamations ring
From all the crowd: "Huzza! Long live the King!"

My King, in distant lands far, far away,
You nobly died, O valiant son of Mars!
Lone on a bloody battlefield you lay,
Your cold, white face uplifted to the stars;
Till death crowns me I'll have no other king,
And e'er my heart your *Requiem* shall sing.

Your grave is in my soul; your monument,
The dear remembrance of a noble life;
And all the sorrow in my lone heart pent,
And all the anguished longing in it rife,
Make this one purpose the more deep abide:
To live my life as nobly as you died.

The Sanctuary of Monte Vergine.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

A FEW miles from Avellino, the capital of that province of Italy known as Principato Ulteriore, rises the peak of the Apennines known as Monte Vergine. The mountain was famous in ancient days for the Temple of Cybele near its summit, where the "mother of the gods" received worship from frenzied corybantes, to the clash of the cymbal and drum which accompanied their wild dances. It is said to have been once called Mount Virgilian, after the great poet Virgil of Mantua, who, according to tradition, took up his abode there. Dantier, a French writer of the early part of this century, declares that Virgil gave to it the name of the Virgin's Mountain, in allusion to the oracles of the sibyls concerning the miraculous birth of a Saviour. The poet, according to this writer, struck by the legends which foretold this coming marvel, ascended to the Temple of Cybele to consult the priests upon the event. Either through malice or ignorance, they refused to enlighten him, and he resolved to apply to the goddess herself for aid. To gain her good-will, he planted in the ground sacred to her certain flowers brought from the East; and so far propitiated Cybele that she deigned to reveal to him the knowledge he sought. It is a remarkable fact that at the top of the mountain a piece of table-land is still called Virgil's Garden.

Whatever may be the origin of the name Monte Vergine, it has for many centuries designated one of the favored sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Italy, a country peculiarly dear to Our Lady. This sanctuary owes its origin to St. William of Vercelli, in Piedmont. At

the age of fifteen this Saint embraced a life of great austerity, and eventually fixed his residence in solitude upon this mountain in 1119.

In this region of wild grandeur St. William was favored with many supernatural graces. Soon after his arrival Our Blessed Lady appeared to him, holding in her arms the Divine Infant, who made known to the Saint the mission which God entrusted to him. This was to build on that spot, formerly the stronghold of paganism, a Christian temple dedicated to Mary; so that where the worship of the false goddess, foolishly entitled the "mother of the gods," had flourished, the cultus of the true Mother of God might be maintained. In obedience to this command, St. William built on the mountain a small chapel which he dedicated to Our Lady. Its site had been miraculously made known to him by a flock of white doves, which rested upon the spot henceforth to be held sacred to the purest of God's creatures.

As a means of perpetuating the work begun, God gathered around St. William a band of pious disciples, who formed the nucleus of the great Order which was to bear the name of Monte Vergine,—its members assuming a white habit in honor of the Blessed Virgin. This order was eventually incorporated in the great Benedictine family, the original habit being retained. In course of time a magnificent basilica replaced the humble chapel which St. William had constructed. Thus the work imposed upon the Saint was brought to perfection by his children, and the sanctuary of Mary firmly established.

When St. William raised the first oratory on the mountain, he exposed in it a rude picture of the Mother of God (represented as giving nourishment to the Divine Infant), which he had caused to be painted on a wooden panel; at the foot of the picture the Saint himself was to be seen kneeling in prayer. The work had no artistic merit, and derived its value from the fact that the Saint had directed its production, and that his own figure was believed to be a reliable portrait. This picture remained in the original chapel, which had been incorporated in the church, until 1310, when it was removed to make way for a more valuable and far more beautiful painting which at that date came into the possession of the abbey. St. William's first picture is still preserved in the night choir, in the precincts of the monastery, where it is to be seen over the altar; but unfortunately the figure of the Saint has been obliterated by age.

The picture which took the place of the old one was really far more ancient. According to tradition, it was painted by St. Luke, and was held in great veneration at Antioch. The pious Empress Eudoxia, widow of Theodosius the Younger, sent it to her sister-in-law, St. Pulcheria, at Constantinople. That holy virgin placed it in one of the many churches she had erected in honor of Our Lady; and there it was venerated with much devotion until A. D. 1261. In that year Baldwin II., the last of the Latin Emperors at Constantinople, was dethroned, and fled from Michael Paleologus, who assumed the imperial power. Baldwin escaped to the island of Eubœa, and thence to Italy. One of the most treasured of the Christian antiquities of the metropolis was the time-honored picture of Mary Immaculate. The exiled Emperor was unable to bring it away entire; but the upper part, containing the faces of the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Child, was cut off and carried into Italy. The picture came to be called Our Lady of Constantinople.

After Baldwin's death, this treasure became the property of his grand-niece and heiress, Catherine of Valois, who married Philip of Anjou. In 1310 she caused it to be restored to its original size by Montana, an artist of Arezzo, and presented it to the church of Monte Vergine, which she

frequently visited. There it has remained for nearly six hundred years, an object of devotion to thousands of the faithful who have climbed the steep ascent to visit this mountain shrine of the Queen of Heaven. All these facts are related in authentic documents preserved in the archives of the abbey.

Pilgrimages to Monte Vergine are of daily occurrence during those months when the road is passable; for during the winter snow renders the ascent next to impossible for many weeks. From May to November pilgrims flock there from all the Neapolitan provinces. Natives of Terra di Lavoro, Molise, Capitanata, Basilicata, Bari, the Abruzzi, and even distant Otranto, wend their way in thousands to the sacred spot.* So numerous are these pilgrimages that special arrangements have to be made for their conveyance during the summer months. And yet they are not mere excursions for pleasure. It is a common practice for the pilgrims to arrive fasting in order to receive Holy Communion. In all cases abstinence from flesh-meat is rigidly observed as long as they remain on the mountain, in accordance with the command given by Our Lord to St. William, and kept unbroken ever since by his monks.

Those who are familiar with the sight tell us that it is striking to witness the earnestness and devotion of these simple Neapolitan peasants on such occasions. The ascent is begun from the south, at Mercogliano; or from the east, at Ospedaletto d'Alpinato,—both of them villages under the ecclesiastical rule of the abbot. Although it is customary for many to drive as far as one or other of these places, every pilgrim must make the ascent on foot, except such children as are carried by their parents. When a third part of the ascent has been accomplished, all form in processional order. After the processional cross follow the men, two by two; if they belong to the peasant class, they will almost invariably carry in their hands the traditional pilgrim's staff with its suspended water-bottle. After the men come the women, also in pairs. Most of them carry on their head baskets containing food and necessaries. The children form in the same way a separate detachment.

Not the least attractive feature in these long processions is the distinctive festal attire peculiar to each province. These costumes are often richly embroidered, and are handed down from father to son as family treasures. The women especially form a brilliant company; for, besides the bright colors which are also conspicuous in the costumes of the men, they are glittering with chains, bracelets, ear-rings and finger-rings of gold—some of them of valuable antique workmanship,—which form the collection of family jewels most jealously guarded by every Neapolitan matron. The fact that every province differs widely in the fashion, color and material of its holiday costume gives variety to each procession.

As soon as the pilgrims have formed in order, devotions begin, and continue without intermission till the sanctuary is reached. The Rosary, litanies, psalms, antiphons of Our Lady—especially the *Salve Regina*,—are recited or sung by the whole body. Arrived at the summit, each one makes three genuflections, and all kiss their hands toward the sanctuary of Mary Immaculate.

The road up the mountain is surrounded by scenery of exquisite beauty, winding as it does through clumps of elms, birches or olives, with here and there a vineyard on the slope of the mountain. Glimpses of distant scenes may occasionally be snatched as the path mounts upward. But arrived at the summit, about four thousand feet above the sea, a vision of enchanting loveliness breaks on the

* We use the time-honored names of the provinces, though the Italian Government has thought fit to modernize most of them.

view. Mountains and hills, valleys and plains, dotted with cities, towns and villages; the distant prospect of the gulfs of Salerno and Apulia and the Bay of Naples, form altogether a beautiful panorama.

The large and imposing buildings of the abbey, with its fine church, were restored a few years ago, and have been declared by the Government a national monument; so that the monks are now comparatively secure from molestation,—more fortunate than too many other religious communities in Italy. The monks and lay-brothers number about thirty-five.

The church is cruciform in shape, and built after the usual type of a basilica. The picture of the Madonna is placed over an altar in the transept, on the epistle side. The figure of Our Lady is larger than life-size; she is seated on a rich throne; her right hand embraces the Holy Child, who is seated on her left arm. Our Lord's left hand is clasping that of His Mother, and His right hand is extended toward her. Our Lady is vested in a blue and gold mantle of thickly plaited folds, and a red under garment. The Divine Infant is in red. On the head of Our Lord is a triple gold crown, and a crown also adorns that of His Holy Mother. The necks of both are hung with many chains of jewels and gold. Costly gems set in collars of crimson velvet adorn both figures. Some of these gems are of great value; they comprise diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls of large size. The crowns and jewels are, of course, votive offerings, and do not form part of the original painting. The whole chapel is nearly covered with *ex-votos* of all kinds.

At the back of the throne-like chair on which Our Lady sits are diminutive figures of angels waving censers. Other angels also, of smaller size than the principal figures, stand round the Blessed Virgin's footstool, singing and waving palms. This method of representing inferiority of dignity by lessening the stature of some of the figures of a painting is peculiarly medieval.

But it is not the magnificent decoration of the picture which most impresses the beholder. The features of the Virgin Mother are full of beauty and dignity. The eyes especially strike one at the first glance. They are large and dark, and have the power of inspiring with peace and confidence those who regard them devoutly. Many who have approached the picture with hearts overflowing with sorrow and anxiety have experienced, under that mild yet steadfast gaze from the eyes of Our Lady, the sensation of an ever-increasing calm and rest of soul.

When a pilgrimage arrives at the church all the pilgrims with one voice chant the *Salve Regina;* and as they enter and behold from afar the sacred picture, they break forth into shouts of "*Evviva!*" many weeping aloud for joy. The first duty after a visit to the miraculous picture is to confess and communicate. As many as sixty thousand persons approach the Sacraments here in the course of a year. After partaking of their simple refreshment, the pilgrims are ready to devote themselves for the rest of the day to the praise of the Madonna. Rosaries and other prayers, litanies and hymns, resound continually. Not only during the day, but all through the night does this go on,—one band after another in regular succession keeping vigil till dawn. When the pilgrims have laid before the Queen of Heaven all their necessities and made their humble offerings, they prepare to set out for home.

After a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, they re-form in processional order. Kneeling, they begin the Litany of Loreto; when the invocation *Sancta Maria* has been sung, all rise and slowly move backward toward the door; keeping their faces turned toward the picture, as subjects do in the presence-chamber of an earthly sovereign; and repeatedly crying, "*Evviva la Madonna!*" as they kiss their hands

in leave-taking. Arrived at the piazza in front of the church, they wend their way in procession down the mountain. Large pilgrimages, as has been stated, are of daily occurrence; but still greater is the concourse at Pentecost and on the Nativity of Our Lady, when pilgrims flock thither from all the Neapolitan provinces.

The picture has already been alluded to as miraculous. The numerous *ex-votos* on and around it testify to the manifestations of Our Lady's bounty to her clients; but we have more explicit proofs of this in the records of many wondrous interventions which have taken place here. The following will serve as an example of many a like cure:

A friend of the writer received from the lips of the venerable Abbot, the Rt. Rev. Dom Victor Corvaia, the subjoined account of a scene which he himself witnessed on one occasion in the church of Monte Vergine. The pilgrims are often vociferous in their prayers, and shouts and cries are constantly resounding. But on the day in question one voice in particular was raised continually, with such untiring energy that he approached the shrine to discover the reason of the disturbance. A woman was kneeling there in such a state of wild excitement that the good Abbot feared she had lost her reason, until he realized the cause of her constant cries. By her side was her infant of three years—a sickly, deformed boy, looking the image of death. From time to time she would lift him up to Our Lady as though to move her compassion, while with vehement weeping she urged her suit. The other pilgrims crowding round would sympathetically murmur now and then, *Poveretta!*—"Poor woman!"—as they witnessed her earnest entreaty. "*Madonna mia!*" she would cry, "you gave me six lovely children, strong and healthy, with beautiful eyes and curling hair; and one by one you took them to yourself. And in their place you sent me this little cripple. Look!" as she almost fiercely snatched up the baby. "What use is such a child as this? Take him, too,—take him to yourself or else cure him!" Daring words, but powerful because of the intense faith which prompted them. We might almost imagine Our Lady answering in the words once used by her Divine Son: "O woman, great is thy faith! Be it done to thee as thou wilt." Suddenly the child escapes from his mother's grasp and runs along the marble pavement, instantaneously cured! Weeping and shouting for joy, the delighted multitude, with cries of "*Evviva!*" join their thanksgivings to those of the grateful mother.

Such is the sanctuary of Monte Vergine—a source of graces to all who seek them with a childlike faith. Its living power in that Italy which has risen in rebellion against God's Vicar is proof alike of the divine forbearance and of the never-dying love of the Heart of Mary for her wayward children.

A Romance of Reality.

MY Uncle Theodore has been parish priest of L—— for nearly thirty years. He is now about sixty—an ideal pastor, beloved by his flock, esteemed and respected by all his fellow-citizens. An American to the heart's core, his one regret is that he was not born under the shadow of the starry flag. French by birth, he has a strong German cast of countenance, and is frequently addressed in that language by strangers. This always amuses him. Unlike most Frenchmen, he has no national prejudice against the whilom conquerors of his fatherland. He is a careful reader and a great lover of solitude. Probably that is why he has chosen to spend all these years in comparative obscurity; for, if he had wished it, advancement was open to him. Deeply pious, he has left the impress of his own

simple nature on the souls of his people. I must say I know of none who are more genuine Christians.

I was named for him, and have always been his favorite. The oldest of a large family in not too luxurious circumstances, it was his kindness and liberality that enabled me to go through college, and afterward pursue the study of architecture, which is now my profession. Nothing, therefore, could have given me greater pleasure than a summons received from him a short time ago, to come down for a few days, when I could conveniently spare the time, as he wished to confer with me regarding the enlargement of his church, now grown too small for the needs of his congregation.

I arrived on Saturday evening, prepared to remain a week if necessary; for I felt myself in need of relaxation. He received me with his usual spontaneous welcome. There is a great deal of sympathy between us, in spite of the difference in our ages; time always passes for me pleasantly and quickly in Uncle Theodore's company. It took the better part of a week to complete and arrange the plans for the improvement of the church. Early on the morrow I was to return to the city, about sixty miles distant from the beautiful suburban town where my uncle resides.

On the last day, while we were at dinner, the housekeeper announced the arrival of two Franciscan Sisters, who were collecting for a new hospital in C——. My uncle is the soul of hospitality; he hurried out to greet them, after directing the housekeeper to prepare their dinner in the parlor. When he returned I fancied he seemed a trifle quiet, and wondered whether anything had occurred to dampen the ardor of his welcome. After he had smoked a pipe in silence he said:

"Theodore, they have finished dinner, no doubt; let us go to the parlor for a little conversation with the good Sisters."

He led the way and I followed. The Sisters were full of gratitude for their excellent dinner, saying frankly that they had been very hungry, having been walking about the town since early morning. One was quite young, tall, slender, and pallid. The other must have had considerable beauty in her youth. She had beautiful soft brown eyes, a clear olive complexion, and a most attractive smile. After conversing on various topics for about a quarter of an hour, they arose to go. My uncle gave them the names of several persons whom he thought would assist them, at the same time placing a gold piece in the hand of the elder nun.

When they had departed, and we sat according to custom on the veranda for an hour, smoking and chatting, I noticed again that my Uncle Theodore seemed unusually absent-minded; but I made no remark, and the day passed in various occupations as usual. But that evening, after supper, as we were sitting in the dining-room, where we always spent our evenings, my uncle said, somewhat abruptly:

"Theodore, I am going to tell you something of my early life. A circumstance which occurred to-day brought back old memories; and I have been more than ever led to conclude that the world is very small, and the drama of life a singular thing."

I drew my chair closer to the table, near which he was seated.

"I am all curiosity," I answered. "Any detail of your early years will be certain to interest me."

He smiled and nodded, looking at me reflectively.

"I was just thinking," he said, "how much more fortunate your youth has been than was my own,—that is, in some respects. You have not had to battle with fortune as I had; you have been, I should judge, comparatively free from temptation. You have cause to be thankful to God, Theodore; and I believe you are."

He did not wait for me to reply but continued:

"Like yourself, I was the oldest of a large family; but unlike you, while having the advantages of a good education, I had not your opportunities. Going full of hope to Paris from the provincial town of Arles where my parents resided, rich in the illusions of youth, I expected, like many another, to conquer fortune by a few strokes of my pen. I aspired to be an author, although my profession was the same as your own—"

"Then you did not at first intend to become a priest?" I interrupted, in some surprise.

He smiled—pensively, I thought.

"I am going to tell you how, through the Providence of God, I became a priest," he replied. "Nothing could have been farther from my thoughts when I was twenty-two, the age of hope, of dreams, of fond fantasies, and manifold illusions. Mine were soon dispelled. My verses went begging, my romances never saw the light, and even my profession failed me. There seemed to be no opening for me in that mighty Babel which swallows and destroys its thousands every year. The money given me by my father was soon gone. I should have starved had it not been for a miserable pittance eked out by copying for an architect, from whom I hoped eventually to secure a permanent situation.

"I am ashamed to tell you that my religious sentiments were as shallow as my purse. Adversity was not yet, at least, of sweet uses to me. Little by little I abandoned all pious practices; finally I neglected Holy Mass. All this through a sort of rebellious feeling that God had not dealt fairly with me. I fell into a kind of despair, which took the form of moroseness. I avoided everyone, and revelled in the dreary solitude in which, through poverty, I was compelled to live. Yet I had done nothing base—nothing of which I might later have been ashamed. I have always thanked God for this. The prayers of a good mother are powerful, Theodore. My mother offered hers for me without ceasing. Later I learned that this was so."

"And could not your parents have come to your assistance?" I asked.

"They were not aware of the state of affairs, my boy. I loved them too well to harass their devoted souls by useless complaints; for they could have done little or nothing. As it was, they had denied themselves much to launch me on my career. Pride also had something to do with my reticence. I could not bear that they should know of my failure, preferring to suffer alone.

"In Paris many of the large houses are built around a courtyard, which gives light and air to the inside apartments. Mine was in an attic, considerably overhanging the other stories. The opposite side of the house being similarly constructed, the attic window facing mine was comparatively near. The court was dark and gloomy save for an hour or so in the morning, when the sun illumined my window and made its way into the room. During the same length of time in the evening it performed the same service for my opposite neighbor. For I *had* a neighbor—a young girl, pretty, graceful, and neat, I could see; and cheerful, I could hear by the merry way in which she always chirped to her bird, as well as the pretty little strains she sang nearly all day long, as she sat at her window behind the flower-pots constantly sewing. She was there in the morning when I awoke, and still sat in the same place when I returned at night from a fruitless quest after employment. On days when I remained at home I saw that she seldom left her seat near the window for more than a few moments at a time. Although she had never once glanced toward me, and was, for all I knew to the contrary, entirely ignorant of my existence, she soon became an object of deep interest to me;

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the nearness of her sweet humanity was grateful to me. It may seem difficult for you to understand, but it is true that life became far less bitter from her proximity; while at the same time I had no curiosity about her, never wondering what might be her name or occupation.

"So it went on for six months or more, when one evening, as I sat at my window in the darkness, I saw the shadow of a bonnet cast on the curtain of my neighbor's window; then all was darkness. I knew she was about to go out, or had gone; and I was seized with an irresistible impulse to follow her.

"I hurried down the innumerable flights of stairs, to see a little figure, closely veiled, just passing round the corner. Keeping at a safe distance, after traversing four or five squares, I saw her enter a church. For a moment I paused near the entrance; then, following another impulse irresistible as the first, I entered also. There were only three in the vast, dimly-lighted enclosure: Christ in the tabernacle, that innocent girl, and the poor miserable sinner Theodore. I sat down and waited till she had finished her prayers. As she glided out, I followed her as before, and regained my attic as she was lighting her lamp. The next night the same thing occurred. I followed her as on the preceding evening, waited in the church until she had finished her prayers, and returned a few moments after her. But as I passed the *concierge*, I began to reflect that if I continued this line of conduct I might excite the suspicion of the good woman; and resolved to refrain from anything which might compromise in the slightest way the fair name of my neighbor. Therefore after that night I followed her no more.

"A fortnight passed. Every evening I saw the shadow of the bonnet on the curtain; the light was extinguished, and after the lapse of an hour it was relit. By this time I was possessed of a great curiosity concerning the young girl: I wished to know her name, her occupation; I longed to make her acquaintance. And yet my great respect for her prevented my asking a single question of the *concierge*. The thought of it savored to me almost of profanation.

"At this crisis I was suddenly called home by the death of my uncle, an old bachelor in comfortable circumstances, from whom I had some expectations. I was not disappointed: he left me ten thousand francs. Returning at the expiration of a fortnight, I went back to my old room, simply because I could not dismiss the thought of the young girl from my mind; and had resolved in some way to make her acquaintance—if needs be by writing her a letter, telling her frankly of my wishes and intentions. I had determined to go to America, and meant to ask her to accompany me as my wife, if, on acquaintance, the prepossession I felt continued. I never doubted that it would, although I was altogether ignorant not only of the name but of the antecedents of her whom I proposed to marry. Again, my dear Theodore, it was youth, which wishes to conquer all upon which it sets its heart.

"Three steps at a time I went to my attic, and drew up the curtain, eager to catch the first glimpse of her as she sat sewing behind the flowers, the bird in its cage singing blithely and swinging lightly above her. She was not there, nor the bird nor the flowers, not even the dainty white curtain. The window was bare, and I could see that the room was unfurnished and tenantless. I heard a loud breathing behind me. The *concierge* had followed me up.

"'I came to inquire if Monsieur will remain,' she said. 'If not, I have an application for the apartment. The one opposite is also vacant; but it is not so easy to rent, as it has not the morning sun.'

"Here was my opportunity. Veiling

my anxiety under the guise of indifference, I glanced in the direction of my former neighbor's window as I said:

"'Mademoiselle has perhaps gone for a vacation?'

"'For a *vocation*, Monsieur!' laughed the *concierge*. 'Ah! but that was an angel, a saint, in the heart of this careless *faubourg*. Not with her could any hare-brained youngster scrape acquaintance; and there have been some who were dying to speak to her. Antoine, on the floor below; and George, his next door neighbor,—they were crazy about her. But not she indeed—not Mademoiselle Agathe. Three days ago she went to Lyons, where she has a cousin in the convent. She was from Arles, without father or mother or friends. And two years she has been working—working day and night—to get herself ready; for they must have a *dot* and many clothes, such as they are. Day and night, night and day, she worked, and now she is happy at last.'

"'Do you mean to tell me that she has gone to be a nun?' I asked, I fear with a little more animation than seemed fitting to the good woman who stood regarding me, with her hands on her hips.

"'Certainly, Monsieur, that is what I tell you. And why not? What can there be better for a virtuous girl than the shelter of the convent? Eh, Monsieur, I ask you what is better?'

"'Nothing,' I answered, briefly, and changed the conversation.

"My attic had lost its charm. I told the *concierge* that I intended to go away. After she had retired I sat down near the window. Dismantled and bare, the one opposite filled me with a gentle melancholy. I wished that I might have had a flower-pot as a memento, or the bird in front of whose cage I had been wont to see her standing every morning as she gave it fresh seed and water. But I soon roused myself, and the evening of the same day found me in better lodgings.

"And now began a strange state of affairs. When night fell I experienced a mysterious longing to go once more to the church whither I had followed her to her devotions. I did not go, however. The next day I was busy making inquiries about certain projects I expected to carry out; but when evening came I again felt the same desire. I refused to gratify it, but on the third evening it mastered me; and, with reluctant steps I might say, I wended my way to the other side of the Seine, and was soon kneeling before the remembered altar.

"I felt deeply moved. I do not think anything can better describe my feelings than Longfellow's oft-quoted stanzas,—that feeling of sadness,

> 'Which is not akin to pain,
> And resembles sorrow only
> As the mist resembles rain.'

I felt not as one who had lost something, but as one about to regain all. Tears filled my eyes, but they were soothing tears; and soon a prayer found voice in my soul, and in a burst of genuine faith and contrition I asked for grace and pardon. Furthermore, I must tell you that after the first emotion of disappointment had passed, I felt no regret for her with whom but three days previous I had determined, if she were willing, to share my life. On the contrary, it gave me satisfaction to think that she had wisely chosen the better part, and found a sure and safe refuge from the cares, anxieties, and sorrows which usually beset the life of a woman. I went to confession that night before leaving the church. A few days later I made a retreat at the Jesuits'; and at its close had resolved, if found worthy, to become a priest. So it fell out, by the goodness of God; and—here I have been, happy, and useful I hope, for thirty years."

"But you could not have been in love with her at all?" I said.

"Certainly not," he answered. "Indeed I never was in love with any woman. I was intended for a priest. Of course it might have happened in some other way, but I have always felt a deep debt of gratitude to that good little townswoman of mine, who by her goodness, modesty, and piety, was the instrument which led me to the foot of the altar."

The next morning the Sisters again made their appearance, coming to inquire about a poor man who wished to be admitted to their hospital. As they were taking leave Uncle Theodore remarked to the elder of the two:

"You are a Frenchwoman, Sister; are you not?"

"Yes, Father. I am from Arles."

"And I also," said my uncle.

"Indeed!" she answered. "I am glad to meet a compatriot, though it is thirty-five years since I left my home. One does not forget," she added, with a wistful look from eyes still beautiful, and the brightly flashing smile which must have cheered and comforted hundreds of home-sick, weary hearts through the long years of her mission to the sick and dying.

"Ycu are right, Sister: one does not forget," said Uncle Theodore, with an answering smile.

Star-Shadows.

UPON the still, dark water's breast
A thousand star-rays quiver;
Afar they float, alluring beams,
Along the sea-wooed river.

We look upon the broken rays
The dark stream spreads before us,
Unmindful of the arching blue,
And star-worlds bending o'er us.

So all the pleasures of the earth
By God the Father given
Are trembling shadows of the stars
That shine for us in heaven.

The Pope's Decision on Anglican Orders.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

FIRST. For Catholics this decision is infallible; for it is *ex cathedra*, and on a question of *dogmatic fact*. When I read, years ago, Canon Estcourt's work on Anglican ordinations, I perceived that it mattered mighty little whether or no the alleged consecrator of Parker, Barlow, had been consecrated himself. For Canon Estcourt demonstrated that the Edwardine ordinal and liturgy, both, had been *purposely altered* from the Catholic form into one with "a Lutheran sense"; and this with a view to *excluding* the *sacramental and sacrificial character of the priesthood.* I therefore rejoiced to see the Holy Father, in his admirable Apostolic Letter, confine his decision to the same precise point. It was just what I had hoped he would do. And in thus making the question one of "dogmatic fact" he brought it within the range of his official infallibility.

All Catholics who are interested in the conversion of England, but especially those who are themselves converts from Anglicanism, must feel deeply grateful to the Holy Ghost for this most timely decision.

II. But what have those to say who do not think it timely? What have Anglicans themselves to say? Will it not seriously retard the conversion of both clergymen and laymen? Not of such as are humble enough to pray for divine guidance into truth: not of those who have enough "good will" to obey the living voice of Christ.

The great majority of Anglicans, whether clerical or lay, ought, logically, to acquiesce in the decision; for they have never aspired to be or to have sacrificing priests. On the contrary, they have all along contended, against their "Romanizing" brethren, that the Refor-

mation in England, no less than on the Continent, abolished the Sacrifice of the Mass, declaring the Eucharist to be nothing more than a "sacrifice of prayer and praise" and a commemorative "Supper"—an eating and drinking of mere bread and wine in remembrance that our Saviour's Body was broken, and His Blood poured out, upon the Cross. In which most honest contention they have overwhelming proof for their side.

The minority, on the other hand, can only resist the decision by obstinately refusing to admit the *thoroughly Protestant* and *heretical origin* of the Elizabethan Church. This resistance has been already manifested in the columns of the London *Guardian.* The logic of it amounts to this: that the Reformers, who framed the Edwardine liturgy and ordinal and used them under Elizabeth, *must have* intended to perpetuate the Eucharistic Sacrifice, *because they appealed so confidently to the Primitive Church;* and again, in changing the ordinal and liturgy, they *could only* mean to bring back the simplicity of early forms. Whereas, in point of fact, as all honest minds acknowledge, the Reformers declared the Primitive Church to have been blissfully ignorant of the Mass; and the Mass itself part of that "damnable idolatry in which the whole Church was drowned for eight hundred years."(!) Whence the serenest "Article" of the "Thirty-Nine," which proclaims the "sacrifice of Masses" to be "a blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit." Whence *also* the subsequent destruction of Catholic altars, and the bloody persecution of "*massing* priests."

As to the simplicity of early ordination-forms, those who used them believed in a sacrificing priesthood. For this reason Rome recognizes them to-day where still found in alien churches. When she added to her own form the "tradition of the instruments," she did not change her doctrine as to the sacerdotal character.

And here let me add that some writers in the *Guardian* would identify the form in the Edwardine ordinal with the words of Our Lord to His Apostles recorded in St. John's Gospel (xx, 21–23): as if those words ordained them priests. They were priests already. The words of ordination are those which the Master spoke when He gave the Church her Sacrifice: "*Do this* for the commemoration of Me." A priest is essentially one who offers sacrifice; and the Apostles had to receive power over the Natural Body of Christ before they could receive power over His Mystical Body,—that is, they had first to receive the consecrating and offering power before they could receive the absolving power.

III. It is only fair, however, to notice here one argument or difficulty which will certainly be urged by pious Anglicans who believe in the Real Presence. "We *know*," they will say, "from *experience*, that we receive a true Sacrament. We get so much grace, and are enabled to live so much better lives, by frequent Communion." And their clergy will add: "We are perfectly sure that we *do* consecrate a true Eucharist, from the effects of grace plainly perceptible both in ourselves and in our people."

This argument is very respectable; though, no doubt, somewhat fanatical. It was my own *one* reason for believing in the validity of Anglican Orders up to the very time of my reception into the Church; so that I can sympathize with those who plead it.

But the Catholic answer is quite satisfactory. Neither was it devised to meet the occasion. It would have been a part of the Church's theology had schism and heresy never been heard of; for she has always taught that we receive grace by what we do ourselves as well as by what is done for us.

It is the distinction between grace which comes "ex opere operantis"—*from*

the personal act of the recipient; and that which is given "ex opere operato"—*through the medium of the thing received.*

All Anglicans in good faith, when receiving what they believe to be the Blessed Sacrament, are rewarded for their sincere intention. They make a far better "*Spiritual* Communion" than their brethren who do not hold the Real Presence. Moreover, they are drawn to receive more frequently, and with the use of (borrowed) Catholic devotions. Hence they do get, undoubtedly, a large amount of grace in reward for their own act; and their lives are the better for it. So, too, in their "Communion Service" they *think* they have the Eucharistic Sacrifice; and therefore when they are present at it their *intention* is to "hear Mass" (as we say). Now, having before them an *image* of the Sacrifice (though a very imperfect one), they really *intend*, at least implicitly, to assist at what is done upon the altars of the Catholic Church. Whence, again, they receive many graces as a reward for their pious intention. Indeed, they are almost in the same position as Catholics are who can not get to Mass but say their prayers in union with it at a distance.

IV. I repeat, then, that the Pope's decision, so far from proving an obstacle to the conversion of "men of good will," must eventually work the other way. It comes as a clincher to that *sincerity* with which his Holiness recently appealed to the Anglicans for a return to the Mother Church. As such, it must command the respect of all who can admire sincerity. Instead of temporizing, as Gladstone would have had him do, Leo XIII. comes out with the honest truth. His act is thoroughly logical and consistent, and its frankness paternally kind.

But, alas! there are a conspicuous few, among self-styled "Anglo-Catholics," who have as yet shown anything but "good-will." The greatest of all hindrances to the conversion of Englishmen (and I say it as myself an Englishman) is the spirit of *national pride*, which refuses submission to the See of Peter because, forsooth, the Divine Founder of the Church has not placed the capital of His Kingdom in England.

To be sure, the ablest advocates of anti-Roman claims that have ever defended the Anglican position — Newman and Manning, Allies and Rivington — have yielded to God's grace and become champions of the cause they had fought against so staunchly. Yet, unhappily, in spite of these noble examples, there are men in the field against us, at present, who cherish the *animus* of Pusey and Littledale—resolutely determined to hold out against the clearest evidence. They are not going to budge one inch from their ground for anybody. And little they care for the responsibility they incur as "blind leaders of the blind." "We *will not have* this Pope—this Vicar of Christ, as he calls himself—to reign over us!" say they.

Well, we can only pray for such men that they may yet yield to grace while there is time; and for all who are deceived by them, that *their* eyes may be opened even if those of their leaders remain blind. And I can not but think that poor England herself is soon to receive humiliation intended to prepare her as a nation for a return to that great Communion in which the Faith of Peter once made her more truly rich and incomparably more happy than she has ever been since her apostasy.

All pleasure must be bought at the price of pain. The difference between false pleasure and true is just this: for the true, the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the false, after you enjoy it.—*John Foster.*

To give heartfelt praise to noble actions is, in some measure, making them our own.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Sadie's Knight.

BY MRS. ANNA HANSON DORSEY, AUTHOR OF "ZOE'S DAUGHTER," "'BETH'S PROMISE," ETC.

VI.

JOCK WESTON walked into the breakfast room one morning just as the family had gathered around the table; and he was invited to join them, which he did with alacrity,—declaring, however, that he had lost his appetite entirely. Then he proceeded to eat an enormous breakfast.

"I think it was getting up so early, and being burdened with so many affairs of state," he said, pensively, as he laid down his knife and fork.

"You must be thinking of buying a new suit, Jock," observed Mrs. Ashton. (His wardrobe was *crammed.*)

"Or seeing if you can possibly wear your boots a size smaller," added Mr. Ashton, jesting about the beautiful feet that were Jock's inheritance.

"Or trying to make people believe that thing on your upper lip is a mustache,"—this from Kate.

"No, auntie," he said, combining a smile at Mr. Ashton and a glare at Kate with startling success,—"no: it is a matter of much more importance to my happiness."

"What on earth *has* come over you, Jockie?" said Kate. "You look as solemn and sad as an organ-monkey."

Mrs. Ashton had been watching her nephew; and, detecting a twinkle in the corners of his downcast eyes, determined to let affairs develop themselves.

"There's a lady in the case," he began; "and, unless you'll come to the rescue, auntie, everything is lost." And he clasped his hands dramatically.

After a few more mysterious remarks, so ingeniously contrived as to create a sensation, he at last said:

"A lot of us fellows are getting up a trip to Lake Drummond in honor of cousin Sadie—the lady in the case" (and he bowed to her profoundly); "and I've been commissioned to invite the family, with Mrs. Ashton as sovereign—queen—chaperon. Will you accept?"

"Pshaw, boy! I thought it was at least a new cousin-in-law we were to accept," laughed Kate, a little unsteadily. "But, as it isn't, we'll come with pleasure. It's a place worth seeing. Of course ma will chaperon us, and the guest of honor can not refuse."

"I have no mind to refuse," answered Sadie. "You and your friends are very kind, cousin Weston. But tell me, please, where is it?"

"In the Dismal Swamp."

"What a name! Is it really so dismal as to deserve it?"

"Gruesome beyond words. And there's a ghost—a real ghost—two of them, if Tommy Moore's to be believed. *She* died and went—

'...to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long by the fire-fly lamp
She paddles her white canoe.'

And *he* followed after—

'Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds;
His path was rugged and sore—
Through tangled juniper, beds of reed,
Through many a fen where the serpents feed
And man never trod before.

'He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over the surface played.
"Welcome," he cried, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed for many a night
The name of the death-cold maid.'

I forget the rest," he added, suddenly, with an exhausted look, as he caught Kate's eye.

"I'm glad you do," she said, severely. "It's enough to scare Sadie from going. But who is Tommy Moore? One of your remarkable new acquaintances, I suppose."

Her father's laugh, her mother's smile, and Jock's triumphant glee soon made her realize her mistake, and she turned on him:

"It's all your fault, Jock Weston. You shouldn't speak of a poet—a real poet—in that disgustingly intimate way. And,

besides, you made it all up about the ghosts. I'm sure nobody ever heard of such a thing."

"Well," said Jock, "the Lake's there, and the fire-flies are there, and Tommy—Thomas Moore *was* there, and we are *going* to be there, and the ghosts—" But, seeing Kate really was vexed by his teasing, he added: "There are worse things there than ghosts, cousin Sadie."

"Oh, yes!" she answered, with a little shiver. "You told me before—snakes."

"No: the hundreds of runaway slaves who seek refuge there. There are men twenty-five and thirty years old, born and raised in its jungle, who have never seen the face of a white man;* and now and then travellers are found murdered and robbed on the narrow road that has been cut through it."

"That is too true, unfortunately," said Mr. Ashton. "It is stated by a few of the refugees, who occasionally return, that many of the fugitives have small farms and comfortable log-houses, and domestic cattle which are the fruit of their midnight raids; but no power or torture could induce the men to guide any white man to these Cities of Refuge where their hunted brethren have found safety."

"We'll keep well out of the way of the brigands; for we will take boats at one of the higher locks of the canal and row across to the haunted water, and see the gho—but really, cousin Sadie, without any joking, the shores of the Lake are more beautiful than I can tell you. There are great cypress and juniper trees; then come the young beeches, oaks, and sassafras; then the jungle—bushes from three to eight feet high, growing so close that you can't get your arm through them; and the vines are hanging from every bough, looped over all the limbs, and covered with flowers of all sorts of gorgeous colors—"

Here he broke off abruptly; for they were all listening, and Kate murmured:

"Hear, hear! Blank verse by the Poet of Gosport."

With a crimson face and flashing eyes he rose, saying he must go; that the other fellows would drop in that evening to talk over the final plans; and so bowed himself off.

"Kate dear," said Mrs. Ashton, "don't chaff Jock as you do. He's a nice boy and so ready to give pleasure."

"Not chaff Jock!" cried Kate. "Why, if I didn't he'd think I was displeased with him, and then *he'd* be displeased with *me*. Besides, he needs it. He's very conceited, and it does him good." And she got up to leave the room.

"You are incorrigible, Kate," and her sweet, fond smile toned down the reproving shake of her head.

The young girl turned back for a moment, and met her mother's smile with one equally fond.

"Now, mamma darling, tell me truly: didn't Jock spoil a really pretty tradition by all that nonsense about ghosts? What *is* the true story?"

"A young man here in the neighborhood was deeply in love with a beautiful girl, who died just after they became engaged. He was so broken-hearted he went crazy, and declared she was *not* dead, but had gone to the Dismal Swamp. One day he eluded his attendants, disappeared, and no trace was ever found of him; although his friends searched for weeks and months,—beating the swamp especially, for he had raved of it so often in his delirium that they thought he must have strayed into some of the morasses and starved to death."

"There!" exclaimed Kate. "I told you so. I knew it was better than Jock's hodge-podge."

"True, my dear; but the case was indeed pathetic, and Moore was a poet. Jock is a boy of eighteen. He'll soon have the nonsense ground out of him by his law studies."

* A fact revealed by the clearing out of the Dismal Swamp after the Nat Turner Insurrection.

"So he will," replied Kate. "Poor Jock! Think how he'll *hate* the 'whereases,' and 'the parties of the first part,' and 'the heirs and assigns forever'! I'll remember not to 'nip him in the bloom of his youth,'—that is, I'll *try* to, my own dear mammy!" And she tossed a kiss to her, and hurried off to see what had become of Sadie who answered her call from the flower garden, where, attended by Cassy, she was engaged in gathering tea-roses, lilies of the valley, and carnations, long-stemmed and of every shade, mingling them with abundant sprays of citronella, jessamine, and geranium leaves.

The day was slightly cloudy, with a delicious salt breeze that tempered the rays of the sun, too fervid when the great, pearly clouds drifted from before his face.

"Cousin Ashton and I are going to take them to Madame Gervaise," said Sadie, lifting her bright face and nodding toward the basket which Cassy held.

"May I come too? And why was I left out?" asked Kate. "I'll take the dear old lady a basket of purple figs." And she ran off to get it, and to let her mother know she had joined the party.

"I am so glad you thought of them!" observed Mrs. Ashton. "The flowers, you know, are for the church altar."

In a few minutes they were all off; but at Madame's door were told they would find her in the church, into which they could enter by the side. This they proceeded to do, and received a gracious welcome from the kind, stately lady, who accepted their fragrant offering most gratefully.

Mrs. Ashton and Kate noticed that Madame and Sadie knelt with bowed heads in front of the altar as they crossed the sanctuary to the sacristy, where the altar furnishings and the vestments were carefully kept by Madame Gervaise, who had had sole charge of the sanctuary for many years, and who found her only happiness in this service of the altar.

Mrs. Ashton was quite touched by her simple and devout conversation, and prolonged it; while Sadie excused herself, asking permission to go into the church for a little while, where she knelt opposite Our Lady's shrine and began to say the Rosary she had promised Father Saunders for his distressed parishioners.

"I never in my life saw anything like it," thought Kate, who had watched with surprise the kneeling and genuflections of Madame and Sadie. "They are not ashamed of being pious,—they don't mind us a bit; and I believe they would kneel down in the street and pray in full view of the whole town."

(That they would, my dear, if that Divine Presence were borne past them.)

Her devotions ended, Sadie returned to the sanctuary, where she found Kate busily assisting Madame to arrange the flowers, which the latter placed in the vases, and gazed on with delight as she bore them back one by one to their places on the altar, there to breathe out the incense of their fragrance in that unspeakable Presence, before that "mystery of faith" shrined thereon.

Madame Gervaise was well pleased with her visitors, and said adieu, with many regrets that Father Saunders had missed the pleasure of meeting them.

"There is so much trouble for him now and so little pleasure, it is much pity that he should have this disappointment," said Madame, with her pretty little accent. "I beg you will come another time very soon, when he will be sure to be at home."

On their way back, while discussing their visit, Kate remarked:

"I should like mightily to see the service, or whatever it is called, in tha church; for, though there wasn't anything going on to-day and the church was empty, I never felt so solemn in my life. I wonder why?"

"Well, you must come to Mass with me to-morrow. Perhaps you may find out,"

answered Sadie, who thought the present moment was not the time to enter upon an explanation of so grave and sacred a subject.

"I will certainly do so," returned her companion, promptly.

As they came within sight of the house they saw a visitor admitted. They had only a glimpse of his back; and, thinking it was some friend of Mr. Ashtons, they hastened their steps.

(To be continued.)

The Tales that Tim Told Us.

AN IRISH KING LEAR.

TWO of the older children had been to see King Lear, with father and mother; and the next evening were telling us about the play in Tim's room.

"'Tis like somethin' that happened in my place at home," said Tim, who had been attentively listening. "Indeed," he added, with a quizzical smile, "I doubt if most of them plays aren't stolen from the Irish, they're so similar entirely. You know they haven't an atom of shame. Stealin' lands is naught to the way they've stolen and imitated Irish literature."

"But this play was written by Shakspeare, Tim," Eddie ventured to assert,—somewhat stoutly, we thought, considering his opponent. "He was a great writer—an Englishman."

"An Englishman!" replied Tim, with a contemptuous laugh. "And isn't that so much the more reason I'm likely to be right? What wouldn't an Englishman steal from Ireland, I'll ask ye? I make bold to say that one half of them playwrights got their best licks from the Irish poets, that were forbidden to write a line. However, I'll not be the first to judge any man. But I'll tell ye the tale, if ye like to hear it; and ye can decide for yerselves whether there's any similarity."

We wanted no second invitation; and, having filled his pipe anew, Tim began:

"We have cousins of the McCanns on my mother's side, but I don't know were we related to Shaun that my grandfather used to tell of. Shaun McCann was a well-to-do farmer in the County Limerick, with a farm and two houses upon it. He had money in bank beside. He had never a son, only three daughters; and he married them well, giving each a hundred pounds to her portion. When the wife died the old man grew a bit lonely livin' to himself; though he needn't be, for the daughters were strivin' with one another to see who would have him for dinner of a Sunday, or a week's visit after the harvestin,' or at Christmastide. He had a spell of sickness one winter, and after that he was very feeble; so he made up his mind to give over workin' and take it easy for the remainder of his days. He gave half the farm and the dwellin'—a good stone house—to the oldest girl; and to the second he gave the other half. The house the second daughter was livin' in stood just at the boundary line, and she had no care to change her place. The oldest was glad enough to exchange her little cottage for the good stone house, and herself and her husband and three children weren't long comin' into it. 'Here, father,' said she,—'here is yer home, and here ye'll stay while ye live. Yours will be the warmest corner, and the fattest bite of meat and the mealiest potatoes; yours the softest feather-bed in the house.'

"The second daughter gainsaid her sister, and says she: 'It isn't fair that my father should favor yerself and Tom in that way. Barney and I have a lovin' welcome for him by our own fireside, and I'll propose that he'll divide his time between the two of us.'

"'Ah! but there's little Peggy to be thought of yet,' says Shaun,—Peggy was the third girl and the youngest, and, by the same token, his favorite child. 'A

hundred pounds I gave her at her marriage, like the rest of ye; and a hundred pounds more I'll pay down to her now, in default of farms and lands, such as I'm makin' over to ye. And maybe it's with her I'll decide to make my home.

"That same afternoon he went to see the parish priest; and when the good priest heard of his intentions, he had a long talk with him, givin' him a bit of advice, and wisely cautionin' him not to put everything out of his hands. So he reflected in himself; and the end of it all was that he departed on a couple of days' journey, and came back lookin' very sad and downcast. He called first on Peggy, the youngest daughter, and says he:

"'My girl, I have bad news for ye. Three months ago there was a hundred pounds in the Bank of Limerick, that I meant to give into yer hand in lieu of the farm I divided between Ellen and Jane. I went up to the city on that business three days ago; and—it matters not how—but that money has passed out of my hands, and stands to-day in another's name in the Bank, where it's drawin' interest. And, Peggy my child, I'm ashamed to acknowledge that I haven't another penny to make it good to ye.'

"Then says Peggy, risin' up and takin' him by the hand: 'Don't let that trouble ye, father dear. Didn't ye do for me all the days of my life till I married? And didn't ye give me a fine portion? And was there ever a better father than ye've been to the three of us? And if I had my say, I would never allow that ye'd leave yerself a poor man like this at all, at all. Sure 'twould be time enough after ye're gone, father dear, to be dividin' the property,—and that that may be a long day off is my hearty wish.'

"'If the deed wasn't done, and the two settled and all,' said Shaun, 'I'd be to make some other division. But the cows and pigs and all are portioned, and I couldn't go back on my word.'

"'No,' says she, 'ye couldn't, father. What's done is done, and we'll leave it to themselves. If either of them has a mind to make it up to me in some way, I'll be very grateful; and if not, we're well off and content as we are. And now won't ye go up to the room and lay off yer frieze top-coat, and stop a while with us?'

"'Ye're a good girl, Peggy,' says the old man, with tears in his eyes. 'God will reward ye—if not here, in the land above. But I can't stop; for I promised Ellen to go back to her. And, besides, they'll want my advice about some little changes they're makin'. But I promise to divide my time among the three of ye.'

"'Twas with a light and happy heart and a blithe step that Shaun travelled back to the farm; but when he told the two daughters the same story he had told Peggy, they both had long faces and shook their heads, and the two of them lost no time in sayin' they hoped Peggy wouldn't expect *them* to make the loss good. This gave the father a back set, and he felt a little sore over it. However, he kept his own counsel, and everything went well for a while. But he soon began to see that they neither asked nor wanted his advice. Great changes—and them not for the better—were made on the farm; and it wasn't long till the son-in-law bade him keep to the fire, and not be comin' out to the field interferin' with the work. But he was no more welcome at the hearth with the daughter than he had been outside. It was soon plain to him that she didn't care to have him round.

"'Father,' said she one day, as he sat smokin' his pipe by the fire, 'there's that old cabin of Pat Feeney's beyond. That wouldn't be uncomfortable if it was only repaired a bit.'

"'And who's wantin' it?' says Shaun.

"'It would be more independent like,' says she, 'if ye were to yerself; and the children could carry ye over the bit of victuals.'

"Shaun stood to his full length. 'Good-mornin' and good-bye, Ellen!' says he. And with that, shakin' in every limb, he put his bits of clothes together and made his way over to Jane, the second daughter. Ellen never lifted a finger to hold him back, but let him face the road without a word.

"Pride kept him from tellin' Jane what brought him; he only said: 'I've come to put in some of my time with ye, Jane.' And she welcomed him cordial enough, as did the husband—at first. But he hadn't been in it long before the children made it very hard for him, they were so noisy and impudent. The father and mother never checked them for it either, and he soon began to suspect the mother was eggin' them on. Six months wore away. They seemed very long. Finally they put the old man to sleep with two of the boys. And when he begged for a pallet to himself, says the daughter:

"'It would be the thing for ye, father, to go over to Pat Feeney's old cabin, and Ellen and I would fit ye up comfortable. Ye're getting too old now to bear the noise of the children, and in every way it would be more convenient. Don't ye think so yerself? Be reasonable now and consider it.'

"'God forgive ye for a pair of heartless, ungrateful wretches!' says Shaun, risin' up and breakin' his pipe on the floor. 'I'll away to Peggy this minute,' says he; 'and, if I'm not mistaken, she'll take me in with a welcomin' kiss.'

"Peggy and her husband were sittin' down to dinner when the poor tremblin' old man stood in the doorway. They rose up to welcome him, made him sit to the table, and wouldn't let him speak till he had full and plenty. When he told his tale they soothed and comforted him; brought out a big easy-chair to the fire, and filled his pipe with a fine brand of tobacco the husband got from his uncle, a parish priest in Limerick city. Peggy cleared out a small room next the kitchen for him; prepared a fine feather-bed, with elegant pillows; and from that on prince was never housed or fed better than old Shaun. There were no children to worry him, no scoldin' to fret him, no hints thrown out to him,—for hints are worse than blows. And so it went on from year to year. There was a coolness between Peggy and her sisters, for she couldn't freely forgive them their cruelty; and the old man never crossed their thresholds. And, by the same token, they were just as glad; for all they wanted of him was what they had—his farm lands and cattle and houses, and goods of every kind.

"One mornin' Peggy found him lyin' dead, peace and holiness on his poor old wrinkled face, as if he had died without a pain. When they come to lay him out, there were three bits of paper under his head, tied up in a small bag. They were addressed to the three daughters, only Peggy's was sealed. The old man must have had a forebodin' that he would die of a sudden. When they opened the papers they all bore the same writin'. It was like this: 'May God reward ye accordin' to yer deserts!' But joined to Peggy's was a note tellin' her call at the Bank of Limerick for information to her advantage. And when she did there was a note for nigh two hundred pounds in her name. Ye may well believe the other two gnashed their teeth with rage; but very little good it did them, for their time for haymakin' was past and gone.

"Now, don't ye think, children dear, my story is much the same as the one ye were tellin' about in the play? But I was only jokin' about the purloinin' of it; for I'm well aware that the great poet Shakspeare lived long before my time; and, in spite of bein' an Englishman—which he couldn't help,—he was a born *janius*. And I'm told some gives him the credit of bein' a Catholic *janius*, which beats all for grand thinkin' and writin'."

The Growing Influence of Newman.

IT is a gladdening fact that the influence exerted by the life and writings of Cardinal Newman has not diminished in the least since his lamented death six years ago. If anything, it is rather on the increase. Interest in the subject of Papal Supremacy roused by the question of Anglican orders, now happily settled by the Pope's authoritative letter, will probably lead many persons to seek for light and guidance in the works of the great English convert. Papal Infallibility is now recognized as the test question by our separated brethren. If the Pope be not the vicegerent of Christ on earth, entrusted with the right to teach in His name, then to whom shall we go for the words of eternal life? It was the unmistakable evidence of the great power of the Pope in the early ages of the Church that first opened the eyes of Newman to see that the English Church was in schism.

The whole world recognizes John Henry Newman as the leader of the great religious movement which began at Oxford. His spiritual perception, the mysterious influence which he gained, the veneration which he inspired, were unique. He was sent by God like the Baptist; and his mission was a similar one—to prepare the way of the Lord and make straight the path of salvation. As time goes on, the world will think of Newman more and more as a great father of souls. No man of the century has influenced religious thought to the extent that he has done. And what is true of Newman's personality is true also of his writings. As no individual of our time has exerted a greater sway over the general mind than he did, so no books that have appeared in our century have so fascinated the reading public as his. "Many voices of powerful teachers have been heard, but none that ever penetrated the soul like Newman's."

It has been well said of the great English Cardinal that it seems as if he had been destined to sound to its depths every reason for staying where he was; that no one who came after him might be able to say that he had discovered a reason for remaining which was not at some time or other present to Newman's mind. It is a blessed thing that his mental struggles have been so fully revealed. We know the trials of his mind, and can follow his steps better than those of any other convert, from the time when he began to study the history of the fourth and fifth centuries—by which the real character of the Church is especially to be determined—until, in 1844, he put these stern questions to himself: "Can I be saved in the English Church? Am I in safety were I to die to-night?"

The chasm which had separated Cardinal Newman from the green pastures watered by the river of life, he bridged over for himself and for all who have the courage to follow his leadership. He has taught the great lesson that the way to God begins in humility and prayerfulness; and that progress in it—steadfastness, too,—can only be by prayer and constantly repeated acts of fidelity to grace. It can not be doubted that the more the life and writings of Cardinal Newman are studied, the more conversions to the Church will be multiplied. It is a blessed thing indeed that an influence so precious as his should have suffered no diminution. We have good reasons for thinking that the power of his books on this side of the Atlantic was never greater than at the present time.

A CERTAIN amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against the wind. Even a head-wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.—*Neal.*

Notes and Remarks.

A remarkable statement is made by the Rev. J. M. Beynon, an English clergyman in Kent. He asserts that a mechanic, engaged with many others in a Government torpedo manufactory, wishing to ascertain whether his fellow-workmen were acquainted with the Ten Commandments, asked them to tell him which was the ninth. He had to inquire of as many as forty of them before he obtained a correct answer to his question, and the fortieth happened to be a church organist.

The ignorance of the masses on religious subjects is probably more general and more appalling than most persons have any idea; though one would suppose that it would be less crass in what is called "the Land of the open Bible." We can not help thinking that it was not a bad custom which a good old priest introduced of reading the Commandments of God and the Precepts of the Church on Sundays and holydays of obligation, before beginning his sermon. The divine law was known in that parish, and no doubt it was all the better observed for being so regularly announced. The sight of the venerable pastor solemnly reading the Commandments every Sunday must have been an impressive one for old and young.

There is more truth than poetry in the dictum of a Hibernian friend of ours: "The half of the lies you hear nowadays ain't so." It is well to remember this, especially in political campaigns. A Toronto newspaper the other day charged all the political corruption in Canada, about which there is now so much turmoil, to the Catholics. For this let us be grateful, since it called forth a ringing letter to the *Sun* from Mr. Francis Wayland Glen, a name well known to readers of American newspapers and magazines. Mr. Glen is not, we believe, a Catholic, but he is honest enough to be one. Neither is he a diplomatist nor a weaver of soft phrases; for he brands the statement of the Toronto paper as "a deliberate, premeditated, wilful lie, which the Protestants of Canada, and especially of Ontario, are constantly uttering and reiterating." Worst of all, Mr. Glen proves it to be a lie by taking up severally the Catholics who have held office in Canada during the past fifteen years, and concludes that "the big 'boodlers' have been either members of the Established Church of Scotland or the Established Church of England, or descendants of the United Empire Loyalists, who left this country after the Revolutionary war because they were unwilling to live under a republican government." For every dollar that a Catholic has received corruptly, he says, a thousand dollars have gone into the pockets of Protestant patriots, "who, when their game is exposed, charge all their rascality to the French Canadian Roman Catholics." The growth of political corruption in Canada will be watched with keen interest by annexationists, who may see in it another sign that our Northern neighbor is becoming more and more like our good selves.

The man who flouts religion in the name of science, as the Rev. Dr. Barry has pointed out, is usually a materialist. He leaves his scales and microscopes to ascend the judge's bench, to formulate a judgment so unspeakably shallow as to make Professor Huxley declare that rather than be a materialist he would be the most orthodox of Christians. The materialist says that nothing exists except matter and force. Professor Huxley admits consciousness, too; but declares we can never know anything about the supernatural world. Against both of these false positions Dr. Barry, writing in the Liverpool *Catholic Times*, advances what he calls "the great argument,"—viz.:

> If, as the Church commands me, I do exercise my reason, I shall turn to the materialist and ask him, Bible in hand, what does he make of the life and death of Jesus Christ. Will he dare, will he dream, of reducing it to matter and force,—to so much oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, mixed with so much carbon? Professor Huxley would laugh that doctrine to scorn. Now, the life of Our Lord is a certain fact; then, if all certain facts belong to science, Christ Himself belongs to science. He is *the supreme fact*, which can not be denied and must not be explained away. To leave Him out of biology would be to rob that science of its most astounding phenomena, and of an experience which resolves the world's riddle, giving it an answer sublime and practical of highest worth. Matter and force can

not account for Christ; then materialism is false. But in the same moment that Jesus of Nazareth—this central figure in all history—refutes the materialist, He makes an end of the agnostic. For His example, taken as matter of fact, lays open another, a spiritual world, of which He is the pledge and the instance. He is a reality beyond the mere visible; and in knowing Him we learn what is the nature of the invisible. Thus it is that He reveals a universe in which we are at home, governed and shaped by the law of righteousness. Observe that I am not appealing to faith: I am stating evidence. We can, indeed, take His word as decisive of this controversy. But He is likewise the concrete proof of that which He asserts and which we believe; and there is no agnostic darkness but will flee away at His coming.

Dr. Barry promises to develop this argument more fully in a future paper, which, we need scarcely say, will be awaited with impatience. Professor Huxley said, shortly before his death, that an essay believed to have been written by Dr. Barry was the first in which the main outline of his philosophy had been accurately drawn.

The career of the late Silas Woodson, ex-Governor of Missouri, was marked by many notable triumphs, but the greatest was his conversion, which followed a long course of religious reading. Mr. Woodson was born for success, and the steps in his promotion were rapid. The brilliant lawyer, the orator of force and eloquence, became the successful party leader, and, last, the chief executive of his adopted State,—for he was born in Kentucky. He was a faithful friend and an honorable opponent. Though his term of official service was long and his years were almost fourscore, there was no blemish on his public record or his private life. Always reverent, religious, and pure-hearted, his conversion was the natural consequence of his love of truth; and when his convictions were fully matured, he immediately sought entrance into the Church. May he rest in peace!

The fruit of the religious congresses held in Italy of recent years is to be seen in the growing strength and solidarity of Catholic organization,—the very result that was most desired. There are now in Italy 11 provincial, 161 diocesan, and 2,296 parochial committees of organization. There are 342 young men's associations, 420 loan funds, and 2,324 Catholic clubs, of which 1,170 are workingmen's unions. Besides all this, Italy supports 155 Catholic newspapers, 23 of which are published daily. The effects of this wise unification of force will, no doubt, appear in many ways. The people of Italy are full in faith and piety. The clergy are their natural leaders; and if the right kind of sermons were preached in the churches, the reign of Freemasonry would probably come to a speedy end.

The Papal Bull condemnatory of their orders renders the way to Rome plain, straight and unmistakable for Anglicans. Those pious Frenchmen who thought they were better informed on the subject than Cardinal Vaughan, and who encouraged a certain party in the Anglican Church to hope for corporate reunion, have done well to urge their English colleagues to reflect seriously on the Pope's verdict, and to remind them that it is now their plain duty "to examine their conscience, to listen to it and to obey it."

Those newspapers which characterized the rowdy students of Yale as "Indian savages" because they interfered with a political speech, have done a grave injustice to the Indian. They ought to apologize. At a congress of the Cherokees, Choctaws, Seminoles, and Creeks, the other day, resolutions were passed condemning the action, and urging young Indians not to attend an institution where such ruffianly conduct was tolerated. The moral atmosphere of the place, they say, is not fit for a self-respecting savage to live in.

"There is one argument," said the saintly English Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, "that may be opposed to all the sophistries of unbelievers: no man ever repented of being a Christian on his death-bed." It ought to strike honest non Catholics as a peculiar and significant fact that, while no Catholic ever yet repudiated the Church on his death-bed, many good and intelligent Protestants have sought admission into the true fold during their last moments. The late Mr. Henry E. Abbey, one of the most respected and famous

theatrical managers of the century, may be taken as an example. The ludicrously inconsistent saying of the Unitarian, Oliver Wendell Holmes, seems to find frequent acceptance: that "the Roman Catholic Church, whether or not the best church to live in, is assuredly the best to die in."

Some cynic has said that we first starve men of genius and then rear beautiful monuments to them. They ask us for bread when they are living, and we give them a stone—when they are dead. There is not so much danger now of artists starving in a garret, but there is still a strong disposition to defer acts of gratitude until it is too late. No one who knows what Mrs. James T. Sadlier was to Catholic literature thirty years ago will question her claim to the gratitude of American Catholics. A movement has been started in Canada to offer her a testimonial in the form of a purse; and as the Catholics of the United States have profited most by her work, it is but just that they should contribute generously to this testimonial. To be allowed to give in this case is a privilege.

During the last twelve months four thousand newspapers and magazines were distributed among invalids and converts throughout the country by the Confraternity of St. Gabriel. The home of this organization is in Philadelphia; its object is to comfort the sick and assist recent converts by writing helpful letters and supplying them with suitable reading. Its membership is now nearly three hundred and fifty; and a similar society has been founded in England,—another proof of its utility. Christian charity is multitudinous in its devices, and in this Confraternity it is doing a noble and necessary work. It may be assisted by gifts of old and new numbers of Catholic magazines and journals.

It is interesting to note, in connection with the successful system of village banks established in Germany by Father Raffeisen, that the first establishment of the kind is due to a monk of Terni, who, pitying the hardships endured by his countrymen from the exactions of the Jews and Lombards, devised a system of municipal banking to relieve the poor from the usurious extortion of the capitalist. His scheme was vehemently opposed at first, but was finally approved by the Pope, and gradually spread to other countries. A writer in *Notes and Queries* derives the expression *monti de pietà*—as these people's banks are called in Italy—. from a word which means "to heap up, to accumulate."

Two widely known and respected names have been added to the necrology recently—Mr. Edward Delaney, of Philadelphia, famous as a builder of churches; and Col. Patrick O'Brien, of New Orleans, who devoted the bulk of his great wealth to works of charity and religion. A beautiful feature of his funeral was the presence of the orphans whom he had befriended, and of hundreds of poor men and women whose burdens he had lightened. No worthy cause appealed to him in vain. His purse was ever open to charitable institutions; and, as the crowning work of his life, he built at his own expense the beautiful Church of the Sacred Heart, New Orleans. *R. I. P.*

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Michael Singleton, of Glens Falls, N. Y., who peacefully departed this life on the 1st ult.

Mrs. Catherine Shields, who passed away on the 6th inst., at MacVill, Pa.

Miss Mary F. Herrick, of Lowell, Mass., whose good life closed peacefully on the 8th inst.

Mr. James McManus, who died suddenly on the 30th ult., at Clinton, Mass.

Mr. P. F. McCullough, of Dubuque, Iowa, whose death took place on the 7th inst.

Mr. Henry Merritt and Mr. Matthew Murphy, of New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Eugene Starrs and Miss Mary O'Brien, Newark, N. J.; Mr. John Donovan, Salt Lake, Utah; Miss B. and Miss E. Conofer, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Edward Norris and Ellen Dooley, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Ellen Ryan, Passage East, Ireland; Miss J. Regan, Marshalltown, Iowa; Mr. Edward Delaney, E. J. Delaney, and Mrs. M. T. McLaughlin, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Kelly, Des Moines, Iowa; and Miss Catherine Singleton, Ansonia, Conn.

May they rest in peace!

The Story of a Bank-Note.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

COUSIN HARRY is a dear boy; but, in common with every other, he has many faults. Uncle John says some faults are like giants: it's very hard for little people to reach up and overcome them; and, with gentle reproof and wise, patient counsel, he is always so ready to help the children in their good fight, and so often successful, that he might be nicknamed "Uncle Jack the fault-killer."

Harry came rushing in the other day.

"Do *you* know whether my change has come?" he demanded, breathlessly.

Maud, who is "not yet seventeen, and neither tall nor stately," but a plump little bit of a tease, looked up and over Harry as slowly as possible.

"It depends whether it was a change of face or a change of heart you were expecting to-day," she replied. "Everything outside seems to be in the same place: your eyes and forehead, and—"

"Oh, then old Patrick's run off with my money!" interrupted Harry, impetuously, tossing down his books. "I ought to have known better than to let him have it."

"What's the matter now?" inquired Uncle John, entering the room at that moment, and, with his most judicial manner, taking the judge's chair in the case.

"Oh, everything, sir!" cried Harry. "That old Patrick O'Brien's a thief. I met him this morning on my way to college, and he asked me to lend him fifty cents to help pay his fare to Baltimore, and I'd nothing in my pocket but that five dollar bill you gave me Friday. It was late—I hadn't time to go,—and I told him to take it to Page's drug store, at the corner, and stop at the house here and leave the change. That was early this morning; and, 'stead of doing so, he's just run off with the whole five dollars you told me to save for Christmas. You always said he was so honest, or I'd never have trusted him—"

"I'd be more sorry to find good, pious old Patrick was a thief than to lose a hundred dollars," answered Uncle John. "But I am also sorry to find you still unbroken of your habit of thoughtlessly jumping to evil conclusions about people as well as things. If you are on the way now to have old Patrick arrested, I'll only detain you long enough to listen to a story that seems to fit your case exactly. It was written by Alexandre Dumas in his old age, when, surrounded by all the luxury that years of success had brought him, he looked lovingly back on the days of his youthful apprenticeship in literature, poor but happy, occupying a small third-floor room in a retired quarter of Paris. It's a very simple story; but, to my mind, the last words in it do the writer more honor than all the plays and novels that made him famous as one of the masters of French style.

"First I must state that nearly everywhere in Europe there is a valuable class of men called *commissionaires;* in this

country the messenger boys are grotesque representatives of them, not substitutes. Like them, they wear a cap bearing a number; but, unlike them, they are swift-footed, unfailingly polite, and for the smallest remuneration ready to perform any service that may be demanded of them. The *commissionaire* whom Dumas employed by the month to sweep his room and run his errands was a tall, fair-haired young fellow, he tells us, by the name of Victor. One rainy afternoon he knocked at the door, and, with much hesitation, reminding him that on the morrow his wages would be due any way, he asked if, as a great favor, Monsieur Dumas would not let him have a few dollars that day. It was the anniversary of his mother's birth, and he desired to take her home some remembrance. 'Certainly; you shall have the whole sum,' answered Dumas. And then he remembered that he had no money except a forty dollar bank-note, which, with the greatest care and economy, he had been keeping intact. Reluctantly he took it out, and, handing it to Victor, said: 'Go and change this, and return immediately. It is all the money that I have in the world.'

"A half, a whole hour—two, three hours went by, and Victor did not return. At first Dumas supposed that, unable to obtain so large a sum in the neighborhood, he had gone to the bank. But at last he began to reproach himself for having trusted a person of whom he knew really very little. It could not take three hours to go to the bank and back; and, descending to the front door, he looked anxiously up and down the street. 'Have you seen anything of Victor?' he asked of the janitor.—'I saw him come down from your room about three hours ago, sir,' replied the man. 'I have seen nothing of him since.'—'How long have you known him?' was Dumas' next question.—'Oh, several years! An excellent fellow: industrious and honest.'—'Where does he live?'—'That I do not know, sir; but at the corner of the Place Maupré there is a wine-seller who often employs him, and at whose shop people leave orders for him. If you wish, I will go and inquire there. It is not so far.'—'Do not trouble yourself. I will go,' said our author. And from the wine-seller he learned that about four o'clock Victor had changed a forty dollar bank-note there. Four o'clock, and it was then long past seven! Either Victor was a thief or there had been an accident. You see, young Dumas was a trifle more charitable than you, Harry.

"He went back sadly to his room; but when eight o'clock came and still no Victor, he returned with a jump to his first conclusion—yes, Victor *was* a thief. He had robbed him of his forty dollars—all the money he had in the world. 'And I am only twenty-four,' thought he; 'surely too young to die of starvation.' And so, being very hungry, he made up his mind to go at once to dine with his father. It's not every young fellow in such straits, you know, who has a father and a good dinner to go to. When he arrived at the paternal mansion, a gay company was just sitting down to table. To them he related his misfortune.

"'And so all this time you were a millionaire!' exclaimed the elder Dumas, jestingly. 'Perhaps this robbery is a stroke of mercy, to keep you from becoming purse-proud.' But the others were loud in their denunciation of the 'thief.' 'You have been shamefully robbed,' said they; 'and you should go at once and report the matter to the police.'

"It even surprised Dumas how readily they convicted their absent neighbor: how thoughtlessly they branded him a thief, and snatched from him man's greatest treasure—his good name; but, nevertheless, he was about to act on their advice when his father drew him aside. 'You must not denounce Victor even if time should prove that he has robbed you,' said

he. 'It was a temptation that came to him in a weak moment. If, as you say, he always seemed before to have lived an honest life, his conscience will reproach him sufficiently without your aid. His innocent family would have to suffer while he, if guilty, expiated his crime in prison. Leave them all in peace. You will only have to come here oftener to breakfast and dinner and supper,—always a welcome guest, my son. It is far better to be among those who are defrauded than those who defraud; better to pardon than to condemn.'

"Just then a servant announced that a man named Victor—a *commissionaire*—was at the door asking for 'young Mr. Alexandre.' Father and son exchanged glances. 'Bring him in,' said the former. 'He should have an opportunity to stand before those who sentenced him without a trial.' And the next instant Victor entered, while every eye turned on him. 'What has happened, sir!' he replied to Dumas' question. 'Ah! Monsieur, it is a story with several chapters, but, fortunately, a happy ending.'

"And then he told how, after having tried at many places to get the note changed, he had gone at last to his friend the wine-seller. Coming out, he had met a gentleman, the antique furniture dealer of the Rue Drouot. 'Victor,' said he, 'I was just on my way to leave word for you. I have sold a valuable bureau to a very good customer of mine, and it must be delivered to him, at No. 7 Boulevard Montparnasse, before six o'clock. That was the agreement. And I want you to return with me now to the store.'—'If you will permit me first to finish the errand I am now upon,' answered Victor, 'I shall be at your service, sir.'—'But I can not wait,' cried the other. 'There is not a moment to be lost. It is after four now, and you are the only man I would trust with that bureau. The *charrette* is ready. Come, I will give you four francs instead of two.' Four francs! That was great pay. Victor remembered how busy young Dumas had been writing when he left him,—absorbed in his work, as he always was, and taking no note of time. Surely he *could* earn this extra money before returning and explaining the cause of his delay. The temptation was strong; he yielded.

"'But if you only knew, Monsieur, how much trouble I had!' he continued. 'How many detentions! The wheels of my push-cart were loose, the streets muddy. It is many a mile to Montparnasse. The bureau weighed a thousand pounds, I fancy. And after I reached my destination they made me wait, and help them put it in its place. The moment I was free I ran as fast as I could to your house, to learn from the janitor that, after inquiring everywhere for me, you had gone to take dinner at your father's. And so here I am at last; and here is the change, safe. Never did I have so much money in my pocket. At each step it jingled. Had any one heard it, I might have been assassinated—robbed. But, above all other things, I tormented myself with the thought that perhaps you, Monsieur Alexandre,—you might believe that I had stolen it. Since you did not, and are not angry with me for the delay, I am very happy. I have earned four francs extra for my mother's *fête;* and so I can tell her that I have done a good day's work, worthy of the good day.'

"If my memory serves me well, Dumas concludes his story in these words: 'At the time this incident happened I was scarcely twenty-four—a mere child in worldly wisdom; and hence it is related for your benefit, my children. In the many years I have lived since, I have witnessed a great deal of wrong—prevented some, perhaps; may Heaven forgive me for all I myself have done! But never since that afternoon—never, I truthfully declare,—have I permitted myself to think or speak evil of my neighbor.'

"And now," said Uncle John—taking from his pocket four one dollar bills and two quarters, "I trust you will try to remember this story, its lesson and mine, Harry. I met old Patrick just as he was coming out of the drug store; and, as I was a prominent representative of the house where you bade him leave your change, he entrusted it to me. 'That dear Master Harry!' he said, with tears in his eyes. 'It was his ready hand and kind heart that lets me be going now to speak my pardon to a dying and repentant brother that wronged me sorely years ago. And it's proud of him that ye can be, sir; and thank him for me. But it's the Holy Mother herself that always blesses a good boy, and makes a good man out of him.'"

A Speech to the Boys by Mr. Bryan.

There is no means of knowing whether most of our young readers are gold bugs or silver beetles, but free silver would probably suit the greater number of young folk. There it no telling who will be the next President of the United States—Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, or Mr. McKinley, of Ohio. But if boys were allowed to vote, it is probable that Bryan would be elected by an immense majority, because he has become better known on account of making the tour of the country. He is a man of wondrous energy and great ability, as his strongest opponents will be very willing to admit—after the election! Mr. Bryan must be a kind-hearted man, too. He gave a proof of his good heart during his visit to Michigan. He had been travelling day and night, making speeches at every stopping-place; and must have been very tired when Sunday came, and glad to get a little rest. But some one asked him to speak to the newsboys of Detroit the Sunday evening he was there, and he consented very willingly. It was a speech exclusively for the boys, and there was a great crowd of them. Mr. Bryan did not say a word about politics, but spoke on duty and opportunity. His address was full of good thoughts and excellent advice for every youngster in the land. All the speeches that the "silver candidate" makes are, of course, in favor of free silver; but Mr. Bryan's address to the newsboys of Detroit was a golden one. He praised golden deeds, pointed out the golden opportunities offered to young Americans, and quoted the Golden Rule. Here is the speech, with a few unimportant omissions:

Boys, I did not come here to make a speech. I came because I never like to decline an invitation to be present at any place where an endeavor is being made to do good. And I don't know of any work which is better than that work which is done for boys. We were all boys once, and some of us not very long ago; and when I see boys I am reminded of what one of our Presidents—I think it was Garfield—said: that you could not tell what possibilities were buttoned up under the jacket of a boy.

We ourselves are not responsible for our surroundings in youth. We are born into this world, and the surroundings meet us, and to a certain extent they affect us. But beyond that we have much to do with shaping our own course. What we amount to in this world depends upon the ideas which we have. Some one has said that a person who aims at the stars will shoot higher than one who shoots at the roof of a barn; which simply means that those who have the highest ideas will accomplish most. A meeting of this kind, where they teach you patriotism, where they teach you regard for one another, respect for one another's rights, necessarily elevates your ideas, gives you broader views of life; and those views will help you to accomplish more.

Now, in this country in which we live boys are more blessed than in any other country on earth; because the boy in this country has everything open to him; and the boy in this country may accomplish more than he can in any other country. There are times when a human life, or many human lives, will depend upon the action of one person; there are times when the welfare of the community will depend on one person; there are times when the welfare of the nation will depend upon one person. And when you remember how influential one person may become in the destinies of the nation—how useful he may be to his fellows, to society,—you can see that if a kind word or act should be the cause of getting that boy started right, leading him up to take advantage of his opportunities, great results may follow.

I want you to remember that no good ever comes to boys or men from doing wrong, and that right always pays. I know it is hard always to believe;

but if you take the broad view of life and its possibilities, you will find that it always pays to do what you believe is right. It is always necessary that you should try to find out what right is, and the education which you receive in the schools enables you to see things and understand things; and then the desire to do the best thing leads you to take advantage of the opportunities that are offered to you.

I feel interested in you boys who are starting out so young to make a living. I am not sure that you who begin this life of independence and of necessary activity so early have an advantage over those who did not; but whether you have the advantage or not, if you improve every opportunity, and let your motto be, "Treat everyone as you would have everyone treat you," and make the best opportunity of everything that comes within your reach, and do nothing for which your conscience will condemn you,—when you get to be old men you will be able to look back and be grateful to those who are trying to give you higher ideas and words of encouragement in the years of your youth.

I want you to remember this also: that you are not the only ones who are benefited by these things; because the Creator has so arranged the things of this world that when we try to help others we help ourselves. Those who have tried to help you, those who have tried to do you good, find that they themselves are benefited by the operation. While they are trying to make your lives happier, their own lives are made happier. If I can leave this idea with you, I think it may be of use to you: that the highest good that can come to you is from service—from doing something for others. And you will find among your playmates that the boy who does most for the boys around him is the boy who is liked best, and is the boy who enjoys himself most.

A Freak of Nature.

There is an Eastern plant called the lamb-plant, because at a certain distance it much resembles a young sheep. Tradition tells us that it grew first in Eden. A traveller in the Orient says that it seems to be made by art to imitate a lamb. Many people believe that it feeds upon all the grass and weeds within its reach, and the ignorant peasants among the Tartars declare that blood flows from it when it is cut or injured. This belief probably originated in the fact that it exudes a red gum which may be imagined to resemble blood.

Sir John Mandeville, who was a famous traveller, in his far-off day speaks thus of this extraordinary freak of nature: "There groweth a manner of fruit as though it were gourdes; and when they be ripe men cut them in two, and men find within a little beast, in flesh, in blood and bone—as though it were a little lamb withouten wolle. And men eat both the fruit and the beast, and that is a great marvel. Of that fruit I have eaten, although it were wonderful; but that I know well that God is marvellous in His works."

I. H. S.

The letters I. H. S. are said to have been designed by St. Bernardine of Siena to denote the name and mission of our Saviour. They are to be found in a circle over the main door of the Franciscan Church of the Holy Cross (Santa Croce) in Florence; and tradition says they were first placed there in 1347, in gratitude for the termination of the plague. On one occasion, the tradition runs, the Saint was remonstrating with a maker of playing-cards concerning the bad influence of his business. The man replied that his family would starve unless he continued to illuminate the pasteboard trifles. "Then," said St. Bernardine, "let me design the back." And he taught the card-maker to illuminate the letters I. H. S. in such beautiful fashion that they became little missionaries of the Cross wherever they went.

A Letter and How it was Answered.

The Queen of England recently received the following peculiar letter from a very young miss:

dere Mrs. Quean, I lost my doll in the big whole in the mountain. people say you own the other side of the world too and wont you plese tell them to look fer it.

The Queen thought it would be easier to send her correspondent a new doll, and kindly gave orders to that effect.

With Authors and Publishers.

—We learn with pleasure that the Paulist Fathers have made an arrangement with the Catholic Truth Society of England, by which the valuable publications of that society are to be widely circulated in this country. The Paulists are firm believers in the apostolate of the press, and any plan which aims at the spread of good literature deserves encouragement.

—Among forthcoming publications by Kegan Paul & Co. we note "The Life of Our Ladye," compiled from the most authoritative sources by "M. P.," with a preface by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster; "Notes on Christian Doctrine," by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bagshawe; "Saint Benedict," by the Very Rev. Canon Woods, O. S. B., from the Italian of Tosti, with authentic portrait of St. Benedict and other illustrations.

—"A Woman of Fortune," by Christian Reid, one of the series of Catholic novels by American authors being published by Messrs. Benziger Bros., will not be new to readers of this magazine, in which it first appeared as a serial under the title "Cecil's Fortune." We are glad to see it in book form. It is one of the best of the many stories written by its gifted author, and well deserves a place in every collection of Catholic stories.

—A common complaint, when teachers of higher English meet in council, is that the imagination of children is left undeveloped during the earliest years. The young mind is crammed with facts which it does not assimilate, but the picture-faculty is starved to death. There is good cause for this complaint, but we are glad to note that steps have been taken to remove it. The American Book Co. has already published some admirable story-books for children, and their list is now increased by four new volumes. "Fifty Famous Stories Retold" is well worthy of its title. "Robinson Crusoe" and his faithful savage Friday are, we hope, already well known. "The Story of Greece" tells, in form well suited to the childish mind, the history of the land of heroic deeds and great thoughts. "Stories of New Jersey" is a summary of the most interesting events that have happened in the summer residence of the mosquito. When we say that the volume has been written specially for children by Frank Stockton, we have given it highest praise. All these books are illustrated in good taste.

—We have received from Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York, an admirable musical setting of the *Stabat Mater* by that industrious composer, the Rev. Lawrence Moeslein, C. P. It is written in the key of F, has solos for the various parts, choruses of power and dignity, and is of moderate difficulty.

—"The Life of Our Divine Lord Briefly Told for Children" will be welcomed by all who have to instruct the little ones of Christ's fold. In simple words this most beautiful of stories is told, and it can not but make an impression on the minds of those whom the Master so tenderly loves. It is neatly published by the Happy Home Publishing Co. of Philadelphia.

—With their usual enterprise, Benziger Bros. are first with their *Catholic Home Annual* for the coming year. The regular astronomical lore, a list of feast and fast days, and rates of postage, appropriately precede the literary department. Many familiar Catholic names appear with contributions above the usual standard of excellence. The history of the famous picture of "Our Lady of Guadalupe," and of the devotion to the miraculous statue of the Infant Jesus at Prague, are of special interest. Taking it all in all, this *Annual* is what its name implies, a book for Catholic home reading.

—It is, after all, a hopeful sign that the best newspapers cordially resent the low methods, the pruriency and the criminal sensationalism of their "esteemed contemporaries." Referring to a nasty New York journal's intention of evolving or producing or disgorging a "serio-comic supplement"—a threatened new horror of the Sunday newspaper,—the *Sun* observes that there is just about as much need for it as there is for more fleas in Italy. There are too many serio-comic

features in journalism already. There are too many "academies of crime"; and the *Sun* urges all respectable newspapers to oppose the filthy innovation, and not to fear temporary loss:

It is a light-headed and ill-balanced management which is swept off its base by the frantic struggle now in progress between the journalistic Anarchists, who have recently invaded our noble profession. From a competition whereof the field ranges from mere inanity to the limits of obscene enterprise, reputable publishers and self-respecting editors would better keep themselves wholly aloof. Let the scavengers with an inborn taste for that sort of research, continue to discover all the coprolites, and to shout them for sale in the open market-place. Let the same fellows likewise monopolize the traffic in that sort of harmlessly vulgar train literature, which no man with clean linen on can read, even in a smoking car, without a sense of personal ignominy and degradation.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

A Woman of Fortune. *Christian Reid.* Benziger Bros. $1.25.

A Striking Contrast. *Clara Mulholland.* M. H. Gill & Son. $1.25.

New Faces and Old. *Rev. Francis Finn, S. J.* B. Herder. 60 cts.

On the Road to Rome, and How Two Brothers Got There. *William Richards.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts., *net.*

The Conspiracy of the A. P. A. *J. Alex. Edwards.* P. J. Kenedy. 25 cts.

Ada Merton. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* B. Herder. 75 cts.

Demon Possession and Allied Themes. *J. L. Nevius, D. D.* Revell & Co. $1.50.

Essays Educational. *Brother Azarias.* McBride & Co. $1.50.

Protestant Fiction. *James Britten.* Catholic Truth Society. 80 cts., *net.*

Goffine's Devout Instructions. *Preface by Cardinal Gibbons.* Illustrated. $1.00.

Social Problems. *Rev. Morgan Sheedy.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

How to Speak Latin. *Stephen W. Wilby.* Murphy & Co. 75 cts.

Jack Chumleigh; or, Friends and Foes. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Murphy & Co. $1.00.

The Temptation of Nora Leecroft. *Frances Noble.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

Claudius. *C. M. Home.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

The Last Christmas-Tree. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. 75 cts., *net.*

Amy's Music Box. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner Co. 38 cts., *net.*

A Tuscan Magdalen. (Poetry.) *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. *Net*, 75 cts.

The Divine Redeemer and His Church. *Rev. Edward Douglass, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

The Spirit of the Dominican Order. *Mother Drane.* Art & Book Co. $1.00.

Devotion to the Miraculous Infant of Prague. J. Schaefer. 10 cts.

Why I Became a Catholic (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Burns & Oates. 30 cts.

Cobbett's History of the Reformation. *Edited by Dom Gasquet.* Benziger Bros. $1.00.

The Yorke-Wendte Discussion. Monitor Publishing Co. 50 cts.

Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages. *Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M.* Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P.* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

The End of Religious Controversy. *Bishop Milner. Edited by Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A.* Cath. Truth Society. 35 cts.

The See of St. Peter. *T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G.* Catholic Truth Society. 50 cts.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

Lessons in Literature. Ainsworth & Co. $1.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser.* Cathedral Library Association. 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Way & Williams. $1.25.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. $1.40.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25.

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8*s.*

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury Mass. $2.10.

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, $6.25.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.00.

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.50, net.

The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena. *Algar Thorold.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Woman, What Have I to do with Thee? *Presbyter Anglicanus.* Kegan Paul & Co. Crown 8vo, 60 cts.

Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. *Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 3 vols. $4.50.

Christian Reunion. *William Delaney, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. *K. M. Barry.* Fallon & Co. 60 cts.

Retreats, etc. *Father Dignam, S. J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Jewels of the Imitation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* Burns & Oates. 60 cts.

Questions of Honor in the Christian Life. *Katharine E. Conway.* Pilot Co. 50 cts.

Conscience and Law. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. $1.60.

In a Walled Garden. *Bessie R. Belloc.* Ward & Downey. $2.

Evolution and Dogma. *Rev. John A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C.* McBride & Co. $2.

Saint Philomena. *From the French.* R. Washbourne. 5 cts.

Mooted Questions of History. *H. J. Desmond.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts.

Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. 65 cts.

Our Own Story. *Rosa Mulholland.* Catholic Truth Society. $1.00.

A SPANISH LITANY.

Moderato. N. Ledesma.

1a VOZ.

1. Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a
2. Ma - ter in-vio - la - ta
3. Virgo Pru - - den - ti - si-ma
4. Se - des Sa - pien - tiæ
5. Tur - ris e - bur - nea
6. Consola - trix Afflic - to - rum
7. Regina Apos - to - lo - rum

2a VOZ.

BAJO

ORGANO.

Sanc- ta De - i ge - ni - trix
Ma - ter in-te - me - ra - ta
Vir - go ve - ne - ran - da
Cau-sa nostra le - ti - ti - æ
Do-mus, do - mus Au - re - a
Au-xi-lium Christia - no - rum
Re - gi - na Mar - tyrum

Sanc - ta vir - go vir - gi-num O - ra pro
Ma - ter in-ma- cu - la - ta O - ra pro
Vir - go Pre - di - can - da O - ra pro
Vas S - pi - ri - tua - le O - ra pro
Fe - - de - ris Ar - - ca O - ra pro
Re-gi - na An - ge - lo - rum O - ra pro
Re-gi - na Con - fes - so - rum O - ra pro

1. Sanc - ta vir - go vir - gi-num
2. Ma - ter in-ma -cu - la - ta
3. Vir - go Pre - di - can - da
4. Vas S - pi - ri - tua - le
5. Fe - - de - ris Ar - ca
6. Re-gi - na An - ge - lo - rum
7. Re-gi - na Con- fes - so - rum

1. Sanc - ta vir - go vir - gi-num
2. Ma - ter in-ma - cu - la - ta
3. Vir - go Pre - di - can - da
4. Vas S - pi - ri - tua - le
5. Fe - - de - ris Ar - ca
6. Re-gi - na An -ge - lo - rum
7. Re-gi - na Con - fes - so - rum

1-7. no - - - - - - bis.

O - ra pro no - bis Ma - ter, Ma - ter
O - - ra pro no - - bis Ma - ter, Ma - ter
O - ra pro no - bis Vir - go, Vir - go
O - - ra pro no - - bis Vas ——— ho - no
O - ra pro no - bis Ja - nua, Ja - nua
O - - ra pro no - - bis Re - gi - na Pa-triar-
O - ra pro no - bis Re - - gi - - na

O - - ra pro no - bis. Ma - ter, Ma - ter
O - ra pro no - bis. Ma - ter, Ma - ter
O - - ra pro no - - bis. Vir - go, Vir - go
O - ra pro no - bis. Vas - - ho - no
O - - ra pro no - - bis. Ja - - nua, Ja - nua
O - - ra pro no - - bis. Re - - gi - na Patri-
O - ra pro no - bis. Re - gi - na

Ma - ter Di - vi - næ gra - ti - æ
Ma - ter Ad - - mi - ra - bi - lis
Vir - - go, vir - go Cle - mens
Vas in-sig - ne de - vo - tio - nis
S-tel - la Ma - tu - ti - na
Re - gi - na Pro - phe - ta - - rum
Re-gi - na Sanc - to - rum om - ni - um

1-7. O - - ra

Chris - ti Ma - ter Pu - - ris - si - ma
mabi - lis Ma - ter Cre - a - to - ris
Po - - tens Vir - go Fi - - de - - lis
ra - bi - le Ro - sa, Ro - sa Mys - ti - ca
cœ - li Sa - lus in - fir - mo - rum
cha - rum Re - gi na Apos-to - lo - rum
Vir - gi - num Re-gina si - ne la - be con - cep - - ta

Chris - ti Ma - ter Pu - - ris - si - ma
A-ma - bi - lis Ma - ter Cre - a - to - - ris
Po - tens Vir - go Fi - - de - lis
ra - bi - le Ro - sa, Ro - sa Mys - ti - ca
cœ - li Sa - - lus in - fir - mo - rum
archa - rum Re - - gi - na Apos to - lo - rum
Vir - gi - num Re-gi - na si-ne la - be Con - cep - ta

1-7. o - ra pro no - bis, O - ra pro no - - -

1-7. O - ra pro no - bis O - ra pro no - - -

1-7. O - ra pro no - bis O - ra pro no - - -

bis, pro no - - - bis.

bis pro no - - - bis.

bis pro no - - - bis.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

Vol. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 7, 1896. No. 19

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

November.

OCTOBER'S bacchant feast is o'er; the leaves,
Besprent with amber-hued and ruby wine,
Now lie upon the year-spent earth supine,
Where once fair Ceres garnered golden sheaves.
A shadowy shroud of haze November weaves
Of viewless smoke from forest fane and shrine,
Where cone and acorn, Nature's censers, shine;
While over all the voice of Autumn grieves.

And life has its November, when we gaze
With lingering longing, yet with age-wise scorn,
Upon the vine leaves scattered to the breeze.
Joy's purple grape-flasks of October days
Were broken as we grasped them, and we mourn,
While memory weaves a mist to hide the lees.

A Protestant Champion of the Blessed Virgin.

ALTHOUGH religious feeling is general and strong in some countries, it can not be doubted that irreligion and materialism still hold sway over the minds of tens of thousands. Moral confusion reigns to some extent almost everywhere. The denial of the supernatural is a characteristic of the age. The Church is suspected and calumniated where she is not openly persecuted. Even among her own children there is a lessening of that respect and filial love with which the Christians of an earlier age were wont to regard her. On the other hand, a prediction which the Blessed Grignon de Montfort uttered two hundred years ago is beginning to be realized. He prophesied an extraordinary increase of devotion to the Mother of God, and the mists which hitherto partially concealed her are fast disappearing. The vision of power and beauty grows daily more distinct before the mental vision of the faithful. As a result, innumerable churches and shrines, industries of piety, religious congregations of men and women, have sprung up in every country of Christendom; Marian festivals have been instituted, Marian devotions extended. Add to this the multiplication of sodalities and confraternities with the object of honoring the Mother of Christ.

But more striking than all this is Mary's revelation of herself to those outside the Church. Many non-Catholics now behold the Woman clothed with the sun standing forth in increasing clearness. She is honored by them in many ways, and in some places there is the beginning of a true devotion to her. Protestant writers do not now refer to the Blessed Virgin in the terms which they formerly employed. A little volume has lately appeared from the pen of an

Anglican presbyter, the aim of which is to show that "a devotion very different, both in kind and in degree, from that which the majority of Anglicans render to Mary is really her due." The writer holds that such a devotion is "not only reasonable, but also Scriptural, requiring but little support from tradition to commend it to our acceptance."

We are free to confess that the volume to which we refer,* though written by one outside the Church, has increased our devotion to the Mother of fair love and given us a clearer conception of the high place which she occupies in Christian worship. In the hope that a summary of this work may have the same effect on our readers, we are happy to lay it before them. There may be nothing new in the arguments presented or in the expressions which we shall quote; still, many of the thoughts and phrases have all the charm of novelty on account of coming from such a source. The reader will bear in mind that it is a non-Catholic writing for non-Catholics.

As a preliminary, our author considers the sanctification which Mary and all the saints possess in common. His first contention is that the saints who have departed this life *are not dead:* therefore, Mary is not dead. Their posthumous life is a continuation of their earthly life: Mary, therefore, is in such a condition. This after-life being an extension of their life on earth, they experience a continuation of memory, feeling, reason, speech, and apparently all their faculties whatsoever: the same is true of Mary. These two theses are shown to be in accordance with Scriptural teaching. The author then proceeds to prove from the Old and New Testaments that there exists a blessed company of the faithful, who, having lived on earth in the friendship and grace of God, ended their battle and secured their victory, are now in possession of their crowns,—whether immediately after death or an intermediate state of purgation, makes no matter. These, whom we call the *saints*, are *now in heaven*, and in enjoyment of the Beatific Vision, which is synonymous with heaven. Mary, therefore, sees God.

As a consequence it follows that the saints now in the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision have an immediate knowledge of the state and concerns of the Church militant on earth, and interest themselves actively in its behalf. Mary, therefore, has a like knowledge, and interests herself in the welfare of the Church. The evidence on this point from Holy Scripture is shown to be striking and abundant. Touching on the superior knowledge possessed by the blessed and the elevated love which they bear toward mankind, the author quotes a passage from the works of Dr. Channing, an undoubted Protestant. "Let us not imagine," he writes, "that the usefulness of the good is finished at death. Then rather does it begin. Let us not judge of their state by associations drawn from the stillness and silence of the grave. They have gone to the abodes of life, of warmth and action. They have gone to fill a larger place in the system of God. Death has expanded their powers. The clogs and fetters of the perishable body have fallen off, that they may act more freely and with more delight in the grand system of creation.... It would be grateful to believe that their influence reaches to the present state, and we certainly are not forbidden to indulge the hope."

The opinion of Charles Kingsley on this subject is also given. We quote the striking passage in full:

"Here I must say that, however much the Roman Catholics may be wrong in many points, they have remembered one

* "Woman, what Have I to do with Thee? A Dissertation on the Position of Mary in Redemption. With Preliminary Remarks on the Doctrine of Invocation of Saints." By Presbyter Anglicanus.

thing about the Life Everlasting which we are too apt to forget: and that is that everlasting life can not be a selfish life, spent only in being happy one's self. They believe that the saints in heaven are *not idle:* that they are eternally helping mankind—doing all sorts of good offices for those souls that need them; that, as St. Paul says of the angels, they are ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who are heirs of salvation. And I can not see why they should not be right. For if the saints' delight was to do good on earth, much more will it be to do good in heaven. If they helped poor sufferers, if they taught the ignorant, if they comforted the afflicted here on earth, much more will they be able, much more will they be willing, to help, comfort and teach them, now that they are in the full power, the full freedom, the full love and zeal of the Everlasting Life. If their hearts were warmed and softened by the fire of God's love here, how much more there? If they lived God's life of love here, how much more there before the throne of God and before the Face of Christ?"

The author remarks that this superior knowledge attributed to the blessed does not ascribe to them any divine attributes. Before the possibility of their possessing the knowledge we claim for them is denied, men must know the nature of a spirit, and ascertain all its relations to time and space. "Granted that the Blessed Virgin is invoked by tens of thousands of the faithful at the same time and in different parts of the world. To believe that she can hear them all is not to claim for her either ubiquity or omniscience. When we speak of the saints, we are not speaking of beings in the present state of existence, where knowledge is derived through the senses. We are speaking of beings who exist in a mode of existence of which we can form no idea,—an existence independent of conditions of time and space. The same identically in their personality as they were on earth; for aught we know, they see without eyes, hear without ears, and stand in no need of matter either to receive impressions from this world or to communicate with one another."

In his fifth thesis the author proves, from various passages of Holy Writ, that the merits of the saints avail with God on our behalf: therefore that Mary's merits do the same; that it is Scriptural to invoke them: therefore it is lawful to invoke Mary. "The saints can, may, and do pray for us: therefore it is lawful to ask for their prayers.... If for the word 'saints' we substitute the words 'Christian brethren,' we obtain a proposition which no Protestant ever controverted: our Christian brethren can, may, and do pray for us: therefore it is lawful to ask for their prayers.* If it is unlawful to invoke the saints, the only reason can be that they have ceased to be our brethren. But this is absurd, and also contrary to Scripture.† Therefore it is lawful to invoke the saints."

In gathering up these points farther on, the author says: "Of all this there can be no manner of doubt. And, taking the lowest possible ground, it must of necessity follow that as Mary is exalted far above any other creature, she must be worthy of a homage and devotion far greater than is due to any other saint; her merits, freely bestowed by the special grace of God, must surpass those of other saints; and her intercession must be far more powerful in its effects than that of other saints; and should therefore be more diligently and frequently sought."

In concluding this thesis, which, like the others, is ably defended, several objections are refuted. "'The merits and intercession of Christ are enough, what good therefore

* Job, xlii, 8; Rom., xv, 30; I. Thess., v, 25; James, v, 16.

† Eph., ii, 19; Heb., xii, 22, 23.

can the intercession of the saints do?' The answer is easy. What good did St. Paul expect to receive when he asked for the prayers of his converts? What good does the sick man hope for when he begs the parish priest to pray by his bedside? What good do the objectors think they will obtain when they pray for their relations and friends? Prayer is the ordinance of God; it is a means of grace which He has enjoined us to employ.

"'To invoke the saints is to leave to others the care of our salvation.' The answer is the denial of the statement. To be allowed to invoke the saints does not imply that we are bidden to place *our whole trust* in the prayers of others. It presupposes our co-operation with the grace of God, so that we diligently avail ourselves of the fruits of intercessory prayer and manifest them in our lives. It is possible to receive the fruits of even Christ's intercession in vain, and to presume too far upon the effects of it by sinning without fear or by delaying repentance. But this undue resting upon the merits of Christ's intercession neither does away with the fact of His intercession nor makes it unlawful to have recourse to it."

The objection that the invocation of saints implies worship, and that worship is due to God alone, is examined at length. It is noted that "the word 'worship' does not necessarily signify divine homage. It simply signifies respect and honor to whom they are due. Thus in our marriage service the husband says to his wife: 'With my body I thee worship,'—that is, he promises her the respect, love and fidelity which are the wife's due. We style an English magistrate 'Your Worship'; a mayor is designated 'The worshipful.' In Mr. Cranmer's Bible the Fifth Commandment was rendered, 'Worship thy father and thy mother.'"

The difficulty which Protestants have in invoking or venerating the saints is strikingly illustrated. After quoting some words of St. Augustine on the "worship" of martyrs, our author adds this comment: "Protestants pray to their Creator, praise and adore Him; but they do no more. Ignorant of the fact that there can be no divine religion without *sacrifice*—having, moreover, no sacrifice to offer,—there is no more that they can do. They therefore naturally recoil from praying to or praising Mary and the saints, because the only offering they have to offer to the King of kings is 'the calves of their lips.' They can render no homage to the saints, because they have no means of rendering homage to the King of saints. The Catholic, however, is in no such difficulty. He offers prayer, praise and thanksgiving to God; but He offers *something more:* he offers the Sacrifice of the Mass. This he can never do to the saints. He may raise altars to God in their honor, but he can not offer the Holy Sacrifice to them. The distinction between prayer and sacrifice corresponds to the distinction between creature and Creator, and is at once apprehended by every Catholic."

The common objection against the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, drawn from Our Lord's words at the marriage feast of Cana, is admirably refuted. The assertion that the very first word uttered ("woman") has in it something of severity or harshness, and therefore implies rebuke, is dismissed with the remark that the expression "Woman, behold thy son,"* is ample proof to the contrary.

Three answers are given to the objection under consideration, any one of which the author regards as sufficient refutation. The combined force of the three is irresistible. This portion of the work is characterized by great ability and genuine zeal for the honor of the Blessed Virgin. The writer is here at his best. We do not remember to have seen anywhere a more

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* John, xix, 26.

satisfactory explanation of the much disputed text, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" We regret that we can not quote it entire. The arguments are thus summed up:

"We see, then, that the apparent rebuke to Our Lady—'Woman, what have I to do with thee?'—is no rebuke, but a trial of faith. If her request was met by words which seemed to declare it inopportune—'Mine hour is not come,'—this was also the case with the Syrophænician woman—'I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel'; for the time to show grace to the Gentiles had not yet arrived. But the seeming inopportuneness of the Syrophænician woman's request neither stood in the way of her prayer nor evoked anything from Our Lord but entire approbation. Similarly, the inopportuneness of Mary's prayer was no inopportuneness at all, nor viewed with one iota of her Divine Son's displeasure. The declaration that His hour was not yet come is immediately followed by the fulfilment of the prayer; and as there can be no inconsistency in this, so is there no inopportuneness in Mary's request. So confidently does Mary read a 'Yes' in the seeming 'No' that she indicates to the servants, with a keen prevision of what Our Lord will do, the part which they are to sustain: 'Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.' And, once more, if the memorable words are held to indicate *a divergence of will* between Our Lord and His Mother, what is to be said about the intercession of Moses? Here, before Moses utters a word of prayer, the divine will seems abundantly declared. 'Now, therefore, let Me alone.' Moses, to all appearance, crosses that divine will. Yet not so in reality, for His prayer is heard. There is no real divergence of will between God and Moses. In like manner there is no divergence of will between Jesus and Mary."

The belief that the spiritual nearness between our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother immeasurably transcends the spiritual nearness between Christ and any other of the saints either in heaven or on earth is declared to be grounded on the very texts that are urged against it. It is a reasonable supposition that whatever is found in the natural order and in the natural life should find its counterpart in the spiritual or supernatural order, and in the spiritual or supernatural life. According to St. Gregory the Great, "the kingdom of heaven is likened unto earthly things, that from things which the mind kens it may rise to things unknown which it does not ken." Our author continues:

"Thus the qualities and relationships of father, mother, husband, wife, friend, etc., which we find in the natural order, are images of corresponding qualities and relationships of transcendently superior excellence in the spiritual or supernatural order,—not that these are formed on the mould of those, but those are the image of these. Thus, again, Cornelius à Lapide: 'The order of graces, in which Christ and the Blessed Virgin stand first, is the pattern and archetype according to which God created and arranged the course of nature and the whole universe.' It therefore follows that all earthly relationships, in the case of those who sit loosely toward them or are spiritually detached from them, give place to—or, rather, are transformed into—corresponding spiritual affinities of transcending excellence. What, then, must be the nature of that spiritual motherhood of Mary, of which her glorious motherhood according to the flesh was but an adumbration?"

From the words of Our Lord, "Make unto yourselves friends of the mammon of iniquity, that when you fail [*i. e.*, die] they may receive you into everlasting tabernacles," it is concluded that the relations of friendship continue to exist in heaven. "They are changed as to their fashion indeed—purified, spiritualized, and

transfigured to a degree of which we can have no conception; but they remain in substance what they were before. And what is true of the relations of friendship must be equally—or, rather, more—true of the relations of kindred, and therefore of the motherhood of Mary."

In the words addressed to Mary by Simeon, "And thy own soul a sword shall pierce," our author finds a key to the various passages of Scripture quoted by Protestant writers as containing rebukes to the Blessed Virgin, or as disparaging to her motherhood. "Our Blessed Lady was no exception to the general law of suffering. And the end of suffering in her case, as in that of others, was to separate the earthly from the heavenly, the fleeting from the everlasting, the temporal from the eternal. In other words, Mary had to learn by experience the lesson of spiritual detachment, even as her Divine Son 'learned obedience by the things which He suffered.'"*

The author goes on to show how Mary learned detachment—first, in the exercise of her hope; secondly, in the exercise of her faith; thirdly, in the exercise of her love. "But under the Cross certainly it was that Simeon's prophecy was completely fulfilled. There indeed did the sword pierce her heart. There, too, was its work done; for Mary's heart, like the Heart of her Son,† is broken. The earthly is completely severed from the heavenly; the earthly tie is broken, in order that the heavenly one may take its place. Now the memorable words in John, xix, 27, like the rest of the Seven Words, are full of unspeakable meaning.... Our Lord was about to leave His Mother. What, then, should He bequeath her?... Jesus gives Mary a higher gift than silver or gold: He gives her a heart—the heart next His own,—the heart of the great Apostle of love who best understood the nature of love.

* Heb., v, 8. † Psalm lxix, 20.

"For the Son she has lost, then, she has obtained another son. But is this all? Assuredly not. The guerdon of spiritual detachment carries with it more than this for the Mother of God. The hundredfold now in this time of spiritual children* must be measured by the dignity of the earthly motherhood, and by the infinite dignity of the Son whom in this world Mary had lost. The number, therefore, of Mary's spiritual children must be the number of the Israel of God, multiplied as the stars of heaven and as the sand which is upon the sea-shore.† This has ever been the view of the Catholic Church. Hence St. Peter Chrysologus, in his sermons,‡ maintains that Mary, by grace, is now made the Mother of the living, who had been by nature the Mother of the dying. 'Mary, therefore, was made our spiritual Mother by our dying Master, Jesus Christ, and should be at once acknowledged as such by all Christians.' On Calvary, then, and in the person of St. John, her first-born spiritual son, Mary was formally appointed the spiritual Mother of the faithful: 'Behold thy Mother!'

"With this agrees the interpretation of St. Augustine. The only recorded occasions on which Christ addressed His Mother as 'Woman' were at Cana and on Calvary. The words 'What have I to do with thee?' teach Mary that spiritual detachment which is the experience of all saints, and must also be the experience of the Queen of Saints. From a like experience Our Lord Himself was not exempt. As Mary lost her Son, so Jesus lost His Mother. Nay,‖ He lost all besides that He could lose. And perhaps the awful words, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' convey a hint of a deeper detachment still. But as the words which set forward the necessity of detachment to Mary do not imply the refusal of Mary's request, nor

* Mark, x, 30. † Gen., xxii, 17. ‡ cxl, tom. ii
‖ Psalm lxix, 8, 20; Matt., xxvi, 56.

any disapproval of the grounds on which it was urged, so the words 'Mine hour is not yet come' denote an hour when Mary's right to urge any and every request would be fully recognized. What Jesus would do Mary should not know then, but she should know hereafter. For these latter words, like all, or nearly all, of Our Lord's words, look forward from the present to the future. 'Mine hour is not yet come,' in the primary reference of the words, relates to the miracle shortly to be performed; in the secondary reference, the words relate to the moment under the Cross when the rights of the Divine Motherhood would be fully recognized. 'Mine hour'* is certainly the Passion. 'Wait for Mine hour,' Our Lord would seem to say to Mary; 'then, and not till then, will I make My full acknowledgment of every claim thou wouldst urge. To be nearest to Me in glory, thou must be nearest to Me in suffering.† My glory yet waits;‡ thy glory waits too.'"

We have not yet exhausted the riches of this Anglican tribute to the Mother of our Redeemer; but we have used all the space at our command, and must reserve for the succeeding number of THE AVE MARIA some admirable passages on the title Mother of God, on the unsurpassable dignity of Mary, in defence of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and in regard to the perpetual virginity of Mary. It is significant indeed that one finds so much to quote from a book on the Blessed Virgin from the pen of a non-Catholic.

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* John, xii, 27; Mark, xiv, 35.
† Matt., xx, 20–23. ‡ John, xvii, 1–5.

EVERY great mind seeks to labor for eternity. All men are captivated by immediate advantages; great minds are excited by the prospect of distant good.—*Schiller.*

A MATERIALISTIC civilization can never be a safe one.—*Parsons.*

At the Post-Office.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

"GET up, you two rascals, Gaspard and Firmin! Get up, I say! You grow lazy; you don't earn your salt. The sun is too warm for you here, the shade too cool there. Everything is too easy for you. Begone, I say!"

These remarks remained unanswered, and those to whom they were addressed came forward and looked up humbly into their master's face.

"Ah, ha! If I were to lay my stick over you! What then?"

He shook it threateningly; and those addressed, being very averse to such a proceeding, moved aside, avoiding their master's eye.

"You eat me out of house and home," continued the old man; "and still you do nothing the whole day long,—absolutely nothing."

They appeared to reflect upon this view of the case, looking down with gravity.

"You are a pair of vagabonds."

They showed no sign of resentment at this remark. Beyond a slight movement of uneasiness, it had apparently no effect.

"Now, what have you to say for yourselves, *gamins?*"

Again silence.

"It would be some satisfaction if only you would answer back."

This being clearly impossible, however, the culprits merely looked interrogatively at their master, who, having exhausted his vocabulary, hobbled into the house, a bell clanging sharply as he opened the door.

The culprits remained without. They looked up and down the road, and took a hasty survey of mountain and sky. It was hard to tell what their thoughts might be about these things, or if they had any. They waited patiently till their

master should hobble out again and begin to scold once more. For so did their days go by. They never complained: they forgave him every time, and continued to love him. They were not indigenous to the soil: they came from distant Germany. For the pair were no apprentices that had grown fat with dearth of work and plenitude of good feeding. They were two soft, shaggy, brown-and-white dogs, with long ears and curly coats, and were almost identical in size. They had an advantage over most dogs: they were historical. At least they had a story connected with them, and almost everyone who came up the mountain side in summer time was anxious to see them. They were the sole survivors of a fearful calamity by which hundreds of human lives had been lost.

"Down there at the Richelieu River, as everyone knows," would their master, M. Auclair, begin in his best story-telling fashion, "there was an accident most terrible. Years ago? Yes. My grandson was just ten; he is thirty now, if he still lives. These poor people they had come off a vessel at Quebec and were bound for Montreal. They came from distant parts,—even from Germany, as we were told. Monsieur Curé knew all about it. I don't know much about those countries; but they are far off, that's sure. The emigrants they were coming to settle in our beautiful Canada. It is a fine country and healthy; none more so. It is cold, but one grows accustomed. To return to my story. The bridge across the Richelieu it broke down. No one could say why. The train went down. All on board perished. There is a tablet kept there which tells the story. The dogs they swam ashore; they were saved. They had come with the emigrants. We heard a few details from Quebec; but these creatures, being dumb, could tell us nothing of the catastrophe. They have been with me ever since. It is true they are fine animals; but, like myself, they are growing old."

The dogs, who were hardly ever seen apart, usually sat through this narrative with decorous gravity. They assumed an air of almost human intelligence, as though they were giving the matter their respectful attention and realized what was being said. Had speech been granted them, and if canine memory can be trusted, they would perhaps have supplied many a pathetic detail to the bald narrative of fact. They could have told of countless hearts wrenched by dire necessity from the fatherland; countless hopes burning bright, warm affections grown stronger in exile,—all finding oblivion in that common grave.

For the rest, the dogs were the happiest of creatures; docile and good-tempered, making friends easily, especially with children, and having always a kindly welcome for those who came to the post-office. In all weathers their wag of the tail and bright, intelligent glance met the seeker after mail. They were an institution at the post-office. The postmaster being incapacitated from long excursions by rheumatism, no less than by that indolent habit which makes villagers averse to walking, Gaspard and Firmin took their rambles together dog-fashion; they always returned at stated intervals to their domicile.

That particularly glorious autumn afternoon the dogs, apparently without previous consultation, set out down the road. They slipped under the fence into the stubble field, where gnarled stumps of once mighty trees formed a ghostly company amongst the upright oaks and maples. The foliage of these latter, still untouched by frost, was mellowed by the peculiarly warm-tinted, golden sunlight. They did not seem to observe this; or, if they did, they gave no sign; but they made a simultaneous rush at a chipmunk running along on the rude wooden fence.

That little animal—laughing no doubt, though not audibly, at their clumsy and aged efforts—vanished, with a whisk of its tail, up a tree.

The dogs pursued their way, sniffing the delightful forest scents and luxuriating in that perfection of nature. The mountain lay before them, encircled by a sky of pale gold, which would later be converted into a variety of tints, or glow with a dull red. Leaving the stubble field, they began climbing up the mountain side, their feet slipping as they went in the carpet of pine needles.

M. Auclair at the post-office was meanwhile sorting the late mail. He could read and write barely well enough to retain his position as postmaster. Fortunately, the mail was scarcely ever a very heavy one. Few wrote to that distant village once they had quitted it for the great world. Those who did so usually waited for the principal feasts—New Year's Day or Easter,—that was enough.

In summer the worthy man's powers were taxed considerably; so many visitors came to the hotel, and not a few rented cottages. Most of these people had foreign names — English or American; worse than all, Scotch. In this last extremity, M. Auclair sometimes appealed to the dogs; but they gave him no assistance, though they looked wise, as if desirous of penetrating the mystery. In such cases the despairing postmaster often apostrophized his two companions as lazy fellows, expressing a regret that they did not sink into the waters of the Richelieu with their original proprietors. The two accepted this remark in excellent part, perhaps through an imperfect knowledge of English.

This day M. Auclair was perplexed over one special letter which had come by the early mail. It was too bad,—now when he thought his troubles were over; for September had cast its shadow over the mountain and had begun to empty that favorite resort, the hotel, which could be just seen from the post-office door. M. Auclair turned the letter up and he turned it down. He could make nothing of the superscription; he could not even appeal to the dogs, for they were away on their "constitutional." "Ungrateful beasts!" he muttered, as if he believed they could have been of service to him were they at home.

A shadow shut out the golden sunlight. It was a lady tall and fair, simply but elegantly dressed; evidently a visitor at the hotel. M. Auclair, alarmed at her arrival, hid the letter: he wanted to gain time. No doubt the mysterious missive was for the lady, but who could tell? M. Auclair bade her good-afternoon. She responded by a similar salutation. He remarked upon the weather; the lady agreed with him as to its delights in French which proved her to be either English or American. Ah! it was true, the letter had an American stamp. But still he dared not offer it; if it should not be for her, the lady would at once gauge his ignorance.

"Is there any letter for me?" asked the lady.

"Eh, Madame? A letter, perhaps? Who knows but it is true what you have said? September is the best month here. The people from the town they do not consult their best interests by leaving so early."

The lady assented rather absently. It was clear that she was more concerned about some news she expected from elsewhere than about anything relating to the mountain village. In another moment M. Auclair felt that she would repeat the question. If only those rascally dogs would come in, they would make a diversion. He might get the lady so engrossed with them that he could beckon the barber out from his shop across the way. Not that M. Auclair had ever admitted to the barber or any one else that anything in caligraphy was beyond his powers. But, by one harmless fiction or

another, he usually secured the services of that functionary in all great emergencies. He had his reasons for trusting the barber. In the first place, he was both harmless and inoffensive; in the second place, being merely a summer resident of the village, and departing in October with the migratory birds, the barber had no aspirations toward the postmastership.

The truth was, M. Auclair was aware that certain envious-minded persons had their eyes upon his office; hence he was desperately afraid of any deficiency upon his part becoming known. The small stipend which accrued to him from his position was almost his only source of livelihood. His little farm had proved unproductive, for the same reason that his apple orchard had run to waste. Rheumatism and old age prevented him from digging or sowing or reaping or grafting. He was drifting down the hill of life, with the prospect of actual want before him. His house itself might go at any time for default of interest upon a mortgage.

"Be kind enough," said the lady at last, and this time rather peremptorily, "to see if there is any mail for me. I am somewhat in a hurry."

"If Madame will try to be patient—" stammered the old man.

The lady looked at him in surprise.

"It is very difficult, you perceive, when there is a large mail, and—"

"You should have some one to assist you," remarked the lady.

M. Auclair's eyes opened in terror.

"It is not that, Madame. I assure you I am most capable; I can sort a bundle of letters—"

"But, you know, you are not as young as you were."

"Madame," said the unfortunate postmaster,—"Madame, I implore you!" This was what he had feared. "If you will give me your name?"

"Livermore," she said, hastily, feeling vaguely uneasy at the old man's manner.

"My Heaven, what a name!" muttered the postmaster, fumbling desperately at the pigeon-holes.

A scratching was heard at the door, accompanied by a supplicatory whine. The lady opened it. The situation for the moment was saved. In bounded the dogs, fresh from their ramble, full of glee at the forest scents they had inhaled and the splendors of that afternoon among the pines.

"What a beautiful pair of dogs!" cried the lady, rapturously. "Are they yours, postmaster?"

"Yes indeed, Madame!" cried the old man. "I adopted them in early youth."

Forthwith M. Auclair launched on the story of the dogs, to which the lady listened with languid interest, as the shadows began to fall, marring the glory of that perfect afternoon.

"Would you sell these dogs?" Mrs. Livermore asked, somewhat eagerly. Spoiled woman of fashion, the whim had seized her to possess these relics of a disaster. "They are really exquisite creatures," she went on. "I would give a hundred dollars for them."

A hundred dollars! Poor M. Auclair! He was naturally fond of money; and, besides, his difficulties increased every day he lived. He had never had so much ready cash in his life. Why, he could pay the arrears of interest and have something to put by him. A hundred dollars! His eyes snapped, his face glowed; but all at once he caught sight of the dogs. They were wagging their tails and rubbing their heads against him, looking up into his face, as though they would like to have told him their adventures if they could. M. Auclair gave a groan. He thought of the long winter nights, when Gaspard and Firmin lay near the great wood fire, his sole companions; he remembered the dark afternoons, when the wind howled and the snow lay piled in tremendous heaps

outside, so that he dare not cross the threshold; he thought of the protection these animals afforded him in his isolation,—no one near but the barber (whose martial qualities he suspected to be an unknown quantity), and the two old butter women at the head of the lane. Why, even as a vent to his own ill-humor these creatures were useful. And they had shown him such affection—one might have said gratitude—all these years, and had grown old with him! Still, a hundred dollars!

Whilst thus cogitating, the old man looked the picture of indecision. He stood first upon one foot, then upon the other; his features working, his cap awry upon his head.

"Madame," he gasped at last, "do you ask me to sell my dogs—my comrades, my old friends!"

Madame was somewhat amused and faintly annoyed; she was not accustomed to have her whims disputed.

"That is as you please," she replied, coldly. "The animals are not valuable, but I will increase my offer: I will give you one hundred and twenty-five dollars for them."

A new thought struck the old man at this munificent offer. All was not as it should be with his visitor. He was afraid of her before upon more general grounds: she might lodge a complaint against him as postmaster with the authorities. But now a darker suspicion took possession of him. He had never seen her before; she was a stranger in the neighborhood, and she came offering him fabulous sums for his only protectors. She might be—well, who could tell what? It was better not to give names; but it was not for nothing the *marionettes* had danced to his music at the miller's dance. The thought was blood-curdling.

Moved by this twofold terror, and keeping his eyes fixed upon his visitor's face, M. Auclair began to move softly toward the door. There he began a series of signals and gesticulations, directed toward his *vis à vis*, the barber.

This conduct, upon the other hand, began to arouse strange misgivings in the mind of the lady. Once before that afternoon she had occasion to remark his peculiarity of manner. It made her uneasy that he stood between her and the door.

"My good sir," she said, speaking in a soothing tone, "I will say no more about the dogs if it distresses you. And as to the letter, it does not matter. I have waited as long as I can. I will tell them at the hotel to send for it."

This was most threatening. The lady must not be permitted to depart in these sentiments. Turning toward her, while he went on executing a series of manœuvres with his hands behind him, M. Auclair began, entreatingly:

"Madame, I see my inmost thoughts are known to you—"

"No, no!" said the lady, in a conciliatory tone. "Only that it grows late, and I must return to the hotel."

"Madame," cried M. Auclair, "would you be my ruin?" In his earnestness he advanced toward her, upsetting a heavy wooden chair in his passage. The lady, terror-stricken, retired to the most distant corner of the room. M. Auclair followed, with a variety of propitiatory exclamations, accompanied by a low bow. The lady mistook this for symptoms of an attack upon her, and retreated sideways by a masterly movement.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

It is confusion to say that in all religions there is truth. Religion is one, not many; and the one only religion imperishably pervades the darkest aberrations of the human intellect; it has been, and is, universal at all times and amongst all the races of mankind. — *Cardinal Manning.*

Our Lady's Loneliness.

BY KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

WHEN He had gone away,
And thou wert lone with human loneliness
For thy Son's Presence, as of old, to bless
The dawning and the fading of the day—
What had thy weary eyes to rest upon
In the world, empty, His dear face withdrawn?

Didst live again in dreams
The long, untroubled years at Nazareth,
When, at His smile, even the shadow of Death
Lifted, and brake away in rainbow gleams?
And, mother-like, hadst kept thee one long tress
Of His young bright hair for thy sad lips' caress?

I speak a human thing,
Because of mine unmastered human grief,
Fain to relive lost joys for its relief
In selfish isolation sheltering.
Not thus-wise, thou, O valiant One, who stood
Through thy Son's agony, beneath the Rood.

When He had gone away,
Thou soughtest Him in the work He left for thee—
The little lambs of the Fold about thy knee,
Lone mother-hearts to comfort every day;
Or, at His altar, keeping watch and ward,
As erst at His cradle, Mother of the Lord.

Thou wentest common ways,
And filled the dreary days with common tasks.
Thy selfless heart knew not the grief that asks
To cast its shadow where the sunshine plays.
How long till Gabriel come again? Ah, me!
Thou askedst not: God's time the time for thee.

Yet I would shut me in,
Now God takes back this love, His own love's token—
As, losing it, the spring of life were broken—
Dark sorrow, to no grace of Heaven, akin.
Oh, by the memory of thy lonely days,
Help me find God in loneliest work and ways!

The Belief in Purgatory.*

BELIEF in purgatory, like belief in a final judgment, is to be found in all the heathen creeds and traditions of antiquity. Now, such a thing could not be, according to the admission of all, unless that tradition or belief had been there from the first; for, in order to account for its universality, we must suppose that it was revealed at the cradle of our race, and then become spread through the nations as they separated.

Among the Greeks we find Plato, the purest interpreter of Grecian mythology and belief, saying in his "Gorgias" that "those who profit of punishment inflicted either by man or by the gods are they whose souls are most worthy of cure; those are they who in another world, just as in this, reach to happiness through suffering and repentance."

Among the Romans the favorite poet Virgil, in the sixth book of his Æneid, gives us a picture of the pagan purgatory. All the disembodied souls have to be cleansed and purified before entering into the realms of joy called the Elysian Fields. "Some, in order to be cleansed of their stains, are condemned to float in air; others plunge in running water; while many, from passing numberless times hither and thither through flames, efface by long chastisement the stains they had contracted in the world above."

Now, these two great writers did but repeat the teachings of two other (and perhaps greater) men. Plato learned his teaching from Socrates; and Virgil gave in delightful verse what Cicero in his "Republic" had already presented in equally delightful prose. Even Voltaire admits that all antiquity is unanimous in its belief of a purifying region in the next life.

* Adapted from Mgr. Besson in the *Bulletin Expiatoire*.

So much for traditions that had become corrupt. But let us go to traditions that continued incorrupt; let us see what was the belief among the Jews, a people whom God had chosen from all nations and directed almost by the hand. We find among them, according to the testimony of the old Bible, universal belief in the efficacy of prayers for the dead. It was entirely of no use then, as now, to pray for the souls of the damned; and therefore to pray for the dead was to testify their explicit belief in the existence of purgatory.

We read the accounts of their funerals. Now, besides the care and respect which are usually shown to dead bodies, we learn of something more in the reverence exhibited by them for the memory of their ancestors. Jacob and Joseph, when dying in Egypt, earnestly besought their sons to take their remains to Palestine. It is true, all have a desire to rest with their own. But was it this desire alone that made them so anxious? Or was it mere funeral lamentation that was kept up for seven days, when the patriarch's remains were being carried from Egypt, and they tarried for a week on the borders of that country? We turn to Machabees for explanation. Judas, the most valiant of his brethren, having lost a number of his soldiers in battle, gathered their dead bodies and buried them. But did he stop there? He was a holy man, and therefore would do nothing wrong. He was well versed in the traditions, ceremonies and beliefs of his country; for it was for all these he was fighting. Now, when he had honorably and reverently buried his dead soldiers, did he deem his duty done, or did his charity and compassion suggest some further aid? The inspired writing gives answer. He ordered a collection to be made; he gathered twelve thousand drachms of silver and sent it to the temple, that sacrifice might be offered for their souls. This valiant warrior, says the Scripture, had good and religious feelings regarding the resurrection. And, in concluding the narration of the whole affair, the Holy Bible of itself adds: "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins."

That being the belief of the Jews, let us ask ourselves: Was it for mere crying or for mere show that the sons of Jacob kept their father's remains "waked," so to speak, for seven days on the borders of the Egyptian land? If a temple existed at that time in Jerusalem, would the sons of Jacob have neglected to do for their father what Judas did for his followers? And because a temple was not then existing at Jerusalem, are we to suppose that no sacrifice was offered for the dead patriarch? Or is it not more reasonable to suppose that a part of those seven days' tarry was occupied in offering sacrifice for the dead? To spend seven days in barren lamentation seems indeed a ridiculous position; to do so for mere show is even worse; but to have funeral offices, prayers, or sacrifices during a large portion of the time seems most reasonable, intelligible, and eminently becoming those who were immediately called to be the founders of the nation singularly dear to God.

Isaias says: "The Lord will wash away the stains of the children of Sion; He will efface everything that stains them, by the severities of a just exile and the rigors of fire." It is an exile, but an exile that will have an end; it is a fire, but a fire that effaces and purifies. David sings of purgatory when he chants the happiness of those souls who have passed through the waters and the fire of tribulation, and whom the Lord has at last refreshed. All the monuments and customs of the Jews point to their belief: but "God is the God not of the dead but of the living."

What has Our Lord and the early Christian Church to say of it? When the Jews went astray in doctrine, Christ

corrected and even reproved them. The Sadducees, for instance, did not believe in the resurrection, and Our Lord had to reprove them; they did not believe in His Divinity, and He had to declare it to them. He does not do one or the other regarding purgatory; but, recognizing their belief in it, He says in His sermon on the Mount: "Make an agreement with thy adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him" (*i. e.*, in this life); "lest perhaps the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Amen I say to thee, thou shalt not go out from thence till thou pay the last farthing."

If we suppose that the Jews believed in purgatory, we can readily see how those listening to Our Lord understood this without any trouble; but if they did not believe, we can conclude that it must have seemed meaningless and without point to them. For this prison *at the end of the way* can mean nothing else than purgatory. It can not mean hell, since out of hell there is *no* redemption.

Now, Our Lord, presupposing their belief in the purifying power of a place in the next life, says: "Whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him; but he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come." Let the contrast here made be drawn out fully: 'He who speaks against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him in this life or in the next; but he who speaks against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, in this life or in the next.' Or again, is it true that some sins, as Our Lord says, are forgiven in this life and some are not forgiven? It is true, then, on the other hand, that some are forgiven in the next and some are not.

But the Apostles are to us and to all times the best interpreters of Our Lord's words and doctrine. What, then, does St. Paul say? He had received hospitality when at Rome from Onesiphorus; and afterward when writing to Timothy, and when Onesiphorus was dead, he recalls this kindness, and declares that he prays for him (the man that was dead), that the Lord might be favorable to him on the day of judgment. St. Paul also makes use of another passage, which many of the Fathers interpret in a sense to the same effect. The Apostle says that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bend of those that are in heaven, on earth, and in hell. By "hell," as here mentioned, they understand the prison of purgatory; and their reason is that the bending of knee by those in heaven and on earth was an act of sacred reverence and worship. But the souls in hell could not be expected to be included in the same act of worship; for, though they may fear and acknowledge, they do not worship and love—at any rate, not as the angels in heaven and the souls on earth do.

The Fathers of the Church speak of purgatory in the same way as the Apostles. St. Cyril of Jerusalem says: "We believe that we bring respite to the souls of the dead when we offer for them our prayers while the holy and august Victim is on the altar. We weave for them no wreaths, but we offer for them our prayers to God. We offer especially the Christ who was immolated for our sins; and we thereby appease, both on their behalf and on our own, the God who loves the Church.

In Africa, St. Cyprian and Tertullian also bear witness. The Bishop of Carthage says that his predecessors in that see made a decree that no one should appoint a priest executor to his will; and if any one should do so notwithstanding this wise decree, that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass would not be offered for his soul. This was looked upon as the greatest punishment that could be inflicted—the refusal of Holy Mass; and, from this being

the greatest punishment, we may imagine what store was set on the offering of Holy Mass for the repose of the soul. The priest does not differ with the bishop. Writing of a certain holy widow, Tertullian says: "She prays for her husband's soul, implores for it rest and peace, and on the day of the anniversary offers oblations."

In Constantinople we find what was to be found at Carthage and Jerusalem. St. Gregory Nazianzen and St. Chrysostom are our witnesses. The former, in his poetic way, speaks of that land where those who have slept in the Lord are once more baptized in tears. "It is the last baptism," he observes; "but it is the slowest, the severest, and the one that searches earth and plant." St. Chrysostom, confining himself to the Liturgy, and in his usual eloquent strain, enlarges on our hope of delivering the holy souls. "It is not in vain that in the Sacred Mysteries we make commemoration of the dead, beseeching in their favor the Lamb who was immolated and who took upon Himself the sins of the world; but it is that they might receive comfort and relief. Let us, then, help the deceased by praying for them; for if the children of Job were purified by the sacrifice their father offered for them every morning, how can we doubt that the dead will receive comfort from the sacrifice we on our part offer for them?"

The great St. Jerome becomes the rival in poetry and eloquence of these two men when he touches on the doctrine of purgatory. He endeavors to console Pammachius on the death of his wife Pauline; but it is not in the vain weeping of Horace, complaining to Virgil that he shall never look on Quintilian again. St. Jerome praises Pammachius above all things for his Christian deportment. "Another," he says, "might have lavished on the tomb of a well-loved spouse violets and rosemary; he might have decked it with lilies and bestrewed it with the choicest of flowers. But our dear Pammachius renders more fitting honors to the sacred dead: he bedews the venerable remains with the precious balm of good deeds. These are the odors which testify our affection for the departed; for he knows well that it is written: 'As water extinguishes fire, so good works wipe away sins.'"

R. O. K.

In the Battle for Bread.

The Faith of a Beggar.

BY T. SPARROW.

I.

SEVENTEEN and a mother! Poor child! There she lay on some straw in the corner of a long, low room, with no other furniture than—a coffin and a cradle.

"Starved to death!" the neighbors whispered, drawing their shawls closer over their heads, and nodding in the direction of the gruesome box which was to contain the white girl-mother, who lay with the dead baby clasped to her breast.

Yes—"starved to death." Can one of my readers grasp the full ghastliness of the phrase? It is living, and yet scarce alive. It is dying, and yet scarcely dead. It is not being *empty*, but being *full* of a gnawing pain, which tears the vitals and dulls the brain,—a pain which makes the honest artisan hang his head and skulk in corners, till the poison of emptiness stiffens his marrow and freezes his blood; till an awesome look looms in his eyes which no after-mirth ever effaces. And there is a hollow ring in his merriest speech, which, like a shadow, haunts his voice till the day he lies down to die.

But a year ago the girl Kit and the boy Kit (as Kitty Bleasdale and Christopher Whalley were called in Pot's Alley) were married, with smiles on their faces and hearts beating high with joy. She was

the beauty of that slum, with her flashing black eyes, her heavy fringe, and a figure lithe in its very meagreness. Of street wit she had plenty, and feathers were a weakness of hers; but, withal, Kitty was a simple, honest girl and loyal in her love for Kit.

And he—he was big and good-looking (but twenty at most); good at a joke, good at his banjo,—but, alas! his list of "goods" came to an end there. Neither of them gave a serious thought for the future. He was always laughing and singing, singing and laughing; while light-hearted Kitty would twirl in the streets to the tune of his banjo, with hair flying, and eyes gleaming with girlish love and pride.

The alley folks shook their heads when they heard what they contemplated, and said plainly dark Kitty was a fool not to have Ben Brierly, a big, bronze-bearded sailor of forty, who had "saved a tidy sum," and thought all the world of Kitty. But the girl tossed her head and declared she wanted neither him nor his money. Good Father K—— shook his head when they came to him about the banns. But Kit was so proud and Kitty so pleading that he knew words of wisdom were vain.

And so they were wed, and a tiny two-roomed house held them and their belongings. Still Kit played the banjo at the Three Crows and the Jolly Piper; still Kitty laughed at his jokes, and flashed eyes of happy defiance at any one who said a word against her fair, frank boy-husband. But this was at night only now; for Kit had got work at the docks, and Kitty was engaged at a bead establishment, getting two shillings and sixpence a week for threading the penny necklaces sold in the street; that sum representing the pay of about sixty hours of work between one Sunday and another.

Then Kit caught a cold and he did not know how to nurse it. Who was to tell him that, with all his big frame, there was a weakness of both chest and heart? He bore up as long as he could; but the time came when he had to take to his bed, where he lay hours and hours alone, racked in body, tortured in mind; for the money was going and there was no more to come. He would conjure up a smile when Kitty came home,—a pitiful smile very near akin to tears; and she would bustle about, lighting the fire and filling the kettle, and then rush out to beg some food from a neighbor,—"Not for myself, but just a tasty bit for him!" she would gasp, with a strange choke in her throat; for the love of these children for each other was very real, and their one fear was to be separated; so, lest he should be taken to a hospital, they told lies to the doctor and to the priest and to the good Sisters, who would have rendered assistance if they had only known the depth of their poverty. But Kitty declared she earned good wages, and Kit said he would soon be well; and they sat in the dark, evening after evening, hand in hand, talking of the better times that were sure to be in store for them. And the way they lied to each other was perhaps the saddest if sweetest of all.

Yet somehow Kit *did* get over this attack; youth is elastic and hope has a wondrous power. But it was not the same Kit who, haggard-eyed and weak, paced the streets in fruitless search for work. His illness had left chronic rheumatism of arm and shoulder; so the banjo hung idle on the wall and his voice was never raised in song. Then despair seized upon his soul. He gave up looking for work. "There are thousands better than I," he said, "in exactly the same plight. What chance have I among so many?"

Alas! the spirit was willing but the flesh was so weak. There was nothing to nourish the brain, and its power became unstable. He was fit for nothing but to spend hour after hour huddled up in a chair thinking, thinking—God alone

knows what. Just before Kitty was due he would rouse himself to rake up the bit of a fire and boil the kettle for their weak tea, which, with some butterless bread, formed their staple meal. But when the clock had to go to provide even that much, he had nothing to tell the time; and there Kitty would find him, dead to sign or sound, with an utterly hopeless look on his blanched face which was worse than madness or death.

One day Kitty, who had held up bravely till now, fainted dead away at her work; and the manager, not unkindly, told her to stay away till her "trouble" was over. The poor child's heart failed her as she repeated the words to Kit. He heard her in silence, just drooping his head the more; but when she returned from a visit to a kind neighbor the little room was empty. For a moment terror deprived her of her senses, but a glance at the wall made her guess the truth. The banjo had gone!

Kit came in presently, and, without words, placed the price of it in her hands. Then the girl broke down, and, throwing herself on her knees, leaned her head against his shoulder and cried wildly, rebelliously, passionately. He soothed her gently and kissed her many times; but the words came from one long dead to feeling, and the kisses were from a being already turned to stone.

That night poor Kitty was ill, *very* ill. Spent with want and crushed with fear of the future, she lay on her straw bed, alternately raving fiercely or uttering feeble moans. Neighbors were kind and willing to help; but most of them were wanting themselves, and the grim desolation of their own homes was on a par with the black starvation of this. The sad secret of their poverty was no secret now. Priest and doctor were sent for, but too late for earthly aid. One kind woman brought her own disused cradle for the child-blossom, whose frail strength was destined to leave no imprint on the coarse but cleanly pillow.

Kit still passed his time huddled up in a chair; and when the chair had to be sold he crouched on a bench; and when that had to go too he knelt by Kitty's side, stroking her hand, feeding her when the neighbors brought food, but tasting neither bite nor sup himself. When his scarce-breathing child was put into his arms, he gave no sign of pain or pleasure. It was to be baptized at once; and, by the light of one candle that dark November night, Father K—— and I made all preparations.

"What name shall we give it?" I inquired, as I took the fragile creature from him.

"Ask her," he said, dully, with his eyes on his wife.

She heard the question and answered it herself.

"Mary Winifred, please," she said, feebly. "If I had lived, we were to have gone to Holywell for Kit to be cured."

So, in the very presence of death, Mary Winifred was born to grace; and the eyes of faith could see in that dim chamber a child-angel welcomed to Paradise with the waters of baptism still glistening on its robe.

Religion had yet another rite to perform. The young mother would join her child ere long, but sadness and fear were to be hers no more. Christ was coming to her, and she was conscious of the gift. Silently and with reverence a rough altar was made of a box turned up on end. A white cloth, a crucifix, and a candle testified that in this chill garret faith was shining bright; and tears glistened in the eyes of the white-haired old priest as he bent over the dying girl and solemnly gave the Mighty God to His creature upon the straw. Two hours more and her spirit had winged its flight.

"Take care of poor Kit, Father!" she said once to the good priest. And "I die so happy!" were her last words as she

closed her eyes to earth to open them before her Judge and her Saviour.

It was a wild wintry night; the wind came in fierce gusts and blew the rain up against the uncurtained window. It shrieked among the chimney-pots, and came down the chimney, scattering whiffs of cold air around the dead, and causing the candles to flicker fitfully at times. But the boy-widower heard nothing, felt nothing, as he knelt, gazing dry-eyed and stunned on the face of his dead wife.

Father K—— put his hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"My child," he said, "do not take it that way. She can never know want or hunger again, and we may be sure that her prayers to the good God will be offered always for you. Come down and try to sleep now; I can remain with you for a while."

But the figure never moved.

"My boy," he tried again, and his voice quivered with emotion, "it's for your good I bid you come. Such grief but unmans you, and you have all your life before you. Try to feel that she is safe with God. Shall we say a prayer together for her soul, and then let us come away?"

For answer the figure fell motionless across her form.

(To be continued.)

The Cry of the Souls.

ALL the day, through the autumn rain,
Voices I hear, and I feel their pain;
Calling, pleading, they seem to be—
"O ye my friends, have pity on me!"

Where the waves forever moan,
Over the waters weird and lone,
I hear them cry from the sobbing sea—
"O ye my friends, have pity on me!"

Where the lamp burns night and day,
O let us turn to weep and pray!
For they are calling o'er land and sea—
"O ye my friends, have pity on me!"

Sadie's Knight.

BY MRS. ANNA HANSON DORSEY, AUTHOR OF "ZOE'S DAUGHTER," "'BETH'S PROMISE," ETC.

VII.

CASSY, ever on the lookout for her young lady's return when she was out, let the party in; and in an excited whisper announced to Mrs. Ashton that 'the Cafolic gentlum that said "God bless you" 'stead of "How-dy" to folks was in the parlor.' They hastened in with smiles and words of welcome, to which Father Saunders, looking very happy, responded with grace and sincerity.

"Your little maid told me that you were out, but would be back in a minute; so I took the liberty of walking in and waiting, as I had just received a piece of good news which I was sure would rejoice your kind heart, Madam."

"About the men, I hope?" asked Mrs. Ashton, anxiously.

"Yes: I have just received this from Washington." And he drew an official-looking envelope from his pocket, which he opened, and, taking out a letter, handed it to her, his sensitive mouth trembling with emotion. It ran:

DEAR FRIEND:—The order has gone from the Secretary of the Navy to stop all dismissals except for incompetency, drunkenness, and neglect of duty. Have no further uneasiness about your people.

As ever, your attached friend,

H. GASTON.

"Now, thank God! I can carry comfort into many a home. Will you tell Mr. Ashton, and thank him for what *he* did here in suspending action? It was a fine lesson, and will prove a check in the future."

"He will be delighted to hear the happy result; for he is in the fullest sympathy with you in this matter. You know his hobby is the Constitution; and he declares

a man is *not* free who is punished by dismissal for differing in politics with his employer."

"I am thankful to have found such friends and allies. God's blessing be with each one of you!" said Father Saunders, rising.

"No, no, Father!" said the good lady. "Our luncheon is just ready, and you must join us."

"I would with pleasure, my child; but I must see some of my down-hearted men to give them the good news, so they can spread it; and also to impress upon them the fact that my name must not be brought into the affair, for it might cause some feeling that I have succeeded where others as much in earnest have failed. Next week, however, I mean to dine with you; for I have no idea of giving up that dinner to which Mr. Ashton invited me some time ago, and of which circumstances seem to have made a movable feast," he said, laughing.

"I *am* glad to hear that!" she answered, warmly. "Suppose we say Wednesday? Or, if that is not convenient—"

"The very day," he said as she paused; and, after a few pleasant words of adieu, went his way, jubilantly bearing his tidings of great joy to his "children."

But Father Saunders was destined to postpone still further the pleasure of dining with the Ashtons, because of an occurrence so tragic that for long hours it held the shadow of death suspended over that happy household.

The golden days sped by on winged feet. The expedition to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp—which is only twelve miles from Portsmouth—was a most enjoyable success, and was registered among the bright things of Sadie's visit most worthy to be remembered. But it would exceed the limits of this little tale if we should attempt all its agreeable happenings. The start, the adventures; the return in the cool of the evening, everyone just tired enough to be glad to get home,—all were delightful; and they parted with many an *au revoir*, and reiterated praises of the day, the strange, wild scenery, and one another.

The next day—Saturday—Sadie went to church to prepare herself to receive Holy Communion on Sunday morning, which she did at Father Saunders' six o'clock Mass. Though the church was crowded, there were but few present who did not approach the sanctuary to receive into their grateful and humble hearts the Bread of Life, in thanksgiving for the special mercy He, their Lord, had shown by His overruling Providence, which preserved to them "leave to toil" for their daily bread.

Sadie was gowned in simple white. A black lace scarf was thrown over her shoulders; and a leghorn hat, around the crown of which drooped a white plume, completed a costume at once girlish and lovely. But the only thought she had bestowed upon it was to make it as simple and appropriate as possible. Without a single distraction, she followed the Divine Sacrifice with deep devotion, until, after "*Ecce Agnus Dei*," she approached the sanctuary, and knelt with many others to receive that Lamb of God.

In the happy moments which followed this ineffable union of the divine with the human, exalting it to the very throne of the Divinity, she returned to her seat in Madame Gervaise's pew, and knelt to make her thanksgiving and lay before her Lord her own needs and those of her loved ones; but did not observe Kate and her absorbed scrutiny. Never had she seen Sadie look so lovely as when she turned from the railing. What meant the saintly and peaceful expression that illuminated not only *her* countenance, but the faces of all she beheld?

"I declare Father Saunders looked like an Oriental prince; don't you think so, dear?" were Kate's first words as they

left the church. "Why did you steal off and leave me? I liked it so well last Sunday you promised I should come again."

"I know I did, but you were sleeping so soundly that I did not care to disturb you. But you'll forgive me," said Sadie, pressing close to her heart Kate's hand that lay on her arm.

"I don't know; maybe—as I got here, after all. I left pa raging; he scolded like a magpie, and told ma that if she didn't put a stop to your fasting and going out at daylight you'd soon be down with bilious fever or small-pox or something. I ran off in the middle of the fracas; and by the time we get in he'll be off to the Club," said Kate, drolly; adding: "After breakfast I *must* have a talk with you."

"Yes, dearest. Is it very important?"

"Certainly it is. It's about Tuesday. You know we are to go out on the river for a last lark,—seven or eight girls, and some of Bert's friends, and one or two of Jock's chums. You and I will be in that love of a boat, my *Red Wing*. Oh, it will be just lovely, Sadie! I know you will enjoy it."

"How good you are to be always thinking of some pleasure for me! But do you think, Kate, that your father was really displeased?"

"Not a bit!" laughed Kate. "He never really interferes with ma's half of the kingdom; but now and then he dashes in and raises a breeze, just to show he has a right to do it if he wants to. We don't mind it in the least, and think it very funny. He's quite right, though, about its being 'bilious' to go out fasting very early in the morning."

As they entered the house Cassy announced their breakfast; and on their way down to it they encountered Mr. Ashton in the hall.

"Halloo, girls! Back? Sadie, you look like a rose just washed in a shower. Have you both brought home good appetites?" Then he kissed them, and went into the library with his hands full of papers and a belated cigar between his teeth.

"I told you so!" giggled Kate. "He's the very dearest old daddy in the world."

Sadie was thankful when the day was closing. It had not been spent as she desired; for she had not had a moment for meditation or devout reading. The best she could do was to try to keep herself in recollection of having received Holy Communion that morning; while Kate, with well-intentioned good-will, spent herself to amuse and interest her.

Then came the short Southern twilight, and visitors began to drop in; and Kate, bidding Sadie make haste, ran down to give them greeting. As she disappeared Mrs. Ashton entered, with a black lace veil thrown over her head, and said:

"Where are you, my child? I am going to take a little stroll; won't you come with me? The air is delicious and everything is so quiet. We'll go as far as Madame Gervaise's."

Sadie would have preferred remaining just where she was, but how could she refuse? And, besides, it would be better than the gay young party by this time assembled below, in whose joyous hilarity she felt she could not just then participate.

She threw her mantilla around her and turned a bright face, saying:

"How very kind of you to want me!"

"We'll slip off through the garden. I've told Cassy to say you've gone to take a little walk with me and will be back presently."

Strolls like this were usual in this quiet old town, and the two ladies sauntered along as fearlessly as in the broad daylight. As they approached the neighborhood where Madame Gervaise resided, the sweet and solemn notes of the organ arose on the still air, blending harmoniously with the strains of a hymn.

"It's the *Tantum Ergo*," said Sadie. "They are having the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Come, dear cousin

Ashton, let us go in," she added, as they paused an instant on the church steps, and saw through the open door, at the head of the aisle, the white altar radiant and beautiful with lights and flowers, amidst which, elevated above all as on a throne, reposed the spotless Lamb slain for the sins of mankind, the Victim of propitiation for their salvation.

Mrs. Ashton acquiesced immediately; and, interested by the novelty of the scene, followed Sadie into an empty pew near the door.

Truly had the young girl's patient waiting been blessed with a fulness of content; and she knelt with folded hands, oblivious of all else, gazing through the cloud of incense on the veiled but real presence of Him who had deigned to enter the dwelling-place of her heart that morning, and breathing forth her thanks for this unexpected and blessed crowning of her day.

Mrs. Ashton, much impressed without knowing why, observed how disposed her young cousin was to silence, and spoke only twice on their way home,—once to say as they left the church: "We will see Madame Gervaise another day; for we must return to your young friends." And again at the gate, when she said: "I shall have many questions to ask you to-morrow, my dear, about what we have just seen."

"I shall just *love* to tell you all I know," was the fervent answer, as they entered the door and were immediately the centre of a whirlwind of reproachful welcomes, remonstrances, and affectionate scoldings for their disappearance and delayed return.

(To be continued.)

I HAVE seldom seen much ostentation and much learning go together. The sun, rising and declining, makes long shadows; at midday, when he is highest, none at all.—*Hall.*

The Polish Catholics of the United States.

THE Poles are becoming a power in this country. Their strength is revealed especially in times of election; and we have observed that the affectionate and self-sacrificing politician does not neglect them. Wherever they have settled they are making their presence felt. They are a people of strong blood, and they are here to stay. The Poles constitute an important factor of the Catholic population of the United States; and, if we are not much mistaken, their descendants, fifty years hence, will be its preponderating element. How they do increase and multiply! We know of one small city where, twenty-five years ago, the Poles were a mere handful: now they are a host. At that time they occupied a small wing of the church of the English-speaking congregation: now they have a large church of their own, which is filled to overflowing four times every Sunday. They have lately erected the largest school-house in the State, and the necessity of dividing the parish becomes apparent. There are ten times as many marriages as in the English congregation, and a mixed marriage is unheard of. Parochial schools flourish like green bay-trees with the Poles everywhere. And what troops of bright-faced, sturdy children attend them! Young Poland will be heard from in course of time.

The Poles are honest, thrifty and temperate. "As drunk as a Pole" is not a term of comparison anywhere in the United States. As a rule, the Poles are good Christians—full of faith, truly pious, and always ready to make sacrifices for their religion. Those who know them best have most to say in their praise. It is a pity that there should be schisms among them. They are an emotional people, easily influenced, and still hard to govern sometimes. Accustomed to oppression, they have not all learned as yet how to

value the liberty which they enjoy under the Stars and Stripes. National factions exist among the Poles of which outsiders are entirely ignorant; and race enmities go far to explain the outbreaks in Polish parishes of which we hear so much. There are sufficient reasons why the Lithuanians and the Poles should not always dwell together in harmony. Like the English and Irish, they have had differences, which are still remembered.

Polish congregations have not always been blessed with good priests, and at present a few renegades are working untold evil wherever they can obtain a foothold. Deplorable facts have lately come to our knowledge. The Poles are deeply attached to their priests; and, having rarely seen a bishop in their own country, they are apt to misinterpret episcopal action, and to resent any exercise of authority on the part of ordinaries that may be represented to them as arbitrary.

Their language presents another obstacle in dealing with them. The thought occurs to us that if the bishops of Poland, and of the other countries from which Polish Catholics have principally emigrated, were to address a joint pastoral to their compatriots in the United States—explaining the nature of the episcopal office; making it plain that when there is question of allegiance to a prelate or a priest, the allegiance must be given to the prelate; and urging them under all circumstances to be subject to the higher authority, such a letter would be attended with the happiest results.

We shall not soon forget the impression made upon us by reading a joint pastoral lately issued by the English bishops on the subject of University education. Enlightened wisdom, tender solicitude for their flocks, appreciation of the importance of the subject legislated upon, zeal for souls, are apparent in every sentence of that admirable letter. It is one of the strongest and most persuasive documents of the kind that we have ever read. Such a pastoral addressed to the Poles of the United States, in their own language, by a number of bishops—some of whom would deserve to be called confessors of the faith for what they have done and dared in the cause of religion,—would be a timely admonition, and would no doubt have the effect of removing the only reproach that rests upon Polish-American Catholics as a body.

Notes and Remarks.

Leo XIII. has again vindicated his right to the title of "Pope of the Holy Rosary," by issuing still another encyclical in praise of this admirable devotion. The month of October has already passed away, and it is regrettable that the letter of the Holy Father was so late in reaching us. Still, its recommendations are suitable to all seasons, and hence we quote his words on "one of the ruling ideas of the age." After enumerating the motives which led him to renew his appeal in behalf of the Rosary, he says:

"Yet another very urgent reason, of which we have often spoken both in letters and allocutions, encourages us to do this. For that earnest desire, which we have learned from the Divine Heart of Jesus, of fostering the work of reconciliation among those who are separated from us, daily urges us more pressingly to action; and we are convinced that this most excellent reunion can not be better prepared and strengthened than by the power of prayer. The example of Christ is before us; for, in order that His disciples *might be one* in faith and charity, He poured forth prayer and supplication to His Father. And concerning the efficacious prayer of His most Holy Mother for the same end, there is a striking testimony in the Acts of the Apostles. Therein is described the first assembly of the disciples, expecting with earnest hope and prayer the promised fulness of the Holy Spirit. And the presence of Mary united with them in prayer is specially indicated: *All these were persevering with*

one mind in prayer with Mary the Mother of Jesus. (Acts, i, 14.) Wherefore, as the nascent Church rightly joined itself in prayer with her as the patroness and most excellent custodian of unity, so in these times is it most opportune to do the same.... Let, then, zeal for this prayer [the Holy Rosary] everywhere be rekindled, particularly for the end of holy unity. Nothing will be more agreeable and acceptable to Mary; for, as she is most closely united with Christ, she especially wishes and desires that they who have received the same baptism with Him may be united with Him and with one another in the same faith and perfect charity. So may the sublime mysteries of this same faith, by means of the Rosary devotion, be more deeply impressed in men's minds, with the happy result that 'we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise.'"

A regulation of the police department of the city of New York forbids policemen to take part in the public discussion of any question upon which a diversity of opinion exists in the public mind, or which is calculated to create a division of sentiment in the community. The reasons for this regulation are plain. There are higher ones, however, why the clergy should keep clear of political turmoils. A minister of the Gospel who goes into politics is sure to lessen, if not to destroy, his influence for good, and to come to grief in the end. The Rev. F. C. A. Jones is an example. The congregation at Newark, N. J., presided over by Brother Jones complained that he gave too much time to politics during the late campaign, and intimated that his resignation would be demanded unless he attended more strictly to the spiritual welfare of his people in future. It seems the day has come when no minister of the Gospel can entangle himself in secular concerns without being rebuked by the laity.

The land of the naked knee has been roused to unheard-of excitement on account of the action of a special committee of the Aberdeen University court regarding the recent disagreement between the professor of theology and the students of his class. The conduct of the divinity men will probably continue to be a leading subject of discussion in the rural districts for years to come. The orthodox are deeply scandalized, and the liberals denounce Professor Johnston for being "behindhand wi' his theology." The *Scotsman* upholds the offending Professor, and denounces the students for their want of godliness. This is done with fine sarcasm. "Being absolved by the committee, it may be taken for granted that they were not so much to be saddled with the guilt of impiety as to be considered as carried away by the same zeal and indignation which on a former occasion inspired one Jenny Geddes to fling a stool at the head of the Dean; or which urged Dr. Kidd, of Aberdeen, to hit an old woman, who was asleep in his church, on the head with his Bible, remarking that 'if she would not *hear* the word of God, she should *feel* it.'" We agree with the *Scotsman* that it is rather hard on Professor Johnston, "who in the simplicity of his belief that Moses is answerable for the Pentateuch, and that the Prophet Isaiah wrote the book which goes by his name, that in his efforts to make others believe the same, he should run the risk of having his head brought into violent contact with a weighty edition of the Scriptures." And we are shocked that the rationalistic views of Biblical critics should find favor with any class of Scotchmen.

It is commonly said that the great obstacle in the way of the conversion of Anglicans is the Pope, but this statement now needs some qualification. The very high church people freely accord to the Bishop of Rome a primacy of honor, but not a primacy of jurisdiction; and the *Catholic Champion*, the organ of a large and influential element in the Anglican Church, declares that, if proper proofs were forthcoming, it would welcome the Papacy as a deliverance from certain present misfortunes; as, for instance, "the present system of electing bishops, so apt to result in the choice of an unobnoxious mediocrity." But an Anglican patriarchate with headquarters at Westminster, such as the late Archbishop Benson yearned for, is out of the question. "We want no ruler over our American bishops," says the *Champion*, "but the Lord Jesus Christ; unless it be the

successor of the 'Apostolic fisherman.'... For us there is and can be but one earthly ecclesiastical superior, and that is the Bishop of old Rome, who has the primacy of all the churches,—a primacy confirmed to him by the action of the whole world in the undisputed general councils." This journal, though it has not always been free from "Romaphobia," declares that the recent negotiations with the Holy Father have given rise to kindlier feelings, and that the Anglican Church will no longer look on the Pope as Antichrist. It even defends the temporal power in a most loyal way, and closes with a prayer in which we may all heartily join: "God, in His mercy, grant that the result may be a drawing of us together in the bonds of love and of truth!"

The Government has taken steps toward the preservation of the Casa Grande ruins in Arizona. The material for the study of the prehistoric races of America is already scant enough; and, as the Marquis de Nadaillac has recently shown, it is yearly growing smaller. The Casa Grande is the relic of an ancient pile of buildings, the main structure of which was sixty feet in length and forty-three in width. There is no means of knowing how high it was originally, as the second story is partially disintegrated; but its greatest height now is about forty feet. It was first discovered by the Spanish explorers in 1537, and it was seen by two Franciscan missionaries in 1694. The ruins have crumbled greatly within the last two centuries, but it is hoped that the progress of decay may now be arrested. When Mr. Ruskin solemnly expressed contempt for America "because it has no ruins," he probably overlooked these wonderful monuments to the skill and civilization of the unknown races that made and decorated beautiful pottery and erected forts and palaces long before even the red-man came to hunt in American forests.

In Catholic countries devotion to the souls in purgatory is practised all the year round. In many places "the *De Profundis* bell" rings after sundown, at what is called "the hour of the dead"; and the people kneel in prayer for the faithful departed. In 1736 Pope Clement XII. granted an indulgence of one hundred days to all those who, on hearing the strokes of a bell during the night, say the *De Profundis*, followed by the *Requiem æternam*, for the souls in purgatory. Those who do not know the *De Profundis* may say one *Pater Noster* in its stead. Leo XIII. has granted fifty days' indulgence, to be gained thrice daily, to the faithful who recite the *De Profundis*, with the versicle, at any time of the day and night.

So closely is tyranny associated with Russia that *czar* is defined by some dictionaries as *a tyrant*. But the despotism of Russia would seem to be the wildest liberty compared with the despotism of French infidelity. When Nicholas II. visited the churches of Paris, the newspapers remarked on his religious nature, his friendly call upon Cardinal Richard, his genuflections before the Blessed Sacrament, etc. But President Faure, who accompanied him, did not genuflect—that would have been a religious act, and the President of France is not allowed to have a religion. It is worthy of note that the statue of Our Lady at Notre Dame before which the Czar paused in reverence was the ancient statue before which the mother of Joan of Arc prayed. It was the same statue, too, that was mutilated during the Revolution, when it was wrenched from its place to make room for an immoral woman who personified—alas! too truly—the goddess of French liberty. In paying this public homage to the Madonna, Nicholas II. was only manifesting a characteristic of the Russian people; for it is well known that not even in Italy is the Blessed Virgin more enthusiastically honored than in the land of the Czar.

No one can accuse the Archbishop of Dublin of seeking notoriety. He might have 'got into the papers' as much as he liked during the late campaign, but he declined to exploit himself; thereby setting a good example to all who are disposed to indulge the propensity to be talked about.

The whirligig of time brings round strange revenges—especially to anti-Catholic historians. Hallam lamented the moral perversion

which inspired the Crusades in the Ages of Faith; and now the intellectual and moral leaders of Hallam's countrymen are vainly striving to rouse European Christendom to another crusade against the Turk! "Some Protestant historians," observes an English Capuchin in a recent discourse, "are never weary of reviling the Papacy for the part it played in these Crusades. They see the white-robed watchman as he stands upon the ramparts of Rome, gazing at the darkness that is gathering in the East. Anon they hear his voice ringing through Christian Europe, 'To arms! to arms!' He conjures kings, urges nations, induces individuals to bend their shoulders and receive the warrior's badge. All this did the Pope of Rome. And for this he is labelled bloodthirsty, enemy of mankind—anything and everything that bigotry can dictate and venom indite." The Protestant pulpit thunders against the Christian powers for their inactivity in the face of the Armenian horrors; and Mr. Gladstone proclaims that the existence of Islam is a shame upon modern civilization. Have the ethics of war changed since the days of Peter the Hermit? The Turk is the same in the nineteenth century as he was in the eleventh, but Europe is not the same. Then Christianity was united in one faith, under one leader: now a large part of the world, if it had to choose between the Pope and the Sultan, would prefer the Turk!

Even those admirers of Charlotte Bronte who could overlook her ignorant allusions to the "idolatrous Mass," and her amazingly bigoted description of Cardinal Manning as "a sleek hypocrite surrounded by dark-looking and sinister priests," will be shocked to hear her own account of how she, though a Protestant, insisted on going to confession, and then deliberately lied to the priest. Readers of "Vilette" will remember the scene where the Protestant governess, weighed down with the weariness of her life, flung herself at the feet of a priest and confessed her sins. The scene is so realistic that many readers shrewdly suspected it to be Miss Bronte's own experience. In a letter, now published for the first time, the novelist describes how she travestied confession for the sake of "copy," and wound up by making a promise to the priest which she had no intention of keeping. Miss Bronte professed a lofty scorn of what she called "the gentle Jesuitry" of some of her Catholic friends; but, in her brilliant casuistry, a promise made to a priest was a promise to be broken. It is but fair to say, however, that the only notable protest against the English novelist's shameful conduct toward Catholics and their faith came from another brilliant woman—the Protestant Harriet Martineau.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Joseph Toupin, of Montreal, Canada; and the Rev. Urgéle Viau, C. S. C., of the same city; the Rev. James L. Norris, W. Fitchburg, Mass.; and the Rev. Peter A. McKenna, Marlboro, Mass., who lately departed this life.

Brother Maximus, C. S. C., Austin, Texas; and Sister M. Elizabeth, of the Sisters of Mary, St. Louis, Mo., who passed to their reward last month.

Mr. John Harper, of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose happy death took place on the 24th ult.

Mr. Arthur J. Donnelly, who breathed his last on the 11th ult., in New York city.

Miss Anna Segrave, of London, England, who passed away on the 13th ult.

Lieut. Francis Wallis, M. I., deceased some weeks ago in Burmah, India.

Mr. P. Cox, of Rochester, N. Y., whose life closed peacefully last month.

Mrs. B. M. Smith, who was called to the reward of an exemplary Christian life on the 14th ult., at Newark, N. J.

Miss Bridget Cooney, of Convent Station, N. J., who died a holy death on the 19th ult.

Mr. James Bohan, Mr. Walter P. Dunn, and Mr. Patrick Nolan, of Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Anna Slater and Mrs. Ellen Gallagher, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Michael Murray, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Johanna Fitzgerald, Boone, Iowa; Mr. James McLaughlin, Muskego, Wis.; Mrs. John Mullin, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Clare Quinlan and Mr. Paul O'Shea, Meriden, Conn.; Mr. Michael McGrath, Austin, Ill.; Miss Katherine E. Dailey, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. James Rorke, New York city; Mr. Joseph Deavery, Mrs. Julia Robinson, and Miss Mary Keese, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. Richard Loftus, Stanford, Conn.; Miss Catherine Murphy, Chillicothe, Ohio; and Mrs. Sarah Smith, Circleville, Ohio.

May they rest in peace!

Nellie's Lesson.

"IT'S dreadful to think of the suffering souls!"
And Nellie's bright face grew quite sad.
"I really would like to help them all;
But, you see, I'm entirely too bad.

"I never get up when first I'm called,
And don't get my breakfast till eight;
I can't always find my books fast enough,
And when I reach school, why it's late!

"I don't like to mind the baby one bit;
And, somehow, my aprons will tear;
Then, often I think of a funny thing
Right in the midst of a prayer."

Her mamma half smiled as she heard the words,
And she drew Nellie to her side,
Explaining how everything that she did
To their needs could be applied.

If every day she arose when called
For the suffering souls' dear sake,
And every time that she studied well,
Or a sacrifice small did make,

She helped the poor souls more than words could do,
And brought them nearer to heaven,
Where they would surely remember her,
Through whom the kind help was given.

WE should always keep a corner of our heads open and free, that we may make room for the opinions of our friends. Let us have heart-and-head hospitality.—*Joubert.*

CASTLES in the air cost a vast deal to keep up.—*Lord Lytton.*

How Rastus Made His Fortune.

BY MARY C. CROWLEY.

I.

NO, Rastus," said his father, conclusively. "There would be no use in taking you into the mill with me. It has not made my fortune, and is not likely to make yours. You had better go up to Boston and see what you can do for yourself."

To Boston, accordingly, Rastus went a few weeks after this momentous decision. Nowadays the distance of twoscore miles from the typical New England village where he was born is traversed by the lightning express within two hours; but a little more than half a century ago—the date of our story—the journey occupied the best part of a day, and was an important undertaking.

At sunrise one beautiful morning in September the youth engaged his place on the stage-coach which stood beside the old colonial inn, the headquarters of the district. A feeling of great sadness had oppressed him the evening before, when he took leave of the comrades with whom he had enjoyed many a "lark" in times past; and his courage had been still more severely tested a few moments ago, when he bade farewell to home. But now that he was really on the point of starting out into the world, he was conscious of a singular elation, and was eager to be gone.

"Good-bye, father!" he said, grasping

the hand of the latter, who had come to see him off.

"Good-bye, my son!" was the fervid reply. "Keep your eyes open and learn all you can. Be sure you are right; persevere in what you undertake; work hard, and trust in Providence. Thus you are bound to succeed."

Rastus nodded, but did not venture to speak. He was the only passenger. As soon as he had swung himself into the seat next to the driver, the man whipped up his horses, the coach lunged forward, and the journey began.

Just then a troop of young fellows, anxious to get a last glimpse of the traveller, came chasing around the turn of the road.

"Good-bye! Good luck! Three cheers for Ras! Hip, hip, hooray!" they cried in chorus. And thus, amid waving of hats, grotesquely earnest gesticulations, and the hilarious exercise of a dozen pairs of robust lungs, their whilom school-fellow made his exit from his native village.

His father was the proprietor of what was then the only mill in a valley where at present a hundred factory towers may by counted. It was a small establishment for the manufacture of cotton cloth; but was well managed, and turned out a good quality of material. An older son held the position of foreman; it was thought wiser that the second should strike out for himself.

On this bright autumnal morning, as the coach rolled along the highway, Rastus paid slight attention to the varied prospect of harvest-fields, radiant wooded heights, and swift-flowing river; for he was absorbed by a day-dream wherein his future unfolded before him in scenes fairer even than these.

As the forenoon wore on, a number of passengers were taken up and again let down at the different towns; but there was only one who was, like himself, going on to Boston. This was a middle-aged city merchant, who had been "up country" on some business. An affable personage, he soon engaged his young companion in conversation; and ere long Rastus found himself chatting unconstrainedly with the stranger.

For a while in the afternoon, except for the driver, they had the coach to themselves. The skies were blue, the sun shone, the air was balmy and delightful. Gradually, however, at the horizon a dark shadow gathered.

"Look there!" exclaimed the gentleman, whose name was Low,—"look there!" he repeated, pointing to the threatening cloud. "If I mistake not, we shall have a thunder-storm in half an hour. At the post station, which we are approaching, let us take refuge inside of the coach. Since I am getting on in years, and am subject to occasional twinges of rheumatism, I do not care to risk a drenching."

When the next stop was made for fresh horses, the travellers accordingly got down from the top of the vehicle and bestowed themselves in the interior. Scarcely had the stage started on its way once more when the storm broke.

The two passengers interested themselves in watching the play of the lightning, and Mr. Low spoke enthusiastically of the newly discovered power of electricity; speculating, rather wildly Rastus thought, regarding its possibilities. The rain continued to fall heavily; the stranger settled back in his corner and remarked with satisfaction:

"Really, this is a very comfortable coach. It has evidently been newly fitted up. The one I came from Boston in the other day was, by comparison, a shabby affair."

The young man glanced about him, and readily agreed that the conveyance was in excellent order.

"You see that trimming?" observed Mr. Low, designating a species of worsted braid, two or three inches in width, which

edged the cushions and ornamented the upholstered sides of the coach.

His companion noted it carelessly.

"My dear sir," continued the merchant, "every yard of that gimp is made in England, and we import it at ruinous prices. It is hand-work, and we do not know how to do it. Bah! Yankee fingers ought to be deft enough to learn any art. It seems, moreover, that no one has been able to construct a steam-power machine capable of producing those plaguy little figures which stand out from the groundwork of the pattern. There is a chance for the coming American inventor."

The conversation drifted to other themes; but Rastus observed the coach lace, as it was called, more attentively, and remarked the peculiar manner in which it was woven.

Just before nightfall the stage rattled into Boston, and the driver drew up his prancing horses before the old hostelry at the corner of Elm Street, near Dock Square, the end of the route. Here the travellers separated.

A situation had been obtained for the country youth in one of the wholesale, mercantile houses of the city. The next morning, when he presented himself to his employers, a surprise awaited him in the discovery that Mr. Low was an active member of the firm.

Rastus soon became accustomed to his duties as clerk. But, although he gave satisfaction in the position he held, it was clear he was not meant for the counting-room. As a child, he had loved to linger about his father's mill; without technical training in the application of the physical forces or the construction of machinery, he had, notwithstanding, "a mechanical head." Now, in his leisure hours he often amused himself by constructing original models, or designing curious toys for the children of his landlady. His mind often reverted to the casual observation of Mr. Low in regard to the coach lace when they were coming up to town, and he frequently found himself puzzling over the manner of its manufacture.

"I wish I could hit upon a way of making it by machinery," he often said to himself. "I am sure there is something in the scheme, but it is a knotty problem certainly."

In his efforts to solve it, he procured at a carriage finisher's a scrap of the trimming in question. Among the bookstalls which he passed occasionally he hunted up one or two volumes that afforded him some assistance, and then for months he spent his evenings in devising experiments that would not work.

Two years or more elapsed. Still he puzzled and pondered over his idea; but always, just as he seemed on the verge of success, there would be a hitch somewhere, and the whole plan would collapse. A hundred times was he discouraged, and exclaimed in bitter disappointment: "There is no use in trying: I can never do it!" Then after a while he took heart again. "I'll have one more look at my machine," he soliloquized; and, contemplating it, wondered where he had failed. It was the old story: the history of every real achievement, great or small,—the reward of perseverance, faith, and patient endeavor.

At last Rastus completed a working model of a machine which he felt convinced would accomplish the work better than it could be done by hand. Jubilant, he carried the result of his labors to his former fellow-traveller.

"What is this?" demanded his friend, rather doubtingly. "You say you have invented a machine for making coach lace! Incredible!"

The young man displayed his treasure.

"Humph!" said Mr. Low. "Ingenious truly! But how do you know it will perform its work uniformly, and at a rate which will cause your process to supersede that now in use?"

He listened attentively to the explanations of the youthful inventor, and finally broke out with—

"By Jove, my boy, you have done well! I am more than half convinced there is something in it. And if there *is*, your fortune is made, sir,—your fortune is made!"

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Talk on the Upper Deck.

Harold and his father were taking a trip on the Great Lakes.

"Harold," called Mr. Dunlap, appearing on the upper deck with a newspaper in his hand, "if you are going to sit up there, you must wear your overcoat. It's growing chilly."

"I wish," remarked the boy to the steward, with whom he had been having a pleasant chat,—"I wish I were a king's son, so I could do as I liked."

"Ah! there you make one mistake," said the good Otto. "It is princes who have to do as they are bid."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, I do. I was steward to a great naval officer once, and I learned many things from him. If it's an easy and independent time you are after, there's not a prince in Europe you'd change places with. Take the sons of the German Emperor, for instance. Until they're nine they have some comfort, but at that age their training begins."

"But I'm sure they don't have to get up at all sorts of early hours."

"That's where you are mistaken. In summer they are awakened at six o'clock, in winter at seven."

"But think of what good breakfasts they have. Now, *that's* something worth getting up for. Last winter my father said I shouldn't have more than seven buckwheat cakes at once. I could have eaten fourteen just as easily as not."

Otto laughed and simply said: "I was a boy once myself."

"Yes; but that was ever so long ago, wasn't it?" asked Harold, looking at his white hair.

"Not so long as you think," answered the steward. "A man who is knocked about the world leaves his boyhood behind right now."

It was Harold's turn to laugh.

"You should say 'very soon' instead of 'right now.'"

Otto thanked him. He had often expressed a wish to be corrected. The English language was, he protested, the most terrible of any,—and he had tried about a dozen languages in that knocking about the world.

"The princes never heard of a buckwheat cake in their lives," he went on to say. "After they are up, and have said their prayers, they have a cup of coffee and a roll. Then they go to studying. About half-past nine a servant comes in with some bread and a pitcher of water which is just colored with sour red wine."

Harold shrugged his shoulders.

"What a mess!" he said. "It makes me shiver."

"Afterward they practise in the gymnasium and riding-school for an hour, but the rest of the time until after one is spent with their books. At a quarter-past one they eat their dinner, with very few knickknacks about it, I assure you; and then for a little while they can do as they like. But pretty soon the study begins again, and they practise their music and work their scientific problems until supper—at six o'clock."

"Supper!" cried Harold. "How very unfashionable! Why, everybody where we live eats dinner at six except the lower classes."

"Of what class are you?" asked Otto.

Harold blushed rather uneasily.

"You are very unkind to ask such a question, Otto."

The steward looked up toward the pilot house in order to hide a smile. He had heard that Mr. Dunlap kept a large grocery store. In his country grocers' sons did not criticise emperors.

"Please go on!" begged Harold, in rather a dignified way. "I suppose after what you call supper the princes go to the theatre?"

"Why, you are so funny!" replied Otto. "They do not know what a theatre is. They go to bed and are sound asleep by eight o'clock."

"And what kind of boys are they?"

"Just the nicest little fellows you can imagine. They have no idea that they are having a hard time. They are taught to be brave and self-reliant; and, above all, to obey. Great rulers have to learn that lesson before they can govern others. The princes are good horsemen, too,—good enough to ride in Buffalo Bill's show, that you enjoyed so much. And, in order to keep them gentle, they are taught to take care of flowers. Each one has a little garden; and it is well weeded and watered, I can tell you."

"All this wouldn't be so very hard if there was a servant to wait on you every moment."

"Oh, but there isn't!" said Otto. "The princes wait on themselves. They saddle their ponies and keep everything about them in order."

"Well," responded Harold, "if being a prince means going hungry, and studying your head off, and saddling horses, and going to bed with the chickens, I'm pretty sure I'd rather be just a common American boy."

"With dinner at six," mischievously added the good Otto, who had associated all his life with the real "upper classes," and knew them to be the simplest and most modest people in the world; and knew, too, that his little friend was a bit of what we call a snob.

FRANCESCA.

King Robert and the Bowl.

A Highland family in Scotland, called the Sprottes of Urr, have in their family a bowl with a remarkable history. The wife of a shepherd named Sprotte once rescued King Robert Bruce from violence at the hands of an enemy, and then brought to him a bowl of porridge. The King told her he would give her for reward all the land she could run around while he ate the porridge, and she ran around Sheeling Hill. The land was duly given her; and she has ever since been known in history as the heroic dame of Galloway, and for five hundred years the Sprottes of Urr have held a proud place in the land of cakes.

Named for a Saint.

In the seventh century a good monk named Botolph—which means Bot-holp, or Boat-help—founded a church in Lincolnshire, England. When a town grew about the church it was named Botolph's town, which, after several contractions, settled down into Boston. From the old town of Boston in England a famous Puritan divine emigrated to the New England, and gave the name of his birthplace to the metropolis which became his second home. Thereby was the city, which has been called the City of the Puritans, named for a good Catholic whom the Church honors as a saint.

ON All Souls' Day in Piedmont, and on St. Martin's Day in France, chestnuts are the favorite food, and old women gather beneath their windows and chant ballads. Long ago it was the fashion to light bonfires of heath on the eve of All Saints', and an old verse runs:

On All Saints' Day
Bare is the place where the heath is burnt;
The plow is in the furrow,
The ox at work.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The long-promised biography of Cardinal Wiseman, by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, is again announced to appear this month. It is also said that Mr. Leonard Huxley is hard at work on a Life of his distinguished father.

—A chance word heard or read is sometimes the beginning of a chain of thought which may lead a soul to God. The English Catholic Truth Society, realizing this, has published a small collection of the "Maxims and Aspirations from the Writings of St. Alphonsus Liguori." They are precious seeds, which, if sown in willing hearts, must prove fruitful.

—The latest editor of Gibbons's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," though he is not friendly to Christianity, admits that Gibbons's attitude towards the Church is out of date now, and that "no discreet inquirer would go to him for his ecclesiastical history." It is a sad truth that qualities of style are able to perpetuate the life of a book long after sound scholarship has adjudged it worthy of death.

—A very useful little volume entitled "Briefs for Debate on Current Political, Economical and Social Topics" has been prepared by Messrs. Brookings and Ringwalt, with an introduction from the pen of Prof. Hart, of Harvard University. Its aim is: 1st, to furnish a text-book for formal courses in public speaking and discussion; 2d, to provide a manual for literary and debating societies; and 3d, to give the ordinary speaker, not a specialist in the subjects treated, suggestion and assistance. The editors have done their work faithfully. They present in fairly balanced proportion the most important questions for debate on the different topics indicated, and these questions are supplemented by briefs embodying in outline pertinent arguments *pro* and *con*. If the debater should not see his way clear to follow these arguments, he would nevertheless find them suggestive and useful. Accompanying each brief is a paragraph containing references to the most accessible sources of information. The manual will be found particularly aidful in the organization and conduct of debating societies. With two or three exceptions, the subjects for debate are well chosen. Longmans, Green & Co.

—The *Child*, edited by the Rev. J. Brelivet, is among the best Catholic papers for the little ones. Its cover alone would win the heart of any American boy or girl, while its reading matter is varied and interesting. The illustrations, too, add to the attractiveness of the paper.

—Under the title "Hymns for Benediction," the Rev. L. Bonvin, S. J., has collected seven most excellent arrangements of the *O Salutaris* and two of the *Tantum Ergo*. Several of these are distinctly of his own composition, and all have been supervised by him. "Hymns for Benediction" is from the musical publishing house of J. Fischer, New York.

—*Der Familien Freund* for 1897, from the office of the *Herold des Glaubens*, St. Louis, Mo., is what its title indicates, a real treasure for the Catholic household. Its numerous illustrations are well chosen and well executed. The stories, written by eminent German Catholic writers, are in pleasing variety. The whole tenor of this year-book is genuinely religious and can not but inspire both young and old with good thoughts, and thus create and strengthen the love of domestic virtues.

—The habit of close observation may almost be classed among the lost arts. Most people have eyes and see not. Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne" has, perhaps, done more than any single book to sharpen the faculty of observation. Like the works of our own John Burroughs, this quaint old book is full of curious notes of birds, rabbits, hedgehogs, rats, bats, snakes, mice, etc. The charm of its style is so great that even if it should be forgotten as science it would survive as folk-lore. (Ginn & Co.)—From the same publishers we have received another "Life of Nelson" and some well-chosen "Selections from Epictetus." There may be a doubt as to the attractiveness of Epictetus for children, but there can be no ques-

tion of his exalted wisdom (he was the master of Marcus Aurelius) or of the morality which he inculcates. These three volumes belong to the series of "Classics for Children."

—Rider Haggard has reluctantly given up the immuring of Catholic nuns, and has taken to the canonization of Protestant saints. His latest misdemeanor is "The Wizard," an account of the labors by which an Anglican clergyman converted an African tribe from paganism. Of course the Church gets an occasional rap—which would be of more consequence if it were done in good English. After overcoming the pagan wizard and converting the whole tribe, the saint is pathetically stricken down, and dies of dysentery on a desolate island; though he was worthy of a better fate. The cover of the book is in red, black, green and gold.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices include postage.

A Woman of Fortune. *Christian Reid.* Benziger Bros. $1.25.

A Striking Contrast. *Clara Mulholland.* M. H. Gill & Son. $1.25.

New Faces and Old. *Rev. Francis Finn, S. J.* B. Herder. 60 cts.

On the Road to Rome, and How Two Brothers Got There. *William Richards.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts., *net.*

The Conspiracy of the A. P. A. *J. Alex. Edwards.* P. J. Kenedy. 25 cts.

Ada Merton. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* B. Herder. 75 cts.

Demon Possession and Allied Themes. *J. L. Nevius, D. D.* Revell & Co. $1.50.

Essays Educational. *Brother Azarias.* McBride & Co. $1.50.

Protestant Fiction. *James Britten.* Catholic Truth Society. 80 cts., *net.*

Goffine's Devout Instructions. *Preface by Cardinal Gibbons.* Illustrated. $1.00.

Social Problems. *Rev. Morgan Sheedy.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

How to Speak Latin. *Stephen W. Wilby.* Murphy & Co. 75 cts.

Jack Chumleigh; or, Friends and Foes. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Murphy & Co. $1.00.

The Temptation of Nora Leecroft. *Frances Noble.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

Claudius. *C. M. Home.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

The Last Christmas-Tree. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. 75 cts., *net.*

Amy's Music Box. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner Co. 38 cts., *net.*

A Tuscan Magdalen. (Poetry.) *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. *Net*, 75 cts.

The Divine Redeemer and His Church. *Rev. Edward Douglass, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

The Spirit of the Dominican Order. *Mother Drane.* Art & Book Co. $1.00.

Devotion to the Miraculous Infant of Prague. J. Schaefer. 10 cts.

Why I Became a Catholic (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Burns & Oates. 30 cts.

Cobbett's History of the Reformation. *Edited by Dom Gasquet.* Benziger Bros. $1.00.

The Yorke-Wendte Discussion. Monitor Publishing Co. 50 cts.

Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages. *Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M.* Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P.* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

The End of Religious Controversy. *Bishop Milner. Edited by Rev Luke Rivington, M. A.* Cath. Truth Society. 35 cts.

The See of St. Peter. *T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G.* Catholic Truth Society. 50 cts.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

Lessons in Literature. Ainsworth & Co. $1.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser.* Cathedral Library Association. 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Way & Williams. $1.25.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. $1.40.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25.

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8s.

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury Mass. $2.10.

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, $6.25.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.00.

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.50, *net.*

The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena. *Algar Thorold.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Woman, What Have I to do with Thee? *Presbyter Anglicanus.* Kegan Paul & Co. Crown 8vo, 60 cts.

Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. *Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 3 vols. $4.50.

Christian Reunion. *William Delaney, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. *K. M. Barry.* Fallon & Co. 60 cts.

Retreats, etc. *Father Dignam, S. J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Jewels of the Imitation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* Burns & Oates. 60 cts.

Questions of Honor in the Christian Life. *Katharine E. Conway.* Pilot Co. 50 cts.

Conscience and Law. *Rev. William Humphrey, S. J.* Thomas Baker. $1.60.

In a Walled Garden. *Bessie R. Belloc.* Ward & Downey. $2.

Evolution and Dogma. *Rev. John A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C.* McBride & Co. $2.

Mooted Questions of History. *H. J. Desmond.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts.

Recollections of Scottish Episcopalianism. *Rev. William Humphrey, S J.* Thomas Baker. 65 cts.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

Vol. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 14, 1896. No. 20.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

The Dead Hand of Foligno.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

I STOOD within a grey old convent's walls
In Umbria, and heard the wondrous tale
How once therein God drew aside the veil
That screens from mortal view the prison halls
Where languish those whose agonizing calls,
Upborne to earth with many a sobbing wail,
Are echoed shrill in each autumnal gale,—
Poor captive souls whom mystic fire enthralls.

I saw the imprint of the flame-shot hand
Traced clear and deep in charred and blackened wood,
And felt the shadowed forms of spirit-land
Troop lightly by and brush me where I stood;
The while my soul exhaled a fervent prayer:
'God grant them rest, my friends who suffer there!'

A Shrine of the Madonna among the Sabine Hills.

AN UNRECORDED MARVEL.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

A ROSE in a book, "if past blooming past fading also"; the fragrance of a rain-wet wood; the sweet, keen fluting of a bird long silent to us,—all can bring back with startling vividness a recollection of scenes and deeds hidden under many withered years. To-day I found a photograph of a lad long dead; and the September sun struck across the room as it came into a house in Palestrina seventeen years ago, when he and I were starting toward Genazzano for the *festa* of Our Lady of Good Counsel. I saw again a bit of dear, blessed Italy. What witchery, I wonder, is there in that land that it should steal the heart of every northern man who knows it?

There among the Sabine Hills, where evening draws gossamer films of amethystine light over the bare crags, and the cool silence has listened to the same strange melodies from shepherds' pipes since the days when Romulus was suckled by the lean grey wolves, we went between the vineyard hedges, under silver-green fig-trees and wide-armed chestnuts. The clusters of bells on the two-wheeled wine-carts jangled as the horses went plodding westward, where Rome shimmered faintly near the golden sky-line; and the little brown lizards, blinking, crept softly among the wayside weeds; or a darting green one shot under the hedge like a great lost emerald. In the south were set the blue Alban Hills, and the roads in the valley below lay under the trees in long white ribands. The plume of a railway train floated and faded over near Valmontone, and the toothed mountain-tops glinted above the velvety shadows held in sudden hollows where the chain wound down

toward the white Land of Labor. Here and there was a thin smoke of olive orchards upon the slopes, and the purple grapes hung in festoons from gnarled bole to bole. That is a still country in summer,—it has few song birds. At night, when the moon is aflame, ghostly white owls drift along the trees and vanish; but the sunlit hedges are without music.

Behind us, at the edge of the Campagna, lay a lofty conical hill, steel-grey as the fallen helmet of an Old-World Titan; and perched thereon for crest were the tiny turrets of Castel San Pietro, where the Colonnas fought and died,—fierce-hearted, strong men, who loved well and hated more deeply.

The narrow road clung to the mountain side; and near Cave it went over the graceful arches of a long stone bridge, built ages ago when men built sincerely, not for the vulgar utility of a day. Then we passed under the low gateway of the town, and saw the houses huddled side by side along the ridge for protection, with nose to the piazza and tail to the outside, as a drove of broncos bunch against the winter wolves. There the same family has produced the village cobbler and the village tailor since Cicero wore sandals and toga; and the dialect differs through home-staying—so that even the unskilled foreign ear can catch the changes—from the dialect of Palestrina, only three miles distant. The village is about forty miles from Rome, but the children in those days begged for a *baioc'*—the papal penny. They did not clearly understand the mutations that had swept over the States of the Church. The voice-tunes in Cave are like those in Genazzano—a group of regular waves,—and they resemble the voice-tunes of the Hessians and of their descendants in Pennsylvania, but softened by the touch of Italy.

About three miles beyond Cave you turn away to the left from the main road and go up a ravine to Genazzano. Some plough of the gods ripped that hollow through the hills, but left a bit of rock where the coulter swerved in the second furrow. Genazzano is on this rock—a big eagle-nest. The village ends in a castle, where Pope Martin V. was born. If I remember well, that was a Colonna castle; but I am not certain. Many picturesque bandits had lived there, and they had moved in high society when brigandage by sword took the place of brigandage by market-manipulation.

Near the town gate was a large wooden tray filled with about a bushel of figs, which were drying in the sun. A black pig wandered down the street like the proverbial devil, seeking what he might devour. The peasants call these black pigs savings-banks, because spare pennies are put into the beasts in the shape of food; and finally the weasands of the "savings-banks" are slit and the rent is paid. That black pig chanced to see the figs, and with remarkable lack of hesitancy he put his moist snout under the tray, and a single toss of his head overset it into the street. Then he rapturously began to become one with the figs. Within a few seconds the woman who owned the fruit rushed out of the house, and her flow of Italian was admirable. But the pig never heard it: his conscience was bad, and he fled precipitately, with tail uncurled, at the first shrill scream.

We went up a side lane to the Church of St. Katharine of Alexandria. At the porch stood an old Franciscan Brother, who had one of those good faces that render introductions superfluous; and we chatted for a few minutes. Then he took us into the church and led us to an altar, where he pointed with evident satisfaction to a new painting of St. Katharine. It was not bad work technically, but the composition was a hideous outrage. The beautiful Saint was represented as a maniacal fanatic, and the air about her was filled with faces of demons which

were as evil as those in Botticelli's illustrations of the *Inferno.* I do not know what in the world the picture was meant to represent. I asked: "Who made this thing?" The old man gazed upon it in loving admiration. "That was made for us last year by an American artist—a lady from Boston. And don't you know," he continued, "she was a *heretic!*" The intonation of the word "heretic" meant that the Brother was talking about a rare bird—something seen in Genazzano once in fifty years. The Italian peasants are old-fashioned in some things. They never talk of Catholics and Protestants: they say Christians and heretics.

When we went back to the main street we found it crowded with people from the neighboring hamlets who had come in for the *festa.* The women of each village had a peculiar costume; the main distinctions were in the head-dress and the colors in the aprons. These women came in procession from places some of which were twelve miles distant, chanting hymns in sweet minor keys; and all went onward to the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

Everyone knows the story. Once upon a time a certain old woman of the village longed to see therein a great temple in honor of our Blessed Lady. She gathered up all the savings of her lifetime, and told a great Roman architect to make the plans. Then she started the building of the temple. When the foundations were finished, the bottom of her money-bag was painfully visible and the work stopped. Wise people made prudent remarks. The old woman said quietly: "The Madonna will build the church."

Over across the Adriatic, in Albania, was an ancient Greek picture of Our Lady and her Babe. It was frescoed upon the wall of a little shrine, and the people there had great devotion in the presence of this picture. One night some of them saw a beautiful white light above the shrine, and presently the light arose and drifted away into the west. They hurried to the chapel, and learned that the picture had disappeared. Some of them left their homes to cross the sea in search of their lost picture, following the light as the Magi followed the star.

Another night people sitting at their doorsteps on the little piazza of Genazzano, near the abandoned church foundation, saw a great white light in the east, and it came and stood above the "old woman's folly." When they took courage to go near the light they found the Greek picture. The church was straightway finished; and while the bishop was consecrating it the old woman knelt near the door, and she could not see the blaze of the altar lights for tears. A little corner of the curtain of heaven was lifted for her, and she kept repeating, "*Nunc dimittis, Domine!*" Oh, yes, she used Latin! Those "ignorant" Italian peasants pray in Latin; and they understand what they are saying, too. I knew of one old woman who stood near two priests who were reading their Office together, and she laid her bundle of fagots on the ground and listened. One priest read: "*In te, Domine, speravi: non confundar in æternum.*" Then she said: "Ah, God, there's a good word!—'In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped: I shall not be confounded forever!'" Then she tottered away with her bundle, and her wrinkled brown face was very beautiful.

The Albanians came at last and found the picture, but the people of Genazzano would not give it up. Thereupon the strangers settled near the church, and their descendants are in the town to this day. They are called *Saraceni*—Saracens. The picture is small—about the size of the cover of an octavo book, if I remember well. It is placed in a rich shrine, and below it are gold prize-medals obtained by students in the Roman colleges. There is a gold medal there won in an exami-

nation in metaphysics by St. Aloysius when he was a student in the Gregorian University.

That September day when I entered the church it was crowded by the peasants. A preacher was just closing a sermon, and at the end the congregation shouted, "*Evviva Maria!*" I went up on the epistle side of the church, and I found a fresco of a crucifix with two or three holes in it. Below it was a medieval sword, bent and rusty. This sword once belonged to a soldier who, in a tavern across the piazza, had gambled away all his possessions. In a fit of despair he ran into the church, and, before the picture of the Crucified, he blasphemously charged God with the authorship of his misfortune. Then he drew his sword and stabbed the crucifix. Instantly he cried out in horror: "I see blood coming from the wounds!" The bent sword fell upon the pavement, and he rushed toward the door. There stood two of his companions, who had followed him and had seen the sacrilege. They slew him upon the spot.

Before the shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel stood, two by two, a line of women from one of the mountain villages, praying and chanting hymns. Seated upon the steps of the shrine was a very old woman. She was blind, and she told her beads, not heeding the moving throng. Presently a woman at the head of the line saw the old blind beadswoman; she turned to her companions and said simply, as if she were giving out the name of another hymn: "Let us pray that this poor old woman get back her sight." The women prayed and sang hymns, and prayed again; and the old woman seemed to pay no attention to them. After some time the women went over to the main altar, and the one who had proposed that they pray for the first-class miracle looked up to the tabernacle. Then, as a child of four years would talk to its father, she said, half-scoldingly: "Lord, tell the Madonna to give this old woman her sight.—We must start for home: it is growing late."

I left the shrine while they were praying. An American Augustinian priest, whom I had seen in the church at the time, met me the next morning in Palestrina. "Well," he said, "a half hour after you left the church that old woman *did* get her sight. I was there when it happened. She lived there in Genazzano and was well known."

In the Battle for Bread.

The Faith of a Beggar.

BY T. SPARROW.

II.

THE poor can not afford the luxury of illness or the enjoyment of a long convalescence. They have to grapple with it, and stagger to their feet, still dazed with the blow that has been struck at their life. Money was begged and money was borrowed to give Kit a chance of starting afresh; and, with warm clothes and proper nourishment, some degree of strength came back to him. But his frank boyishness had gone forever. No murmur passed his lips: the fountain of his sorrow was sealed to all around; only those who had known him in the days of his careless light-heartedness guessed how deep must be the wound which had changed his reckless *abandon* of youthful spirits to the strong reserve of a grave, middle-aged man.

What could he do for a livelihood? At ten years old he had begun his career by holding horses, running errands, and selling matches. Then he moved up a step higher and became a street news-vender; later his banjo and his fine voice were a more lucrative source of income; and his last effort to gain a steady living at the docks as a day-laborer had, as we

remember, proved disastrous. None of his "callings" had enabled him to preserve even a tithe of the education he had picked up at school, and his shattered health and broken spirits precluded his learning for the present. So there was nothing for it but to procure a license as a crossing-sweeper, and choose him a "pitch" likely to be profitable. He had no wishes for the present, no plans for the future. He said "Thank you!" when we helped him, but the words did not come from his heart.

Father K——'s patience with him was wonderful. He would spend many an hour in the garret (which had now been decently furnished), telling tales from the Gospels in simple language to the man who, when his day's work was done, would sit with drooping head in his chimney-corner, seldom vouchsafing a word.

"Are you not wasting your eloquence, Father?" I ventured to say. "Do you think he understands?"

But the wise, white-haired old priest shook his head at me.

"He may not *understand* as you take the word," he replied; "for his reasoning faculties are obscured at present. But he *believes* with the trustful simplicity of a child. Mark me, if his brain recovers this shock his faith may put you and me to shame."

Dear, kind Father K—— is dead now, but the time came when I learned how he had pierced the surface and had discerned what lay beneath. Occasionally even I got glimpses of what was slowly moving in the poor dim mind.

Father K—— had given him a crucifix and had told him of the Saviour's words upon the Cross. That which had made the deepest impression on his memory was the First Word—"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

"That's me and Kitty," he said to me afterward. "We never thought of offending God. We didn't know."

He liked to hear about the holy souls in purgatory; and it came to be a comfort to him that she had died in the month dedicated to them.

"I can not expect she went straight to God," he said, simply; "for she never loved Him and never prayed to Him. But I like to know she is not lonesome—poor girl!—and that everyday crowds are praying that she will soon be with Him forever. Catholics are never without friends, living or dead."

He asked to learn the Rosary; and, having learned it, never passed a day without saying it on his knees in a church on his way home,—always for the repose of her soul. He grew to be contented with his lot, and even to take a certain interest in his work.

His observations on the passers-by were somewhat shrewd.

"On a wet day no lady ever gives," he remarked once: "her dress would get muddy while she sought her purse. But if a young couple pass, the man is safe for silver, to show his sweetheart how charitable he is. You have to watch their faces to know what to do. Some will give if you even hold out your hand, while others don't know you are there unless you follow them with a yarn."

Altogether, he did not do badly. He was a sober man and gave the police no trouble; he was always civil; and, in time, regular passers-by gave him a weekly coin. A hotel close by found him handy for hailing cabs, etc.; and every Saturday allowed him his Sunday's dinner. A waiter on two occasions gave him a suit of clothes. So, on the whole, he might have done worse; though exposure to the weather was cruelly trying at times.

"He can not live long," Father K—— remarked sadly, hearing his hollow cough. "He is making a brave fight, but he must go down in the battle."

About the beginning of December a strange thing happened. Kit was shivering in a keen east wind as he swept

away the dead leaves that fluttered from the gaunt branches in one of our largest squares, when a burly, bronze-faced man, of a jovial cast of countenance, drew near, with his coat well up to his ears.

"Take this, my mate; and drink good health to us both," he said genially, as he handed Kit a shilling. Then he stared at the crossing-sweeper, exclaiming: "Good heavens! it isn't—it *can't* be the boy Kit of Pot's Alley!"

"But it *is*," said Kit, drawing himself up straight, with a slight flush on his face at the contrast of his shabby garments and of the fine rig-out of the speaker, in whom he recognized his former rival, Ben Brierly.

Ben Brierly's heart was in the right place. He took Kit's hand and gave it a hearty grasp.

"Now, Kit my man, not a word!" he said. "You shy that broom of yours down an area and come along with me. No more work to-day. I don't land from foreign parts so often that a pal turns his back on me before I've clapped eyes on him a second."

The ring of true friendliness went straight to Kit's heart. Two minutes later and they were walking arm in arm homeward; and on the way Kit's tongue was loosed. He spoke (from what Ben told me after) as I did not know it was in him to speak. The bands of ice were melted at last, and they never froze again. Ben had loved his dead wife—that was the link. Ben cried when he heard of her death as poor Kit would have given worlds to cry; and the sight of Ben's tears thawed the frost of Kit's grief, and nature woke up in him once more.

That night they spent under Kit's roof, one each side of the fire, dwelling upon old times; and when bedtime came Ben said, bluntly enough:

"This is the berth for me."

Kit hesitated, and then said, bringing out the words with difficulty:

"Can you put up in the kitchen? Above is where she died; and since the Father brought our Blessed Lord there it has seemed to me sacred—kind of chapel like."

Ben just nodded; a sailor can always understand sentiment. But as he slowly ruminated over his grog many fancies took root in his brain.

When Kit came down next morning the fire was lighted, the tea made, the room swept and tidy.

"All right, mate!" said Ben, with a lordly wave of the hand, when the other tried to thank him. "Housework's a fancy of mine, and a deal easier than swabbing decks. You just eat hearty while I finish my baccy."

When I turned in that day to leave a little present on Kit's table, I found Ben on his knees scouring the floor, with the place turned topsy-turvy. We had heard of each other and soon made friends.

"Now tell me, Miss," he questioned, when he had given me a dusted chair, "what brought on that change in the boy Kit?"

"He fretted when he lost his wife."

"But that doesn't wreck a fellow's health altogether. He was the finest fellow for breadth and height I ever met."

"Bad times brought him low," I said, slowly.

"What! You mean he starved?" he asked, bluntly.

"I am afraid so."

"And Kitty—what did she really die of?" Ben went on.

"Starvation too."

There was a few moments' silence. Ben put his hand before his face.

"Life is deuced queer," he said at length. "I would have died in the dust for that bit of a lass. I had £40 in the bank, and she would have none of it. Well, well, women are strange! And poor Kit—is he dying too?"

"I hope not; he is young and may pull through," I answered, warmly.

Ben cleared his throat.

"I came back to take care of her," he said; "I shall stay to take care of him."

He was as good as his word. He took up his abode with Kit; he waited on him, cooked and washed and mended; was always hearty, always bluff,—always the very personification of strength and good nature.

At first I feared his influence with Kit, for he was not a sober man. But good Father K—— laughed at my fears.

"Now, you women think such a lot of physical strength," he said, with a smile. "What if I tell you that it is our weak-stooping Kit who will govern Ben?"

And, sure enough, it was. Kit was very gentle, but he could be firm. He would have no rows where Kitty died, he told Ben; and little by little the big man ceased to drink and swagger and swear. Each night he went to meet Kit; and when the latter entered the church to say his beads, Ben would wait outside. But gradually it became his habit to go inside too,—first to stand near the door; and then, somehow, he found himself on his knees by the beautiful, pathetic Pieta; and bits of childhood's prayers came back to him with the memory of a mother who had taught him the *Ave.* Soon the time was never long that he passed in the dim, cool chapel; and he learned to realize what prayer was to the patient, dying boy, who grew dearer to him each day.

Christmas Day had come and gone; and, though snow was on the ground, Kit was better in health and spirits. His great devotion was the Crib; and I often wondered, when I found him kneeling by that bed of straw where the Infant Saviour reposed, whether he was thinking of another bed of straw to which his Saviour had lately come, bringing peace and holy hope.

"I wish I could do something for poor children," he said once when we had met at the miniature manger. "When I see the Holy Babe holding out Its arms, It seems to say to me: 'Try.'"

"So you can, if you will," I began, half hesitating. "Children love nothing so much as music. Could you play and sing to the little ones at their Christmas-tree to-morrow night?"

I knew I was asking a favor, for music was to him a memory of happier days. But he acquiesced readily; and the next night he and Ben came to the room, bright with berries and holly; brighter still with the dancing eyes and glowing cheeks of three hundred winsome tots, hugging dollies and toys, after a plentiful feed of plum-pudding.

A chair was brought him and he began to play. Shall I ever forget that night! His light, tender voice seemed to have an echo of the next world; the plaintive melody he drew from his instrument vibrated on every heart. The golden hair pushed carelessly back from the much too delicate brow; the dreamy blue eyes that were gazing far beyond; the flushing color that came and went as his spirit gleamed in his song,—all combined to make one feel that an angel-visitant was there. And yet to the world he was only a crossing-sweeper! No greater proof of his power could have been given than the rapt attention of the children. When the last notes just fluttered out of hearing, they sighed as for something taken away. In conclusion he played the *Adeste Fideles*, and all present joined in the chorus. As the fresh young voices rose and fell they seemed to sway honest Ben's heart with emotion. He tugged at my sleeve.

"I can't make head or tail of it!" he growled. "But you have made that boy an out-and-out saint; and, if I stay much longer, how do I know you won't make me one too?"

(To be continued.)

GOOD resolutions, like fainting ladies, need to be carried out.

Sadie's Knight.

BY MRS. ANNA HANSON DORSEY, AUTHOR OF "ZOE'S DAUGHTER," "'BETH'S PROMISE," ETC.

VIII.

SADIE'S visit was drawing toward its very close. Only this one week more and she was to leave for home,—accompanied, however, by Kate, who was to be with her until Mrs. Ashton was settled in her cottage on the Massachusetts coast, where both girls would join her. This arrangement had been made owing to the unhappiness each showed as the time of separation drew near, their mental barometers falling steadily until there was no "fair weather" in sight.

Now they frisked like kittens, with a score of merry jokes and innocent pranks that filled the house with laughter. The only drawback, from Kate's standpoint, was her brother's continued absence, and she deplored it incessantly. But to Sadie this absence of the "paragon"—as she always mentally called him—was a great relief, and she earnestly hoped it might last until she was safely off. She was a trifle ashamed of this feeling when she remembered how proud they all were of him, and how dear he was to their hearts; but—there it was!

At breakfast on Tuesday they lingered about the table, summing up all the delightful times they had had, and recalling many of the incidents that had made the visit so memorable to the young Northern girl. They dwelt especially on the entertainment given the night before aboard the *North Carolina*,* to which everyone who had been attentive to "the Ashtons' pretty cousin" was invited. And it was a lovely party, with the gay bunting draped everywhere on the spar and hurricane decks; the profuse display of vines and flowers on every available spot; the splendid music of the ship's band; the gallant young officers in blue and gold, debonair and attentive; the dancing, the collation; the pretty, tasteful toilettes and—in many cases—beautiful faces of the young lady guests. The "paragon" was expected; but Sadie, to her great satisfaction, had heard Midshipman Cope tell Kate he had just received a letter from Bert, saying the ship could not make the Roads until too late for him to get there. "And he was blue—blue as indigo—about it. I didn't know he cared so much for this sort of thing," the young officer had added. And she, "taking heart of grace," had enjoyed her every minute.

"Now," said Kate, "what have we to do? Let us see, for this is the last quiet minute we'll have. There's our lunch to-day and our moonlight party to-night; Father Saunders' dinner to-morrow; the garden party Thursday; Polly's crabbing party Friday morning, and the other two lunches; and—why, there's nothing for Friday night! Never mind! Something's sure to turn up. Oh, me! how beautiful life is!"

Then she fluttered across the hall to interview her dressmaker, who had been waiting a few minutes to see her about trimmings, and so on, for a new frock that was under consideration, and required, from her point of view, serious artistic attention.

"Life certainly is beautiful," echoed Sadie, as Kate disappeared. "You have all made it so to me ever since I came. But sometimes I wonder if I ought to have had such an endless good time; for do you know I have not done *one* useful thing in all these weeks, cousin Ashton?"

"Good gracious, child, what did you *expect* to do but enjoy yourself? Young people *ought* to do it while they may. It makes me quite miserable to see them moping before the time comes when

* A 74-line of battle, one of the largest ships then afloat.

they'll have something to mope about. Besides, you have done a deal more than you think for. There's cousin Sue,—that was worth while; and Cassy, and—well, various things," she wound up hastily as the clock struck ten; adding: "Run up and get ready for your plunge. The tide's just right for you and me, and there's nothing more inspiriting than a salt bath. You know Kate and the girls who are coming to lunch will not go in until it's 'swimming' deep."

"What a dear she is!" thought Sadie. "Trying to make me think I've been useful; and to take the sting out of the 'Fall of the Queen of France' by reminding me it *did* shake cousin Sue out of the blues and start her off visiting again. But Cassy—why, it was fun to teach her the letters; and I *had* to teach her some catechism after the day she told me she 'growed in the cabbage patch,' and the chief end of man was 'pickin' cotton, I reckon.' But the others—I give it up," she concluded, never dreaming that her simple, beautiful practice of her faith had had its effect on every member of the household.

In her room she found Cassy as usual; but such a different Cassy from the little laughing bronze she was accustomed to. Dull-eyed, her chattering tongue stilled, she followed her young lady like a mute at a funeral, overcome at the thought of parting with one around whom all the wild tendrils of her poor little heart had wound themselves. It had been to her as though a star had come out of the heavens to brighten her life. For she was nobody's child; and, although everyone had always been really kind to her, there was not one whom she could claim as her own until this heart had opened and taken her in. And now there was no one to whom she could tell her thoughts; and the servants scolded and chaffed, thinking she was in a bad humor when she was only sorrowful.

She heavily handed her young lady her bathing-suit, towels, slippers, and bath-cloak; and in a few minutes Sadie and Mrs. Ashton were on their way to enjoy one of the pleasantest hours of the day.

The Ashtons' bath-house was a pretty structure, raised on strong piles, which stood a short distance out in the river, and was reached by an ornamental bridge. This was the usual arrangement where dwellings were favorably situated; and, as the old seaport was almost an island, there were numbers of these private bath-houses, which will account for the fact that all the young girls and children in the place were expert swimmers. The bathing hour was governed by the coming in of the tide. At high tide the water in them was eight feet in depth, and then the fun would begin. It was usual for the girls to invite one another to a swimming frolic; and it was a pretty sight to see them in their fanciful suits, diving and floating like nymphs; gossiping over the latest news or the last new kink in netting; laughing and playing tricks on one another; tossing up sprays of water with sudden splashes, compelling quick dives to escape it; then, in wild, mirthful panic, scampering up the steps to the platform.

Sadie had enjoyed the fun very much; but she could not learn how to swim, although she had tried her utmost. She would follow instructions—strike out with her feet, her hands paddling under water; but the moment she found herself afloat, her arms would instinctively fly up, and then her head would go down and her heels skyward; and although instantly rescued, she swallowed more salt-water than she cared for. Like Rip Van Winkle, she "swore off," declaring she would never try again after such ignominious failures; and her salt baths were taken thereafter with Mrs. Ashton before high tide. Lunch was in order after one of these bathing frolics; indeed, it seemed to Sadie that

lunch in some form or other was always being served. But the great purple figs were now ripe; and, having learned to like them, the girl welcomed it for their sweet sake.

To-day that pleasant meal was gayer than usual; and at three o'clock a severe thunder-storm raged up from the Roads, clearing and cooling the atmosphere; and the *Red Wing* shot out from her landing into the harbor as the sun, low in the west, lit up cloud and wave with rose-color, pale green, purple and gold. Small sailing craft were flitting up and down, their white wings opalescent in the light; and an excursion boat, with a band of music playing, put off from a dock some distance ahead of them, making a swell which gently rocked the several boats of the little pleasure-fleet,—the *Red Wing* well ahead, with Kate and Indie Page at the oars, Jock as coxswain, and Sadie at the bow; for they had determined to repeat, in their own boat at least, all the features of the first outing Sadie had enjoyed; even though the two Middies were on duty and could not take the oars as before.

Navy gigs and barges plied from ships to shore, and from shore to ships; and merry greetings were exchanged between the "blue and the gold," and the white-robed maidens who so gracefully handled the oars of the *Red Wing*. They proceeded gaily, and had nearly reached open water when a dull, heavy, regular thud broke on their ears, and a sudden scattering of the small craft attracted their attention. A change came over Jock's usually hilarious countenance, and the girls saw him straighten up and grip the rubber bands. They turned, and there, in the rear, was a great ocean steamer, that had backed out of her dock and was steadily approaching them. To get out of the way as swiftly as possible was the only thing to be done. Jock wanted to take an oar; but Kate told him to stay where he was, to look out and steer.

"You've got to row like fury, then, Kate. They make a tremendous swell," he exclaimed, realizing their danger.

The two girls strained every nerve at the oars—they were both splendid rowers,—while Sadie sat pale and silent, wishing to help, but seeing no way. The gay little *Red Wing* was now on the other side of the channel, but the girls still rowed furiously; for, although the great leviathan had passed abreast of them, moving down the harbor like a black, fateful monster, threatening destruction to everything in its way, danger was racing toward them in what Jock had truly called the "tremendous swell" that rolled away from its sides. Nearer and nearer came the threatening ridge, gathering volume and momentum as it swung along, until, as the *Red Wing* gallantly rose to its sweep, it caught her, gave her a toss as a cat might give a mouse, and the next instant she was floating bottom-upward, and those who were in her were swimming for life,—all except Sadie. She could not swim. She had disappeared.

Boats were coming to the rescue; and an officer, who witnessed the catastrophe from a ship's gig, tossed something to one of his men, tore off his sword-belt and coat, leaped overboard and dived out of sight. Kate and Indie Page were soon picked up, and with their friends. Jock was in the water, diving about in every direction in search of Sadie. Kate was struggling to spring overboard to help to find her, but was held back by strong, friendly hands. Indie Page, knowing how futile such help would be, did not attempt anything rash, although sorely distressed; but she could direct those engaged in the search, with some degree of certainty, to the spot where the *Red Wing* upset,—remembering that the old ferry-house, with its ruined pier, was in front of them at the dreadful moment.

Above the confusion of voices calling and directing, the sound of vigorously

plied oars, and the wash of the still agitated waves, a sudden shout arose, and a man was seen swimming with one arm, and holding in the other a girl whose head drooped lifelessly over his shoulder. He could not have swum very far so encumbered; but boats hastened toward him, and they were taken on board the first one that reached them, which happened to be the one in which were Kate and Indie Page.

"It is Bert! Oh, I'm so glad! O Bertie Bertie, is she dead?" cried Kate, with streaming eyes.

"I don't know. Some one lend me a coat to wrap round her. Thanks! Now, Kate, hold her in your arms—face down, mind, to let the water run off,—and get her home, for God's sake, as quickly as you can. Row right up into our boathouse: it will be easier to lift her out there. Jock, tumble up there, like a good fellow, and get ashore in one of the other boats; and send the doctors to the house. I must get back to my men. I'll be home as soon as possible," he said, as he leaped into the gig which the sailors had brought alongside. The oars fell, and he hurried off, drenched as he was, to deliver some official papers to the Commodore. His face was as white as marble and had a stricken look; and not even the hearty cheers that rang out from ships, vessels, and boats, in recognition of his brave act, as he passed them on his way to the navy yard, brought back the blood to his sunbrowned cheeks.

(To be continued.)

THE word that once escapes the tongue can not be recalled; as the arrow can not be detained which has once sped from the bow.—*Metastasio.*

GREAT souls are always loyally submissive, reverent, to what is over them; only small, mean souls are otherwise.—*Carlyle.*

In Purgatory.

THE Lord hath smitten, yet with gentle hand;
No merciless judge, but Father, Saviour, Friend,—
The hidden Sun of that mysterious land
Where none complain and patience sits with sorrow.
There are no hopeless hearts, no cries that rend
The dim, still air. Resigned, the stricken band,
Silent and suffering, wait a brighter morrow.

Suffering and silent all, yet do they long,
Those desolate ones, soon to behold the vision
Of Paradise, to join th' ecstatic song
Of sister souls who walk the paths Elysian.
'Tis ours to ease that longing and that pain;
To us they plead—O must they plead in vain?

A Protestant Champion of the Blessed Virgin.

(CONTINUED.)

AFTER considering Mary as one of the Blessed, and showing that whatever is true of the saints must be true of her in a greater degree, the Anglican champion of Our Lady goes on to consider how great that degree is, and how unsurpassable is the dignity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Her unique position in the scheme of redemption is evident from her title Mother of God, which has been bestowed upon her by universal Christendom. This title our author maintains is one which no Anglican is at liberty to withhold from Mary.

"It has been an unvarying Anglican tradition to recognize the authority of at least the first four Œcumenical Councils; and the last of the four—that of Ephesus (431)—formally bestowed on Mary the title we are considering. To some English ears indeed the Latin and Greek equivalents, *Deipara* and *Theotokos*, sound preferable; but, seemingly, for the only

reason that the first half of the words signifies 'God,' and so strikes the ear first, while in the English expression the word 'God' strikes the ear last. It is probably for this reason that many object to the title 'Mother of God,' because it seems to them to imply that Mary brought forth the Divine Essence. This is, of course, absurd. The title signifies nothing so preposterous. It simply implies that Mary brought forth *the human nature, which was hypostatically, or personally, united to the Word, or Son of God.* This is the clear teaching of Luke, i, 35: 'The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.'"

The title *Theotokos* (Mother of God), as everyone knows, was confirmed to the Blessed Virgin in opposition to the teaching of Nestorius, which is that Mary is simply the Mother of the body assumed by God. The comment of the Anglican writer in concluding this portion of his work is well worth quoting:

"The child which is conceived and born of a common mother has its body (if we adopt Creationism), and that alone, formed of her substance; while the more noble part of its being is a spiritual soul directly created by God. Nevertheless, because this body and soul have been united in the mother's womb so as to constitute but one person, we do not say that the mother of the child is the mother of its body alone, but that she is the mother of the *person*, who is constituted of body and soul. Now, in the same way as the soul of this child has been united in its mother's womb with the body, and thus has become the *one person*, who is her son, so in like manner in the womb of Mary the Word, or Son of God, was united to His humanity; and Mary thus became the Mother of the *one person*—Christ. In the womb of Mary there was never anything which was not God. By the admirable union in that immaculate womb the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity began to subsist in two distinct natures, so that Mary is truly called the Mother of God."

Our author next proceeds to consider the article of Christian faith defined by Pius IX.: that the Blessed Virgin Mary, at the first moment of her conception, was preserved free from all taint of original sin, by a singular grace and privilege of Almighty God, in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the human race. "It is not to be expected, perhaps," remarks Presbyter Anglicanus, "that Anglicans will accept a doctrine merely because it is formulated by a Bishop of Rome. It may be urged, however," he goes on to say, "taking the lowest possible ground, that every Catholic bishop holds as a deposit committed to him the tradition, or intrusted word of God; and that the Bishop of Rome, when stating that such and such is the doctrine of the Church, is entitled to as much deference as any other bishop who denies it. Anglicans, however, who refuse to accept the ruling of the Bishop of Rome on any point of doctrine would, in the great majority of cases, refuse the ruling of their own bishops; so that their refusal proves nothing, except their ignorance of the binding character of episcopal authority on all who profess and call themselves Christians. On the question, however, of the Immaculate Conception, we are in a position to appeal to the prayer-book. Among the festivals in honor of Our Lady in the English Calendar is that of the Conception. It is indeed extraordinary, but (in view of the general ignorance of the prayer-book among English churchmen) not at all astonishing, that many refer the festival to the conception of Our Lord by Mary, and not to the conception of Mary by St. Anne. But that the reference is to the latter conception is abundantly clear on comparing the date of the festival of

Mary's Conception with that of the festival of her Nativity.

"Nor is this all. In the special Preface for Christmas Day, the prayer-book teaches that Christ 'was made very man *of the substance* of the Virgin Mary, His Mother; and that without spot of sin.' The second Article also declares that 'the Son took man's nature in the womb of the Blessed Virgin, *of her substance.*' Now, the human nature of Our Lord was clearly without stain of sin; and the prayer-book and the second Article unite in asserting that it was formed out of the substance of Mary. It follows, therefore, that the substance of Mary must have been without stain of sin also; so that we must clearly choose between the belief that Mary was conceived immaculate or the belief that she was freed from all stain of sin some time before or after her birth. If it should be objected that neither alternative is necessary, and that all we are called upon to believe is that the human nature of Christ was so derived from the substance of Mary as to be free from all taint of sin at the moment of derivation, then, as Anglican Christians, we are bound to ask ourselves the question: 'Why does the Calendar of the Church draw attention to the conception of Mary? Why is it not enough to keep the festival of Mary's Nativity?' The only answer can be that there was something special about her conception,—in other words, that it was immaculate."

It is frankly admitted that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is required as an outwork of the defences of the doctrine of the Incarnation; and that, as orthodox Anglicans regard as binding on their faith any doctrine explicitly believed by Eastern and Western Christians, they are inconsistent in denying the Immaculate Conception, since it is an undoubted fact that explicit belief in this doctrine of the Catholic Church is everywhere expressed. As a proof of this, and to show that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was not "newly invented" by Pius IX. in the year 1854, as so many Protestants assert, our author states that the Patriarch of Antioch, in 1691, proclaimed the doctrine in these words: "I, Ignatius, Patriarch of Antioch of the nation of the Syrians, confirm this belief as orthodox"; viz., that the Blessed Virgin Mary was always free and exempt from original sin, as the ancient Fathers and doctors have explained. Our author tells his Anglican readers very plainly that "it is not the truth to assert that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is a doctrine unknown for centuries after the first promulgation of Christianity. Rather is it 'an explanation of an already existing idea or belief; presumably giving to that belief greater precision and exactness in our own or other minds, but adding nothing whatever to its real area.' Rather is it an old truth vindicated by an explanatory reassertion. To teach, as the Church of the first ages bids, that Mary is the Second Eve, is only another way of teaching that she was immaculate. Eve was created immaculate: why not Mary as well?"

Referring to the Scriptural arguments for the Immaculate Conception, and the words of Genesis translated in Catholic versions of the Bible, "*She* shall bruise thy heel," the Anglican writer admits that "the Vulgate is, on the whole, a more accurate rendering of Scripture than the authorized English version"; and declares that whether the Vulgate be incorrect in this instance or not, it is impossible to exclude the reference to Mary.

There are several passages of Holy Writ which Protestant writers quote to disprove the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; as, for instance, "The Scripture hath concluded all under sin";* particular stress being laid on the word

* Gal., iii, 22.

all, contained in each one of them, as admitting of no individual exceptions. The Anglican champion of Mary Immaculate replies forcefully: "Unless it can be shown that the sacred writers had Mary in view when they wrote them, they are no argument against our doctrine. It may be presumed that St. Augustine knew his Bible, yet he could write as follows: 'When we speak about sin, I desire, for the sake of the Lord's honor, that there should be no question about the Holy Virgin Mary. How can we tell what greater grace to overcome, to some extent, all sin may have been given to her who was counted worthy to conceive and bear Him who had no sin?'

"In the languages of all ages and nations, but particularly ancient ones, universal terms—'all,' 'every,' and so forth,—are frequently used to signify a very large amount in quantity and number. They can not, therefore, be pressed to their extreme limits. So to press them would frequently make statements of Scripture either contradictory to one another or manifestly absurd. Thus...it is stated that 'all countries came into Egypt to Joseph to buy corn, because the famine was sore in all lands';* but the words could apply only to the well-known countries around Egypt. Again, in the account of the plagues, it is said that 'the hail smote every herb of the field, and brake every tree of the field';† but directly afterward, in the account of the following plague, it is written: 'The locusts did eat every herb of the land and all the fruit of the trees *which the hail had left.*'‡ Again, God declares that 'I will begin to put the dread of thee and the fear of thee upon the nations that are under the whole heaven';‖ but it is obvious that only the nations contiguous to the Israelites—the Canaanites, etc.—are meant. In I. Kings, x, 24, it is said that 'all the earth sought to Solomon, to hear his wisdom,'—a passage which requires quite as much limitation as the foregoing one. The language of the New Testament also often requires a similar limitation. Thus, in Acts, ii, 5, we read that 'there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven'; yet in the enumeration which follows we merely find a region extending from Italy to Persia and from Egypt to the Black Sea. Again, in Colossians, i, 23, St. Paul states that the Gospel 'was preached to every creature which is under heaven'; although it had not then spread even to the extreme limits of the Roman Empire.

"Clearly, then," concludes the author, "the use in Scripture of such words as 'all' and 'every' can not always be pressed to the full extent of their meaning. Attention must be paid to the writer's point of view, the circumstances of his narrative, and above all to the scope of his subject. The scope of such passages as Rom., iii, 9, etc., can not be affected in the least by regarding Mary as the exception proving the rule."

The question of the perpetual virginity of Mary we prefer not to consider. Our author's defence of this belief is all that could be wished for. To deny it, he says, "would amount to an outrage upon the Church's conscience." An Episcopalian minister in our own country who dared to write a book in which he stated that the Blessed Virgin had other children besides Our Lord—horrible deed!—was rebuked by his bishop in one fitting word, uttered with fine scorn—"Beast!"

Our Anglican *confrère* is eloquent in his defence of the teaching of the first ages that Mary is the Second Eve. He begins by quoting some passages of St. Irenæus (A. D. 200), Tertullian (A. D. 240); and then repeats the words of Dean Alford in St. Luke, ii, 38: Mary "was no

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* Gen., xli, 57.
† Ex., ix, 25.
‡ Ex., x, 15.
‖ Deut., ii, 25.

unconscious vessel of the divine will, but in humility and faith a fellow-worker with the purpose of the Father; and, therefore, her own unity with that purpose was required." After establishing the truth of the proposition that redemption was accomplished in a way corresponding to that in which the original transgression was brought about, he takes up the usual objections raised by non-Catholics, asserting that it is absolutely necessary, in order to account fully for the transmission of righteousness, to consider Christ and Mary together, as we account for the transmission of sin by considering Adam and Eve together.

"The doctrine, therefore, that Mary is a co-operator with God in the work of redemption is Scriptural, patristic, Anglican, and Catholic; and to deny this great truth is to run counter to the universal sense of Christendom. Nor can a further confirmation of this doctrine from Holy Scripture be left unnoticed, which meets us in Genesis, v, 2: 'Male and female created He them; and blessed them, and *called their name Adam*, in the day when they were created.' Here Adam and Eve are taken together under one name, as though they were in reality one. Through their co-operation in will and deed the progeny afterward enumerated comes into being. Even so must Christ and Mary be taken together. From the first moment of the Incarnation they co-operated, or worked together. Through their co-operation in will and deed comes into being that spiritual seed which is as the stars of heaven, and as the sand on the sea-shore for multitude.

"Mary, then, is the prototype of Eve. She is, therefore, on the lowest ground, like our first mother before the fall, and therefore *immaculate*. And the doctrine of her Immaculate Conception, though new, is yet old,—new in the mode of its statement; but, nevertheless, a truth which the Church has held from the beginning.

"But this is not all. For 'where sin multiplied, grace superabounded';* that is, it was made to *surpass* the increase of sin. The kingdom of Satan, in the transmission of evil, has been outdone by the kingdom of Christ in the transmission of grace. Mary, therefore, being the first-fruits of redemption, must surpass Eve. Mary must be, after Jesus Christ, the most perfect expression of the divine perfections. The Eternal Father chose her from all eternity to be the Mother of His only-begotten Son, His equal in power and majesty; the Son selected her from all eternity to be His Mother; the Holy Ghost chose her from all eternity to be His Spouse. Mary was thus admitted into an alliance in will and deed with the Blessed Trinity. She must, therefore, have been endowed with the highest perfections which it was possible for her to receive,—perfections proportioned to the dignity of her alliance with God. Mary, therefore, can not be as other creatures: between them and her there must be an impassable gulf of grace, dignity, and honor....

"But imagination fails to picture the grandeur of that spiritual motherhood of Mary, of which the motherhood according to the flesh was the type, to which the latter gave way, and in which it was swallowed up. In her lifetime on earth Mary was the first of saints: what, then, must she now be? What else but the Queen of Heaven? This is in accordance with all reason. The honor and love which a son renders to his mother must be proportionate to his own dignity, resources, and power. Jesus, therefore, has given to Mary a rank, power, and dignity proportionate to His own infinite rank, power, and dignity. They are hers, because the nearest place to Himself in the kingdom of heaven is the place nearest to His own in suffering; and Mary in her seven woes is next to the Man of Sorrows in

* Rom., v, 20.

the mystery of pain.* They are hers, once more, by the right which she shares with the lowest of her children who are the disciples of Christ. For to them belong 'all things,... whether the world or life or death, or things present or things to come.'†

"To Mary must belong all these in the fullest sense of which they are capable of being possessed. As 'one star differeth from another star in glory,'‡ so must the glory of Mary transcend that of all other stars in the firmament of heaven. Mary's place, therefore, in heaven is at the right hand of Christ. By Him she sits as Bathsheba sat by the side of her royal son Solomon. To her may the words be applied: 'Upon thy right hand did stand the queen in a vesture of gold, wrought about with divers colors.'‖ If the Apostles are to have thrones,§ how much more Mary! If the saints are to judge the world,¶ what position shall be assigned to Mary?..."

"She provided from her own substance Our Lord's sacred Body—the Body which was given as the price of our redemption, and which is our food in the Blessed Sacrament. If she was the means of conveying to us God's unspeakable gift, can she not, or rather must she not, be the means of conveying all else? He who gave Christ through Mary can with Christ also give us all things through Mary.

"Mary, as Alford says, *consented* to the Incarnation. For that consent heaven and earth waited. The glory of God and the salvation of the souls of men were placed in Mary's hands,—the glory of God, because a reparation was to be made for the sins of men; the salvation of men, because the free act of a creature was needed to that end. Mary, moreover, consented to each event and detail of the Passion. Her presentation of Christ in the Temple was not like the presentation of a first-born son by an ordinary mother: it was an act of dedication, by which she co-operated with Christ in His dedication of Himself. Taught by the words of holy Simeon, she consented beforehand to the sacrifice on Calvary, mysteriously indicated by the detaching sword which was to pierce her heart. It was, again, in perfect agreement with all that had gone before that Mary stood at length on Calvary's top. Had there been no profound reason for the contrary, our Divine Saviour might well have spared His Holy Mother the painful spectacle of His death. He was pleased, however, not to spare it to her. And the reason was that she was required once more to participate in the acts of redemption; as in all others, so especially in this the crowning act. With that sacrifice of Himself by Christ Mary had to *co-operate;* to it she had to give her *consent* in will and deed. And that co-operation and consent were freely given; so that when we honor the compassion of Jesus, we may not forget the compassion of Mary. By her grand act of co-operation she became our Mother; at the instant she completed it she brought forth all her spiritual children at once. Detached in spirit from her Son, she received instead as her spiritual seed the whole elect people of God; just as Levi of old received the spiritual charge of the chosen people for an act of spiritual detachment different in degree but the same in kind,—Levi, 'who said unto his father and to his mother, I have not seen him. Neither did he acknowledge his brethren nor know his own children; for they [the Levites] observed thy word and kept thy commandment.'

"Nor does Mary's co-operation end here. As the reward of her inconceivable sufferings she became the spiritual Mother of the elect Israel of God. Henceforth of necessity she must carry them

* Matt., x, 21–23.
† I. Cor., iii, 21, 22.
‡ I. Cor., xv, 41.
‖ Psalms, xlv, 9.
§ Matt., xix, 28.
¶ I. Cor., vi, 2.

continually in her bosom. And this Mary did and still does. When the Apostles returned from Olivet after the Ascension, we read that they 'all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the Mother of Jesus, and with His brethren.' We can not doubt that, though the Apostles and the women referred to were associated with our Blessed Lady in her supplication, it was at her request more than at that of others that the Holy Ghost came down at Pentecost. The gift of the Holy Ghost was the fruit of the Passion and the completion of redemption. The children with whom she had spiritually travailed on Calvary were brought forth with joy by the descent of the Paraclete. And the words spoken of woman in general have thus, as is invariably the case, a special fulfilment in Mary: 'A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world' (John, xvi, 21)."

Again we experience the embarrassment of riches. There are other notable passages to quote, and we have exhausted our space in the present number of THE AVE MARIA. One reason for making so many extracts from the volume under consideration is that it has yet to be noticed at all by any of our contemporaries, Protestant or Catholic. Even in the English Catholic papers there has been no mention of this remarkable tribute to the Mother of God by an Anglican presbyter. We have already been congratulated—and felicitated ourselves many times—that it did not escape our own attention.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

OH! 'tis sweet when life is failing
Back to look on labors blest,—
After years of stormy sailing,
Port to sight for endless rest.

—*Wiseman.*

At the Post-Office.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

(CONCLUSION.)

WHEN the barber reached the door to inquire as to M. Auclair's strange signals, he saw that worthy engaged in what seemed to be a *pas deux* of some sort with an unknown lady,—Gaspard and Firmin pursuing them both with short, sharp barks. The barber paused, electrified. The lady, perceiving him, made a successful sortie and reached the door, pursued by both the dogs.

"Let me out of here!" she cried. "This terrible old man is mad."

"Mad! M. Auclair mad! Oh, no, no! Madame has mistaken."

However, the barber, remembering M. Auclair's strange signals, thought it prudent to retreat a little, when he caught sight of the postmaster advancing toward the door. The barber, bewildered, stood in the middle of the road, with the lady clinging to his arm and exclaiming:

"Oh, do not leave me! He is certainly mad. I dare not go up to the hotel alone."

Just then a man approached with a basket, and stopped.

"Ah, M. Prefontaine!" said the barber. "*Bon jour!* This is sad, is it not?"

"Why, what does it all mean?" asked M. Prefontaine.

"M. Auclair has actually gone mad."

"M. Auclair mad! I can not believe it."

M. Auclair meanwhile surveyed the group through the glass of the door. He fancied that the lady—who, after all, might be only mortal—was complaining about the difficulty of getting her letter. M. Prefontaine was a man of importance in the neighborhood, and was somewhat of a gossip. The dogs lay peaceably upon the gallery. Now that their master had ceased his curious evolutions, and the stranger had been happily ejected, all seemed well

to them. They evidently considered their old acquaintance the barber sufficient guarantee for the lady's good behavior.

At this point it became necessary for the trio in the road to take some step. The path leading up to the hotel was growing indistinct. The red was dying out of the sky, whence the paly gold had gone long before. The breath of the woods came chill with the touch of night. It was thought best to attempt a parley.

M. Prefontaine laid down his basket, and advanced cautiously till he had reached the gallery. M. Auclair at once opened the door and darted forth an arm. M. Prefontaine withdrew a little; and the barber, with the lady, retreated some paces.

"Softly, my poor friend!—softly," said M. Prefontaine, soothingly, from the sidewalk. "We are your friends. No one is going to hurt you."

"Hurt me!" cried M. Auclair. "Then she has told you!"

"She has told me nothing," said M. Prefontaine. "Try to calm yourself."

"Come nearer me."

M. Prefontaine, with a fine show of courage, did so. M. Auclair made a movement once more to grasp him. Eluding his effort, the former, however, caught his agitated whisper: "I want the barber."

The barber turned pale. M. Prefontaine stood aghast. It was too true: his old friend's mind had gone. The barber, who began to feel decidedly uneasy, would gladly have found himself in the safe shelter of the hotel. But no sooner did he make a movement in that direction than the wretched Auclair appeared upon the steps, vociferating for the barber, and declaring that the lady must not go.

The barber capitulated on the spot and stood still. He had no mind to scale that steep and rocky path upward with the infuriated Auclair behind him. Prefontaine, whose courage grew apace as he perceived that his former associate had no designs upon him, made further attempts to restrain the unhappy man, who, reiterating that he wanted the barber, made a sudden sortie to attain that end. The result was a species of war-dance around the half-swooning lady, in which the terror-stricken barber gained much in point of agility, and wherein the dogs joined merrily.

Matters had reached a crisis; and now came a small boy, Mathurin, from the saw-mill, who was at once instructed by M. Prefontaine to return thither and send a swift messenger for Monsieur le Curé; also to bring back with him three or four men to capture M. Auclair.

The urchin, wondering why the postmaster was to be captured, and regretful at missing so entertaining a performance, went off rather reluctantly, pursued by M. Prefontaine's "Quick, Mathurin!—quick!" The lad, however, kept walking backward till a well-directed missile from M. Prefontaine made him quicken his pace considerably.

M. Auclair at last sat down exhausted on the steps. The barber and the lady, taking advantage of the truce, fled down the road, pursued for some distance by Gaspard and Firmin, barking their loudest. Returning, the dogs sat on either side of their now weeping master, over whom M. Prefontaine kept guard. He had lit the lantern at the post-office door, and its rays mingled weirdly with the dying daylight and the gathering shadows on the mountain.

M. Prefontaine assumed an air of almost magisterial importance as nearly half the village, roused by Mathurin's report, came crowding up. They all stood at a safe distance, gazing at M. Auclair, and the more timid starting backward at his slightest movement. To those whom he deemed worthy of special information, M. Prefontaine gave it in a series of taps beneath the rim of his broad straw-hat, and significant signals downward at where sat the fallen high functionary.

Presently the lady and the barber, surrounded by a body-guard of the sturdiest men in the village, drew near on their way to the hotel. No sooner had the postmaster descried them than his late calm deserted him. He made one more frantic attempt to reach the barber, but was restrained; while the latter was hurried up the mountain path at double-quick by the villagers, who were anxious to return and witness the *dénouement.* The lady was in advance, leaning on the notary's arm, and on the verge of hysterics.

Just as the stars began to appear one by one, and a crescent moon to silver the mountain top, a buggy was driven up, from which alighted Monsieur le Curé. The priest, waving aside all who bade him consider his personal safety, drew M. Auclair into the post-office, whence the light of a lamp presently shone forth.

It took the priest some time to get at the truth, and to induce M. Auclair to bring forth the letter. It was not for the lady: it was for M. Theophile Auclair himself! It was from the grandson whom he had believed to be dead, and contained a cheque for three hundred dollars. It was well the good man's wits did not really desert him then. He fell on his knees to thank God, the priest taking off his hat and bowing his head in unison with him.

M. Auclair's next move was to embrace the dogs, who sat upon the steps, showing strange signs of enmity to lifelong acquaintances. Everything was satisfactorily explained, as regarded M. Auclair, by the Curé. His neighbors, save a few envious ones, rejoiced at his good fortune. The lady was reassured, and during her stay at the mountain came each day to the post-office. The barber and the postmaster resumed their former terms of genial *bonhomie.*

The dogs, however, seemed ill at ease, and it took a considerable time for them to resume precisely their position in the village. The events of that memorable September afternoon at the post-office had engendered a mutual suspicion. The neighbors, remembering the growlings and snarlings and barkings in which the animals had indulged, remarked that Gaspard and Firmin were growing old and cross; whereas the dogs did not seem to know how far their neighbors could be trusted, or to what degree they were responsible for what befell the post-office and its inmates. When warm and generous natures receive a shock as to their faith in others, it is difficult for them to recover. So that Gaspard and Firmin for some time thenceforward were a sadder and wiser and altogether less genial pair.

Talks on Social Topics.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

NOISE OR HEROISM?

"Battles nor songs can from oblivion save,
But Fame upon a white deed loves to build.
From out the cup of water Sidney gave
Not one drop has been spilled."

NO one ever heard a heart break. The world at large has yet to learn that in repression is the greatest strength. It is so natural to be dazzled by bravado, so easy to be deluded by the bluster which the braggart makes, that one who is not gifted with the finer insight unconsciously confounds strength with noise. People call the pugilist strong, and the boy who obeys his mother a "milksop." They forget that "milksops" have captured and chained the forces of the world, and that the boy who is not ashamed to be attached to his mother's apron-string often becomes a man beside whom the habitual scorner of authority is but a craven.

Nature delights in proving this. The grand march of the myriad stars is a noiseless one. The summer thunder alarms the timid, but it is the ice in the crevice of the rock which works with more than the force of dynamite. The noisy winds

disturb the surface of the sea, but it is a silent power which lifts that ocean twice a day as gently as a bit of thistle-down is wafted from its ghost-like sphere. No, nature does not "make a row."

We see a man of shining figure posing in the electric light. He has posterity for an audience. He drinks from the cup of the world's applause, and we think him brave when he is only intoxicated. He beats upon a hollow drum, and we vainly fancy that we hear the trumpet tones of a prophet and the triumphant shouts of a hero.

Far from the crowd, the real hero goes his quiet way, illumined only with the flickering glow of his hearth fire. He has no audience save an invisible one, and receives no plaudits. He does only his simple duty, and bears the daily martyrdom of private life with simple dignity. The world will never find him out, but the recording angel knows upon what page to write his name.

It is not easy to refrain from alluding to your own travels when others boast of their meagre journeyings; to avoid speaking of your unsullied pedigree when upstarts prate of their wealth; to accept the last place in the procession; to let an affront pass without notice; to keep your temper under maddening irritation; to maintain your dignity when you lose your possessions; to keep your tongue from scandal and your heart free of suspicion; to be unknown, if so it pleases God; to live without appreciation and to die without human comfort. No, this is not easy; but it is heavenly heroism, nevertheless,—the only sort that will survive when worth is rated at its true value and masks are stripped from all pretension.

It is not of the valiant soldier of Zutphen that we think when we hear the name of Sir Philip Sidney: it is of the dying man who gave the cup of water to the wounded comrade whose necessity seemed greater than his own.

Notes and Remarks.

Nobody thinks of praising, except in the most general way, the priests and Sisters who labor among the poor in the congested districts of our large cities. They are simply fulfilling their vocation. They derive their strength from Heaven, and are content to await their reward from the same source. But if imitation be indeed the sincerest form of flattery, it is easy to see that the example of Catholic charity has left a deep impress upon the life and thought of Americans. We know of many professional men—eminent surgeons, lawyers and journalists—whose lives are practically, though not professedly, consecrated to charity; and every day brings news of devout women who make the greatest of sacrifices for the relief of the poor and the sick. Mrs. Lathrop, a convert and a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, has become a nurse in a cancer hospital; a daughter of General McDowell has adopted a similar career; and the "college settlements" in Chicago and other cities are conducting charitable works in a most commendable spirit. It is the merest justice to credit these people with a high religious motive; it is neither dignified nor charitable to flout them because they are merely prospecting in a field which our religious have occupied for centuries. The newspapers naturally exploit such manifestations of special charity; but surely it makes edifying reading, and no one complains that the newspapers are too edifying Heroic charity is not so common that we must hinder the shining of "a good deed in a naughty world."

A correspondent of the *Evening Star*, of Washington, writing from Patras, Greece, about a painting of the Madonna venerated there which is generally attributed to St. Luke, says that he asked a number of educated Greeks if they really believed the Evangelist painted this picture, and that they always replied in the affirmative. "In this land of antiquities the Christian era is not regarded as so long ago, and I have handled dolls (made of clay for Greek children) that

are over two thousand years old. And I have stood in front of splendid marble statues that were ancient before Christ was born; so I am not disposed to be entirely sceptical when a cultured Greek tells me this Madonna was painted in the year 70 A. D." One thing is certain: St. Luke lived for a long time in that part of Hellas, and there seems to be no doubt that he painted pictures. The Madonna of Patras, excepting the heads of the Mother and Child, is encased in a thin coating of silver to preserve it. The colors have faded to darkness, but there is wonderful strength and beauty in the features of both figures.

Mr. H. T. Peck, in the *Bookman* for November, while criticising Huysman's novel, "En Route," makes an observation about the Church which is remarkable:—"To those of us who are Protestants the book is full of deep instruction, in revealing with startling force the secret of the power of that wonderful religious organization which has made provision for the needs of every human soul, whether it requires for its comfort active service or the mystical life of contemplation. We see how every want is understood, and how for every spiritual problem an answer is provided; how the experience of twenty centuries has been stored up and recorded, and how all that man has ever known is known to those who guide and perpetuate this mighty system. And in these days, when doctors of divinity devote their energies to nibbling away the foundations of historic faith, and when the sharpest weapons of agnosticism are forged on theological anvils, there is something reassuring in the contemplation of the one great Church that does not change from age to age, that stands unshaken on the rock of its convictions, and that speaks to the wavering and troubled soul in the serene and lofty accents of divine authority."

The London Metaphysical Society, composed of men so eminent and so opposite as Manning and Huxley, Ward and Pattison, has become so familiar to Americans of recent years that this description of one of its meetings will be read with interest. It was written by Dr. Mazee, Protestant archbishop of Peterborough, whose "Life" has just appeared:

> Mark Pattison, essayist and reviewer, read the paper for discussion. Imagine the mummy of an opium-eater restored to life, and dressed in the dinner dress of the nineteenth century; that is M. Pattison, free thinker and free writer, but certainly not free speaker. He read in a dreary way a queer paper, the object of which was to prove the impossibility of dogma from the indefiniteness of words. He listened in silence to our criticisms, uttered a few sepulchral words in reply, and then seemed to vanish like a sceptical ghost. It was really very strange, and savored to me greatly of opium. Next him sat Ward, of Tractarian memory, now a Romanist layman; very solid and John-Bull like, but very able and metaphysical. Then Tennyson, with long black hair, and a clay pipe between his lips; silent during the discussion, and dull before it. Then Martineau, the Unitarian, brother of Harriet Martineau; elegant and refined and scholarly. Then Harrison, the Comtist, who argued stoutly for dogma against Pattison. Then Mivart, a Roman Catholic naturalist and anti-Darwinian; very accomplished and thoughtful. Then Professor Clifford, elaborately courteous, composed, and dull. Altogether, the scene was very curious, and the discussion disappointing.

It is seldom that so many men of genius have been gathered under the same roof, yet these men exercised hardly any influence over one another. They all learned toleration, perhaps; but no one ever converted another to his opinion,—another illustration of the uselessness of controversy.

The *Bombay Catholic Examiner* expresses great satisfaction that the social problem received so much attention at the various Catholic congresses held this year in Europe; and remarks that "the attitude taken up was not that of men who advocated tinkering reforms or were afraid of the future, but of convinced exponents of the fullest rights of labor. This was the spirit which prevailed at the Congress of German Catholics held in Dortmund, which was manifested at the Italian Congress that has taken place in Fiesole; and at the Austrian Catholic Congress in Salzburg the same spirit has been most unmistakably evident. In the resolutions that were adopted by the Salzburg gathering, Liberal policy—the object of which was described as that of creating side by side with gigantic capitalists a mass of

prolétaires who are to be their slaves—was roundly denounced; and an appeal was made to all classes of the people to unite in forming an organization which should succeed in overthrowing the unjust power of capital." It is indeed a happy sign of better times to come that zeal for the cause of the toiler should be so manifest in all representative gatherings of Catholics.

If the venders of patent cure-alls wrought no greater evil than the fleecing of credulous people—and the credulous people are usually the poor who can not afford to consult able physicians—there would be reason enough to condemn them. But another and a graver danger has just been emphasized in a painful way. Within the past month the newspapers of Chicago have told of two bright young men of good family who became slaves to the cocaine habit by the use of an alleged remedy for catarrh. "I began taking that cure three years ago," said one of the victims; "and the longing for the drug has grown so strong that I suffer without it. I followed the directions at first, then I increased the quantity until I bought the stuff by the dozen bottles." The number of similar cases which never become public it is impossible to guess. The makers of patent nostrums are the most liberal of advertisers; and the "miraculous effects" of cure-alls are industriously trumpeted abroad by unscrupulous journals, religious and secular. The printing-press, it is notorious, has no conscience when money interests are involved; but at least it might refrain from urging its patrons to gulp down poison in the guise of medicine. Besides, it is a well-known truth among scientists that the reading of elaborate descriptions of symptoms, such as usually accompany these offending advertisements, is a potent means of spreading disease—so great is the influence of the imagination over the physical organization. Parents should be warned against nostrums by the sad examples of these young men.

There have been many forms of public madness in the century now drawing to a close, but one of the worst is the persistent howling for the destruction of dogma and the formation of a creedless church. Without dogma there are no sacraments; and without sacraments, blank paganism. It has been said—too unkindly, we think—that the non-Catholic clergy make up for their contempt of Holy Orders by an extra devotion to the Sacrament of Matrimony; yet one of the great blots upon current Protestantism is that outside the Catholic Church marriage has lost its sacramental character, and has come to be looked on merely as a convenient agreement that may be annulled at pleasure. The worst sign of all, however, is that whenever any protest is made it is apt to come not from the ministers, who are supposed to safeguard morality, but from government inspectors, whose duty is simply to protect the State. One of these officials writes in the Protestant *Church Review:*

> Large and increasing as the number of divorces in the United States is, it is an undeniable fact that were it not for the widespread influence of the Roman Catholic Church the number would be much greater. The loyalty of Catholics to the teachings and doctrine of their Church, and the fact that one of the cardinal doctrines of the Church is that Christian marriage is a holy Sacrament, which, when consummated, can be dissolved for no cause and in no manner save by death, has unquestionably served as a barrier to the volume of divorce, which except among the members of that Church, is, and during the past twenty years has been, assuming ever-increasing proportions throughout the country.

Neither the eulogy nor the warning against an alarming evil is altogether new, but the surprising thing is that the labor of protesting is left so exclusively to the civil authorities.

Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, has directed that a Mass be offered each month in the Cathedral for the conversion of England and the reunion of Christendom. He also exhorts the clergy of France to offer up the Holy Sacrifice and the laity to receive Holy Communion regularly for the same intention.

The importance and difficulty of constancy even in little things is illustrated by a pretty story told in Mr. Augustine Hare's newly published "Reminiscences." When Mr. Hare's sister, a devout Catholic, first accompanied him to a private audience with Pius IX., she told the Holy Father that her

brother was a Protestant. The Pope, not seeming much disturbed at this announcement, asked Mr. Hare to make him a promise.

I said that I should wish to do whatever his Holiness desired, but that before I engaged to make a promise I should like to know what the promise was to be about. "Oh," said the Pope, smiling, "it is nothing so very difficult! It is that you will say the Lord's Prayer every morning and evening." "Yes," I replied, "I shall be delighted to make your Holiness the promise. But perhaps your Holiness is not aware that the practice is not unusual in the Church of England." Then, almost severely for one so gentle, the Pope said: "You seem to think the promise a light one; I think it a very serious one,—in fact, I think it so serious that I will ask you to promise to use only one petition: '*Fiat voluntas tua, O Deus, in terris ut in cœlo.*' And remember that you have promised it at the feet of Pius IX." Then he blended his farewell very touchingly into a beautiful prayer and blessing; he blessed the things—rosaries, etc.,—which my sister had brought with her; he again gave us his ring and the cross on his foot to kiss; and while he rang the little bell at his side we found our way out backward—quite a geometrical problem, with nine genuflections to be made on the way.

When Tennyson speaks of prayer as the golden chain which binds the whole round world about the feet of God, one might easily fancy that he referred especially to the Rosary. It is of no nation, no time, no place. In an eloquent sermon delivered last month by Cardinal Logue, the Primate of all Ireland, this fine passage occurs:

I have on more than one occasion joined in that Rosary with the Pope in his court at the Vatican; I have joined in that Rosary in the cottage of the peasant; I have seen the beads slip through the fingers of the most learned men I ever met; I have seen them in the hands of the ignorant,—and I have seen in all the same earnest, unquestioned reverence. Now, it appears to me impossible that this or any other form of devotion could be so widespread, or indeed so deeply appreciated by men in every walk of life, if those that practised it did not know from their own experience, from the experience of others, that it was a fruitful source of spiritual favors.... The history of Irish Catholicity is the history of devotion to the Holy Mother of God. We can trace it in those churches that have been founded by the early Irish saints in every land which has been blessed by their teaching. In dark and evil days it has been the solace and the support of our fathers, drawing together more closely those bonds which bound them to their grand old faith with a love stronger than death. When the priest was slain or borne away on the high-seas to enforced exile,... when the Mass and the Sacraments were no longer within reach, how often have our fathers gathered around their desecrated altars, and within the crumbling walls of ruined churches recited the Rosary! This devotion to the Holy Mother of God has clung to the exiled children of our race wherever they have sought refuge from persecution. They have borne it away from home in their breaking hearts, together with love of the dear old land; and they have planted it deeply and firmly in those flourishing young churches in the founding of which they and their descendants have taken a leading part.

It is to be hoped that parents who made the Rosary a part of the common family night prayer during the month of October will continue that blessed practice throughout the year. There is no surer way of strengthening the faith and piety of children.

Notable New Books.

COCHEM'S EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY MASS. With Preface by the Rt. Rev. C. P. Maes, D. D. Benziger Bros.

In an article contributed to a widely-circulated secular magazine a few months ago, Mr. Augustine Birrell, the eminent non-Catholic essayist, expresses his conviction that no sinful child of Adam ever looked, however ignorantly, and it may be with only the languid curiosity of a traveller, on the Mass in our churches without emotion. "It is the Mass that matters," he says. "It is the Mass that makes the difference so hard to define—so subtle is it, yet so perceptible—between a Protestant country and a Catholic one." With these genuine words ringing in their ears, it ought to shame many Catholics to reflect on the coldness with which they look upon the Holy Sacrifice on Sundays, and the indifference with which they excuse themselves from hearing Mass on week-days and sometimes even on Sundays. We regard the publication of such books as this as a powerful means of renewing faith and fervor. It is a hopeful sign of religious life in America that explanations of the Mass and treatises on the Sacraments are beginning to enjoy the favor that was formerly reserved for books treating of new devotions.

The pious reader will find in this volume a clear statement of the teaching of the

Church regarding the Holy Sacrifice. He will find an explanation of the nature and meaning of the Mass—the most acceptable of sacrifices and the most potent of sin-offerings. There are in it correct doctrine, fervent meditation to excite devotion, and useful suggestions as to the best manner of hearing Mass. Collateral themes—such as priestly ordination and devotions for confession and Communion—are also fully treated. We may remark, too, that some of the most interesting and profitable pages in the book are found in the introduction by the learned and pious Bishop of Covington, at whose suggestion Father Cochem's work has been translated into English.

THREE IRISH BARDIC TALES. Being Metrical Versions of the Three Tales known as "The Three Sorrows of Story-Telling." By John Todhunter. Way & Williams.

These three tales are: "The Doom of the Children of Lir," "The Fate of the Sons of Usna," and "The Lamentation for the Three Sons of Turann." "The Doom of the Children of Lir" is commonly known from the free version made by Mr. Aubrey de Vere. Mr. Todhunter's translation in scholarly English is valuable, because it is more literal than Mr. de Vere's; the use of Alexandrines, however, causes the rhythm to drag in this new version, but the poem carries itself.

"The Lamentation for the Three Sons of Turann" is a condensation of the original poem, which makes us wish for the entire text from the same editor. The adventures of Brian and his brothers, which in the poem itself are told at length, are enumerated here in the form of a lamentation by Turann.

The second poem, "The Fate of the Sons of Usna," which is the story of Deirdre, is the most important of the three versions. We have Mr. Aubrey de Vere's translation, Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce's exquisite poetic paraphrase which he called "Deirdre," Dr. Douglas Hyde's recent presentation of this poem, and other editions. "The Sons of Usnach" (or, better, Uisnach) is to our mind the most valuable work of Irish literary art yet given to us in English. Mr. de Vere calls "The Sons of Usnach" "a tragedy cast in a narrative form"; but it is, nevertheless, a true epic, and it has been shamefully neglected. Joyce's Deirdre is in pentameter couplets, and Mr. Todhunter keeps the Alexandrines he used in "The Children of Lir." The difference in these two translations is very marked as regards the portions of the original poem selected; and those of us who are not Gaelic scholars are at a loss to know what is genuine and what is the work of the English writer. Mr. Todhunter in one place uses the unfortunate pun:

"Deirdre I name her now,
For dear shall Eri dree her beauty and her birth."

There is no doubt concerning the origin of that line.

The influence of the Celtic element upon the formation of the English language and literature is a most important study, which is still in its beginning; and it is not pleasant to know that this Gaelic epic should be comparatively a sealed book for us. Had Archbishop MacHale expended the labor upon translating Gaelic manuscripts into English which was almost thrown away upon the version of the Iliad into Irish, he would have won our everlasting gratitude; and if Mr. Todhunter will make a complete and literal prose translation of Deirdre, we will be among the first to thank him. As his book stands, we would recommend that it be extensively read.

THE VOCATION OF EDWARD CONWAY. By Maurice Francis Egan. Benziger Bros.

Readers of our magazine do not need to be told that this is one of the author's best stories. It has a capital plot, worked out with the skill of a master of fiction. There are several chapters which recall the best efforts of our great novelists. "The Vocation of Edward Conway" has all the good qualities of Dr. Egan's other stories, with special charms of its own. The characters are true to life,—so true that when it was appearing as a serial in these pages persons living wide apart, and in some instances entire strangers to the author, were sure that certain of their friends and acquaintances were only thinly distinguished as Major Dion Conway, Lady Tyrrell, the Rev. Giles Carton, etc.

The best of stories lose something by appearing serially, although they may have

been written at regular intervals, each chapter having a minor climax. The interest of the present one is so great—the plot so uncommonplace, the scenes so attractive, the characters so real—that it is likely to be read through at one sitting. Dr. Egan is too much of an artist to moralize: the circumstances which he creates do that, and do it very effectively. There are many salutary lessons to be learned from the life of Edward Conway which will not be lost on the least serious reader, but they are never obtruded.

There is so great a dearth of novels of this sort—interesting, well-written, modern in warp and woof—that we rejoice to see "The Vocation of Edward Conway" in book form. The publishers have brought it out in popular style. We see no reason why it should not enjoy the wide sale to which its merits entitle it.

QUO VADIS. A Narrative of the Time of Nero. By Henry Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co.

This work, by the Polish novelist who has already almost won the title "great," is very remarkable. It should be classed as a novel of manners, because its chief attraction is in the reproduction of the customs and the fashions of thought which obtained at Rome in the days of Nero; but the vein of general human interest running throughout its pages is very rich in itself. Mr. Sienkiewicz has not made his story a mere thread whereon to string descriptions; much less has he deliberately gone aside from the narrow way of literary law for the sheer love of description, as even Victor Hugo strayed. The insistent obtrusion of the action throughout all the brilliancy of manner-reproduction is very pleasing. He is able also to avoid all bye-plot and irritating padding, although the translated novel numbers 540 pages.

The leading characters are a young Roman military tribune, named Vinicius, who passes from desire to love for a beautiful Christian Lygian princess (who is blessed with a rare gift in woman—uninterrupted consistency of mind), and Nero and Petronius Arbiter. Mr. Sienkiewicz has drawn Petronius from the description of him left us by Tacitus and the Elder Pliny rather than from a study of his works. This is, perhaps, the safer method, since there is so much dispute concerning the authorship of works commonly attributed to the man.

The climax of the action—the struggle in the amphitheatre between the Christian giant Ursus and a wild aurochs, or European bison, upon whose horns is bound the Lady Lygia—is powerful, but, we fear, somewhat improbable. Despite the fact that the maiden is bound upon the short horns of the beast, Ursus grasps these horns, and, without breaking them, he simply twists the neck of the great bull and kills the animal. After the climax the descent of the action is not arranged as best it might be. Lygia is saved from Christian martyrdom to become Vinicius' wife, which is at least a very questionable change of blessings; and the deaths of Nero and Petronius should come before not after this peaceful closing.

St. Peter and St. Paul are characters in the story; and although St. Peter plays an important part, he is vaguely sketched. Artists of the present day had better keep out of Galilee until their faith grows stronger. The title of the novel is taken from the traditional words addressed to Our Lord by St. Peter when He appeared to the Apostle who was fleeing from Rome. The motive of this flight has an element of weakness in it as depicted by the novelist, which might be questioned by some readers.

There is a character called Crispus who is among the crucified martyrs. This man was a veritable prototype of the Scotch Calvinist; and we have no historical evidence that such persons ever got the grace of martyrdom, despite what their Protestant brethren may say concerning their piety. In the purely Christian parts of the book, the author writes like a devout Protestant who believes in the primacy of St. Peter.

The book abounds in excellent descriptive passages, as the burning of Rome by Nero, the procession of the household of Nero, and many others; but the dreadfully realistic account of the martyrdom of the Christians in the amphitheatre goes too far. It is bloody as *Titus Andronicus* is bloody. The tragic should cause terror, not horror.

The chief blemish of the book—and it is a blemish which is pitiable, since the art

of Mr. Sienkiewicz is so noble—is that in describing feasts given by Nero and his courtiers he talks too plainly. Mr. Sienkiewicz is not gross: he is evidently a Christian; he does not give prurient details for the sheer love of pruriency, as some of our living writers give them. But his book, as it stands at present, can not be read by all classes. These objectionable details could be cut out without injury to the action, especially since art has nothing whatever to do with anything which is not pure, despite what half critics and whole fools may say to the contrary. The translation is almost faultless.

MR. BILLY BUTTONS. By Walter Lecky. Benziger Bros.

There is a distinctly American flavor about these interesting sketches. Walter Lecky's Adirondack people are as truly of the soil as Bret Harte's Rocky Mountain people. They are not so picturesque, indeed, as the Western mining folk,—they have not their encouth humor nor contempt of civilization; but they are incomparably more lovable. We do not think that the author has done the very most that could have been done with his material; but the figures who move in rugged grandeur through these pages are as fresh and unspoiled in their way as the good folk of Drumtochty.

Mr. Billy Buttons, as befits the titular character, ought to be regarded as the leading figure of the *dramatis personæ;* but we fancy that many will be of opinion that Mr. Corkey Slithers, Teacher of Occult Science, is the true centre of interest. He is a real literary creation; and if his body had not been pulled out of the river in the last chapter, we should ask Walter Lecky to let us see more of him in the future. Blind Cagy and Milly and Weeks, and the Doctor himself, are also finished pictures, and Père Monnier, though not adequately sketched, is a grand old priest.

One of the chief charms of the book is the mode of speech affected in Squidville. Some of it has filtered into other localities; but many of the half humorous, half-grotesque forms of expression, and many of the wise sayings of Buttons and Cagy, are the exclusive heritage of Squidville.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Henry J. Stourton, of Spalding Moor, England, who died suddenly on the 19th ult.

Miss Annie C. McDonald, whose beautiful life closed peacefully on the 12th ult., in St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. William E. Murphy, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who passed away on the 23d ult.

Mrs. Katherine A. Kyle, whose death took place on the 20th ult., at Colorado Springs, Colo.

Mr. James Maher, of Milford, Conn., who departed this life on the 19th ult.

Mr. Timothy Shea, who yielded his soul to God on the 18th ult., at Vernon, Conn.

Miss M. C. Long, of New York city, who breathed her last on the 5th inst.

Mr. John Faucette, of Walla Walla, Wash.; Mrs. Mary Thimmes, Lancaster, Ohio; Mr. Simon Carroll, Caledonia, Minn.; Mr. Francis Agnew, Mrs. Ellen Agnew, and Mrs. Mary K. O'Connell, Chicago, Ill.; Joseph Hurley and Peter Dougherty, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. John Cronin and Miss M. C. McGovern, Portland, Oregon; Mr. John J. Fogarty, Boisé City, Idaho; Miss Johanna Conway, Springfield, Ohio; Mrs. M. Kavanagh, Richwoods, Mo.; William and Mary Hoyes, Co. Cork, Ireland; Mrs. Ellen Hickey, Ashland, Del.; Mrs. M. McDonald, Ashmont, Mass.; Mrs. Hugh Hayes, Wabashaw, Minn.; Mr. Michael Fitzpatrick, Venice, Ill.; Mrs. P. Fleming, Greece, N. Y.; Mrs. Bridget Hogan, Mrs. Annie Cass, Christopher Fitzpatrick, William R. Keating, and Dennis Mitchell,—all of Waterbury, Conn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee. ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Ursuline Indian Mission, Montana:

A Friend, Battle Creek, Mich., $1; M. A. D., $1; J. C., $2; Miss A. Murphy, $10.

To supply prisons, hospitals, etc., with good reading:

"A Poor Sinner," 25 cts.; Marie Bertha, 25 cts.; A Friend, Butte, Mont., 57 cts.; Peter Morand, 30 cts.; P. Somers, 90 cts.; A. Syner, $1; George J. Gross, Sr., $5; Rev. E. O'G., 82 cts.; E., 20 cts.; Mrs. Julia O'Brien, $1; W. J. Scully, 50 cts.; A Child of Mary, 28 cts.

For the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars:

M., $1; Mr. —— Bouchard, $25; E. E., 25 cts.

✱ UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. ✱

How Rastus Made His Fortune.

BY MARY C. CROWLEY.

II.

"YES, I think it is a success," said Rastus, after he had explained his invention to Mr. Low, and received that good man's congratulations. "But how am I to turn the invention to account—to get it patented? I have no resources: it is as much as I can do to keep out of debt. I could not possibly gather together enough money to make the model available."

"Do not concern yourself about that," returned his generous friend, who, though possessed of a comfortable income, was by no means independent. "I will lend you the sum necessary to meet these first expenses, and later on we will try to interest others in the enterprise."

With sincere appreciation, the young man accepted the offer. After he had secured his patent, Mr. Low said:

"I have been speaking to my friend, Mr. Fairfax, about you. He would be pleased to examine your model. If you wish, I will go with you to call upon him."

Rastus gladly assented. The business of Mr. Fairfax included everything appertaining to the fitting out of equipages. He was a man of about sixty years of age, of fine appearance—tall and erect, with hair and beard of an iron grey, ruddy complexion, and a dignified, courtly manner—an admirable type of the old-time merchant. He received the young man graciously; and when the plan of the invention was explained to him, at once recognized its value.

"It would indeed be a grand thing," he acknowledged, "if we could only be sure it would turn out as good work as you claim. That, however, we can not know for a certainty from the model. We shall have to wait and see the finished machine in operation. There is considerable risk in putting funds into such an experiment, though."

They discussed the matter more fully. The young inventor was sanguine, Mr. Low encouraging, Mr. Fairfax willing to be persuaded.

"Well," declared the latter at length, "I will advance the amount necessary for the construction of a single machine; when that succeeds it will be time enough to talk of further arrangements."

Rastus was more than satisfied, and was profoundly grateful to his new friend and benefactor.

"Thank you, sir!" said he, heartily. "I am proud to have won your confidence in the invention. I do not want to boast of what it can do, but I hope to make it speak for itself in practical results; and I shall be glad when it repays you for the liberality which makes success possible."

From that time the young man devoted every hour he could command to superintending the application of his invention. Every part was made according to his personal directions; it was wonderful how, by indomitable patience and the

force of his genius, he had mastered all the details.

Now, at last, the machine was finished. After the mechanics had gone home, Rastus returned to the shop where it had been built. The foreman had lingered there by appointment, and now together they prepared to test the work. The fires burned brightly; the indefatigable workman, steam, was waiting to exert his giant strength in their behalf. Nervously they "ran up" the machine with yarns of the requisite kind arranged for warp and filling, put everything in readiness, then the foreman slipped a leather band over a small wheel and the new loom was set in motion. The man was eager and intent; the loom had been completed under his supervision, and he was anxious for its success.

As for Rastus—for a brief moment his heart seemed to stand still. Meantime the wheels spun round, the bobbins flashed to and fro, each part performing its allotted task perfectly. He held his breath and felt almost as if he should die of suspense. Steadily, with the regularity of clockwork, the machine kept on. Thread by thread a web appeared, produced as by magic; and presently, as though wrought by fairy fingers, stood out the raised figure of the pattern. That which it had been declared impossible to accomplish by machinery could be plainly seen, growing every instant under their fascinated gaze.

They exchanged a glance of mutual congratulation; but neither spoke, and the eyes of both returned to the machine. Soon from its strong clasp it released two or three inches of the fabric. The men bent over it. Beautifully and evenly woven, it had also been completed in an incredibly short time.

"'Tis a great success, sir," said the foreman excitedly, yet in a tone of unusual deference, as he regarded Rastus and his invention with equal admiration.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the young man, leaning back against the wall, pale with suppressed emotion. Now, when the tension was over, the reaction was bewildering. The clatter of the machinery made him dizzy; the bobbins danced before him. He wondered if he was only dreaming—as he had dreamed so often since he undertook the experiment,—or whether he might indeed accept the evidence of his senses. The enthusiasm of his assistant aroused him, however; his heart began to beat quickly, his cheek glowed with triumph.

"Yes, Martin," he answered, "it is all right. It will not only make my fortune, but will help others to obtain a better livelihood. And, my friend, I shall not forget the patient aid you have given me."

"Thank you, sir!" responded the other.

Having stopped the machinery and covered it up from prying eyes, they left the building together.

The following day, as had been agreed, Rastus waited upon Mr. Fairfax to conduct him to the shop.

"Well, my young friend, how has the experiment turned out?" inquired that gentleman, cordially.

"I should like to have you decide for yourself, sir," answered Rastus, knowing he had a gratifying surprise in store for his patron. "I think you will be satisfied, however."

Upon starting out, they were joined by Mr. Low, whose face beamed with pleasure. Rastus had dropped in to see him the evening before, sure that this kind friend would rejoice at his success. Now the good man could hardly restrain his enthusiasm.

Arrived at their destination, they beheld the loom standing in the middle of the shop. To Rastus it was at the moment the most beautiful object in the world,—beautiful in the relative proportions of its different sections, in the perfect adjustment of the means to the end. The two gentlemen admired it also. Suddenly Mr.

Fairfax caught sight of the bit of gimp already made.

"Ah, *this looks like success!*" he exclaimed, with animation. "How long did it take to weave this?"

Rastus, smiling quietly, signalled to the foreman to have the machinery set in motion. Once more the wheels clattered, the bobbins glanced hither and thither; with automatic fidelity each part did its work. At every revolution of the wheels the web grew; at every passage of the shuttle the pattern appeared more distinctly.

Mr. Low, at last free to give expression to his sentiments, overwhelmed Rastus with encomiums. Mr. Fairfax watched the machine as though spellbound. Ere he could have believed it possible, half a yard of the coach lace was completed before his eyes. Turning impulsively, he clasped the hand of the young inventor with unusual earnestness, saying:

"Accept my congratulation and the tribute of my admiration of your genius. This loom of yours, I venture to assert, will revolutionize the manufacturing industries of the world."

Overpowered by such laudation, yet conscious, despite his diffidence, that these words might actually be verified, Rastus only stammered and bowed in reply.

For some time the party watched the process. The machine worked slowly compared with the speed it afterward attained; but to those accustomed to the leisurely method of the hand-loom, its results seemed produced with marvellous rapidity.

"If you will allow me," suggested Mr. Fairfax, desirous to avail of the opportunity, which indeed his own generosity had opened for him, "I should like to contract for a number of these looms at once. What do you say to the formation of a stock company to build a mill for the making of coach lace according to your plan,—you, sir, to be a member, of course? Mr. Low would come in, and I know several capitalists who would be glad to invest in the enterprise."

After further deliberation, the proposal was finally carried out. Rastus received a royalty upon all the fabric made by his machines, the total amounting to a handsome profit. And finally the extravagant prediction of Mr. Fairfax was fulfilled; for success led Rastus to new experiments. He believed that a machine constructed upon a larger scale could be made to weave a pattern cloth a yard or two square, and this was the basis of an important manufacturing interest of to-day. But these achievements were not simply "hit upon": they were the outcome of hours of striving and study.

Years passed, and Rastus prospered in his career of usefulness. To invent became to him a second nature. In those days carpet-weaving was a slow and an expensive process. Only beneath the feet of the rich, or at least the very well-to-do, could soft rugs be spread; a bit of warmth and brightness upon the floor of a humble home was unknown, except where the homely product of the housewife's skill, the rag-carpet, was to be found. A Frenchman, it is true, had applied his discovery of pattern-weaving to the manufacture of carpets; yet the work, being accomplished by hand, was tedious and costly. But Rastus seized upon the principle, which was the same as that employed in making the coach lace. He pondered it a while, and then won his greatest triumph—the application of steam power to his brother inventor's method. Thus was founded the great industry of modern carpet-weaving, which brought our hero fame and fortune.

Success did not spoil Rastus, however. His wealth he lavished upon his family and upon charitable enterprises; while much of the comfort of American homes and the prosperity of American manufactures is due to the perseverance and talent of the young man who, a little more than half a century ago, set out from a

small New England village to make his way in the world. Simple in his tastes, upright and honorable in his dealings, he never forgot the advice of his father on that September morning: "Be sure you are right; persevere in what you undertake; work hard, and trust in Providence."

(The End.)

Happenings.

Many articles which have made fortunes for their inventors would never have been heard of except for some incident which we are accustomed to call chance. Several centuries ago there was a crusty old fellow named Lundyfoot, who kept a little tobacco shop and made just about enough to keep body and soul together. One day his shop took fire, and the neighbors rushed in, saying: "We'll try some of this cross old fellow's snuff, which is free for all, thanks to the fire!" Lundyfoot, of course, was beside himself with indignation; but he had sense enough to notice that his unwelcome visitors seemed to have an especial fancy for the snuff which had been partly burned. He took the hint, began to treat his stock with fire, and in a short time Lundyfoot's snuff was the talk of the town and its inventor a wealthy man.

A poor paper-maker plodded along, making but a scant living for himself and wife, when, by what he thought an unlucky chance, she one day happened to let a bag of bluing fall into a vat of pulp. Her husband growled and mourned, but could not afford to lose so much good material; therefore he sent a lot of blue-tinted paper to market with fear and trembling. The next week orders began to flow in for the beautiful tinted writing material, and his fortune was made.

A glass-cutter of Nuremberg happened one day to drop some *aqua fortis* on his spectacles. He thought them ruined; and so they were, for the corroding stuff had softened the glass. But the glass-cutter was struck with an idea, and in a little while had invented the process of etching on glass, since brought to great perfection.

Once a hen that was no respecter of persons or places took it into her head to walk over some sugar in a sugar-house. From this nothing worth mentioning would have resulted, only it happened that her feet were covered with wet clay from the bottom of a mud puddle. The man in charge noticed that wherever Mistress Hen had placed her feet the sugar was much whiter, and instantly conceived the idea of refining sugar with wet clay, — another process since brought to perfection.

A musician knew that music could be etched upon copper, and was desirous to know if stone could be used in place of that metal. He made a slab ready; but was interrupted by his mother, who asked him to put down her washing list, as she was sending some clothes to be cleansed. Having nothing else at hand, he wrote on the stone with the etching preparation. Then, by way of experiment, he poured *aqua fortis* on the stone, and the writing became prominent. This was inked and used as a dye, and the first steps in lithographing had been taken.

But, after all, what we call chance is part of God's design; and inventors are but instruments in His hands.

A Baker's Dozen.

Sometimes when you are sent to the shop for a dozen cakes the baker will give you a "baker's dozen," or thirteen. Formerly there was a heavy penalty for giving short weight of bread; and the maker was accustomed to throw in an extra loaf when twelve were ordered, so as to avoid all risk. This thirteenth loaf was called the "vantage loaf."

With Authors and Publishers.

—A translation of St. Augustine's work "De Catechizandis Rudibus," with an introduction, notes, etc., by W. T. Faussett, M. A., is among the new publications of Messrs. Methuen, London.

—Devout Children of Mary will be pleased to learn that Benziger Bros. have just published, in fair style and convenient size, a prayer-book dedicated especially to Our Blessed Mother. It is called "The Crown of Mary." Devotions to her form the greater part of the book, but the Ordinary of the Mass, exercises in preparation for Confession and Communion also find a place in this Children of Mary's manual; so that it may be used in the public devotions of the Church as well as in Sodality meetings and other special practices of piety.

—There are several manuals for Forty Hours' Devotion in existence, but the one just published by the *American Ecclesiastical Review* Co. has some points of superiority over all others. It contains all that is necessary or useful and no more. There is a brief historical account of the devotion, a summary of the indulgences to be gained, the rubrics of the Masses proper to the devotion; rules for Solemn Masses *coram episcopo* and other special occasions. The manual concludes with the *Pange Lingua* and the *Litaniæ et Preces*. It is handsome and convenient. 32 pp. 8vo, bound in flexible cloth.

—The number of people who believe that the Church formerly kept the Bible from the people and that it was practically a sealed book until the Rev. M. Luther began his unfortunate career continues to diminish. It is of no use to hold out longer against accumulating evidence to the contrary. A catalogue of the MSS. in Eton College library lately published includes (No. 177) Bible pictures and the Apocalypse, illustrated, 13th century. "A very fine volume." Also an extraordinarily large copy of the Psalms (fifteenth century), each page measuring 31⅝ by 21 inches (No. 41). The Convent of Hagia, in the island of Andros, possesses among other precious MSS. a parchment Gospel dated 1156, which is specially remarkable for the beauty of the writing and the richness of the illustrations. It was written by order of the Archbishop John of Cyprus.

—The *Western Chronicle*, which hails from Omaha, Neb., deserves some attention from us. The editor knows a good thing when he sees it, and seizes up what he sees. He flaunts a poetical motto one line of which runs:

"With gratitude and joy we greet."

The Omaha man may greet with joy the ready material he finds in his exchanges, but he didn't show much gratitude last week when he took eleven selections from THE AVE MARIA and gave no credit.

—The brilliant gold and red cover of the *Catholic Almanac*, published at Toronto, Canada, by the Sisters of the Precious Blood, prepares one for the bright, good reading within. One notices a difference between Canadian and American year-books, and we are not sure that the difference is in favor of the latter. The publication now before us contains a very complete almanac, secular and religious; postal information, selected poems, stories and essays, and some fairly successful illustrating.

—To think of the Saints encourages us to imitate them; and many have found that Father Faber's words about dear Saint Philip apply to all the Blessed, while the thought of them looking upon the Face of God makes us long for heaven. This longing seeks expression in prayers to them for assistance; and to aid us in these petitions we recommend one of Benziger's latest publications entitled "Pray for Us!" which is a series of novenas and prayers to the Saints most frequently invoked. The devotions and prayers are compiled by A. Sewell, and are published in attractive style.

—The name of M. Léon Harmel is revered throughout the Christian world as the name of a practical Christian philanthropist. His mammoth factory at Val-des-Bois is a university in which the respective rights and duties of employer and laborer are taught as they are taught nowhere else in the world. Ten

years ago M. Harmel described his views and methods in the "Catéchisme du Patron," and the Catholic Truth Society of London has now published in neat booklet form an adapted translation of that valuable work. The magazines, religious and secular, have made the Val-des-Bois system so well known that they need not to be again described; we have only to say that this "Key to Labor Problems" is the most valuable contribution made to the literature of sociology in many a year. It is an ideal system, and it has the merit of having been put to a practical test. It may be doubted whether M. Harmel's plan could be reproduced except in a Catholic country; but employers and employees may both learn valuable lessons from it, and it could be followed everywhere at least in a modified form. The best service workmen can render to labor is to assist in circulating this sixpenny booklet.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Manual of the Forty Hours' Devotion. Am. Ecc'l. Review Co. Flexible cloth. 20 cts.

A Key to Labor Problems. *Léon Harmel.* Catholic Truth Society. 10 cts.

"Quo Vadis." *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* Little, Brown & Co. $2.

The Vocation of Edward Conway. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Mr. Billy Buttons. *Walter Lecky.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Cochem's Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. *Preface by the Rt. Rev. C. P. Maes.* Benzigers. $1.25.

A Woman of Fortune. *Christian Reid.* Benziger Bros. $1.25.

A Striking Contrast. *Clara Mulholland.* M. H. Gill & Son. $1.25.

New Faces and Old. *Rev. Francis Finn, S. J.* B. Herder. 60 cts.

On the Road to Rome, and How Two Brothers Got There. *William Richards.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts., *net.*

The Conspiracy of the A. P. A. *J. Alex. Edwards.* P. J. Kenedy. 25 cts.

Ada Merton. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* B. Herder. 75 cts.

Demon Possession and Allied Themes. *J. L. Nevius, D. D.* Revell & Co. $1.50.

Essays Educational. *Brother Azarias.* McBride & Co. $1.50.

Protestant Fiction. *James Britten.* Catholic Truth Society. 80 cts., *net.*

Goffine's Devout Instructions. *Preface by Cardinal Gibbons.* Illustrated. $1.00.

Social Problems. *Rev. Morgan Sheedy.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

How to Speak Latin. *Stephen W. Wilby.* Murphy & Co. 75 cts.

Jack Chumleigh; or, Friends and Foes. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Murphy & Co. $1.00.

The Temptation of Nora Leecroft. *Frances Noble.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

Claudius. *C. M. Home.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

The Last Christmas-Tree. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. 75 cts., *net.*

Amy's Music Box. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner Co. 38 cts., *net.*

A Tuscan Magdalen. (Poetry.) *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. *Net*, 75 cts.

The Divine Redeemer and His Church. *Rev. Edward Douglass, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

The Spirit of the Dominican Order. *Mother Drane.* Art & Book Co. $1.00.

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MARY IN THE TEMPLE.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

VOL. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 21, 1896. No. 21.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

To Mary in the Temple.

THOU only blossom on life's tree
From sin-stain free!
Thy petals, half-unfolded, hide,
The while revealing, beauties rare
That in thy virgin heart abide—
White dwelling-place of prayer.

Thou only blossom on life's tree
From sin-stain free!
Judea's Temple holds the flower,
But not the heaven-nurtured root.
Did earth but know its priceless dower—
Thou art the blossom, Christ the Fruit!

The City of Charlemagne.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

AACHEN—or, as most people outside of Germany call it, Aix-la-Chapelle—is the city of Charlemagne. The old hero-king has stamped his life-record on the place, so that we may to this day read much of it there, though it is more than a thousand years since he rebuilt its cathedral—the *chapelle* of its French name. This church of Aix is one of those buildings that one finds here and there in old Europe, that seem to sum up in themselves whole centuries of history. It is an interesting link with a far-off past, its very stones telling of the rise and fall of vanished empires.

All the Rhineland is full of traditions of Charlemagne; but in Aix, after the lapse of those thousand years, his memory is as of yesterday. Elsewhere he is, in some degree, the visionary figure of the ballad and romance; but at Aix-la-Chapelle one feels that he was a living reality. His handiwork is before us, full of strange revelations of his thoughts and plans. The great soldier and ruler, the conqueror of Lombard, Saxon and Moor, the builder of empires and cathedrals, claims the place as his own.

Perhaps some one will say that I ought to move with the times, and adopt the new fashion of talking, not of Charlemagne but of Karl the Great. But I confess that I see little gain to history or scholarship in this new fashion. I prefer still to use the old name that has made itself such a place in the historical tradition of the world. If any one objects that to talk of Charlemagne is to give him to France, I reply that to talk of Karl the Great is to give him to Germany, and that historically one error is as serious as the other; for he belonged to a condition of things in which neither France nor Germany yet existed in the sense in which we understand the words. The nations and states of Europe were yet in the making. Three centuries had not sufficed to bring back

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order after the chaos which followed the break down of the vast Roman Empire under the stress and strain of "the wandering of the nations." Wild Europe and wilder Asia had poured across the barriers of Rhine, Alps, and Danube. Then, later still, Africa and Arabia had sent their Moslem warriors not only across the narrow Straits of Gibraltar but over the Pyrenees.

The worship of strange gods had replaced the Cross just as its triumph seemed complete in the West. Half-savage races from East and North and South were striving for the inheritance of the Cæsars. The monks and the bishops had, by a series of miracles, or all but miracles, tamed these new rulers of the West, opposing the meekness of the Cross to the fury of the sword. But other races of wild warriors were surging round the ill-defined and ever-changing frontiers of the new kingdoms. Toward the close of the eight century it seemed that a fresh inroad of fierce barbarians was about to destroy the work of restoration so far accomplished.

It was at this moment that Charlemagne appeared, to do the work marked out for him. Giant in body and strong in his iron will, the very type of a man who was born to rule over warrior races, he was yet, withal, keenly alive to the fact that the man of the sword was not all things; but that he must work hand in hand with the man of the book and the man who bore aloft the Cross. So Charlemagne set himself to a double task—holding back with the wide sweep of his long sword the barbarian races on the borders of the lands he ruled, pushing his frontiers farther amongst them instead of merely standing on the defensive; and within the borderlands thus made secure he found work for the bishop and the monk, the priest and the schoolmaster, the jurist who compiled a code of laws, the artist craftsman who could work cunningly in stone or metal "to the glory of God";—not fully conscious, it may well be, of the great work he was doing; not always rising to the level of his own aspirations; a man of strong passions, to which at one time he gave wild scope; and yet in his better times a man who, like King David, loved the beauty of God's house, and strove to act the part of a God-appointed ruler of men; dealing out justice and mercy; protecting the weak against the strong, and the man of peace against the man of violence. He was by no means perfect, but in many ways good and great; and, with all his occasional failures, he did in the order of God's Providence a vast work of which the world still feels the effects; for he was one of the makers of Europe.

Before his mind there rose vaguely the great ideal of restoring the Empire of Rome, with its rule of order and peace; but as a Christian, not a pagan, state. Pope Leo was his great helper in the enterprise; it may be that the Pope was the man who chiefly inspired him with the idea. They worked together; and when it was decided that Aix, with its pleasant hills, its mild climate and its hot springs, should be the northern capital of the restored Empire, the Pontiff Leo crossed the Alps to consecrate the new cathedral which Charlemagne had built in the midst of his favorite city.

The consecration took place in the year 804. The foundation stone of the cathedral had been laid eight years earlier, in 796—just eleven centuries ago; and the cathedral stands to this day. You can see in Aix the very church that Charlemagne built and Leo blessed. Other and later buildings have grown up around it, but the centre of the cathedral of Aix is this venerable church, surely one of the most notable structures in the world. Small it is, compared to the vast cathedrals of the Middle Ages; but the art of cathedral building was just beginning

when this church of Aix was planned and erected. And it was certainly no small achievement to build it so well that it stands firm after more than a thousand years, with no sign that it may not stand for a thousand more.

The design was taken from the Church of San Vitale at Ravenna. An Italian architect made the measurements and worked out the details; then, with the aid of Italian workmen, showed the less skilful men of the Rhineland how to build. The church is roughly round; for this was a time of round churches, of which a few are still left. One at Cambridge in England will be familiar to American tourists who have visited the University city. The Aix cathedral is internally an octagon; outside it is sixteen-sided. The diameter, including the walls, is one hundred and five feet; and the height to the top of the cupola is the same. But the walls are so thick that after allowing for them, and an internal passage or arcade that runs round the church, with a gallery above it, the central space under the cupola is barely forty-eight feet in diameter. The circular gallery below the dome and the cupola itself are supported by a double series of pillars, some of marble, some of granite. It is not easy to find two alike. The shafts differ in thickness and height, the base or capital being lengthened or shortened to make up for these divergences.

And these pillars have a remarkable history. They come from older buildings of Roman date,—at Treves on the Moselle, and at Ravenna and old Rome itself. From Treves it was comparatively easy to bring them on rafts, or barges, floating down the Moselle and the Rhine; and then, by something less than fifty miles of rough road, from Cologne to Aix. But the marble and granite columns from Italy must have been brought at the cost of enormous labor; whether, as is most probable, they were dragged over some Alpine pass, or whether they were brought by sea, and then overland to Aix from some northern port. But all this toil and expense was gladly incurred by the imperial architect; because these pillars taken from pagan basilicas and temples, and thus consecrated by being built into the fabric of the rising cathedral, were symbols of the great King's purpose of taking what was best from the vanished Roman Empire and building it into the fabric of the new Christian state of which he hoped to be the founder.

How often his mind went back to the past is shown by other things to be seen at the cathedral of Aix. In the treasury is a gold cross that once belonged to Charlemagne. It is studded with Roman cameos and gems, one of them with a portrait of Augustus Cæsar engraved upon it. The decorations of the gold plates that adorn the pulpit are also gems dating from the years of the early Roman Empire, and some of them bearing portraits of the Cæsars. The pulpit itself is medieval, but the gold and gems come from the treasure accumulated by Charlemagne at Aix. The very way in which he was buried showed the bent of his mind toward memories of earlier Roman rule.

In the side chapel of St. Nicholas at the cathedral there is an ancient classical sarcophagus of Parian marble, its sides adorned with high reliefs showing the legend of Proserpine. It is curious to find such a relic of the pagan past in a church; but it is there because it is connected with Charlemagne. When he died he was buried at Aix in a strange manner, which he himself desired. More than three centuries later, when the Emperor Otho III. opened the tomb, the body of Charlemagne was found seated erect on a throne as if alive, clothed in the imperial robes, with his crown upon his head. His sceptre was in his right hand, and his good sword—the "sword *joyeuse*" of the legends—was at his side. From his shoulder hung the

pilgrim's pouch, or wallet, which he wore for many years as a sign of his desire to make the pilgrimage to the Holy Land. On his knees lay a copy of the book of the Gospels, and his feet rested in the Parian sarcophagus. A slab in the centre of the church, with the inscription "Carolo Magno," marks the place where the entrance to the vault once opened.

The throne of Charlemagne stands in the gallery facing the altar. Taken from his tomb in the eleventh century, it was used for hundreds of years at the coronation of the German emperors. Anointed and crowned at the high altar, they went up, by a temporary flight of steps erected between the sanctuary and the gallery, to the throne, where they received the homage of the princes. Then the imperial procession moved out from the cathedral to the palace, or Rathhaus, where the banquet took place in the Krönung Saal—the great coronation hall, now adorned with modern frescoes telling the story of Charlemagne's life.

In the days when all Europe was rebuilding its cathedrals, the architect Gerhard was entrusted with the work of building a Gothic choir for the cathedral of Aix. He opened a high archway through the east side of Charlemagne's octagonal church, and made this the entrance arch to the lofty choir, whose high-pitched roof is one hundred and fourteen feet from the floor, so that it rises above the cupola of the older building. Its windows are so large and come so close together that the effect from within is as if one stood between walls of glass. Begun in 1353, the great choir was finished sixty years after. A later architect erected a western tower over the main doorway of the cathedral; then various side chapels were added; and in our own time a pointed spire, lofty and graceful, has been placed on the tower; so that the cathedral of Aix is one of the strangest groups of mixed Romanesque and Gothic buildings to be found in the world; a spire, a dome, and a high-pitched choir roof being its chief external features.

It would be long to tell how much of history has centred round this beautiful cathedral. From Charlemagne's days to the sixteenth century, thirty-seven emperors and eleven empresses were crowned before its altar. From its pulpit St. Bernard preached the first Crusade. Relics brought from the East in those crusading days—among them the girdle of Our Lord and a robe belonging to Our Lady—have made it a place of pilgrimage. In the treasury chapel where these relics are kept is also a relic of the True Cross that once belonged to Charlemagne. One of the Emperor's bones—part of the arm—is shown there. It is solid and long; and, if all the rest of his frame was in proportion, he must have been some inches over six feet high, and heavily built—a man of enormous strength.

The Rathhaus was built in the fourteenth century by Ritter Gerhard, the same architect who planned the cathedral choir. But it was built on the site of Charlemagne's palace; and its foundations and the lower part of its two great towers probably belong to the older building. In one of the rooms there is a portrait of the first Napoleon by David. The soldier-emperor wears a mantle of state; on his head is the crown of Charlemagne, and in his hand the long sceptre of the Carlovingian Empire. Just as Charlemagne was inspired by the memories of the Empire of the Cæsars, and tried to link the traditions of his own power with theirs, so here we have Napoleon I. thinking of Charlemagne's Empire, and adopting its insignia in the city that was once its capital. It is like stratified history.

The modern Aix is a prosperous place. Its mineral springs attract visitors all the year round; and it has a number of busy cloth factories, one of which pro-

duces the red robes of the cardinals. Its great technical school—the Rhenish and Westphalian Polytechnic—has some four hundred students. There are numerous churches; and the large sums spent in recent years on restoration and decoration in many of them show that the Catholic people of Aix are, like their great King who made their city famous, lovers of the beauty of God's house.

Told in Carndaisy.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

Pray! Though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears.
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,—
Yet strive and wait and pray.

MISS PROCTER.

IT was an overpoweringly hot day,—such a day as comes very seldom in an Irish summer. There was no shadow in the bright blue sky; no ripple or rustle in the boughs, where the birds were silent. From the broad expanse of meadow-land, where the grass was ready for the mower's scythe, came the drowsy murmur of the bees and the fragrance of meadow-sweet. The two women who were toiling along the dusty high-road, and vaguely longing for a lift in a neighbor's cart, had never in their weekly journeyings to the prosperous town of Carndaisy found the way so long.

"There hasn't been as hot a day this ten years," remarked Mrs. Heany, shifting the basket she carried from one hand to the other.

"Not this twenty," Mrs. Dermot made answer. "I wish we'd waited for the cool of the evening."

Mrs. Heany laughed.

"*You* might have done so, but faith *I* couldn't. Sure wee Hughey refuses out and out to go to the chapel again till I get him a new pair of trousers; and it will keep me busy to get them cut out and made after I get home. Father Loughran wants all the children preparing for Confirmation to be at last Mass to-morrow."

"You'll get a piece of good cloth cheap at Campbell's, Mrs. Heany," Mrs. Dermot counselled, laying down her basket for a moment's rest. "Is that Mrs. Maguire we're meeting?" she asked, as she raised her head.

"Troth it is she herself and no other," Mrs. Heany answered. "And look at the load she's carrying!"

"I pity her with such a weight this warm day," Mrs. Dermot commented.

"She'll go up to Derryloran Abbey to say her prayers through all the heat, I'll engage," Mrs. Heany said, wiping the sweat from her brow, and contemplating her basket ruefully. "I suppose we had better move on."

"What does she go to the Abbey for?" Mrs. Dermot questioned, looking toward the ruined structure that stood some perches off the public road.

"Oh, to pray for her daughter—her daughter Kitty! She went to America when she was only a slip of a girl, and poor Bridget never heard of her since. I believe she never passes a church without going in, no matter what hurry she's in."

Mrs. Heany moved onward, and Mrs. Dermot lifted her basket and followed her example.

The woman they met in a few moments was fully sixty years of age, and her snow-white hair and bent shoulders made her look even far beyond that age. She greeted the two women very pleasantly, but did not pause. However, when Mrs. Heany glanced over her shoulder after she had passed them by, she saw her lay down the bundle she carried by the roadside.

"Didn't I tell you, ma'am! She has gone to pray for Kitty's return."

Mrs. Dermot was a newcomer to the district, and had never heard of Kitty Maguire.

"Now, didn't you!" Mrs. Heany forgot the heat as she prepared to tell what she knew of Mrs. Maguire's daughter. "'Tis between twenty and twenty-five years ago, to the best of my belief, since Kitty took a notion of going to America. Her father had died when she was a child; and sure Mrs. Maguire, try as she might, couldn't keep the place from going to the bad. What with bad prices and the failure of the flax and potatoes, she was behindhand entirely. Well, Kitty—she had the notion, like all youngsters, that fortunes were easily made—settled to go to the States, and her mother managed to borrow the passage. The weeks went by, and there came no word from the girl; and the poor woman was distracted like, when, to finish the matter, she got a notice of eviction for non-payment of rent. She had come from County Monaghan herself, and she thought that maybe some of her friends would help her; so what does she do but set out early one morning for Monaghan! We heard that she walked most of the way; but maybe that, like the account we heard of her death later, was untrue."

Mrs. Heany paused.

"Well, when Mrs. Maguire was about nine months away, didn't there come a letter for her! It was a strange postmaster that was in Carndaisy at the time, and very stiff and correct he was. Three or four of the neighbors went to him, and wanted him to tell them if the letter was from Kitty—there was nobody else to write to Mrs. Maguire sure; and if so, to give them her address, so that they could write back to her. But, thank you, he wouldn't. He just opened the letter and wrote 'Dead' across the envelope, and sent it back to where it came from."

"Now, now!" ejaculated Mrs. Dermot.

"A couple of weeks after Mrs. Maguire came back. She had been ill with the fever. There was a new tenant in her farm. She took the house she still lives in, and worked in the fields while she was able; then she took to carrying a small pack, and does wonderfully. I believe she had a nephew in Monaghan that would have given her a shelter, but she wouldn't leave this place. She says she's waiting for Kitty."

"The girl's likely dead," Mrs. Dermot said, deeply moved.

"The *girl!* She'd be a woman now," Mrs. Heany corrected. "Oh, likely enough she's dead! But you dare not say so to Bridget; the creature wouldn't believe her prayers were all said in vain."

"Well, thank goodness, we're near the end of our journey!" Mrs. Dermot said, with a sigh of relief, as they turned into the street of the market-town.

Mrs. Maguire in the meantime had passed up the narrow path that led through the grave-mounds to the ruined Abbey of Derryloran, not forgetting to breathe a prayer for the happy repose of those who slept there.

The space enclosed by the ivy-clad walls was about eight hundred square feet, and the style of architecture belonged to the tenth or eleventh century. Mrs. Maguire passed through the circular-arched doorway, and on to a spot where tradition averred a statue of the Blessed Virgin had once stood. A roughly-hewn stone pedestal still marked the place. She started back, however, when about to kneel down. A girl, wrapped in a tattered shawl, was lying sleeping in the shadow cast by an oak that grew outside the Abbey walls.

"God bless us!" said the good woman. "Who is she, any way?"

With an uneasy moan the girl stirred and turned her face toward the speaker. Her thick dark hair hung round her pale face; and the red lips, full and soft as a child's, were slightly parted, showing the white even teeth within.

Mrs. Maguire gave a low cry that ended in a hysterical laugh.

"'Tis going into my dotage I am," she said aloud. "Sure Kitty would be an old woman now."

The girl stirred again and opened her eyes. She looked round in bewilderment for a moment or two, and then raised herself from the grass. As she did so a bottle half filled with liquor fell from her tattered shawl. The odor that rose as it lay in fragments told Mrs. Maguire what its contents had been.

"God help you, child!" she ejaculated, not unkindly,—"God help you if you are a slave to whisky!"

The girl looked at her sullenly for a moment before she answered, in an accent unfamiliar to the listener's ears:

"It makes one forget."

"Only to have bitterer thoughts."

"Maybe you're right," said the girl, despondingly.

For all the warmth of the day, she shuddered; and Mrs. Maguire noticed with concern the cough that shook her frame.

"Oh, it doesn't matter!" the girl said in answer to her remark; adding,

"'The sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep.'"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, 'tis only a line from a song I heard somewhere! But it haunts me. I'm ready for death," the girl said, bitterly.

"You may thank God if you are, dear," Mrs. Maguire made answer; "for few of us can say the same. After death comes judgment."

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"I know nothing about that."

Mrs. Maguire threw up her hands in horror.

"Oh, you poor child! And who brought you up at all, at all?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders again.

"Who? Nobody. I grew up."

"And where in the world was it in?"

"In Leominster, in England. I was born in New York, I believe. My mother died when I was but five years old or so; my father was English, and he returned to his own country soon after. We lived somehow for a year or two, and then he died."

"And were you never taught anything about God or—or anything good?"

A laugh and a cough checked the girl's utterance for a minute.

"I went to the public schools—the Board Schools they're called—for two or three years. But there was no talk of religion in the Board Schools," the girl laughed.

"Well! well!"

"I soon went to work in one of the hat factories there; but I hated the life. I hated the dull, narrow streets, and—" the girl paused.

"And did you never go—to—to—any place of worship?" (Mrs. Maguire sought through all her narrow vocabulary for a comprehensive term.)

"I was in a Protestant church when I got married."

"And you're married!" Mrs. Maguire looked at the youthful face in astonishment; and the girl laughed—a harsh, mirthless laugh.

"I *was* married—or I thought I was. Jim—Jim Walsall was the name of my—of the man I married. He was wild; a bad lot, I often heard him called. But"—the girl's voice grew earnest,—"bad as he was, I did not think he would have deceived me as he did. He never would settle to any work, and we tramped about from one town to another. Sometimes he would work for a few days; often I earned enough by singing to keep us in food and drink—and we drank plenty,—till he let out one night that he had been married before, and that his wife was alive still. Then I left him."

"For good and all?"

"For good and all. It was in Barrow. Jim was drunk, and I slipped away and was in Belfast next morning. That was six or eight months ago."

A fit of coughing came on the speaker; and Mrs. Maguire made her sit down on a grassy mound close by, and took a seat beside her. She had almost resolved to offer the strange waif a home with herself.

"What is your name—your Christian name?" she asked after a minute.

"Bridget—Bride Jim called me."

"I like Bridget best," Mrs. Maguire said. "It is my own name."

"Is it? I told you how I left Jim. Since I have wandered about from place to place. To-day I was so ill and lonely that I spent my last coppers in that"—Bridget touched the pieces of broken glass with her worn shoe. "And this place looked so cool and quiet I came in. But what could have brought *you* here?" she questioned suddenly.

"I came in to say my prayers," Mrs. Maguire explained. "Long ago this was a Catholic church, and there was a statue of the Blessed Virgin—our dear Lord's Mother—on that stone; and I never like to pass without coming in to say a 'Hail Mary.' She'll hear me, though the place belongs to Protestants now; and I like to think she has some honor paid her here still. It was in Elizabeth's time, I heard Father Loughran say once, that the place was taken from us."

"It is a nice, quiet place," remarked the girl, looking round appreciatively.

"It is so. I have a great liking for it," Mrs. Maguire said, ready to enlarge on a favorite theme, "for many reasons. You see the river there! It comes from my own dear place, Monaghan. It is said that it followed St. Mochta when he came to Louth from Kilmore."

"Who was he?" Bridget inquired.

"A disciple of St. Patrick. He was a holy man and wrought many miracles. He raised a girl to life who had lain dead for days. Oh, it is a sanctified spot, though the Mass is said here no more; for many a saint lies around us. No wonder I come here to pray for Kitty."

"Kitty?"

"She was my daughter—my only daughter, dear; and I haven't heard of her since she left me to go to America some twenty-five years ago or thereabouts." Mrs. Maguire rocked herself to and fro. "But I believe she'll come back yet. God wouldn't be deaf to all my prayers."

"Twenty-five years is a long time."

"It is, it is! Sometimes a feeling of hopelessness comes over me, but it does not last long. I can't give up hoping; and sometimes I think of her coming back a fine lady maybe."

"My mother's name was Kitty."

"Kitty—what?"

"I don't know. I just recollect father calling her Kitty, that's all. I have some queer kind of beads she put on my neck when she was dying."

Bridget drew from the pocket of her tattered skirt a small tin canister that had once contained, as the colored paper on it declared, mustard. She opened it and held forth a black oak rosary.

Mrs. Maguire quickly seized it with a suppressed cry.

"They are the image—the *very* image of the beads Father McShane, our parish priest, gave my Kitty the day before she went away."

Bridget looked for a moment at the speaker with wide-open eyes.

"I have always kept them—the beads I mean,—always. And wait! I have a book that was my mother's too."

The girl lifted a small black bag, that contained all her worldly store, from the long grass and opened it. From among the heterogeneous collection it contained she took a small book. The fly-leaf was torn across, but on the half that remained were written the letters "ane" and "September, 1865." She pointed out the written characters to Mrs. Maguire.

"Sure I'm no scholar—none at all," the woman said. "What is the name of the book? Is it written by St. Alphonsus

Liguori?" She rose to her feet and waited with extended hands for the girl's reply.

"Yes, that's it," the girl said, slowly.

"Then you must be Kitty's child!" Mrs. Maguire cried. "No wonder I thought you were my girl for a minute as you lay sleeping! And, darling, you are her dead image! Oh, God is good! God is good!" the woman sobbed.

The girl drew back from the extended hands.

"You can't be certain, and you don't know half of my wickedness—"

"Nor doesn't want," said Mrs. Maguire, impetuously and ungrammatically,—"nor doesn't want. Haven't you Kitty's eyes, and aren't you called after me! And my girl must have died a good Catholic when she put the beads of our Blessed Lady round your neck. Oh, thank God—thank God! Now there will be no more tramping about for you, *mavourneen.* The home I have is small, but 'tis clean and comfortable."

The girl no longer resisted the elder woman's embrace. Indeed, by the time the pair reached the abode of Father McShane, in Carndaisy, she had learned to use the name of "grandmother."

"Yes, it is my writing," the old parish priest said, after a minute's inspection of the torn fly-leaf of St. Liguori's treatise,—"certainly it is. I distinctly remember giving such a book to Kitty. And the beads are similar, at least, to the ones I gave her. Yes, Mrs. Maguire, I really believe this girl is your granddaughter."

Mrs. Maguire was a happy woman that night as she ministered to the comfort of the girl. At times the hacking cough or her complete ignorance on religious matters damped the joy, but not for long. The wholesome country life and good care would set right the one, and Father Loughran would see to the other. Oh, yes! by Christmas Bridget would be strong and rosy; and maybe, with God's blessing, ready to approach the Sacraments.

But as the days wore by, Bridget grew no stronger; and Father Loughran became a daily visitor at the little whitewashed cabin. The girl was naturally bright and intelligent, and soon became acquainted with the principal truths of the Catholic faith. A hint from the dispensary doctor who had been called in made Father Loughran hasten his instructions.

"Rapid consumption, Father. The girl will be lying in her grave before the fall of the leaf."

It was on the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity that Bridget made her first and last Communion, and at sunset on that day she died.

"I am so happy—so happy!" she said, as she looked out to the burnished west. "I never knew what happiness meant before. But, then, I did not know of God or of His Holy Mother. Oh, God was good to bring me to you, grandmother!"

There was a long pause, and Mrs. Maguire saw her lips move and the beads of the black oak rosary pass slowly through her thin fingers. She turned to the fire to attend to some household duty, but a smothered cry brought her back to the couch. The girl lay back among the pillows, a red stream of blood issuing from her lips.

"Hemorrhage of the lungs," the doctor declared when he heard of his patient's death. "I expected as much. Poor Mrs. Maguire! I fear she will be inconsolable, Father Loughran."

But the priest knew better. Mrs. Maguire went about her daily work as of old, and with a lighter heart.

"Why should I fret?" she would often say. "Sure it won't be long till I meet them—Kitty and Bridget both. God heard my prayer, and answered it in His own blessed way."

WHICH is the worse, utter want or unbridled indulgence?—*Gaelic saying.*

November.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

GREY nun, with her veil wind-stirred,
She steps on the fallen leaves,
And along the land is heard
The voice of one that grieves.

In the red-gold dusk she stands,
Her features worn and old,
The beads in her slender hands
All white with winter's cold.

But her soft and starlike eyes
With sacred promise shine.
"Have we not still," she cries,
"The inner life divine?

"The power of thought and deed,
The watch-nights of the soul,
And the strength that will succeed
In spite of death and dole?"

Such hope the white frost brings
More than the bloom of rose,
When the music of the springs
Sleeps under drifted snows.

In the Battle for Bread.

THE FAITH OF A BEGGAR.

BY T. SPARROW.

III.

THE strangely assorted pair jogged along very comfortably together. Ben got permanent work at the docks, where his splendid health and sturdy physique were worth a whole bag full of references. But he never omitted his self-constituted task of servant to his comrade. Though he had to be at his work by six in the morning, and Kit did not require to turn out till some three hours later, he it was who put the house in order, prepared the meals, and even brushed the crossing-sweeper's coat—and patched it, too, in his rough-and-ready fashion. The pennies saved from beer and "baccy" were spent in gay plants (for Ben had an eye for color); and even a pair of white lace curtains was joyously invested in, which I was in due time called upon to examine and admire.

The longer he lived with Kit, the more he loved him,—the brave, gentle lad whose days were numbered. Kit was always cheerful now, and leaned on his strong, rough friend with a trust it was pretty to witness. Ben's affection deepened into reverence when he saw the patience with which Kit bore his sufferings. He never complained, though his hacking cough kept Ben awake night after night, as he lay below and listened to the distressing sounds from the little room above; he never missed his work or Sunday Mass, though the pain in the poor fellow's side was very often so excruciating that it brought lines on his face which made him look forty at least.

"Kitty was right: she chose the better man," decided big Ben, rather ruefully. "Pain was never in my line; it would have soured, not sweetened, me. I must confess it."

The tiny trifles I have marked above proved that the hardy sailor had a domestic side to his character; and, as he was known to be making money, it was not to be expected that he should be free from the webs of feminine spiders. Many were the "young ladies" who volunteered to do his Saturday cleaning—"leaving the pay to you." More than one buxom widow offered to act as laundress, to be paid by an occasional dinner or a friendly cup of tea; and for a time his curiosity was pleasantly aroused by a mysterious bunch of flowers left nightly on the window-sill, with a bit of paper attached: "From a loving admirer."

If he had taken one-quarter of the loans pressed on him the house would have been too small to hold them. Pudding plates, jars of jam, dishes, moulds, brooms,

pails, patent lamps, etc.,—he was quite bewildered with the kind thoughtfulness of the fair sex.

"People call this a hard, unfeeling world," he remarked, quaintly; "but it seems to me that the present-day female is all heart and tenderness."

It would not have been according to nature if he had proved insensible to such conduct; and there was a tidy little widow, with neat brown hair, who took his fancy amazingly. She was trim and unobtrusive, with just that touch of helplessness in her manner which was sure to appeal to one of his make. But Ben Brierly was not the man to be taken unawares even by feathered Cupid. He thought the matter over, he looked at it from all sides, then he decided to act square all round. Little was said, but soon the natty widow ceased her timid visits, and Ben did his cleaning alone. He vouchsafed the following confidence to me:

"I sounded Kit on the affair, and he was averse to any one taking Kitty's place here. The boy is right; so it ends for the present." And whether the sigh which ended the sentence was one of relief or regret was more than I could tell.

Ben had active likes and dislikes, and he carried the latter sometimes to excess. He had always hated Kit's calling.

"It's just courting death," he grumbled. "Why, even a beggar is better off; for he can find shelter if it rains. But there you stand, letting the frost nip you to bits, and the cold eat into your frame. It is murder, say I,—murder!"

Such energetic remarks had their effect, for it must be owned that there was some truth in what he said. Nor was he talking without having a plan to propose instead; this was no less than that Kit should take to muffin selling.

"It is clean," urged the doughty sailor; "you are in motion all the time. It does not take the whole day: from twelve to four in the afternoon is the paying time. Then you are not tied to your post. If you are ill, you can stay in bed without having your license taken away; if it is wet, you can remain at home and let people go without their muffins. You may lose sixpence or a shilling; but what of that if it saves a night of coughing and spitting blood?"

In the end his energy prevailed, and Kit was duly equipped in white cap and apron, and a tray loaded with crisp white muffins was installed upon his head.

It was not by a long way as profitable as sweeping. There was a daily outlay, and by no means a daily demand. Then, appetites were fitful, and there was not so much chance of gratuities or gifts. On the other hand, there was regular motion; he could adapt pace and labor to his strength, and there was no irksome supervision. With the same sweet patience as he had shown all through, Kit steadily traversed the streets, ringing his muffin bell. In the dim dusk of a February twilight, when in the country snowdrops were flaking the grass; in the lingering gloaming of gusty March, when the rich perfume of primroses was scenting the lanes, Kit toiled along the London highways, ringing the sweet-toned bell; and, had he but known it, ringing his own death-knell. He had another trouble—or it would have been a trouble to any one but him. His eyes not only gave him pain, but their vision was obscured at times. He attended for a short time an ophthalmic hospital, but the doctors gave him no help.

"It's well I am not a scholar," he said, with his rare sweet smile. "A little bit of seeing will do for me, and that little will last my time."

One night Kit stayed out later than usual. He had been doing well; and, with an empty tray and a light heart, he entered St. James' Square. Before one of the tall houses stood a carriage and pair. The horses were growing mettlesome, and the

coachman could scarcely keep them in. Some poor children had strayed in the Square and were playing ball. By a mischance, the ball missed its aim and hit the off-horse on the head. In a moment both animals flung up their heads and dashed furiously straight before them. The children scattered with a terrified scream,—all but a tot of five, who stood staring, wondering what it all meant.

Kit had no time to think; he rushed forward, right under the very feet of the horses, seized the child, and had just time to half throw, half push it onto the pavement before he was flung to the ground by the force of their speed, and remembered nothing more. Help came quickly; policemen were soon on the spot; and the owner of the carriage, who had seen the incident from his front door, had Kit carried into the hall.

On the first examination, he seemed wonderfully little hurt: no bones were broken, and the bruises were not of much account. So said the physician who had been hastily sent for. Kit was given some brandy; and, when consciousness returned, he begged to be taken home and not to a hospital. The gentleman gave him a sovereign and paid his cab fare.

"You are the pluckiest fellow I ever saw," he said warmly, as he helped Kit, pale and exhausted, into the cab. "You deserve a medal for what you have done to-day."

Little enough of medals or sovereigns was Kit thinking on that painful journey home, and long before Pot's Alley was reached he had fainted dead away. The commotion may be imagined when the cab came into the street. It could not go down the narrow passage that opened onto the Alley, so he was half carried, half led to his cottage, where Ben was in his shirt sleeves preparing the supper. I chanced to be in the Alley, and a message soon brought me to the spot. The men were going to carry Kit straight up the stairs, but a sign from Ben caused them to pause.

"Heave to, mates!" he said; "that's not a job for you. Then, turning to me, he whispered: "Kit's particular who goes yon. It is sacred to Kitty. Myself I am not worthy."

His humility touched me as much as his respect for Kit's wishes at a moment like that.

But the sick man had heard the aside, and after a few seconds he opened his eyes and smiled.

"*You* carry me there," he said feebly, holding out his arms to Ben; and their friendship, full and complete, sounded its depths from that hour.

He lay weak and still for a few days, and Ben nursed him day and night. The latter would not hear of a hospital and never gave a thought to his work.

"I have money in the bank," he said, doggedly; "and I am my own master always."

The doctor declared Kit was suffering from nervous shock more than anything else, and must be kept quiet and well fed. Father K—— feared something more, but kept his fears to himself. Kit spoke little, and it struck me he was keeping something back. He was in no hurry to leave his bed, and seemed to shrink from any talk that referred to his resuming work. He was wistfully tender to Ben, and would stroke the rough hands sometimes with the clinging touch of a girl.

At length the doctor said he might be dressed and brought downstairs; and we made a little feast in the early afternoon of a sunny April day. Cakes and flowers decorated our tea-table; a handsome print of the Good Shepherd was hung on the wall; and a canary in a bright new cage was singing in the window. Father K—— came in to greet the invalid, and we waited as Ben helped him slowly down the stairs. Groping his way, at length Kit came and sank into a chair.

"Right glad to see you, my boy!" said Father K——, heartily. "And do you know I am envious of your having such good friends? If I were ill who would make me toast like that, or fill my vase with flowers, or give me a beautiful picture like the one hanging over there? Shall I bring it to you to look at?"

"No, thanks!" said the sweet, resigned voice, restraining an involuntary quiver. "No, thank you, Father! I am blind."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Sadie's Knight.

BY MRS. ANNA HANSON DORSEY, AUTHOR OF "ZOE'S DAUGHTER," "'BETH'S PROMISE," ETC.

IX.

JOCK made such speed that he was at Mrs. Ashton's, with six doctors, before the other boat with its sad freight arrived. It is easy to imagine how dreadfully Mrs. Ashton was shocked and grieved by the news he brought her; but she did not lose her presence of mind, knowing how important would be the help she could give, and how necessary such an example was in the agitated household. Everything needful was got ready under the doctors' instructions. All the preparations were completed by quick, willing hands by the time the fair form of Sadie Ellerton was borne in and laid upon the low couch made ready for her; and vigorous efforts to resuscitate her began without delay.

An hour passed; but the white waxen face, the closed eyes and half-parted lips were as those of the dead. Kate could do nothing but cry and wring her hands, and pray that her cousin's life might be restored. Some of the doctors went away, seeing that their services were not needed; and one of the two who remained gave up all hope.

Bert came home; and, scarcely waiting to change his wet clothes, sent in to ask if he could see his mother for an instant. She came out to him and whispered:

"No signs of life yet and scarcely any hope, my brave boy!" Then she burst into tears, while she hugged and kissed him.

"O mother darling, don't say that!" he groaned, with trembling lips. "What are they doing for her — what have they done? There *must* be some hope. She was not in the water ten minutes, and I've seen men revived after being under more than fifteen. Is there anything *I* can do for her, poor little girl? O mother, she must not die! Do not let her die."

"My boy, we will do all we can," sobbed Mrs. Ashton; "and I pray our Heavenly Father will pity us and help us. But we must prepare for the worst—"

"Mother, don't!" said the fine fellow, bending his tall head until his cheek lay against hers, his voice choked with emotion. "If she dies, life will have no happiness left for me."

A sharp pang wrung Mrs. Ashton's heart as her boy whispered his first love, his first grief. She knew him too well to think for a moment that he was laboring under some passing youthful illusion; and she felt certain that should Sadie die, it would indeed cast a shadow over his future; for "love at first sight" is not always the figment of a poet's dream.

"Is it so with you dear?" she asked, pressing his head tenderly against her face. "How happy this news would have made me yesterday — to-day — before this terrible accident! But now — O my own precious boy, pray from the depths of your heart that she'll be given back to us! Doctor Southall does not seem to give her up; he says a change must take place—"

"A change—*what* change, mother?" he interrupted, white with dread.

"Good, let us hope—hope and pray," was all she could answer, as the tears streamed over her face.

"I do not know how to pray," said

poor Bert, in a voice that was low and troubled.

"Nor do I, my son, as religious people pray. You and I are astray and outside; but *we can ask*,—we know how to *ask;* and I believe as God is the merciful Father of us all, He'll pity us and hear us. He holds the issues of life and death in His hands; and I believe He will heed and help, if you beg Him for the life of your heart's pure love."

"I will, mother. With all the energy of my soul, I will!" he answered, lifting her face to his and tenderly kissing her.

Somehow, her words had comforted him, and they certainly afforded him the first glimmer of faith that he had ever known; and what he promised in his secret soul at that moment would only be revealed by its fulfilment at a later time.

"Go into my room, my boy. There's no one there, and I will step in now and then to tell you how she fares."

"Mother, how you think of everything and everybody! But, indeed, I can not leave the hall. I can see her door here—unless you can give me something to do for her. Yes, do that. Let me do something—anything."

"Will you write a note to Mrs. Southall for me? The doctor is an old man and has had a fatiguing day of it, and we must do what we can to make him comfortable. You need write only a few lines to let her know that, as in all probability he will not be home to-night, he needs his pongee dressing-gown and his soft slippers. Say, too, that the servant will await her orders. Then, dear, take the note downstairs yourself, and start Dan off with it; and tell him he is to wait for an answer. Now I must run back. Perhaps some favorable change may have taken place since I left the room."

The time since she had left the side of the unconscious girl, now doubly dear to her, lying white and beautiful in her death-like trance, seemed long to Mrs. Ashton; while, in fact, the interview with her son had not occupied more than a few minutes,—that interview in which heart had spoken to heart in words that neither would ever forget, and which had cast into the bitter fountain of their grief at least one drop of healing.

As Mrs. Ashton approached the room she observed that the elder of the physicians, who had volunteered to remain to assist Dr. Southall, was about to take his departure, hat in hand. She quickened her steps and met him.

"Is there any change, Doctor?" she asked, anxiously.

"None, Madam," he answered, with almost brutal frankness. "There can be but one change, and that the one most dreaded. There is not the slightest hope of any other."

His words fell like an icy hand on her heart. She could not speak; but, with a simple inclination of her head, passed into the silent room above which the Angel of Death brooded.

"Dear Doctor, *you* have not lost all hope, have you?" she whispered, leaning over his shoulder as he sat waiting and vigilant beside his patient.

"Lost hope! By no means," said the brave old Doctor. "While there's a glimmer of life, there's hope; but we must wait for the critical moment, and watch for its symptoms, so as to be ready. I shall want you presently, my dear Mrs. Ashton; there will be something for you to do, I think."

"I shall be here, ready and thankful to do everything I may. The hardest of all is *not* to be doing something *all* the time," she replied in a low tone, with a sigh that was more like a sob. "To await an impending blow, uncertain at what instant it may fall, is intolerable; and there's nothing I can do now but *ask*—ask our Father which art in heaven to be merciful to us in the hour of our tribula-

tion," she thought, sinking into a chair and closing her eyes, feeling for the first time the effects of the shock and nervous strain of the past several hours.

And while the old Doctor and his assistant sit watching the still form, and the beautiful white face as fair as alabaster, never removing their gaze, hoping to detect some flitting sign of returning consciousness—a trembling of her lips, a quiver of her eyelids, or some slight movement of a hand,—we will go out into the drowsy old town and hear how the sad tidings that 'the young Catholic lady visiting at Mr. Ashton's had been drowned in the river by the upsetting of a pleasure-boat' reached Father Saunders.

In a very few minutes after the dreadful accident had occurred it was known from one extremity of the town to the other. The way in which the tidings flew equalled in swiftness the mysterious native telegraphy of India, only it was more explainable.

On fine afternoons like this, when the tide brought in from the not distant ocean that delicious smell of salt which is so invigorating after a long, hot day, it was the custom for everyone to put on his or her best and go out "to walk," as the natives expressed it; to shop and make short visits on the way; to cross the ferry and return on the same boat, by way of a little jaunt; and to gossip with acquaintances met here and there. Children of all ages were everywhere ranging up and down in gleesome frolic, filling the air with shouts and laughter, and singing negro ditties as they ran. They had the freedom of the town; there was nothing to hurt them or make them afraid. Even if they slipped into the water in their enterprising scramble over a raft or the piles at the old ferry, it was only a ducking they got; for they could all swim like fish. And even had they tried they could not have got lost here, where everybody knew everybody else.

There was still another custom of the old town which its inhabitants enjoyed highly. It was their early supper—the last and favorite meal of the day. For that everyone was now hurrying home in various directions,—if the word "hurrying" could ever be applied to anything in connection with the movements of that community; for, as I have said before, they sauntered. They had plenty of time: what need, then, of hurrying? There was no roar of traffic or din of business; no rush of drays and carts, nor trampling of horses' hoofs, nor discordant yells of drivers interlarded with profane curses. There was no hurry-skurry in the streets in those old, peaceful days, before the war. The navy yard and the dry-dock were busy places; and old Norfolk, with its French traditions and marks of British cannon-balls, on the other side of the river, made some show of commercial activity; but here in serene peace as yet basked the ancient city, whose great thoroughfare was the wide, beautiful river, and whose carrying trade was done in the boats which floated on its bosom.

On this lovely evening, as the happy groups wended their way homeward, calling to one another and answering back with hilarious words and laughter, a strange and sudden stillness, like the shadow of a great cloud, passed over them, hushing every sound of glee. Two or three men, looking grave and dismayed, came up from the shore; and, making no response to the chaffing words tossed at them by one and another of their friends and neighbors, told, when within speaking distance, of the catastrophe on the river which they had witnessed, and of the drowning of the young lady who had been staying at Mr. Ashton's. Tears and sympathy were not wanting as the sad news sped from one to another; they had all seen her sweet, smiling face, so kind and friendly, which in itself would have won them, even had not her relationship

to the Ashtons prevented their looking on her as a stranger.

Among the Catholics, many devout persons of Father Saunders' congregation were in the habit of going to St. Anne's to visit the Blessed Sacrament, to tell their beads, and meditate on the sacred mysteries; some to make the Stations, and others to lay their cares and sorrows before the Blessed Virgin Mother and ask her aid. Here in the sweet seclusion of the holy place, where outflowing from the Tabernacle an unspeakable peace quieted all human unrest, and the undying lamp ever alight before the Blessed Sacrament gleamed through the gathering shadows like that Star of old which pointed the Shepherds to the spot where the Lord reposed, they were wont to come to breathe forth their devotion and their prayers as their needs inspired; each one consoled by the firm trust that his or her necessities were known and his or her petitions taken into account by a merciful and tender Father.

Madame Gervaise had just left the church when a woman with pallid face and frightened eyes rushed up to her, exclaiming:

"O Madame, have you heard the dreadful news about the young lady at Mrs. Ashton's? She was drowned in the river an hour ago."

"Who?—what?" gasped the poor little French lady, aghast and trembling. "Speak sensibly and tell me what you mean, Jane Rudd."

"O Madame, I'm sorry I frightened you! I might have been knocked over with a feather I was so scared when my husband told me he was out on the river when the lapstreak the young ladies were in upset, and he helped to get them out of the water; and they were all saved but *her*. The rest of them could swim, and floated till they were picked up; but she went to the bottom. Then he had to row ashore with two of the other young ladies they put into his boat; and after landing them at Mr. Ashton's, he heard on his way back that some one had dived and found Miss Ellerton, but she was dead," said Mrs. Rudd, speaking rapidly, and still in great agitation.

"*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! C'est incroyable. C'est impossible. Il faut chercher le bon Père Saunders. Oh mon Dieu qu'il ne soit pas trop tard!*" she exclaimed, wringing her hands; for whenever she became agitated or excited she always lapsed into her native language.

She turned to go, without asking a question; but suddenly hesitated, and said to Jane Rudd, speaking in her usual gentle manner, in English:

"Go into the church, *ma bonne*, and pray for my dear young friend. Thank you for coming to tell me! I must find Father Saunders."

And, with steps as swift and light as a young girl's, she hastened back to Father Saunders' house; and, the hall door being wide open as usual, she entered. She knew that he was at home, having seen him pass through the sanctuary a few moments before she left the church.

He was in the dining-room. He had just returned from a tramp through the marshy, crooked lanes of Gosport—an outlying hamlet where several families of his parish lived, among whom there was at present much sickness, and some cases which caused him especial anxiety. He needed rest and refreshment, Heaven knows, after long hours spent in contact with human suffering, to which he could minister but not relieve; and his struggles with two impenitent souls who, having abandoned their faith, now lay ill unto death. He felt baffled but not defeated; and he thought if Almighty God would only spare them until the morrow, he would renew his efforts to save them, and never leave them until they showed some signs of repentance. For this his heart cried "out of the depths"; know-

ing that with Him who gave ear to his petitions there was "mercy and plentiful redemption." Bowed in spirit, he could not rest; and, pushing his plate away from him, he leaned his forehead on his hand and closed his eyes.

"Father Saunders," said a tremulous voice, "I am sorry to disturb you."

Looking round, he saw Madame Gervaise, her face very white and full of trouble. He arose and held out his hand to welcome her.

"You do not disturb me in the least, my child," he replied. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"O Father, there is great trouble at Mr. Ashton's! News has just reached me that Sadie Ellerton was drowned."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the good priest, inexpressibly shocked. "Is there not some mistake? Bearers of ill news often exaggerate without intending to do so. How did you hear it, my child?"

Then she told him how she had heard it, and who brought the tidings to her, and how the accident had occurred.

"Jane Rudd is a perfectly reliable person," answered Father Saunders. "Yet things may not have resulted so fatally as reported. We must go at once to Mr. Ashton's. Life may not be entirely extinct, and there may be time to administer Extreme Unction. Start immediately, my child. I will go into the church to get the holy oils, and follow you without loss of time."

(To be continued.)

YOU feared to approach the Father: He gave you a Mediator, Jesus. If you desire an advocate with Him also, have recourse to Mary. No grace comes from heaven to earth without passing through the hands of Mary.—*St. Bernard.*

IF thy own little room is well lighted, the whole world is less dark.—*Bishop Spalding.*

A Protestant Champion of the Blessed Virgin.

(CONCLUSION.)

IN all the mysteries of redemption Mary had her proper place. She gave birth to the Saviour in the Stable of Bethlehem; there she presented Him to the expectant world; there, too, she received in His name the gifts and worship of the Magi, our forefathers in the faith—the first-fruits of the Gentile world. In the Temple it was Mary's part to present the Infant Messiah to the Divine Father; in Egypt, to protect Him in exile; in the home of Nazareth, to cherish His budding life; in Cana, to procure the first miracle which manifested His glory; on Calvary, to will His death and to bring forth His elect to their birth; and, once more, in the upper room to obtain the divine life that quickens souls.

The Anglican champion of Our Lady holds that having thus co-operated in every act of the drama of redemption, it can not be doubted that Mary still co-operates with Christ in the application made to us of the fruits of the Passion. Our author is mistaken in thinking that the point he makes so well in reference to the Ascension has been missed by all Catholic writers. However, since Dean Alford's interpretation of the words of St. Paul seems entirely new to Presbyter Anglicanus, we will let his contention pass. We quote again:

"Can it, then, for a moment be believed that, having co-operated with her Divine Son, her co-operation ceased with the Ascension and is no longer continued in heaven? Must not the reverse of this be the truth? It surely must be the reverse for this reason: that the Ascension carries with it the idea of yet *one more act* in the drama of redemption, in which Mary must needs co-operate; since, as we have seen, she co-operated in every other act. Now,

what is the signification of Our Lord's Ascension? It seems to the writer that a special point has been missed by all Catholic writers, which is of incalculable importance in establishing the doctrine of the Sacrifice of the Mass. His attention was directed to it by Dean Alford's note on Hebrews, ix, 12. Alford insists that the translation of the last portion should be: 'Entered at once into the holy place *and obtained* eternal redemption for us.' The authorized version has 'having obtained,' which implies that the redemption was obtained before entering; and with this agrees the Latin, '*Æterna redemptione inventa.*' There can not be a doubt that Alford is right; for the aorist participle generally rendered 'having obtained' is *contemporaneous with* the principal verb 'entered,' and not precedent in time to it; so that the meaning of the Apostle is that Christ obtained redemption *by entering* into heaven. In other words, the offering alluded to is not Christ's oblation of Himself upon the Cross, but the presentation of His oblation in heaven,—a presentation beginning with the Ascension and continuing till the end of time. The whole scope of Hebrews, ix, requires this interpretation; so much so that the chapter is meaningless if it is not adopted.

"Further, in the Old Covenant the culminating point in the ordinary sin-offering was the sprinkling of the blood of the victim upon the horns of the brazen altar; while in the sin-offering of the great day of atonement the culminating point was the sprinkling of the blood upon the mercy-seat in the most holy place. And, again, in the old sacrifices the real priestly act was not the slaying of the victim, which was always the act of the lay-offerer; but *the presentation of the blood, or life, on the altar after death.* It is no contradiction to this that the high-priest slew the victim on the great day of atonement with his own hands. It was the one exception to the universal rule of sacrifice. And the reason of it is obvious,—viz.: that the high-priest was the type of our great High-Priest surrendering not only His own life but the lives of all His people, as the Second Adam and as our great Covenant Head. But the life once surrendered on Calvary is now, since the Ascension, presented continually before the Father.*

"Now, Christ ascended into heaven that He might give gifts unto men;† and not only so, but that He might fill all things with His presence. The ministry of the Catholic Church, and all the graces which sacramentally depend upon it, are the fruit of the Ascension. But it is inconceivable that Mary, co-operating, as we have seen, in all the principal acts of redemption, should be excluded from co-operating in the *grace* of redemption. Having by her act of free-will made the Incarnation possible, we can not suppose that she is shut out from all distribution of the fruits of that Incarnation. If to Mary Magdalen (p. 129) the Ascension was to be a new point of departure—a closer union between herself and her Lord, a more powerful means of communion and of obtaining the favor of Christ,—what must the Ascension be to the Mother of God? Certainly a closer union between Christ and herself than existed before; certainly a more powerful means of communion; certainly a more powerful means of obtaining those gifts and graces which she needs, not for herself but for the spiritual children whom God has given her. We are thus of necessity led on to the idea of Mary as a dispensatrix of the gifts of Christ. She is the dispensatrix of the gifts of Christ even to those of her children who acknowledge neither her dignity nor her power. As she is the Mother of the whole Church, and there are no children of God of whom she is not the Mother, so we may say that,

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* Heb., viii, 3; Psalm cx, 4. † Eph., vi, 8.

carrying them all in her bosom, no grace can ever have descended upon them of which she has not been cognizant, and which she has not exercised her office to procure.

"Now, all this in nowise derogates from the honor of Christ, who still remains the great Mediator of redemption, while Mary is only the mediatrix of intercession. For suppose the following case: A mighty king, animated by affection for his subjects, dearly loves his queen, who is ornamented with all the brightest virtues and every noble quality. In order to satisfy his love for her, he commands that his subjects should pay her all the homage they are capable of rendering. To this end he appoints for her a throne close to his own; he enriches her with every treasure and ornament he possesses; and causes her to become, to the fullest extent in his power, an object of admiration and respect. Besides all this, he endows her with complete influence over himself, makes her the dispenser of all his favors, and causes it to be universally proclaimed throughout the kingdom that he has bestowed on her this privilege; commanding, at the same time, that his subjects shall apply to her whenever they have any petitions to make. From every corner of the kingdom these approach their queen; and the king views with delight the crowds which throng around her, and the confidence they show in her power,—that confidence which he himself has been at so much pains to excite. Through her he receives all their requests, refusing none which she may choose to present. Does the conduct of this king take away from his glory or from the love he bears his subjects? Would it, in such a case as this, betoken any want of confidence in the king or show any disrespect toward him if his subjects paid their addresses to the queen? If one of these were to be reproached for addressing himself to any but the king alone, would such a reproach be well founded? What answer ought to be given to such a blind accuser? Would not the very children reply: 'We go to the queen because the king tells us so to do, and wishes to be approached through her'?"

Our author does not enter fully into the subject of Mary as mediatrix and dispensatrix. The object of his treatise is to prove that in the words of Holy Scripture, quite apart from the witness of tradition and the settled practice of the Eastern or Western Church, there is enough to warrant a devotion to the Blessed Virgin very different, both in kind and degree, from that which is usually rendered to her by Anglicans. This new champion of our Blessed Mother tells his co-religionists that they owe her a degree of respect proportionate to her matchless dignity, position, and power; that they should confide in Mary with all their heart; that they should love her as queen, mother, and friend. But let us quote every word that our *confrère* has written:

"We owe to Mary a respect due to her matchless dignity, position, and power. 'In whatsoever relates to the glory of Mary,' cries St. Bernard, the last of the Fathers, 'my devotion forbids me to remain silent, and my mind can discover nothing to say which is worthy of her; for what language, were it even that of the angels, could worthily celebrate the praises of the Virgin Mother of God?'*

"We should place confidence in Mary and in her intercession,—a confidence based on her infinite yearning for our salvation; on her tender and compassionate power; as well as on the experience of those who have sought her aid, and have not sought it in vain. 'Jesus Christ,' says St. Bernard, 'in redeeming the human race, made over the whole price to Mary.'†

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* Serm. 4 de Assumpt. † Serm. de Nat.

'She dispenses,' adds the same Saint, 'the light of divine wisdom and the dew of celestial grace.'* And once more: 'Let us go, let us hasten to Mary; let us run to her with all the affection of which our hearts are capable, with all the strength of the utmost love by which we can be animated.'†

"We owe love to Blessed Mary,—a love of esteem based on the transcendent perfections which are united in her, and which are incomprehensible even to the highest angels; and a love of affection based upon her tender relationship to us as queen, mother, refuge, and friend. 'Thy very name,' says St. Bernard, 'kindles in my heart the fire of love. Thou canst not enter into my thoughts without my experiencing a flood of consolation.'"‡

Some quotations from eminent Anglican theologians in praise of our Blessed Mother are given at the end of the treatise. The most striking, perhaps, are the words of Bishops Hall and Montague.

"Bishop Hall exclaims: 'How worthily is she honored of man whom the Angel proclaimed Beloved of God! O Blessed Mary! he can not bless thee, he can not honor thee too much that deifies thee not. That which the Angel said of thee, thou hast prophesied of thyself. We believe the Angel and thee. All generations shall call thee Blessed, by the Fruit of whose womb all generations are blessed.'

"Bishop Montague writes: 'I do not deny that the saints are mediators, as they are called, of prayer and intercession; but in general, and for all in general. They interpose with God by their supplications and mediate by their prayers.' And again: 'Indeed, I grant, Christ is not wronged in His mediation; it is no impiety to say as they [Roman Catholics] do: Holy Mary, pray for me! Holy Peter, pray for me!'"

This beautiful tribute to the Blessed Virgin Mary by a non-Catholic at the end of the nineteenth century recalls, as we have elsewhere remarked, the prophecy of Blessed Grignon de Montfort, uttered two centuries ago, regarding an extraordinary increase of devotion to the Mother of God; it reminds us also of the wondrous demonstration of faith and devotion which took place at the Council of Ephesus when St. Cyril, the Papal Legate and Patriarch of Alexandria, gave voice to the mind of holy Church in these fervent words: "All hail to thee, Mary Mother of God, most precious treasure of the whole world; crown of virginity; sceptre of true doctrine; imperishable temple; His dwelling-place whom no dwelling can contain; mother at once and virgin! All hail to thee, through whom the Trinity is adored and glorified; through whom angels and archangels are filled with gladness; through whom demons are put to flight; through whom creation is brought to the knowledge of the truth; through whom churches are built to God in every corner of the world; through whom nations are brought to penance. And why multiply words? Through whom the only-begotten Son of God shone forth, to be a light to those that sat in darkness and the shadow of death."

The world has witnessed changes in the last few years that could have been wrought only by the hand of the Most High. Under divine inspiration, Mary declared that all generations should call her Blessed; and surely it is a sign of the coming of that propitious time when "there shall be one fold and one shepherd" that those outside the Church begin to recognize the gentle and beneficent sway exercised over the highest interests of the redeemed by her in whom was wrought the mystery of redemption. It can not be that benedictions will not descend on all who honor the Mother of God and unite with Holy Church in calling her Blessed.

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* Serm. 4 de Rom. Mar. † De Aquæductu.
‡ Serm. de Assumpt.

The Importance of Religious Instruction.

A WORD TO CATHOLIC TEACHERS.

IN view of the fact that a large number of Catholic young men in this country go to non-Catholic colleges and universities to complete their education, the necessity of preparatory religious instruction can not be too much insisted upon. The irreligious spirit pervading many secular institutions of learning, not to speak of their low moral tone, emphasizes the need of a safeguard against the dangers to be encountered. Young men who go into business are hardly less exposed to religious indifference or infidelity, unless they are of a steady character and solidly instructed in their faith.

We like to believe that in Catholic schools of every grade the Catechism is taught thoroughly,—not as other branches, but with a deep conviction of its paramount importance; not perfunctorily, but with regularity and spirit. Catholic teachers who do not take special pains to give their pupils the best preparatory religious instruction fail grievously in their duty, and prove themselves unworthy of their high vocation and of the confidence which is reposed in them by the Catholic public.

In an admirable pastoral on University Education, already quoted in our pages, the Cardinal Archbishop and bishops of the Province of Westminster insist upon the importance of a sufficient Catholic education; and urge that increased efforts be made to this end by the presidents and teachers of colleges. Until we have thoroughly-equipped universities of our own, and until special dangers for the faith and morals of Catholic youth are removed, or counteracted to a greater extent than they are at present, the earnest words of the English prelates are quite as applicable to the United States as to England. The grave obligation of Catholic educators is thus set forth in the instruction to which we refer:

"The presidents and teachers of our colleges also should not fail to do their part in this previous training. We are aware that in most of the colleges and other secondary schools there is already in operation a system of progressive catechetical instruction. Increased efforts, however, should now be made to furnish the young men in their last years at college with sound and clear (even if elementary) ideas on God and the Incarnation, on faith and the supernatural, on the history of the Church and the criticism of the Bible. The great strength of Catholicism, by God's grace, is the possession of fixed and definite dogmas or tenets. To be ill-instructed and *vague* in one's belief is to be in danger of falling a victim to the first plausible errors that may be encountered. The true faith, clearly and explicitly held, will be a most effective bulwark against religious indifference and rationalism. Such a preparation, combined with that spirit of piety—that habit of using the Sacraments and that devotion to our Blessed Lady—which boys ought to carry away with them from every Catholic school, will, we trust, be found to mould characters so strong, so manly, and so well informed, that neither error nor evil example will seriously affect them. When difficulties against revelation or Catholicism are met with, and when intercourse with tutors or friends raises problems that to them are novel and startling, they will be in possession of principles and tests; and they will at least know how to suspend their adhesion to new and attractive theories, and to have recourse to the proper quarter for help and explanation."

The number of young men in our country who have drifted away from the Church, joined secret societies, contracted unlawful marriages, etc.,—living as though

they had never known the obligations of the religion in which they were baptized,—is greater than most persons would be disposed to admit; and among these backsliders are many who attended Catholic schools. We can not help thinking that if these young men had received what they were entitled to at the hands of their instructors, the after-life of the great majority of them would have been different.

Notes and Remarks.

The gossip of our day is what gossip always was—flippant, flowing and contradictory. The most contemptible of all tattling, however, is ecclesiastical gossip. But it is mischievous as well as contemptible. Unfortunately, a great many people are simple enough to believe all that they see in the newspapers. The superstition of print dies hard. It must try the reverence of such persons to read that a devoted prelate, to whom the Pope lately offered the archiepiscopal dignity on being deposed from an office of lesser importance, had incurred the disfavor of the Holy See on account of his liberal opinions. This would naturally appear like trifling in matters that the faithful are wont to regard as sacred. The object of the gossiping penny-a-liner would seem to be to make it appear that anything but lofty motives influence men occupying the highest positions in the Church. We heartily wish that there were room in heaven for all the ecclesiastical gossips in Rome and the United States, and that it might speedily be occupied.

A son-in-law of Oliver Wendell Holmes has lately published a life of that distinguished man of letters. The biographer had the advantage of intimate personal knowledge of his subject, and the result is a fairly complete revelation of the life of Dr. Holmes. He was brought up in the stern creed of Calvin, and his hatred of dogma in later life was a rebound from the religious gloom of his youth. "I might have been a minister, for aught I know," he once said, "if a certain clergyman hadn't looked and talked so like an undertaker." And one of his father's clerical visitors is described as a man "with a sad face and a wailing voice, which sounded exactly as if somebody must be lying dead upstairs; who took no interest in us children, except a painful one, as being in a bad way with our cheery looks; and did more to unchristianize us than all his sermons were likely to accomplish in another direction." It is impossible to say what Dr. Holmes' life would have been had he known Christianity in its true form; but that he was slowly growing toward appreciation of the Church is plain from these words of Dr. James Field Spalding in the *American Catholic Quarterly:*

> Whether, if he could have lived his life over again, he would have attained to a full acceptance of Catholicity, we can not know. There are some such indications, both in the general progress of his thinking and in express statements. He falsely contrasted "Rome and reason" in one of his books; yet elsewhere expressed the independent opinion that "Rome and its offshoots" were "to be one of the main dependencies of the coming generations;... our children or grandchildren are going to need it." He went so far as to affirm that "the Roman Catholic Church" was "the only one logically safe"; and but a short time before his death published his conviction that the Catholic faith was "a better one to die by than most of the harder creeds which have replaced it." These are but hints of his tendency—of the direction in which his mind and heart were turning.

We do not agree with a Catholic contemporary which thinks that President Cleveland's Thanksgiving Proclamation is suggestive of the itinerant preacher. It impresses us as being dignified and reverent in the highest degree; and it has a ring about it which is not always found in state documents—a ring of sincerity. "The people of the United States," says Mr. Cleveland, "should never be unmindful of the gratitude they owe the God of nations for His watchful care, which has shielded them from dire disaster and pointed out to them the way of peace and happiness. Nor should they ever refuse to acknowledge with contrite hearts their proneness to turn away from God's teachings, and follow with sinful pride after their own devices." Next Thursday is the day set apart by the President to be

observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer. The proclamation continues:

On that day let all our people forego their usual work and occupation; and, assembled at their accustomed places of worship, let them with one accord render thanks to the Ruler of the universe for our preservation as a nation and our deliverance from every threatened danger; for the peace that has dwelt within our boundaries; for our defence against disease and pestilence during the year that has passed; for the plenteous rewards that have followed the labors of our husbandmen; and for all the other blessings that have been vouchsafed to us. And let us, through the mediation of Him who has taught us to pray, implore the forgiveness of our sins and a continuation of heavenly favors. Let us not forget on this day of thanksgiving the poor and needy; and by deeds of charity let our offices of praise be made more acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

It is a glorious thing to live in a republic whose chief executive is neither afraid nor ashamed to pronounce the name of God in public. It is something for which we should be fervently grateful. President Cleveland can not be accused of cant or insincerity. He is profoundly religious, and has at all times shown the courage of his convictions. The festive turkey is not the whole of Thanksgiving Day, and the President's proclamation is a little sermon to millions of people who never hear one half so good.

The *Englishman*, the leading paper of Calcutta, has this to say in regard to the Theosophical crusade which it is proposed to carry on in Europe and America:

The crusaders should refrain, if they really wish well by their cult. Too much is already known of it. Alike in Europe and Asia it has been killed by its own prophets and preachers. The Americans ought to go on the other tack, and try what mystery and obscurity will do to regalvanize the great Blavatsky-Sinnett-Mahatma evangel. The obscurantism of Koot Hoomi might have a chance in California or Nevada, where the spiritual appetite is insatiable and undiscerning. But the crusaders will lose their time in Europe. Theosophy is "played out" there beyond all remedy.

The alarm of famine in Ireland has again been raised, and, alas! with too much reason. Even the English papers admit that, from present indications, the prospect is the most appalling one known to the present generation. The lower lands have been flooded: the corn and hay have been destroyed, and the potatoes are rotting in the fields. The farmers in some sections admit that they can not pay the rent, and some pathetic cases of eviction have already occurred. The government has made no sign as yet, and it is painful to think what will be the sufferings of the people when the rigors of winter add to their misery. Two circumstances deepen the pathos of the Irish situation: the country is rent by dissensions caused by the ambitions of unpatriotic politicians; and the Financial Relations Commission recently revealed the shameful fact that Ireland has for many years been overtaxed to the extent of millions of dollars annually.

The editor of the *Catholic Sentinel*, which hails from Chippewa Falls, Wis., is a bright man, and throws light upon many subjects; but there is one upon which he confesses himself to be in the dark. Although a politician, he can not understand how priests can take part in political campaigns "as citizens, not as clergymen." Being a strong advocate of bimetallism, he would like to prod the gold-bug citizen with red-hot arguments; and, being a good Catholic, he would like to avoid scorching the clerical skin, which is sensitive as well as sacred. He fears he may some day be found acting the part of the cat in the fable. She had agreed, for a consideration, not to kill a bird for a certain time, and soon afterward caught a bat. Sorely puzzled what to do, she at last solved the problem by saying: "I will not eat you as a bird, but I see no reason why I should not devour you as a mouse."

A careful estimate of the Catholic population of the world at the present time places it at 240,000,000.

It is worthy of note that during the remarkable "campaign of education" just closed, nobody thought of pointing to the part which religion must play in the promotion of national prosperity. *Homo homini lupus*,—the natural man is a wolf ever ready to spring at the throat of his fellows.

We have not heard that any great political party in America ever took the Sermon on the Mount for its platform; but there are indications of a growing feeling among thinking men that morality, not law, is the great healer of national as well as personal evils. Discoursing in this spirit, the Providence *Journal* writes:

Generally speaking, law is the result of morality in a community, and not the cause of it. To deal with the evils of plutocracy by statute would be as futile as dealing with the evils of drunkenness in a similar fashion has been shown to be. Yet the first thing which those who undertake campaigns against any form of immorality usually proceed to do is to demand more law; and that in face of the fact that the law already existing can not be enforced. Whether it be liquor or prostitution or "Sabbath-breaking" that is aimed at, the cry is, More law! It should be, More power in moral suasion! Men of wealth will not be taught to fulfil their moral obligations to the community by legislative enactments; but they may be taught to do this by a better realization of their duties to themselves and to their neighbors. Plutocracy will not be an alarming evil when public sentiment is sufficiently strong against it.

Greater devotion to the homely virtues of thrift and industry, the practice of justice and charity,—this is the solution of the great labor question that so lately convulsed our country. It is no mere theory—wherever religious feeling is strong. It was made practical in the Ages of Faith, and it is made practical to-day in the factory of a Catholic philanthropist—the Frenchman, Léon Harmel.

What queer texts Protestant preachers select for their sermons! We know of one who used to deliver a discourse every year—possibly it was the same one—on the words of St. John, "Now, there was much grass in the place." And a curate of one of the churches in London, who was called upon recently to preach at the funeral of the vicar's wife, amazed his listeners and shocked the mourning vicar by solemnly announcing as his text, "I will send you another comforter."

That the monastic life is impossible outside the Catholic Church is an old and true saying of philosophers and historians. Attempts have repeatedly been made—attempts full of pathetic earnestness,—but the result has invariably been failure. The monastic life requires a robustness of religion that can come only from the Sacraments. What inference, then, are we to draw from these words recently addressed to his *confrères* by a clergyman of that body which the Holy Father has recently declared to be without valid orders: "I am profoundly convinced that the extra grace [of the monastic life], not absolutely necessary, but, as it were, the efflorescence of divine favor for sanctity, is withheld, and will be withheld so long as we are outside the unity of the West"? Yet Russia, too, is outside the unity of the West, and the monastic life flourishes there—at least numerically. But Russia has Sacraments and valid orders.

It is as plain as day that the whole question between the Church and Anglicans, Eastern schismatics, etc., turns upon Papal Supremacy. The See of Peter is the rock of the Church, the source of jurisdiction, and the centre of unity. This is rock-bottom. Not to speak of the evidence of history, or of facts, or of the sayings and doings of Fathers and councils, the Scripture proofs of the Primacy of Peter ought to be enough to convince any candid, unprejudiced mind that it is of divine appointment. Those outside the Church must submit to her authority. Controversy on other points of Catholic dogma, leaving aside the question of Papal Supremacy, is like

"Dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

To the "born Catholic" it is seldom given to understand the heights and the depths of Protestant prejudice. To him it is usually inconceivable that so holy a thing as the Church can be hated and maligned in good faith. We believe that if the true state of the Protestant mind were revealed, there would be more pity than anger in our hearts when our faith is attacked. A correspondent of the London *Tablet*, who is now a zealous Catholic, thus describes his condition of mind before his conversion:

Catholics I looked upon as idolaters; I thought priests were crafty men who designedly kept their

flocks in ignorance. Convents to my notion were dens of vice, and the whole fabric of the Church one gigantic system of fraud and imposture. Further, I believed if ever again Catholicism became the dominant religion, the fires of Smithfield would be relighted and all the horrors of the Marian days once more revived. The expression of such opinions appears horrible—nay, blasphemous,—I know; but they were held in good faith; and, what is more to the purpose, are honestly those of numbers now. I once heard an ex-chairman of the Congregational Union say that he considered that while a simple Romanist might be saved, a Popish priest never could be. Now, he was no fanatical ignoramus, but a man of lovable character, of culture, and one not unacquainted with the works of the Fathers or unappreciative of their literary remains.

No doubt this description would apply as well to many thousands of our estranged brethren, whose minds were twisted wrongly in the beginning and never righted themselves. It may be questioned, too, whether the effect of Catholic books on such people is not absurdly overrated. Prayer and the example of a sincere Christian are what we can be most sure about.

Overbrook Seminary, which has just held the formal celebration of its Silver Jubilee, is an institution of which American Catholics are justly proud. It has always been characterized by a spirit of sober conservative scholarship; and, withal, it is most progressive. Its professors have been men famed in many countries for their learning and piety. They pushed their usefulness far beyond their lecture-rooms, as many stately volumes show. The traditions of Overbrook are nobly sustained by the present distinguished faculty, one of whom—the Rev. H. J. Heuser—is the editor of that sterling publication, the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, which reflects the spirit of the institution from which it emanates.

The opening of the October term at the University of Oxford this year was marked by a new departure of great interest to Catholics—the presence of four Jesuit scholastics who will attend the University lectures in the character of undergraduates. The house they occupy—under the direction of the distinguished and scholarly Father R. F. Clarke, S. J.,—bears the felicitous name of Campion Hall, and is almost directly opposite St. John's College, of which the Blessed Edmund Campion was a member. As yet, Campion Hall is only an experiment, in which the General of the Order is said to take a special interest; if it proves successful, the number of students will be increased. The favorite amusement at Oxford is boating; and in this, as well as in the classics, Father Clarke is well able to "coach" the scholastics; for he was one of the University eight in his college days. It is said, too, that the Oxford authorities welcome the movement as the first attempt of the religious Orders to resume the relationship they held to the University before the rise of Protestantism.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Peter J. Blenkinsop, S. J., the Rev. John M. Jacquet, and the Very Rev. John Friedland, who lately passed to their reward.

Brother Francis Xavier, C. S. C., whose long and devoted life closed peacefully on the 12th inst., at Notre Dame, Ind.

Mother Mary Philip, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Rutland, Vt., whose holy life was crowned with a precious death on the 20th ult.

Mr. Henry Bamford, Sr., who died on the 27th ult., at Leighton House, Uttoxeter, England.

Mrs. Maria Mulholland, of Tadworth Court, Surrey, England, who was called to a better world on the 25th ult.

Mrs. Mary Cavanagh, whose death took place some weeks ago, in San Francisco, Cal.

Miss Louise Reilly, of Renovo, Pa., who departed this life on the 21st ult., after a long illness, patiently borne.

Mrs. Michael Kane, who breathed her last on the 27th ult., at Wabasha, Minn.

Mr. Frank Blansius, of Logan, Ohio; Mr. George E. Waterman, Mr. Thomas E. Doran, Miss Julia A. Lynch, Mrs. W. J. Hagerty, and Mrs. Mary Collins,—all of Meriden, Conn.; Timothy Sullivan, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. John McKone, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. John McGovern, Albany, N. Y.; Ellen Tilyon, Coney Island, N. Y.; Maria O'Donnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Margaret Horrigan, Brighton, Mass.; also Mr. Hugh Dever and Mrs. Catherine Dever, Des Moines, Iowa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Presentation.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

THEY brought her to the Temple,
A little, timid child;
Her eyes, a limpid azure,
Looked up at them and smiled.
And, oh! there was no beauty
In all Judea's land
Like hers who walked beside them,
Clasping each withered hand.

Farther and ever farther
They journeyed from their home,
Nearer and ever nearer
The Temple's glistening dome;
And when before the threshold
The trio paused at last,
On Anna's down-drooped lashes
The tears were gathering fast.

As, all-resigned, they left her,
Within the holy shrine
A glory seemed to touch them—
A taste of bliss divine.
Yet they knew not while they wondered,
Although she owed them birth,
That they had left behind them
The Queen of Heaven and earth.

A RED-LETTER DAY is one to be recalled with delight. It gets its name from the fact that in English almanacs saints' days and holydays are printed in red ink. A black-letter day means an unfortunate one. The Romans marked their unlucky days with a piece of black charcoal.

TRIALS are a file which rub off much of the rust of self-confidence.—*Fénelon.*

A Ray of Gladness.

TRULY, Genevieve, I don't know what to make of you these days. Here I've worked three scallops on my doily, and you haven't opened your lips to speak one word. I think you might talk to me; you know I can't work and talk both."

"I almost forgot you were here, you were so quiet," said Genevieve. "I really believe I'm growing absent-minded. Are those supposed to be sweet-peas or chrysanthemums you're embroidering, Kit?"

"Thank you for the compliment! They're meant for roses. But don't apologize; I don't mind so long as you knew they were flowers at all. But, honestly, Gen, there is something the matter with you. We've all noticed it lately. You're not a bit like yourself. Tell me what it is. Is there anything wrong at home, or don't you feel contented at St. Luke's?" And Katherine Baker crossed the class-room and sat down beside her schoolmate.

"It's all about a miserable ring," replied Genevieve. "You see, I borrowed Anna Martell's ring about two weeks ago,—the one her mother gave her last June. It was a family treasure; for it belonged to Anna's great-great-grandmother, and there was some romance or history connected with it. Well, I lost it. It's money-value can be made good; but Anna doesn't care for that. Her mother told her not to bring it back to school, and she did. She feels dreadful. But I thought you

knew all about it. Most of the girls do."

"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed Eugenie Depre, rushing in. "I just received the loveliest box from home! Fudges and cake and deviled ham and Saratoga chips and chowchow and angels'-food. And we'll have a feast at four o'clock, when Sister opens the cupboard—but what's the matter? You both look so serious."

"I was just telling Kit about the ring I lost," said Genevieve.

"Are you worrying over that yet? Why don't you ask St. Anthony to find it?" And Eugenie proceeded to tell of half a dozen instances when his help had been asked and granted.

"I certainly wish he would find it for me, but I've given up all hope."

"I'll tell you what to do," eagerly began Katherine. "Promise St. Anthony's Bread, that Sister Gonzales told us about; and see if he does not find the ring. I just feel sure he will, and we girls—"

At this juncture the four remaining members of class B rushed into the room, breathlessly trying to make their companions understand that a piece of exceptionally good fortune had fallen to the lot of the class. But as all the girls spoke together, the listeners caught only detached words—"experiments," "Professor Morton," "electrical," "afternoon," etc. Finally Eugenie managed to get a word in edgewise—as she expressed it,—and she said:

"For goodness' sake, girls, one at a time! What are you trying to tell us?"

"It's just grand," answered Mary Alton; "Mother has given our class permission to go to the science department of St. Martin's College, and we're going to see the Roentgen ray experiments."

"And he is going to show us our bones," chimed in Susie Black.

"Who is 'he'?" queried Katherine. "When are we to go, and what Sisters are going with us?"

"Only about three for each girl, I suppose," replied Grace Ellis, the most quiet of the four.

"Professor Morton invited us, and the carriages will be here at two this afternoon," continued Mary Alton; "and I haven't a thing to wear."

"What about the fudges and cake?" said Eugenie, anxiously. "The experiments will keep and the goodies won't."

"They'll keep till to-night," responded Susie; and, noticing Genevieve's serious face, she asked what was the matter.

"She is worrying about Anna Martell's ring," answered Katherine. "But it is all nonsense to give it another thought."

"So that's the sword of Damocles which is eating the roses on your cheeks!" said Grace, as she gave a little caressing pinch to the rather pale cheeks of Genevieve, who laughingly said, "Never mind mixed figures," as she tried to hide her worry and be gay with her companions.

"If the sorrow is in your bones, Gen, we'll see it this afternoon," said Susie.

"I don't believe I'll go, girls," and Genevieve looked serious. "I'll only be cross and disagreeable if I do go."

"Well, indeed, you shall go!" exclaimed Katherine. "You'll not stay at home and brood over spilled milk—"

"Nor over a lost ring," interposed Eugenie. "And you shall be hostess when we eat the box to-night."

"I'm willing to eat Saratoga chips, Eugenie," laughed Genevieve; "but I draw the line at boxes."

After a little persuasion, she consented to go; and soon the girls dispersed for the purpose, according to Grace Ellis, of begging, borrowing or appropriating suitable wraps for the visit to St. Martin's.

Before the hour of starting, Genevieve went to the chapel, and there invoked St. Anthony's help in finding the lost ring; promising, if successful, her week's allowance for goodies as an alms—or, as Katherine had expressed it, for St. Anthony's Bread.

At the College the party was met by Professor Morton, who conducted them at once to the room prepared for electrical experiments. There he explained the battery, the coil, the Crooke's tube, the fluoroscope, etc.; and, having darkened the room and turned on the electric current, he proceeded to show the power of the X ray. Coins in a purse were distinctly seen through their leather surroundings, spectacle-frames through their cases, and keys in wooden boxes.

Then, at the Professor's invitation, Susie Black placed her hand between the light and the plate; and all admired the bony structure thereof, except the young lady herself, who expressed a preference for dimpled knuckles over fleshless joints. One after the other laughingly placed her hand on exhibition; and, last of all, Genevieve stepped forward, placing her hand well across the screen. Slowly it showed through the plate; and, as gay comments were going on among the girls, Professor Morton said:

"Excuse me, have you cuffs on under the coat-sleeve? I think you must have; for see, — there is the button, or link, showing through the goods."

"No," replied Genevieve, "I have no cuffs on to-day. I see what you speak of, but I can't imagine what it is."

"Did you never swallow a button or a coin in your childhood?" queried Grace, with mock gravity.

"Perhaps it is the mercury in your veins," suggested Katherine. "I heard you say last week, Genevieve, that your mercurial column was very low. You remember, that day you had the blues."

All were looking intently at the point under discussion, when the Professor remarked: "It looks more like a ring than a button."

"Anna Martell's ring!" suddenly exclaimed Genevieve; and in a moment she had removed her cloak, and was pulling at the velvet trimming of her dress-sleeve. There, between the cuff and the lining, was the precious ring. Such rejoicing!

"I told you!" exclaimed Katherine. St. Anthony did it!"

"Indeed he did," said Genevieve; "and the alms shall be doubled. But I do not know how the ring ever got in there."

The story of the lost ring was related to Professor Morton, who, to tell the truth, gave credit to the Roentgen ray rather than to the good Saint.

Interest in science, strange to say, had abated after the discovery of the lost treasure; and, having thanked the kind Professor for the instruction and entertainment of the afternoon, they drove home delighted with their visit.

"Remember, girls, do not eat much supper!" was Eugenie's warning, as they alighted at the Academy; and in the evening when they were gathered around the box it was evident that her injunction had been obeyed. Genevieve's old gayety had returned, and she was the life of the party; and all agreed with her when she announced that, at St. Luke's, the X ray need never be classed as an unknown power; for it had proved itself worthy to go down to posterity under the happy title "St. Anthony's Ray."

Gabriel's Friend.

Many years ago—so many that all those of whom I am going to tell you have long since fallen asleep—there lived, in a country on the other side of the world, a boy whose name was Gabriel. And this boy—with his beautiful name, which seemed to those who knew him a sort of mockery—was ugly and stupid and shy. His light blue eyes looked out from under a thatch of brilliant red hair. His large mouth—but no! Why should I describe him? He was ugly, and he knew it; and was sorry for it somewhere deep down in his honest heart, just as he was

sorry for being blundering and awkward and slow.

He had upon all this wide earth not a single friend. All his life he had been laughed at or ignored; he knew of no different existence, and he accepted his destiny without a complaint. But, had he only known it, he possessed a Friend who gave no thought to his ugliness, but looked into his soul and found it beautiful. And this Friend saw that his heart was very gentle and loving, as well as very lonely; and He had compassion on him, sending him in His own mysterious way another friend. It is the story of this poor boy that I am going to tell you; perhaps it is only a legend, perhaps it is true.

Gabriel had never known his mother. From babyhood he stood apart from other, happier children, who had mothers who believed in them and cared for them and loved them. Poor, forlorn Gabriel! There had never been any one to love him or believe in him; no one to notice the tears in his wistful eyes, or to comfort the ache in his lonely heart. Of his father he remembered very little, except that he had been silent and stern; for when his ship was lost at sea, Gabriel was only five years old.

The people with whom he lived sent him to school, where he toiled and labored with such sweet, unfailing patience that he won the harsh old master's heart. When he was thirteen, and old enough to work in one of the many vineyards that covered the sunny hillsides, he left school; and it was then he received the first words of praise that had ever been bestowed upon him. As the boys bade the master good-bye, he laid his hand on Gabriel's shoulder, and said: "You've all been good, but Gabriel is the best of you all." And Gabriel laid his head down on the old battered desk and sobbed.

Of his life in the vineyards there is not much to tell. He worked faithfully and well, but slowly. He was silent, because no one spoke to him except to jest; and he was lonely. The boys who worked around him, quicker and brighter than he, never asked him to join in their games; and while the air rang with their shouts and laughter, he quietly wandered off to the woods, and watched the tiny squirrels and listened to the birds singing in the trees.

One Sunday, as he came into the little churchyard from the woods, he heard the voice of the priest through the open windows of the church, and stood still for a moment to listen.

"I beg of you, pray for the souls in purgatory. Pray for some one soul — for the soul nearest heaven; for the soul sunk deepest in sin; for the soul that has no friend—"

Gabriel started, and a light sprang into his eyes.

The rich, full voice went on: "The soul for whom there are none to pray."

That was all. The boy turned and softly entered the church. He sank upon his knees in the fast gathering dusk. "For the soul that has no friend." He had found another soul as lonely as himself, and neither should ever be lonely again.

From that day he was changed. The world seemed a beautiful, happy place, because now at last he could say in his heart: "I have a friend!" Every night and morning, and many, many times during the day, remembering this, with a start of joy he would say: "O God have mercy on the soul for whom there are none to pray!" And as time went on, this friend became a part of his existence,—a real, living part of his life; and Gabriel was happy.

So three years passed away, when on a bleak November morning, he woke to find his peace destroyed: his loneliness had returned. His first waking thought was for his friend, and he whispered the little prayer he knew so well. But no—

what was he saying? "The soul nearest to heaven!" He began again, and again he found himself praying for the soul on the threshold of heaven. And this was the beginning of the end. Try as he might, those were the only words his lips would utter. Over and over, all through the long day, he strove to be true to that friendless soul, but in vain.

When twilight fell he wandered off to the desolate woods, and threw himself down upon the withered leaves. As he lay there in the cold, he wondered how he could bear it now. And then he heard a voice call his name—"Gabriel!"

Turning, he saw kneeling beside him a man with a face so beautiful and kind that his heart grew warm.

"Gabriel," he inquired, "do you know who I am?"

"No," Gabriel answered, softly.

"Nor why I have come to you?"

The boy shook his head.

"Gabriel, I have come to thank you. I am the soul that was without a friend."

Gabriel started, and then hid his face in his hands. "No, you must not thank me!" he cried. "To-day—"

"To-day you did not pray for me? Ah, Gabriel! did you think that those years of prayer would count for nothing?—that this poor soul would be no nearer paradise? Dear, faithful heart, to-day *I* was the soul nearest to heaven."

When morning dawned, and the boys on their way to work passed through the woods, they came upon Gabriel lying on a heap of fallen leaves. And when they had carried him away, the old schoolmaster came, and, looking at him as he slept his last sleep, laid his wrinkled face on the coffin lid and sobbed. But Gabriel was smiling.

THERE are many dirty roads in life; but, if you use your judgment, you may always be able to find a clean crossing.—*Nasmyth.*

War-Cries.

Nearly every country has had a spoken watchword whereby soldiers in battle have kept up their own courage and inspired it in others. In England, in the Middle Ages, this was "St. George!" During the Empire French soldiers cried, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" In Scotland the war-cry was frequently the name of some clan, as "A Douglas!" Spain, always religious, chose "*Santiago mata moros!*" or "St. James and close (or charge) Spain!" In one long contention in Germany the soldiers exclaimed: "Guelph!" or "Ghibelline!" The Welsh cry was "Alleluia!" After the first Crusade, Crusaders went into battle repeating, "*Dieu le veut!*" or "God wills it!" The word "Bourbon" was used by the Bourbon adherents as they charged after the banner which bore the *fleur-de-lis.* At the battle of Naseby the royalists cried, "God and Queen Mary!" The Anglo-Saxons loved to exclaim, "God is Almighty!" and "Holy Cross!" And the Normans replied with "God help us!" The old Irish war-cry was "Aboo!"

Hallowed Bells.

There are many pretty stories connected in some way with bells. Church bells were formerly rung in order to ward off storms and pestilence. These were called the "hallowed bells"; or, when rung to announce that a person was dying, "the passing bells"; and in the latter case they signified to each Christian hearer that a friend or neighbor needed his prayers for the long and last journey.

The ringing of peals of bells is carried to great perfection in England, where bell-ringing is a special trade. There are not more than three places in America where this art is known; one of them being Boston, where a guild of bell-ringers, all English, exists and flourishes.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The traditional "last word" seems to have been said about the famous Gunpowder Plot. Father John Gerard, S. J., has tested the story by original evidence. Any one who wants to know "What Was the Gunpowder Plot?" in reality has only to read the book just published under that title by Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

—In part VI. of *Bibliographica*, Mr. Allnut, of the Bodleian Library, has an interesting account of the printing-presses employed by the Jesuit Fathers during the persecutions of Elizabeth. The saintly Father Parsons first set up a press, on which he published three of his works in defence of the Faith. He was then obliged to transfer it to another place, where Blessed Edmund Campion issued his "Decem Rationes." The undertaking was short-lived, however; for soon afterwards both press and printers were seized by the government. Nothing can better illustrate the zeal and boldness of those brave missionaries than this attempt to set up a Catholic printing-press in England in the very fury of the persecution. But there were giants in those days.

—The general verdict regarding Mr. Purcell's life of Cardinal Manning is that the documents contained in the work afford sufficient proof that the biographer has grossly misrepresented his subject. Perhaps the most severe critic of Mr. Purcell's unfortunate production is the French Protestant, M. de Pressense, who does not hesitate to say that such an author as Mr. Purcell "puts himself out of court." The Frenchman's estimate of Cardinal Manning is soon to appear in an English dress. It is important not only as a vindication of the great prelate of Westminster, but for the light it throws on the religious problems of the day, which are discussed in an able introduction of one hundred pages. Though a Protestant himself, and the son of a minister, M. Pressense declares that the advances of Biblical criticism are the death-knell of Protestantism—that the Bible without the Church is an impossible basis of faith. His argument against the principle of private judgment will appeal to all thinking men. The translation of "Le Cardinal Manning" has been made by Mr. Francis T. Furey, A. M., of Philadelphia; and will be published soon by Mr. John J. McVey, of the same city.

—The government inspector, who visited the convent at Chittagong, Diocese of Dacca, India, wrote an exceedingly flattering account of the work done there by the Sisters of Our Lady of the Mission. The report has been published in pamphlet form with an introduction by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hurth, C. S. C. If encouragement were all that the Sisters needed, the words of this Protestant inspector would surely be sufficient; but their work is seriously hampered and the lives of themselves and their little charges are threatened by a state of things that can be remedied only by financial assistance. As the inspector observes, it is hard to see these noble women, who gladly give their lives to the work of religious and industrial training, fall victims to unwholesome conditions which could be remedied by an expenditure which, though small, is beyond their power.

—"A Day that is Dead," "Genesius, Comedian and Martyr," and "Johnnie" are the titles of short stories which form No. XXIII. of the Catholic Truth Society's Library of Tales. St. Stanislaus Kostka is the subject of a new issue of the Biographical Series. Brief as it is, this sketch of the youngest of the Confessors furnishes some interesting details which we do not remember to have met with in fuller lives of St. Stanislaus. For instance, we learn that one of his fellow-novices in Rome was the infamous Christopher Perkins, who apostatized before receiving orders, and became Protestant Dean of Carlisle and Envoy Extraordinary to Queen Elizabeth. He married an aunt of the favorite Buckingham, and played the part of a persecutor of Catholics under James I. He lies in a forgotten grave in Westminster Abbey, while the fame of the sanctity of his fellow-novice is spread throughout the whole world.

—Children of our day delight in stories about animals rather than fairies. The fairies have run their course. The modern youngster takes no interest in creatures of the imagina-

tion, and the only stories he will have must be "truly-truly." Mr. Andrew Lang has edited a collection of anecdotes about the friends of children and of fairies—the beasts. It is a large collection, and the editor assures his young readers that the stories are "all true, more or less." The numerous illustrations, by H. J. Ford, render the story-book more attractive, though perhaps less credible. The moral of it is that "we should be kind to all sorts of animals; and, above all, knock trout upon the head when they are caught, and don't let the poor things jump about until they die." Mr. Lang's compassion for trout is very tender, but it will occur to some hopeful "not up to fly" to ask why trout should not be left in their element and be spared knocking upon the head. "The Animal Story Book" ought to be remembered among gift books. Longmans & Co., publishers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Pope Leo XIII. *Justin McCarthy.* Warren & Co. $1.25.

Manual of the Forty Hours' Devotion. Am. Ecc'l. Review Co. Flexible cloth. 20 cts.

A Key to Labor Problems. *Léon Harmel.* Catholic Truth Society. 10 cts.

"Quo Vadis." *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* Little, Brown & Co. $2.

The Vocation of Edward Conway. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Mr. Billy Buttons. *Walter Lecky.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Cochem's Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. *Preface by the Rt. Rev. C. P. Maes.* Benzigers. $1 25.

A Woman of Fortune. *Christian Reid.* Benziger Bros. $1.25.

A Striking Contrast. *Clara Mulholland.* M. H. Gill & Son. $1.25.

New Faces and Old. *Rev. Francis Finn, S. J.* B. Herder. 60 cts.

On the Road to Rome, and How Two Brothers Got There. *William Richards.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts., *net.*

The Conspiracy of the A. P. A. *J. Alex. Edwards.* P. J. Kenedy. 25 cts.

Ada Merton. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* B. Herder. 75 cts.

Demon Possession and Allied Themes. *J. L. Nevius, D. D.* Revell & Co. $1.50.

Essays Educational. *Brother Azarias.* McBride & Co. $1.50.

Protestant Fiction. *James Britten.* Catholic Truth Society. 80 cts., *net.*

Goffine's Devout Instructions. *Preface by Cardinal Gibbons.* Illustrated. $1.00.

Social Problems. *Rev. Morgan Sheedy.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

How to Speak Latin. *Stephen W. Wilby.* Murphy & Co. 75 cts.

Jack Chumleigh; or, Friends and Foes. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Murphy & Co. $1.00.

The Temptation of Nora Leecroft. *Frances Noble.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

Claudius. *C. M. Home.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

The Last Christmas-Tree. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. 75 cts., *net.*

Amy's Music Box. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner Co. 38 cts., *net.*

A Tuscan Magdalen. (Poetry.) *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. *Net*, 75 cts.

The Divine Redeemer and His Church. *Rev. Edward Douglass, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

The Spirit of the Dominican Order. *Mother Drane.* Art & Book Co. $1.00.

Devotion to the Miraculous Infant of Prague. J. Schaefer 10 cts.

Why I Became a Catholic (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Burns & Oates. 30 cts.

Cobbett's History of the Reformation. *Edited by Dom Gasquet.* Benziger Bros. $1.00.

The Yorke-Wendte Discussion. Monitor Publishing Co 50 cts.

Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages. *Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M.* Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

The End of Religious Controversy. *Bishop Milner. Edited by Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A.* Cath. Truth Society. 35 cts.

The See of St. Peter. *T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G.* Catholic Truth Society. 50 cts.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

Lessons in Literature. Ainsworth & Co. $1.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser.* Cathedral Library Association. 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Way & Williams. $1.25.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. $1.40.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25.

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8*s.*

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury Mass. $2.10.

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, $6.25.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.00.

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.50, *net.*

The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena. *Algar Thorold.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.

Woman, What Have I to do with Thee? *Presbyter Anglicanus.* Kegan Paul & Co. Crown 8vo, 60 cts.

Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. *Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 3 vols. $4.50.

Christian Reunion. *William Delaney, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy. *K. M. Barry.* Fallon & Co. 60 cts.

Retreats, etc. *Father Dignam, S. J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Jewels of the Imitation. *Percy Fitzgerald.* Burns & Oates. 60 cts.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

Vol. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 28, 1896. No. 22.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

A Reward.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

WHAT talent God had given him withal
He fostered and improved from day to day—
Toiled oft through hours purloined from sleep and play,
Resisted firm the swift-subduing thrall
Of indolence and heeded labor's call;
Climbed slowly up the rugged, weary way
Towards heights illumed by glory's dazzling ray—
And won at length a niche in Honor's hall.

Then looked he to receive from friends held dear
The grateful tribute of sweet sympathy,
And joyed to think that his success would cheer
Full many hearts he loved and prized. Ah, me!
Success changed friendship's smile to envy's sneer,
And won him homilies on vanity.

IF God has given you the perfect illumination of faith, He has laid on you the obligation of having the largest and most perfect charity toward those that are disinherited of the great heirloom which you have received.—*Cardinal Manning.*

HAIL, full of grace, mediatrix between God and man!—*St. Basil.*

The Blessed Virgin in the Catacombs.

BY MICHAEL A. QUINLAN, C. S. C.

THERE are two extremes in the appreciation of historical literature: the manuscript takes its value to a great extent from its antiquity; the modern dissertation should be up to date. However, the fact that four years have elapsed since the publication of the book which bears the title given below,* should not be regarded as a certain indication that it is behind the times. As soon as the "Bulletino" of the late lamented De Rossi will have added to the list any new and important discoveries, when his continuators give us the long-expected fourth volume of his "Roma Sotteranea"—and these are the principal sources from which to draw the materials,—we may ask for a new and revised edition. At any rate, it is not a catalogue of many monuments, but rather a scientific treatment of a few important ones. As the author tells us in his preface, the work appeared originally as one of the public lectures delivered in the Catholic University of America during the term of 1891–92. That its publication was timely

* "The Blessed Virgin in the Catacombs." By the Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., Professor of Church History in the Catholic University of America. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

there can be no doubt. We had been left so long in comparative ignorance regarding a subject so dear to the hearts of Catholics and so repugnant to unbelievers, that its appearance could not but be hailed with delight by everyone. It is true that we have in English a few works which might, in a way, supply the manifest need; such as Northcote's "Roman Catacombs" and Smith's "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities." But the material is so widely scattered in these volumes, setting aside their incompleteness, that only a scholar like Dr. Shahan could collect the references and rearrange them, supplementing the whole with additions from more important sources. That the number of books throughout which the material is scattered is no less than twenty-five or thirty, is a fact significant of the amount of research entered into, and an indication of the historical and critical value of the work.

The volume which Dr. Shahan has presented to the public is indeed a beautiful and scholarly tribute to the Queen of Heaven. It contains a concise and accurate account of the principal monumental evidences which the Roman Catacombs have contributed to our knowledge of the veneration of the Mother of God as it existed in the early centuries. Moreover, he presents to our view reproductions of these evidences, indicating their historical and religious value, and determining their chronology. The first chapter is a sort of introduction, treating the subject comprehensively, and is titled "The Early Veneration of the Blessed Virgin." In the second chapter we are given an account of the Catacombs and their contents. These vast subterranean cemeteries were the home and place of refuge of the post-apostolic Christians; they are now great treasure-houses of the relics of the early Church. The study of them was the life-work of such men as Antonio Bosio and Aringhi, of the seventeenth century; Boldetti and Bottari, of the eighteenth; Marini, Padre Marchi and De Rossi, of the nineteenth. With the lives and labors of these men Dr. Shahan is eminently familiar, and he assimilates from their work all that will in any way aid him.

The third chapter of his book deals with the sarcophagi which contain sculptured references to the Blessed Virgin. They are fully described, their early use accounted for, their peculiar locations indicated, and their relation to contemporary laws of burial briefly stated. Of the vast number of such remains, whole or fragmentary, there are at least six* which contain representations of the Adoration of the Magi. It is a curious fact that this and the Annunciation are the types most commonly illustrative of the early cult of the Blessed Virgin. The old-time Christian sculptors and painters took great delight in the portrayal of the former; partly for the edification of the faithful, but chiefly out of pure love for the Mother of God. Every detail that Scripture has handed down to us is worked into the scene with wonderful skill and accuracy. The workmanship may at times seem crude; but, then, it must be remembered that the art was just in its beginning,—that there were absolutely no perfect models to imitate; that the artist's inspiration was mainly taken from the Old and New Testaments—sources outside the realm of pagan ideals; that classic art

* It should be noted that the author limited himself to those monuments of the Roman Catacombs which contained representations of the Blessed Virgin, and to such only as are of undoubted antiquity. Elsewhere and even in the Catacombs have been found similar pictures, which he does not mention. (Cf. De Rossi, "Bulletino," 1865, p. 60; 1885, p. 53; 1890, p. 150.) Objects which the artist sometimes used for these purposes were medallions, flat bricks, terra-cotta and ivory. Previous to the seventh century churches and mortuary chapels in Rome, Ravenna, Palestine, and Alexandria were dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Marble slabs which go to prove this seem, in some instances, to antedate the Council of Ephesus. There are also memorial lamps referring to the Blessed Virgin as the Mother of God. (Cf. "Bulletino," 1890, p. 22.)

itself was then falling into decay; that the contemporary remains of pagan literature, sculpture and painting are scarcely the superiors of those which were the result of Christian inspiration and Christian effort. It was a long and arduous struggle, between elements so essentially different, that took place when art first attempted to modify itself to the needs of the new religion, and finally to eliminate all pagan influences. Indications of the struggle are still to be seen in the marble slabs that come down to us from those remote ages. And it is but natural that we should look for such traces. The immorality of pagan art was in those days only too manifest to the pure-minded Christians. Their daily going to and fro gave them no little pain; for Rome was then the repository for all the fantastic productions of a prodigal and unrestrained libertinism. Ranged in groups throughout the great city, clustering thickly in the *fora*, or staring down from niche and portico, they shocked the Christian with their shamelessness and gaudy flesh-coloring. This is why the sculptors of the Catacombs laid so little stress on elegance of pose or grace of outline in the human form; this is why they disregarded externals, and viewed only the internal symbolic beauty, which was the soul of their work.

Again, the fury and continuity of the persecutions militated against the perfection of their art. The bodies of the martyrs had in many cases to be stolen from the executioner. Monuments to the memory of the dead were, therefore, erected with no small degree of secrecy. In later times and under different circumstances, all this could be accomplished without dread of molestation; but not even then did Christian art attain great technical perfection. Excepting the lettering of Pope Damasus and some mosaics, we see the counterpart of the same decline which began at the end of the Augustan Age and so sadly affected classic art in succeeding centuries. This is one of the principles laid down for the solution of questions of chronology. Christianity had all along to contend against the inherent tendencies of the peoples that she gathered to herself.

In chapter four we are given a few reproductions from the antique "gilded glasses." These treasures* of Christian archæology have a curious and interesting history, and a unique value in determining questions of theology as well as of mere devotion. In the words of Dr. Shahan, "these are glass vessels within whose flat bases designs have been executed in gold-leaf in such a manner that they may be seen from the inside. They are protected by a plate of glass welded by fire so as to form one solid mass with the cup." There was a special process for the production of such vessels, and the secret baffled the inventive genius of many until Salvati of Venice guessed aright and succeeded in making Murano glass.

Chapter five is devoted to frescoes, and contains half a dozen illustrations. In point of artistic merit, they at once attract the attention as evidencing in their originals a higher degree of skill than that which the preceding marble figures indicate. It is marvellous, too, how they are so well preserved. Few know the mutilated condition in which these frescoes are usually found; few realize how difficult and fatiguing is the work of the archæologist when he attempts to make a copy from an original. The "Fractio Panis," regarding which Mgr. Wilpert has written so learnedly in a volume of his that bears the same title, may be cited in illustration of the disagreeable work which has to be done in archæology. It is a fresco which the author discovered on an arch in the Cemetery of Saint Priscilla, and its discovery was his triumph. The sweating of the upper earth during centuries had

* For further particulars and instances see Garrucci, "Vetri Cristiani," tav. ix and xxii.

covered it with a deposit of stalactite and sand, which rendered it invisible to other than a keen and practised eye; but the work of the artist of the second century of the Christian era had so indelible a character that the outlines of the figures represented had permeated not only the original exterior plaster but to some extent the inner and first coat. Mgr. Wilpert underwent the arduous task of copying the picture, with only the feeble light of a candle to illumine the dark underground *cubiculum*. In addition to this, he was obliged to rest in a crouched and disadvantageous position while tracing the lines and distinguishing the colors. Such are the sacrifices that men make out of pure love of science, rarely obtaining sufficient material assistance to advance their work, and always conscious that their circle of admirers and sympathizers is necessarily small.

A special chapter is devoted to the mosaics of Saint Mary Major's, of which Dr. Shahan produces two representations,—one of the Annunciation, the other of the Adoration of the Magi. An observation which I can not help making again is that the predominating type of illustration in this study is the Adoration of the Magi. Of course, our author does not pretend to take into consideration every single monumental reference to the Blessed Virgin; yet it is odd, indeed, that out of the twenty-five archæological remains which he either reproduces or mentions as bearing on the subject, fourteen present to our view the spectacle of the Wise Men in the Stable at Bethlehem. The times in which they were sculptured or painted range all the way from the end of the first century to the middle of the fifth. This certainly emphasizes the fact that the early Christian artists copied a great deal from the work of their predecessors, and that there existed also a deep and enduring veneration for the Mother of God. It is in proof of this that the author offered his little book to the public. The closing chapter runs on like a peroration. With fine literary finish he brings his beautiful work to a close, adding to its scientific merits a spirit of devotion the existence of which he so well demonstrates for the early ages of the Church.

Dr. Shahan's great admiration of ancient Christian art would seem almost extravagant to one who does not understand his point of view. Yet he does not exaggerate the importance of this element in the life of the Catholic Church. His tastes have been formed to some extent by the great master of Christian archæology,—De Rossi himself. Like Dörpfeld lecturing on the summit of the Acropolis, the one man who, better than any one else, can read in the ruins there the secrets of an ancient species of architecture,—like Dörpfeld, the late lamented De Rossi was peerless among his contemporaries. It is the spirit of De Rossi that in a great measure breathes through Dr. Shahan's volume, and it deserves the highest commendation as a contribution to science. The student of history can draw from it, the theologian can gain much by a perusal of it. The ordinary Christian interested in the antiquities of his religion should read it with keen pleasure; he will then be able to take in at a glance the whole scheme of Christian archæology—its methods, aims, and accomplishments. The artist can here get an insight into the first clustering of that galaxy of paintings and tombstone engravings. The pious soul will here find assurance that the Mother of God, so honored now and so revered in the Middle Ages, was the object of a true and living devotion in the early times; that even before the Council of Ephesus and at the beginning of the fifth century, when her *cultus* was dogmatically established, there were erected to her memory such a comparatively vast number of monuments that even after the neglect

of centuries—after the devastation and spoliation of the Catacombs by hordes of Goths, Lombards and Saracens; after a long series of pious thefts demanded by the exigencies of the time, or perpetrated by thoughtless pilgrims eager to procure a curio from those strange and half-forgotten caverns,—there still remains something of that multiform mass: a few fragmentary evidences of what our forefathers in the faith felt and thought and believed.

It is said that, in some particulars, Curtius and Mommsen know more about the antiquities of Rome than did the erudite Livy himself. The progress which the science of Christian archæology has made in recent years already warrants our stating that we are better acquainted with the Church of the second and third centuries than was Eusebius of the fourth, or his successors in the chair of ecclesiastical history—Theodoret and Sozomen. Such are the proportions that the science has assumed; such is the accuracy of its conclusions. The sculptors and painters who in olden times gave speech to the marble tombstones and decorated the walls and ceilings of those underground chambers, "builded better than they knew"; so that it is now the fortune of the tourist to look on the selfsame pictured scene which, it may be said without too great a stretch of fancy, may have gladdened the eyes of Saint Peter and Saint Paul when visiting one of the earliest of Christian burial vaults, that of Saint Priscilla on the New Salarian Way.

Dr. Shahan's command of incident, his felicitous style, and the sympathetic tone which is its keynote, give this study of the Catacombs a strong religious character that will commend it to a wide circle of readers. Educated in the German and Roman universities, the personal friend of many Christian archæologists throughout the world, and blessed with the rare good fortune of having been directed in his work in the Catacombs by the greatest of them all—De Rossi,—it was natural that he should mirror in his historical productions the influences of these environments. Relying on no third or fourth rate writers, he goes directly to the primary sources, and calls in to sustain his argument only the most scholarly authors of the day. His own extensive reading, his keen insight and correct judgment, are the characteristics which distinguish him from that class of copyists who merely compile records and reiterate facts which are the common property of the multitude.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

MADAME PERRET'S SECRET.

SMALL, dark, rather sharp-featured, with luminous black eyes which time and sorrow had but faintly dimmed, Madame Perret, distinguished as "the proud Frenchy" by some of her less exclusive companions at the Home of the Little Sisters, was polite to all, but intimate with none. For many years she had been a French teacher in C., earning a respectable if scanty sustenance; but, as new-fashioned methods which she would not adopt began to supersede the old, her pupils gradually became fewer in number, until step by step she descended to the lowest depths of poverty. Unable to work, with no provision for her old age, she presented herself at the Little Sisters' one day, asking for admission.

"I will be frank with you," she said to the good Mother. "I have had the choice between coming here and going to the Home for aged gentlewomen, where some kind ladies, my former pupils, could and would have found me a place."

"You are not a Catholic, then?" said the good Mother. "In that case it is

strange that you do not prefer the other Home, where you could at least have found more congenial associates. For I presume you know, Madame, that our people belong, for the most part, to the humbler ranks of life."

The old woman smiled sadly as she made answer:

"I know all about it. It is enough to say that I am from Lyons. I knew your Sisters very well when I was a little girl. Often have I gone to the convent with alms from my mother."

"And yet you are not a Catholic,—are you, Madame?"

"Why do you think that I am not a Catholic, Mother?"

"I infer from what you say of your connections here that you are not one."

The old woman hesitated. At length she replied:

"No, I can not call myself a Catholic, although I believe in your religion. I may as well tell you at once, Mother, that I was baptized in that faith; yet there are reasons why I can not participate in its Sacraments."

"God is so good!" said the cheerful little French nun. "He is very, *very* good, Madame. Perhaps, in His wise providence, He is sending you to us that you may be a real Catholic at the end. May it not be so?"

The old woman slowly shook her head.

"No," she sighed. "Although I should wish it, I am afraid that can never be. I have delayed too long. However, here I prefer to live and die, if you will receive me."

"Very well," replied the good Mother. "But you know at the other Home you would have a room to yourself, while here there is a dormitory in common. I suppose you understand—"

"Yes, yes," rejoined the other, somewhat petulantly; "I know all that. Kind as you are, you can scarcely realize how great is the sacrifice of my privacy. I love to be alone; for many years I have lived, hoped, sorrowed, despaired alone. To be alone—oh, what a luxury it is! And yet amid a thousand alien souls one can always be in solitude if one wishes, I think. Is it not so?"

"You are right," said the Mother. "I thought only of your comfort, Madame. You may come to us whenever you will."

"Thank you, good Mother! I shall try not to give the least trouble to the Sisters. I can sew a little still, and I will do all I can to help."

She came next day, and proved a model inmate. No complaint of any kind was ever heard of her or from her lips. While unfailing in her attendance at the chapel, she was never seen to kneel or to make the Sign of the Cross. But her lips often moved as if in prayer, and at the Elevation and Communion it was noticed that she always bowed her head reverently over her clasped hands.

Madame Perret had been with the Little Sisters about three years, when some changes were made in the community. The Mother Superior (a Frenchwoman) was removed, and another (an American) sent in her place. But the latter also spoke excellent French, having made her novitiate in Europe, at the mother-house, as is the custom in the Order. Madame Perret was at once drawn to her, and the attraction was mutual. The Mother pitied the delicate, refined old lady, driven by poverty to spend her last years in an abode of charity.

One lovely holiday afternoon, as her companions walked about the garden or sat on benches under the trees, Madame Perret, seated in an old rocking-chair near the kitchen door, slightly leaning back, was drumming quickly with her fingers on her knees, as one might on an imaginary organ or piano.

The good Mother was passing. She paused and said:

"Madame Perret, now I know of whom

you remind me. Ever since I came, when I looked at you I saw a resemblance to some one whom I once knew; it seemed to me very long ago. Now I know that it was my kind old music-teacher, Sister Marguérite, at the convent of N. She was the busiest person I ever knew; and if once in a great while her hands chanced to be idle, she would drum with her fingers so—just as you are doing."

The old woman looked at her calmly for a few moments.

"I think it is a pity," she said, "that you have no music in your chapel. It would be so enlivening to the old people, and an incentive to devotion as well."

The good Mother smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

"Whatever I may think," she replied, "I have nothing to say. It is our rule. You are a musician?"

Madame Perret shook her head.

"Because I make a little motion with my fingers like this you think I am a musician, perhaps? No, no, Mother! I have not touched a piano for thirty years. And you—if I am not too bold?"

"Once I played pretty well," replied the good Mother.

"Again, may I ask where you received your education?"

"With the Sisters of —— at N."

"They are a fine community," said the old woman, with emphasis. "Giving their whole souls to their work, they know neither fear nor favor; always courteous and gentle, yet having all the reserve and dignity necessary to true religious; and remarkable above all things, I should say, for the spirit of detachment, which preserves them from worldliness. Into that congregation, at least, the spirit of the world has not yet crept—or had not when I knew them, many years ago."

"They are still the same," answered the good Mother. "Next to my own community, I love them best."

"And your old music-teacher, of whom I remind you,—does she still live?" inquired Madame Perret, carelessly.

"She—why, how one forgets! I do not know. And it was such a wonder at the time. There was something strange about it. One day she was there, the next morning gone, without a good-bye or a word. The Sisters said nothing; but the rumor spread somehow that she had suddenly become insane and had been taken to an asylum. But we were not allowed to speak of it at all; though we missed her, for she was a sweet, gentle creature."

"And you, good Mother," said Madame Perret, apparently indifferent to the fate of the poor nun,—"how did you, with your talents, happen to join the Little Sisters instead of a teaching order?"

"My talents!" laughed the Mother. "They are few, Madame, I assure you. But if it had not been for my eyes I should not, perhaps, have thought of the Little Sisters. For a time I was almost blind, and my sight is very imperfect still. God so ordained it."

The old woman looked at her intently. Then she lifted the Sister's hand and raised it to her lips.

"Blessed are they who follow, without turning back, the way which God has ordained for them," she said.

"Amen!" replied the other fervently, patting the withered old hand. "You are such a good creature," she said, wistfully. "If you only would be a Catholic!"

The old woman smiled, still looking into her face.

"Thank you, good Mother, for the undeserved praise. I am Catholic enough, at least, to ask for your prayers."

"Trust me, you shall have them," replied the Sister, about to turn away.

"Wait a moment, Mother!" pleaded the old woman. "With those dark glasses I can not see your eyes. But they should be large and prominent and a bright blue."

The good Mother laughed merrily.

"You have guessed right, Madame."

As she turned the corner of the house, well out of sight and hearing, Madame Perret leaned back in the rocking-chair.

"Yes, little Fanny Donnelly, I am sure," she whispered to herself, and there were tears upon her cheek.

. . . . . .

A sudden cry in the night, a hurrying of feet, a knock at the door of the good Mother.

"Good Mother, come quickly! Madame Perret is dying!"

A few moments later she was standing beside the bed of the old woman, who seemed to be breathing her last, so still, so white she lay on the blood-stained pillows. She had had a hemorrhage—the third since the beginning of the winter, when a slight cold had developed into a severe bronchial cough. But soon a faint color came to her cheeks again, and she opened her eyes. They sought the good Mother's face.

"Pray! pray!" she implored.

"I *am* praying,—we are all praying every moment," was the reply. "They have gone for the doctor. You will be better soon, Madame."

"Not for that," murmured the old woman,—"pray not for that, but for my soul." Her eyes closed, and she lapsed into silence.

Swiftly and noiselessly the Sisters sent the frightened old women, who surrounded their dying companion, back to their beds. Another bed was being prepared in the infirmary for the sufferer, to which she was soon borne by tender hands. The doctor came, enjoining perfect quiet, and giving some slight remedy in case she should have another attack. But he gave no hope of recovery. She was too weak and old, he said. The good Mother sat beside her until the first gray light of morning stole through the window; then, motioning the waiting Sister to take her place, she went to the chapel, where she remained until the Sisters assembled for Mass. When she returned to the infirmary, Madame Perret was sleeping quietly. She had hoped to have been able to call the priest to the bedside, but hesitated, not knowing Madame Perret's wishes. It was ten o'clock when she opened her eyes at last. Pathetic, pleading, anxious beyond description, they looked into those of the good Mother, just entering the room.

"Stay with me; it will not be for long," she murmured, grasping the kindly hand and pressing it close to her bosom.

"I shall not leave you," replied the good Mother. "And, O dear Madame, will you not permit me to send for a priest?"

"Not yet," said the other. "Wait until you have heard me. What does the doctor say? Will it be soon?"

"I can not tell," rejoined the Sister. "You must be kept perfectly quiet he says. It will not be well for you to speak."

"I *must* speak. What do a few hours matter? I will speak slowly. I must tell you before I die. My story may be of benefit to others; they may learn what deceit and pride can do to a soul—to a life. Tell it when I am gone, good Mother. It may be some reparation."

These few words had exhausted her. The good Mother gave her a little wine and water, which revived her. And then, in short, broken whispers, with many pauses, the hand of the Sister fast held in both of hers, she told her sorrowful story.

"Good Mother," she said, "I was born in Lyons sixty-five years ago. I am not so old as I look, but I have had many sorrows, such as wreck the soul and early wear out the body. I was a gay, proud girl, fond of pleasure and fine apparel and costly living. My parents were well-to-do; they reared me piously, but I was never really pious. My heart was full of thoughts of the world. Pride was my besetting sin. I could brook neither interference nor advice. My soul was a total stranger to contradiction or humiliation of any kind. I became engaged to a young man of good

family. Both our parents were anxious for the match. He was gay like myself, handsome and rich. I did not care particularly for him, and I was aware that his affections had been placed elsewhere; but that gave me little concern. On the very day when our marriage was to have taken place he eloped with the girl he loved, taking twenty thousand francs belonging to his father. They came to America. You are aware, no doubt, that in France such a proceeding meant for me social banishment forever. My pride was crushed to earth. That very night I made a vow to become a nun. I succeeded in deceiving everybody, even my confessor, with the belief that I had a vocation; and I entered the novitiate of the Sisters of —— at the end of a year.

"During the eight years of my conventual life they had but one fault to find with me—viz., that I was too passive in my manner; although that was laid to what was supposed to be my spirit of renunciation and mortification. You may think it strange, almost impossible, that I could have misted experienced mistresses into such a belief, when in reality my soul was a seething volcano of pride and selfishness; but I assure you such was the case. I was sent to America, where I remained about five years in the convent at N. Your hand trembles, good Mother—you know who I am? Well, shall I go on?"

The Mother bowed her head.

"The trials of my novitiate had been few. It may be that the spirit of resistance and rebellion was dormant during those years. But a very little thing revealed of what stuff I was made. Or maybe the time had come when Our Lord could not endure the hypocrite in the abode of His chosen daughters any longer; for they were a perfect community.

"One evening I stood in the music-room, holding a little pearl crucifix between my fingers. It was of beautiful workmanship, and had that day been given me by a devoted pupil. The superior passed. I showed it to her. After admiring it, she suggested that I send it as an offering to a bazaar about to be held in one of our convents in France to raise funds for the erection of a chapel to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Something rose up in me for the first time since I became a religious—oh, how base and unworthy!—and I said, somewhat brusquely: 'But I would rather keep it, Mother, as it was given me for myself.' She looked greatly surprised, as she answered that such a gift was far too valuable for one who had vowed herself to holy poverty; adding that it would be better in that case to return it to the donor. I replied: 'Why, that would be an insult, Mother. And how can such a trifle hurt either me or the virtue of holy poverty?' I spoke with a sneer; my old self asserted its dominion on the instant. The superior looked at me in surprise,—I might better say she looked *through* me. I firmly believe at that moment she read the depths of my soul. She was a woman after God's own heart, and on such as she does He often bestow the gift of divination. 'My child,' she said, sternly and yet compassionately, 'go to the chapel, and then come to me.' I made no reply, and she left the room. I heard her swift, light step resound through the empty corridor, and the door of her room open and close.

"I looked about me. At one end of the long hall a Sister had already begun to light the lamps. It was growing dark,—in autumn the day fades quickly once the sun has gone down. A sudden temptation seized me,—a horrible disgust of my life as well as the falsehood I was living. Oh, believe me, good Mother! it was not *all* evil—that thought, that desire so quickly put into execution. Something of shame, of detestation of my conduct, was mingled with it: I felt myself to be unworthy to remain longer in that abode of virtue. I

might have gone from it openly in the day-time, perhaps you may tell me, with the consent of my superior, with my vows remitted. Oh, yes! I know. But I did not: I went like a thief in the night, as I had entered. A long cloak belonging to one of the boarders hung upon the wall: the girl was about my own height and figure. Swift as the thought that suggested itself to my mind, I stole up to the wardrobe, took one of her dresses from the drawer and returned to the music-room. On the table lay a scarf that one of the children had been knitting. I seized it, removed the needles and fastened the ends of the thread. In the little drawer of my desk was some money paid me during the day by some pupils. I took it out and counted it: it amounted to twenty dollars.

"Once more I looked around, and saw no one. The Sisters were all in the chapel at this hour. It was now quite dark. Quickly removing my veil and habit, I put on the dress. Snatching the cloak from the nail, I wrapped it about me; and, tying the scarf over my head, flew along the corridor and down the stairs, so noiselessly that I could have thought myself a ghost rushing to its doom. Once in the yard, I bethought me of the gate, always locked before dark. My soul quite sickened as I approached it. Oh, joy! by what strange chance had the portress forgotten it that evening? Do not shrink, dearest Mother, when I tell you that I thanked *the evil spirit* at that moment for my opportunity. Throwing it wide open, I cast one look behind me. In the distance I could see the portress, with the lantern swinging in her hand, hastening to fulfil the duty she had overlooked. The memory of that moment—that last glimpse of paradise—has never left me.

"Though neither dreading pursuit nor fearing recognition, once on the street I ran quickly in the direction of the long bridge I had daily seen through the windows of the music-rooms. I had thought it spanned a river, but it proved to be only a canal. A boat was anchored at the foot of some slimy steps. A woman stood in the doorway. Approaching her, I asked the destination of the boat. She told me the name of a town some sixty miles distant. I asked her if they would take a passenger. She replied of course, if I had money to pay. She called her husband, and the bargain was quickly made—but why these unnecessary details? I desired to leave the city of N. far behind me, and I accomplished my desire.

"At first I was prosperous—yes, for many years; that is, if to have enough meat and drink and clothes and kindly acquaintances be prosperity. But still the worm was gnawing my soul with its double-edged tooth, and has never left me at peace for a moment from that hour. All who had known and the few who had loved me thought me dead or demented or lost. Into my father's house I might never again set my foot; from that second home, which might have been for me the outer portal of heaven, I was forever banished. From the hour I set the seal upon my own fate until I came here, good Mother, I never entered a Catholic church, or spoke to a priest, or exchanged a word with any woman in the garb of a religious. But from my window in the R——'s Building, where I lived for several years, I saw the foundations of this Home laid, the building rise, and the spire of the chapel with its little cross ascend; and when at last the Little Sisters came to occupy it, I loved to watch them coming and going from day to day, receiving their charges, talking with them on the porches and in the garden, and going about begging for them through the streets of the city.

"And so at last, when old age crept on apace, and poverty knocked loudly at my door, I began to have a deadly fear of dying as I had lived; and, though I did not dare then, and have not dared since I

came into this blessed shelter, to *pray* for the forgiveness and the opportunity so undeserved, I *have* dared to hope that the prayers of others, the nearness of virtue and holiness, would do something for me in my last extremity. O dear, dear, good Mother, may it be? O *you* that were little Fanny Donnelly in that time so long ago, tell me is it too late,—will the priest come to me, that I may be forgiven, and die in the peace of God, with the hope of a favorable judgment?"

"Poor thing! poor thing!" answered the weeping nun. "He *will* come,—I will send for him at once. And now let us thank God," she added, detaching the crucifix from her rosary and placing it in the hands of the dying woman, who kissed it again and again, with a fervor that must have been a pleasing sight to the Guardian Angel who had walked beside her unseen, but perhaps not all unheeded, through so many bitter, wasted years.

Alienation.

So near that I can watch thy flushing cheek,
So near that I might touch thee as I speak;
So far that if between us rolled the sea,
'Twould not more widely sunder thee and me.

So near that others ask me of thy ways,
Filling my dulled ears with their fulsome praise;
So far that on my soul it falls like lead,
Or clods on coffin lid where hope lies dead.

So near that every heart-beat I should know,
And strangers smile and think that it is so;
So far that, to beseech thee might I dare,
Thou wouldst not heed; or heeding, wouldst not care.

So far that truth and holiness and heaven
For thee are fancies, shadows, long since riven;
O God, O Saviour, that such things may be!—
Once we two knelt beside one mother's knee.

M. E. M.

In the Battle for Bread.

THE FAITH OF A BEGGAR.

BY T. SPARROW.

IV.

KIT'S beautiful childlike faith that trusted so implicitly to its God did not fail him now; the soul must have had its struggles, but only its Angel Guardian witnessed them.

"Tell me honestly what you feel about it," said Father K—— on one occasion.

"Father, I feel that it draws me closer to God," was the simple reply; and it was plain that the words came straight from his heart.

He never laid himself out for compassion, and it seemed almost profane to offer it. He was very slow in revealing the workings of his mind, but the glimpse that came now and then showed a being so free from guile that one wondered how it had strayed in among the foul surroundings of Pot's Alley.

"I am glad the cross came through a little child," he was heard to say to one of the visiting Sisters. "When I knelt by the Crib, the Child-Christ seemed to say so plainly, 'What you do to one of My little ones, you do to Me.'"

Though he had held his own baby girl in his arms for only one five minutes, it had stirred paternal love within him; and his affection for children was immense. He would smooth the tangled locks and hush the noisy cries of the urchins in the court with the soft dexterity of a kindly woman; and many a time has big Ben swept a whole bevy of them out, with his best besom, when he returned at night to find the place overrun with children's whips, tops, and other penny toys; while the bright-eyed owners were standing round the blind man, who was striving to mend some broken treasure.

"A little of that sort of cattle goes a long way," said Ben, whose sense of order was disturbed by the litter they caused. "There are two places where youngsters should never be—on board a man-of-war and in a bachelor's *boudoir*. So out you go, every one of you!" And he good-humoredly bundled the whole lot off.

Meanwhile we had not been idle in Kit's behalf. I had gone to the gentleman in St. James' Square who had been kind to him on the night of the accident, and asked his help to get up a subscription. I truly think he did his best, but his best most signally failed. It was urged, when he sounded the press, that, after all, the loss of sight was inevitable—the accident had only accelerated it; there were plenty of places for such unfortunates. It was even remarked that it was stupidity on his part to have been knocked down at all; and that, as he was a Catholic, his maintenance was the affair of Catholics and of no one else. If he had been killed in his brave action there would have been a grand funeral, paragraphs in the papers, and wreaths sent by the aristocracy; but to provide him with a little extra comfort on his way to the grave, to take from him the burden of owing everything to those whose living was as precarious as his own had been,—no, that is not the way of the world at all.

"I must beg in the streets," he said, quietly. "There are many better than I who have had to do worse."

We entreated; Ben even cried at the disgrace; but Kit was sweetly but calmly firm.

"I must earn my living while I can and how I can," was his invariable answer. "I have no right to cripple my poor friends. Those who give to me will be those who give out of their plenty, not out of their want; and," he concluded, with the rich, deep smile that won all hearts, "you must allow even a beggar to have his pride."

A label was got, a box was obtained, and, guided by one of the children he loved so well, Kit turned out into the streets to earn a livelihood there. Surely his girl-wife and angel-babe were allowed to watch his every step and guard him from any harm. He brought back three shillings as his first day's earning; and we were all listening to his adventures, when a postman's knock sounded at the door. Ben rose and took in a small but heavy packet.

"So the aristocrats have raised you to their ranks, it seems," quoth Ben, with dry humor, as he read aloud, "Christopher Whalley, Esq." Then he added: "Well, it's about time they did."

There was quite a little thrill of excitement as the string was unfastened and disclosed a morocco case, which when opened was found to contain a bronze medal with an inscription that it had been awarded by the —— Society as an acknowledgment of his saving the life of —— on such a date. A lithographed certificate, stating much the same thing, accompanied the gift.

"Well, I'm blowed!" exclaimed Ben. "I thought the English had some common-sense. Will this cure your cough or send you into the country for a change of air? Christopher Whalley, Esq. Will you wear it round your neck, or will you write to say that, begging their worshipful pardons, medals are not your favorite ornament, as they do not suit your style of beauty?"

"Perhaps if it was pinned to his coat," I said, "it would enlist the sympathy of the passers-by."

"And look like a prime ox marked out for the slaughter," answered Kit, gaily. "No: let us compose a letter of thanks. No doubt they meant it as an honor."

Honor! What was worldly honor to a man on the threshold of death, who had to descend the dark valley (though

but just over age) because in the time of his want there were none found to give a blanket for warmth, good food to sustain, or the word of strong hope that keeps the heart aglow! There are so few good men in the world that we can ill spare them to die before their time.

Gradually a change came over Kit—he was often absorbed in thought, and he drew more and more within himself. His reserve approached secretiveness, and Ben was most terribly hurt when he discovered accidentally that Kit handed over only a part of what he got and was saving a hoard for himself.

"If he would tell a fellow!" said Ben, in an injured tone. "But when a pal has shared his every crust, he doesn't like to be kept in the dark."

"Let him go his own way," I counselled. "Kit, I am sure, has some little plan. He is preparing a grand surprise." Still, how far I was from guessing that my words would come so true!

His life became almost a marvel, he ate so little, he prayed so long. Yet his face became happier and still more happy. He would not replace his rags by decent garments, nor his shabby foot-gear by boots that kept out the rain; yet he was seen laughing to himself as he fingered a lapful of coins.

A night came which explained all. Ben was sitting smoking at the fireside when Kit limped in, white and weary, but with a strange look of exaltation on his face. He felt his way to Ben, and put one hand on his shoulder, while with the other he drew a bag from his pocket and poured silver and copper on the table.

"I have done it," he said, with boyish glee. "Count, Ben,—five whole pounds."

"And if you have," said Ben, still sore at his reserve, "what do you want to do with the money? Get another medal?"

But Kit was too joyous to note his tone.

"Ben," he asked, softly, "do you remember the name Kitty gave our one child?" Then he added after a moment: "She called it Winifred, for it was born on St. Winifred's Day; and almost the last thing she said was that she meant to take me to Holywell and ask St. Winifred to cure me. I have been thinking Kitty would like me to go there now, and for her sake the Saint might give me back my sight. So I have saved and scraped every penny I could, that you and I should go together next Bank Holiday,—then you would not lose a day's work. Ben, you don't believe as we do yet; but you will take me, won't you?"

The plaintive, musical voice was indeed irresistible; and Ben, who would have travelled the dreariest desert on a camel's back to bring a smile to the boy's face, yielded readily enough to his wishes. So on a warm fair-day they took the train, a fever heat staining the transparency of Kit's cheeks. That night they slept in the quaint, straggling village, already crowded to excess by pilgrims drawn thither through the graces vouchsafed after bathing in the Holy Well. Though Ben had been in many lands and seen sights both wonderful and strange, he had seen none to equal this. All day long the steep, uneven streets were thronged with the blind, the maimed, the lame,—crawling, groping, stumbling, on their way to the holy fountain.

And the shrine itself struck big Ben dumb. In company with many others, he descended the worn steps and entered the vaulted stone building, with its groined roof and many intersected arches. He saw the miraculous spring arched over by a finely sculptured octagon, beneath which bubbled up water, in color resembling malachite, yet so clear that the bottom of the well could be clearly discerned. The masonry which encased the spring was dyed in places such a vivid crimson that it resembled flowing blood. This, so the legend tells, is the blood of the girl-martyr. The moss encrusted along the sides has

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a curiously fragrant odor, which it retains long after it is gathered. The statue of the Saint is always adorned with flowers, and their freshness and bright color are in strong contrast to the moldering walls and decrepit forms which greet one on every side. At the feet of this statue the pilgrims cluster, and hymns are sung and prayers are offered, in petition and thanksgiving. What struck Ben most was the absence of fuss or effort. It was all very solemn and a little sad.

Kit, who had borne the journey well, bathed in the middle of the day, and Ben attended him throughout. They were present at the mid-day service, and went again at night. They walked in the procession, holding lighted candles; and just before they left, Kit said he would bathe his eyes once more. He knelt down at the outer pool, the summer moonlight shining full upon his form. He bent over the pool as Ben was standing by, and splashed the cool drops upon his sightless orbs. And then, still kneeling, he raised his head to Ben and whispered softly:

"God be praised!"

Was it the flooding moonlight, making the golden hair like the aureole of a saint, which caused Ben to shiver with holy awe? Was it the reflection of the stars, lighting up the pale chiselled face with a radiance scarce sprung from this earth, that made Ben tremble as if touched by an angel hand? Or was it the glory of gladness which shone from those eyes of heavenly blue, telling the secret of a favor asked and a favor granted, which made Ben cover his face, the big tears rolling down his cheeks?

No other word was said on the way home that night; they understood each other, those two. Only it came to my knowledge later that, while Ben never closed his eyes till dawn, Kit slept with a smile on his face, with the peace of a little child. It was his wish that the return of his sight should not be made known then; and, after a lingering visit of thanksgiving to the shrine, they turned their faces homeward.

What a joyous home-coming it was, in spite of the labored breathing and short, hard cough of the invalid!

"It is joy, not fatigue, "that is tiring me," he said, as he meekly yielded to the orders for rest. "Let us keep our secret for a little while: people will want to see me, and I am too tired to talk."

He grew weaker and weaker, and it was evident to all that the dreaded end was near. For a night and day he was delirious, but he never lost consciousness of the favor bestowed. "I wanted to *see* to die!" he repeated over and over again; and "It would have been hard not to *see* my child," was another of his speeches. And in his fever the self-restraint of the past year broke down, and we learned how his trials had seared and scarred his soul, and how he had prayed and wrestled for patience. Well, the struggling was over now and the crown of victory shone above his head.

His happiness drove away our pain. How could we grieve when this radiant creature lay still and white on his pillow, his eyes shining with holy joy!

"I had not much wisdom," he remarked to Father K——, with a little smile. "I fretted for an earthly blessing; God gave it to me, as well as the biggest blessing of all."

No one could have been more grateful, more affectionate or more thoughtful than he in his last days upon earth; and what passed between him and Ben is too sacred to be made known. With the keen perceptive delicacy of a being on the confines of eternity, he exacted no promise, he pleaded for no pledge from the friend who had lavished of his best on him. Only with the same keen perception he saw in advance that his ardent wish was gained, and that his death would complete what

his influence on earth had been slowly accomplishing. His last look was on Ben, his last words were a prayer. The end came so peacefully that the last sigh was scarce heard; and we knew not the moment when Kit the boy-husband stood before his Maker and was judged in the very room and on the very spot where Kitty the girl-wife had laid down her burden also.

(The End.)

The Tales that Tim Told Us.

THE FAIREST IN ALL IRELAND.

THE children had gathered round Tim and were teasing him for a story.

"I have no more stories," said Tim, but with that long, slow smile of his which meant compliance.

We looked at one another and waited silently until he should begin.

"I'll tell you about the miller's daughter of Arranmore. There's a song about it; I mind well my mother singing it and she churning or washing behind the house, in the little yard. This is the way it goes:

"O the miller's daughter of Arranmore,
She stood one day at her father's door
Bright and fresh as the autumn morn;
A fairer *colleen* was never born.
'And who comes here?' I heard her say,—
'What handsome stranger, what handsome stranger
Are you who come this way?'

"From head to foot he was clothed in green;
No manlier youth was there ever seen
From Carrickfergus down to Cape Clear,
With step elastic advancing near,
'And who can she be,' I heard him say,
'This beauteous angel, this beauteous angel,—
The fairest maid I've met in many a day?'

"Well, I thought to sing it for you, but my throat's bad and my voice gives out. I'm no good at the singing any more. 'Twill do as well to tell it maybe; though I can't put the feeling in it that there is in the ballad."

"I think the song is very pretty, Tim," said Rebecca, in her childish voice; "but I like the way you tell things better."

"I doubt it's above your comprehension, darling," replied Tim,—"at least the subject; but there's a good moral to it, any way; so here goes!

"Now, children dear, I'll have you remember that the miller of Arranmore was no small personage in his neighborbood. But in those days everybody, even the very grandest lord and lady, was simple and unpretending. I don't mean by simple that they hadn't their minds or senses about them; but they *lived* simple and *thought* simple things, and were content in their station.

"Well, this morning, of all mornings, Nora O'Donnell was happy and blithe, standing at her father's door; for the freshness of spring was in the air, and the birds singing their little songs at the top of their voices. And Nora was singing too. She had a voice like a bird herself; and I'll engage maybe she was aware of that same. A girl may be as good as gold and as innocent as a dove, but she can't help knowing if she has a good-looking face. And there's not the least harm if she has a little vanity on the score of being able to turn a tune well, or dance a light step at a wedding or fairing.

"And as she stood there, a brave young fellow, dressed in green, turned the corner of the mill with a quick, light foot. She turned about at the same time, and they looked at each other. He had a bit of a cap on top of his red mop of curls, and says he, laughing out and lifting the cap:

"'Good-morning, *a colleen!* You're by far the prettiest girl I've seen between this and London.'

"Nora dropped a curtsy, and says she, as quick as a flash back again to him: 'The same to yourself, sir, as a gentleman. By all I've heard my father tell of him, you're the image and repetition of that great King of all Ireland, Brian Boru.'

"The young man laughed again, and says he: 'My fairy princess, will you be after giving me the pleasure of taking a cup of cool, fresh water from your lily-white hand?'

"'The water you may have and welcome,' says she, 'barring the lily-white hand. For, sir, 'tis only grand ladies that have that, or that have any call to the like. I'm only a miller's daughter and a working girl.'

"Well, the compliments went on; and when he had the drink of water, he got the smell of the potatoes and bacon from the kitchen, and says he—he was in the door by this:

"'I'm hungry from my long tramp; and, if your father and mother are willing, nothing would please me better than to sit up with the family and take a bit of dinner foreninst you.'

"'The bit of dinner my father and mother will make you welcome to,' says she; 'for they have never turned man or woman away from the door yet, let alone a fine gentleman like yourself.'

"'And what makes you call me a fine gentleman?' says he.

"'Your speech, and the way you hold yourself, and your elegant manner, and the whiteness of your hand, sir,' says she; 'not to mention the bright shining jewel you wear on your finger.'

"'Faith, you *are* a clever girl,' says he; 'and you've read me rightly. I'm valet to the Earl of Arranmore, taking my first trip through this beautiful country of Ireland, where I was born, but where I never set feet before since I was a babe in arms.'

"'And what's a *valet*, good sir, may I ask?' says she.

"Well, he explained that it meant a gentleman's gentleman. And, for fear *you* wouldn't understand what that is, children, I'll tell you. 'Tis a man that waits on a grand gentleman — brushing his clothes and laying out his linen; and 'tis said that, nine times out of ten, the fellow is prouder and more conceited like than his master, the real gentleman himself.

"But I mustn't be too long. Nora called her father, and the old man invited the young one to step in and make himself at home; and so he did. And he so charmed them all with his coaxing ways and the praise of everything he got, that the miller offered him the freedom of the stream for fishing, which he took, nothing loth; and seemed not only thankful but quite delighted. Two days lengthened to three, and three to six, and the young stranger lingered on; and do you know why? He was striving to make love to Nora, but she wouldn't hear to him; for there was a fine boy in the next barony that she was to be married to in the spring, and her heart was true to her first love. So the cooler she got with him the more he tried to coax her, promising all kinds of fineries and easy living if she'd go with him to London and be his wife, till finally she got greatly displeased, and says she:

"'I thought you were a gentleman, but you're not. If you were, you'd never be abusing the kindness of a decent man and woman like my father and mother, by trying to steal their only daughter away from them. No, sir, I wouldn't give Ned Fagan's little finger for your whole body, if you were one mass of diamonds from head to toe; and I'd not go to London along with you if you paved every step of the road in gold blocks before me. So take that for your answer, and bother me no more.'

"With that she turned to leave him, but he called her back; and she told her grandchildren many a time that she liked him better at that moment than ever before; for his face was changed into a grave and serious manner; and says he, taking the ring from his finger:

"'You are a good girl — the very rose of Ireland, as all may know. I'll trouble

you no more. But take this as a token, and keep it safe; and if ever you need a friend send or bring this to London city, and you'll find him in the house of Arranmore.'

"At first she'd have none of it, but he persuaded her; and, so as not to vex him, she took the ring; for she had a kind heart, and thought it best to be courteous to him, after all.

"When he was gone she showed it to her father and mother.

"'It's too like a real diamond not to be paste, Nora,' said the old man. 'I doubt much but he's a wanderer of some kind; maybe he stole it, for that matter.'

"But the mother said 'twas a mean thing to malign a gift, anyway; and she bade Nora keep it safe. And so she did; and forgot all about it, in a little box of trinkets she had put away.

"Time passed; the old man and woman died; the mill went to other hands; Nora married Ned Fagan, and they were fairly well off and happy. Then the old Earl of Arranmore died himself, and the young one came into power—just about the time of the famine—not the greatest of all, but another one. The crops failed—the potatoes turned black in the pits. The new agent was a terror, turning people out into the road after raising the rent on them till they couldn't pay it. Ned Fagan took down with the fever, and when he rose up he was a weakly man. The rent was behind, and Ned not able to earn a shilling; and one day Nora was crying up in the room, so he wouldn't see her; and, to divert her mind, she began fumbling about in her little box of trinkets that she had by her still. There she came across the ring, and she took it down to Ned, and told him the tale, thinking to divert *his* mind as well.

"'It's queer, Nora,' says he, 'but that seems to me to be a real jewel; and the setting is fine, as you can see. Maybe if you'd take it up to the city you might sell it for a trifle; and you know every little helps.'

"Just then there came a knock at the door, and Nora opened it. There stood the very man they were talking of, but dressed more sober, and looking older and changed since the day when Nora saw him first, ten years before. He put out his hand. But poor Nora, thinking of all she'd gone through since she saw him last, burst out crying. 'Twas Ned had to tell him the tale of their misfortunes, and of the avarice and greed of the agent; how the tenants were in poverty through him and the fever and the famine; and how he threatened that the Earl himself would be down shortly and put what was left of them, body and bones, on the road, where they'd either have to die or go into the workhouse.

"'I don't think he'll do that,' says the stranger; 'but I wouldn't call it much of a surprise to them that know if the agent was left on the road himself.'

"'And are you still in his lordship's service?' says Nora. 'I divine you are, or you wouldn't be here.'

"'Yes, I'm thankful to say I'm with him still,' says the other; 'and I'm pretty sure of being that same till he dies.'

"'It's well for you,' says Nora, with a sad smile. 'It's far different with me; and I look far different now, I'm sure, from what I did in those days long ago.'

"'Yes,' says the man, 'you do; but the clouds are parting even now, and the day will break in joy and consolation before you know it. And have you the ring I gave you yet?' says he.

"'It's here, on my little finger,' says Ned. 'My wife was showing it to me when you came to the door, and that for the first time since we were married.'

"'Sure I forgot all about it, Ned,' says she, giving a deep sigh. 'It was to sell it we thought, we were that pushed at the present moment.'

"'Oh, don't do that!' says the stranger,

rising up. 'But I'll ask you one thing only. Come up yourself this very day, Nora, to the castle. I'll speak for you to the Earl when he comes; and, take my word for it, some good will come of it. And fetch the ring along with you, for good luck, and show it to the servant at the door.'

"So he cheered them up till he left, and their hearts were lightened in them; and Nora promised to go up to the castle, as he bade her, in the afternoon. And then he went away.

"The sun was setting as Nora climbed the long hill and made her way to the castle. There was a power of horses and carriages round about, and fine ladies and gentlemen on the terrace. Nora thought it queer to see the valet mingling in among them—but there he was, like one of themselves, talking to a beautiful lady, and a little boy playing at his feet. He saw Nora at once, rose up, and, leaving the company, he came over, and the lady along with him.

"'And did you fetch the ring, Nora?' says he, laughing.

"'I did,' says she, handing it to him. 'And will you be so good as to speak to the Earl for me, as you promised?'

"With that he took the ring from her hand and put it on his finger.

"'I am the Earl of Arranmore,' says he; 'and these are my dear wife and son.'

"With that poor Nora fell down upon her two knees (she wouldn't do it, if she lived in these days, to earl or king, I'll warrant ye, children; but that was in your great-great-grandmother's time, when people weren't too proud and ignorant to acknowledge their betters).

"But the husband and wife each took her by the hand; and says the lady, in her sweetest tones:

"'How glad I am to be able to see and help you this day! For my husband has told me all that little story, and how, for the time, he was so fond of you that he really and truly wanted to take you away to London and make you Countess of Arranmore.'

"'Nora was right, and I was mistaken,' said the Earl; 'and while I live hereafter neither she nor hers shall ever want. From this day on I intend to live at the castle at least three months in the year, to know my tenants and care for them as a landlord should know and care for those who depend on him, and on whom he also depends. And during the time we are absent, and for all time, I appoint your husband and yourself care-takers here, with a comfortable stone house and a garden, and everything necessary for a good and honorable living.'

"For a while poor Nora couldn't do anything but cry for joy, and blush with confusion at the way she'd treated the Earl when he was coaxing her long ago, thinking of the sharp words she'd said to him that day.

"'O your lordship and your ladyship,' says she, 'what can I say! I can't say anything for the grand, good news. But my heart is bursting with gratefulness; and I wish I could fly, to be the sooner home to Ned with the joyful tale.'

"'You carry your heart in your face, Nora,' said the Earl; 'and we can read every thought that's in it. There's no need for a word of gratitude. Run away home now to your husband and children, and I'll be down myself in the morning. And by that time I'll expect to see the old light in your eyes and the old smile on your lip, and the same rose-flush on your cheek that a wandering stranger once thought the fairest in all Ireland.'"

INDIFFERENCE is the shield of polite society, and affectation is the valve of artificial characters; but sincerity of soul is the first charm of manners, and extent of sympathy is the proper measure of happiness.—*W. R. Alger.*

Purgatory and the Blessed Sacrament.

NOVEMBER brings two pathetic remembrances—the pitiable state of the holy souls in purgatory and the abandoned state of our Divine Lord on the altars; and these two are most closely intertwined. It is at *His* Sacrifice we assist for them; it is *He* whom we receive when we want to be heard for the sake of those who groan amidst the expiatory flames of that sacred prison, and who await in bondage there the hour of their deliverance. It is this Adorable Lord that takes to the suffering souls our prayers, good works, and indulgences; it is this sacramental Mediator who receives our aspirations and makes them fruitful for the poor captives. Let us, then, when we look to purgatory, view it through the medium of the Blessed Sacrament; that we may thereby obtain a fuller abundance of light, consolation, and graces for these holy souls. Oh, it can do a great deal—a visit well made, or a Mass well heard, or a Holy Communion devoutly received!

When the holy souls were called to judgment, and at the close of that judgment, and because it was favorable, it is our belief that the Sovereign Judge turned on them a look of such wondrous sweetness and beauty that one of their greatest longings is to behold and adore that countenance forever, and one of their greatest pains is to be kept such a length of time from enjoying it. We may, then, imagine them from the gloom of their prison crying to us:

"O friends! that Adorable Lord whom we saw at the moment of judgment, and whose beauty ravished our souls, you have the unspeakable happiness of possessing near you and on your altars. Speak to Him; you can appease Him and render Him propitious. Offer up His Precious Blood; there is nothing that brings such resignation and peace as His Precious Blood when it falls on us like dew from heaven. If you dipped your finger in cold water and laid it on our burning tongue, we should be comforted by it; but oh, how much more so by the Precious Blood from the wounds of the Lord Jesus Christ! For we are tormented in these flames. Oh, do think of us!—pay a visit for us; assist at Holy Mass; offer your Communion for us; have the Adorable Sacrifice offered for us,—and Heaven will bless you abundantly."

Let us listen to their plaintive language, and let us multiply our visits, our Masses, and our Holy Communions. The recording angel will take account of it all; and in the measure we give, in the same will it be meted out to us.

On the Passage of Time.

UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENT FROM THE WRITINGS OF MOTHER DRANE.

IN what was once an old Catholic college in England there still exists a tower with a bell which has an ancient inscription engraven round it, meant as a reminder, at every stroke of the bell, of the importance of the flying moments. The inscription is: *Periunt et imputantur.* The minutes perish, it is true; but they do not fall into oblivion. For they are *imputed* to us, and written down to our account against the day of the revelation of the Lord. Let us learn a lesson from this old inscription.

Perhaps no season of the year is so devotional, so full of graces, as this Advent season. But let us not forget the warning voice of the old bell—*Periunt et imputantur;* for all these precious moments of grace will have to be accounted for. Let us, therefore, look well to it that we correspond faithfully with the grace of God.

Notes and Remarks.

A Catholic Governor's interrupting his open-air address to an audience largely Protestant, and, at the sound of the Angelus bell, uncovering his head and quietly reciting the beautiful prayer to Our Lady,—such was the spectacle recently witnessed by a crowd of Scotch Presbyterians in Prince Edward Island. The incident is naturally going the rounds of our exchanges, and the only comment we have to add to the eulogy so generally and properly pronounced upon Governor Howland is that it is regrettable that such incidents are so rare as to occasion universal surprise. It is safe to say that, even among the most sturdy opponents of Catholicism who chanced to witness his devout act, Governor Howland's reputation as a competent ruler or a man of honor has in no way suffered.

"It is a commentary upon our civilization," says a New York weekly, "that we must pay more for the suppression of crime than we do for the training of the young." It is a comment upon the dense stupidity of unregenerate humanity that we can expect instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, and kindred branches, to supply the place of the true education that forms the heart to virtue, not less than it develops the intelligence and stores the memory with useful knowledge. "My impression of the way in which a great many children are brought up in the schools of this country," said a prominent judge recently, "is that they grow up without any idea that a thing is right or wrong." Juvenile or other crime will never decrease until God and His law are admitted into all our schools.

Our American Anglicans are determined to carry on a policy of intercommunion despite all Papal Bulls. A church of that persuasion in Pennsylvania is to be decorated, according to the Philadelphia *Record*, with eight statues "representing saints of the Episcopal Church"—to wit: SS. Peter, Paul, Athanasius, Augustine of Canterbury, Augustine of Hippo, Alban, Columba, and—Patrick! Which reminds us of the Irishman who was told that St. Patrick was a Protestant. "Well," was the answer, "he must have been a mighty bad missionary; for he didn't lave a Protestant in it after him." At another place in Pennsylvania, an Anglican baptism was performed with water brought from the River Jordan and blessed by Pope Leo XIII. We regret to notice, however, that the Anglican *Catholic Champion*, from which we quoted such sweet and tender things a week or two ago, is now in an unpardonable fit of temper. It calls us hard names, and in the most solemn manner gives us this delicious illustration of the old fable about sour grapes: "What has Rome to give us? What should we gain by being reunited to her? As we have said, absolutely nothing. Hers would be the gain—the enormous gain. We would give her learning, piety, numbers, influence, and—which, perhaps, she cares for as much as anything else—money. No wonder she asks us to come to her and make our peace."

A venerable coadjutor of ours, who sits at the window buried in the Anglican *Arrow*, has just remarked that "the Angelicals are getting scraptious and spleeny." But we hope he is mistaken.

There has always been a multitude of men—educated chiefly by the daily newspapers—who think that to be great means to make a loud noise in the world. To them the writer of the latest sensational novel is a more heroic figure than the patient scholar who toils at his desk for years that the slightest grain of true science may be garnered into the bins of human knowledge. They forget—or they do not know—that showiness is cheapness, and that empty vessels make the greater sound; and they are constantly asking, for instance, why the great Catholic seats of learning are so little heard of in contrast with the Protestant universities. Many answers might be given to this question, but one of the best for daily use is that made by the editor of the *Western Watchman*. It is, he says, "because there is nothing new in truth nor startling in its defence. Men who start out to find God

outside the Church will hunt in vain, but they will probably stumble upon some sensational discoveries. There is nothing sensational in plain sailing from port to port; it is the shipwrecks that make up the thrilling narratives of the sea." And the same explanation covers the absence of Catholic sermons in the Monday newspapers. The preachers certainly have the advantage of "originality" there; for the Sunday discourses in Catholic churches must be but explanations of the Gospel, and that is unchangeable and does not admit of novel exposition. The daily newspaper lives on sensationalism; and the appearance of a Catholic sermon in Monday's paper would generally be taken as evidence that the sermon needed revision, and the preacher a retreat.

Recent Australian exchanges chronicle the heroic death of the Rev. W. Newport, of the Diocese of Dunedin. Returning home in a boat from Portobello, where he had been conducting divine service, he was accompanied by three boys. The boat was overturned; and, although Father Newport was an excellent swimmer and could easily have saved himself, he exhausted his strength in keeping the boys afloat until assistance arrived. The boys were saved, the priest was drowned. Heroic as the action undoubtedly was, it was still nothing more than was to be expected from a true pastor. Although the great world does not always stop to think about it, the priesthood is essentially a heroic state,—one in which contempt of death in the discharge of duty is a normal sentiment. "The good shepherd gives up his life for his flock," even in this age of egotistical self-seeking and unheroic abandonment of sacrifice.

The shocking case of Mr. E. W. Curry, of Des Moines, Iowa, who died from the effects of injuries received during his initiation into a secret society, suggests some serious considerations. Mr. Curry was one of the best known citizens of Iowa, having served as chairman of the Democratic State Committee during the last election. But he wanted to be an "Elk," and it seems that the "Elks" initiate members by placing them in an iron chair and roasting them by means of gas jets or electric currents. It is great sport, they say, to see the new member jump up from the chair when the heat is applied. But Mr. Curry either would not or could not jump, and he was burned so severely as to cause death. It would be very harsh, of course, to say that he got only what he deserved; but any man who submits to the idiotic ceremonies of initiation employed in most secret societies is hardly a fit subject for sympathy. It remains to be seen what action the family of the dead man will take. Two years ago when some rowdies in an Eastern college killed a young man, they were promptly punished by the law as they deserved; but how could anybody be prosecuted for an offence committed in the hall of a secret society, all of whose members are bound by iron-clad oaths?

In a memoir on the school question, the late Archbishop Taché wrote: "More cunning than the Manitoba Government, that of the Northwest has left to Catholic schools their existence, but it has despoiled them of all that constituted their peculiar character and assured them freedom of action." The Archbishop's text has recently been elaborately developed by the Rev. Father Leduc, O. M. I., in an interesting pamphlet. From a perusal of the Oblate Father's study, it seems that an ordinance passed by the Northwest legislature in 1892 is, in its practical working out, decidedly unfair to Catholic schools, and subversive of the real aims and purposes of Catholic educators. In the regulations governing the Council of Instruction, in the composition of that body, in the matter of normal school attendance incumbent on Sisters, and in a variety of other respects, the ordinance manifestly oppresses Catholics; and our fellow-religionists in Northwest Canada should not cease agitation until full justice is rendered them.

A special commission composed of members of the general directive committee of the Antimasonic Union, has been charged with the task of throwing all possible light on

the question of Diana Vaughan's existence and conversion. Pending the publication of the report of this commission, the president of the Union hopes that Catholic journals will desist from discussion of the question, and especially from pronouncing upon it, as on a point no longer admitting possible doubt. While desirous of complying with this reasonable request, we can not refrain from remarking that those of our contemporaries who seem inclined to question the existence of real Luciferianism are destined, perhaps, to experience a change of opinion, if they follow closely the investigations of eminent students of this latest development of Masonry,—students of whose existence no doubt is, or can be, entertained.

A suspension of the serial "Sadie's Knight" is necessitated by the severe illness of the venerable author, for whom we bespeak the prayers of all our readers. Mrs. Dorsey has earned the gratitude of English-speaking Catholics everywhere, and interest in her welfare is deep and general. We hope to hear of her recovery soon, and trust that her interesting story may be completed next month. Its place is filled this week by another of Tim's inimitable tales and a continuation of the "Chronicles of the Little Sisters."

Canadian exchanges comment upon the death, in bankruptcy, of the P. P. A., twin sister of our own A. P. A., whose passing from this mundane sphere we shall rejoice to chronicle at the earliest available moment. The Paulist missions to non-Catholics ought to have some effect in hastening a consummation so devoutly to be wished.

An able and conscientious lawyer was the late Alexander Garesché, of St. Louis. One of his brothers was the gallant Col. Julius Garesché, who was killed during the civil war; and another is a distinguished Jesuit missionary. Mr. Garesché was the ideal advocate—learned, sympathetic, and wholly devoted to the interests of his clients. The social and moral aspect of his life is admirably expressed in the memorial drawn up by the St. Louis bar after his death:

> The widow and the orphan, the forlorn and the oppressed, found in him a friend. He not only gave these his time, but also his money. He was a man of generous emotions—genial and full of gentle and kindly feeling. He was a devout Christian, and never hesitated to advocate the cause of the Church. Yet his charity and his benevolence were not confined to any class or creed. He would defend his priest to the highest court in the land; but he also took the poor Indian by the hand, and, without fee or hope of reward, asserted his rights to land and person in the great departments of government. He was too earnest to be less than scrupulously honest, and too brave to evade a duty or suppress a free and manly thought. The records of our courts, both of original and appellate jurisdiction, and State as well as national, bear testimony to his learning, zeal, ability, and sense of justice.

May his reward be the reward of the merciful, and may his soul rest in peace!

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Augustine Fivez, who passed to the reward of a devoted life at Troy, N. Y., on the 6th inst.; the Rev. W. J. O'Gorman, of Newark, N. J., who died a holy death some weeks ago; and the Rev. Placidus McKeever, O. S. B., lately deceased at Atchison, Kansas.

Mr. Thomas Lee, who departed this life in New York city on the 2d ult.

Mr. Charles Voeglein, who breathed his last on the 17th ult., in Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Alexander J. P. Garesché, of St. Louis, Md., whose happy death took place on the 10th inst.

Mrs. Mary Spalding, who passed away on the 18th inst., at Lebanon, Ky.

Mrs. Annie Cunningham, of Philadelphia, Pa., whose life closed peacefully on the 17th inst.

Miss Rose Clouse, who was called from this world on the 14th ult., at Somerset, Ohio.

Mr. Thomas Weir, of St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Mary Cox, Mr. John Burke, Mr. John McGovern, and Mr. Michael Marinan, of Meriden, Conn.; Thomas and Mary McMahon, Peterboro, Canada; Mr. Mark J. Carr, Mrs. Margaret Nolan, and Miss Catherine McCarthy, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. M. A. Coyle, Waterbury, Conn.; Catherine Germershausen, Baltimore, Md.; Katharine I. Poland, Chillicothe, Ohio; Mrs. Maria Furlong, Lowell, Mass.; and Mr. James Conner, Kansas City, Mo.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

My Favorites.—A Mental Photograph.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

COLOR.

THE shade of the shamrocks and "Sunburst," I ween,
Nature's own favorite, bright sparkling green.

FLOWER.

The modest white violet, emblem most fair
Of souls that e'er shrink from the world's lurid glare.

HOUR OF DAY.

Beauty's magic hour when the day-god sinks to rest
Through the gold and crimson curtains of the radiant, happy West.

SEASON.

Autumn, bounteous autumn, when the harvest-moon looks down
On the smiling fields and valleys—earnest labor's joyous crown.

NAMES.

Two that lips divine oft uttered, many centuries agone—
Mary, sweetest name in story; and the loved disciple's, John.

HERO IN ROMANCE.

Galahad, Knight of the glistening shield,
Purest of lilies in chivalry's field.

COMPANION.

A genial saint, not too severe
On those who move not in his sphere.

SUBLIMEST PASSION.

Love that sees in God its prize,
Love that prompts to sacrifice.

OCCUPATION.

Catching pretty fancies from the mystic land of dreams,
Clothing old ideas in a dress that novel seems.

TRAIT IN MAN.

Unselfishness that's real, the trait of all most rare;
Who wears this gem, I look on him as rich beyond compare.

TRAIT IN WOMAN.

True modesty that's plated with the gold of common-sense;
Not prudishness, e'er looking for a chance to take offence.

SADDEST WORDS.

The mocking strain of a cruel fate
Forever shrieking: "Too late, too late!"

SWEETEST WORDS.

Those that shall echo through heaven's broad dome
When our exile is ended—"Home, sweet home!"

MOTTO.

A simple one, you will surely say—
"Love thy God, and go thy way."

Saint Elizabeth's Champion.

BY MARY ALLIS.

WHENEVER the Feast of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary comes around in the cycle of the year, I am reminded of a little girl whom I once knew—she is a very big girl now, they tell me; but I trust just as outspoken and sturdy as she was when this happened,—who created a sensation in a quiet school-room, where everything was conducted in the most proper and select-school manner, by her somewhat fiery defence of her patron Saint.

Her name was Elizabeth; and, while I can not say that she was markedly endowed with those especial traits which have made the Princess of Hungary known to us as "dear Saint Elizabeth," neither was she wholly without them. She was not naturally very humble,—indeed, I myself think she had a fair amount of pride; but she had been taught to respect lawful authority in the persons of her parents and teachers, and she seldom forgot the reverence due them. She was not eager, like Saint Elizabeth, to seek out the poor and suffering, and minister to their wants. But times are different nowadays, and our Elizabeth saw much less of these afflictions than did her patron. When she did see them, however, I am sure she pitied them and wished to relieve them; for she is good-hearted and generous, and thinks nothing she can do for them is too much for her friends to ask. Like Saint Elizabeth, too, our Elizabeth was always fond of sports and of innocent pleasure; and perhaps, for aught we know who think we know her so well, she sacrifices some of her pleasures, as her patroness did, when no one knows of the sacrifice by her outward appearances. She was familiar with the story of Saint Elizabeth's life; for it had been told her often, even when she was too small a girl to read it for herself.

I am telling you all this by way of letting you know what sort of a little girl our Elizabeth was when the event took place that made her a champion of Saint Elizabeth. She was, perhaps, seven years old—I am sure she was not more than that, though well-grown for her years;—and she had a way of holding her head up that made people think of a strong, frisky young colt. She had blue eyes and short light hair; rather sunburned, because she played out of doors so much and hated hats. She was full of life, and would rather skip and run than walk quietly. And because she was so strong and jolly and good-hearted she had many friends, both among her own companions and among grown people who knew her.

She lived in the suburbs of a large city, and went with her brother and sisters to a private school conducted by a Frenchwoman, who was nominally a Catholic, but whose religion consisted in sending her two little daughters to church with scrupulous regularity, though she very rarely went herself. The school was a large one, and Madame Fresnil employed a number of teachers; but she was a careful schoolmistress, and supervised all the classes, so that there should be no cause of complaint. As her pupils were of almost every denomination, the teachers were instructed to say nothing in any way bearing on religion; though to the few Catholic children Madame herself at times said a few words privately, inquiring whether they had been to confession and whether they went regularly to church.

Elizabeth's teacher was a young girl who had been a pupil of Madame Fresnil's; and during the previous year, when she was a "last-year" and Elizabeth a "first-year" scholar, she had taken a great fancy to the little girl; petting her during recesses, and sometimes even helping her through the difficulties of the terrible "First Reader." Elizabeth, too, was very fond of Miss Edith, and was particularly pleased to have her for a teacher. She used to say to her mother:

"I'm so glad Miss Edith is my teacher! When it's school-time we don't think of anything but lessons; but as soon as it's recess she is just Miss Edith again, and she tells me the beautifulest stories; and I tell her some, too. I'm sure there was never anybody nicer than our Miss Edith."

But one day poor Elizabeth's trust in her teacher was rudely shaken, and in a way which she never forgot. They were having a lesson in reading, and the lesson was about a little waif who had come, the reading-book said, from Hungary.

"What is Hungary?" asked Miss Edith, thinking that perhaps some of the children might confound the word with "hungry," and not understand the lesson.

Elizabeth and several others held up their hands in token that they knew; and, at Miss Edith's nod, a little boy said it was the name of a country in Europe.

"Yes," said Miss Edith; "and do you know anything more about it?"

Elizabeth knew that it had been the home of her patron Saint; but it did not occur to her that that was the point Miss Edith was intending to emphasize, so she remained silent.

"Have you never heard of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary?" queried the young teacher. Elizabeth smiled and nodded, but Miss Edith did not see her and continued to speak. "She was a princess of that country, and is now called one of the saints of the Catholic Church. People say she was very good and charitable; but she was not truthful about her charities, and I am sure that Christ would rather have had her less charitable than that she should have told lies about it."

Elizabeth sat petrified with amazement and anger. Her own dear Saint Elizabeth accused of telling lies, and that by her own dear Miss Edith! But while she sat thus, unable to rally her tongue to the service of her mind, Miss Edith went on, unconscious of the storm she was raising in the girl's soul, and of the ruined temple of Friendship that was bound to fall about her own ears.

"There is a story about this Saint Elizabeth that some of you may have heard—or at least you *will* hear it, since it has been made the subject of several celebrated paintings. It is said that she was one day starting out from her palace to carry food to the poor against her husband's will—for he had forbidden her to do it,—when she met him on the way. He suspected her errand, and asked her what she had hidden in her cloak. Elizabeth was afraid of his anger, and answered that she had only some roses; and the legend asks us to believe that because of her charity God permitted the bread to be changed to roses. But you know, children, that this can not be true—"

Our impulsive and warm-hearted Elizabeth had now reached the limit of her endurance. She sprang to her feet, with her head up and her blue eyes blazing.

"That's not true—the way you tell it, Miss Edith! Saint Elizabeth *never* told lies, and she wasn't afraid to do as she wished; and her husband—"

"That will do, Elizabeth, please! You may take your seat."

But Elizabeth was wrought to too high a pitch to be easily subdued.

"I may *not* take my seat and hear you tell such things about my own Saint! If *you* won't tell the girls and boys the story the right way, *I* will."

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth! Be silent and take your seat, or I shall report you to Madame."

"I'll tell you about Saint Elizabeth and the roses," said our Elizabeth, in a loud voice, that her excitement rendered unnatural; and she addressed herself to the other children.

Miss Edith struck sharply on her bell a dozen times, perhaps, in quick succession; and again spoke sharply to Elizabeth, ordering her to be seated. Elizabeth never heeded her, but was about to go on with her story when Madame Fresnil entered the room, attracted by the bell and the loud talking.

"What is wrong here?" she inquired quietly, surprised to see a usually docile child in evident rebellion, and a teacher defied whose discipline she had never known to waver.

Elizabeth began at once to speak.

"Wait, Elizabeth!" said Madame. "We will hear both sides of this; and Miss Edith must speak first."

Miss Edith, who, after all, meant well

but was ill informed, faithfully recounted all that had been said.

"It seems, Elizabeth, that you have spoken very rudely to Miss Edith."

"But, Madame, *you* know that Saint Elizabeth—"

"Wait, Elizabeth,—wait! We'll come to that by and by." And our Elizabeth felt that Madame's calm tone promised full justice to her cause, and was accordingly subdued. "You spoke quite rudely to your teacher, did you not?"

"Yes, Madame," she said in a low tone.

"And by so doing you have hurt Miss Edith, and broken the rules, and given a bad example to your classmates."

The poor little classmates admired their companion's pluck without knowing why, and yet trembled and were shocked at her conduct in "sassing" Miss Edith.

Elizabeth was about to give a conditional assent to this statement, qualifying it with an account of her grievance; but Madame's face was so firm and withal so kind that she could only murmur another low assent.

"Then the first thing to do in order to straighten out this tangle is that you should apologize to Miss Edith for your rudeness."

The girl found this so bitter a thing to do that she stood silent, trying to convince herself that Madame was right.

"You know it would have been just as easy, and much more respectful and ladylike, to have said, 'Miss Edith, the Catholic legend is like this,' and then go on with our version of it."

It was seldom that Madame was so pronouncedly Catholic; and Elizabeth, who had heard Madame's lukewarmness spoken of at home, felt, without knowing why, that "our version" promised so well for her side of the quarrel that she could afford to forgive Miss Edith. So she said, in a clear and gentle voice:

"I'm very sorry I spoke rudely to Miss Edith, and I hope she'll pardon me."

"Indeed I do, Elizabeth! And I hope, dear, you won't think I meant purposely to displease you. I had not thought that Saint Elizabeth had any special interest for you."

"She is my patron Saint," replied our Elizabeth; "and of course I love her."

"Now, Elizabeth," said Madame Fresnil, "you may tell the children, and Miss Edith too, if she has never heard it, our Catholic version of the miracle of the roses."

"It was this way," began Elizabeth, all the anger gone out of her face, and its usual bright and pleasant expression reigning there instead. "She had her cloak full of food, and she was going to distribute it to the poor, as Miss Edith said, when she met her husband coming home from hunting. She was far from home and alone, and she thought maybe, because she was a princess, he would think she ought not to go about alone, like other people; so when she met him she was surprised, and held her cloak close to her. And he asked her what she was carrying. She didn't want to say 'Food for the poor,' so she said nothing. And then Louis—that was her husband's name—opened her cloak himself, and found it was full of roses. And he knew it was a miracle as well as she did; for he took one of those beautiful roses and kept it forever."

I think poor Miss Edith was somewhat ashamed of herself when she heard this simple story, and remembered that she had harshly said that Saint Elizabeth had told a lie; and I am quite sure that Madame meant to teach her a lesson, which the children were too young to recognize, in thus having her garbled account set right. At any rate, when Elizabeth had finished Miss Edith said:

"Thank you, Elizabeth! I had never heard the story told in that way before; and no doubt it is true that your patron Saint was silent and did not tell a lie."

Then Madame went quietly about the room, looking at a slate here and a copy-book there, and restoring the everyday tranquillity of the class; while Miss Edith and the children grew calm again after the unwonted excitement. And presently Madame went away, and things went on just as they always did in that class-room every day in the week except Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Edith declared afterward that she liked Elizabeth all the better for her pluck in defending her patron Saint, and I know that she sometimes called her "our little Saint Elizabeth." But as for the little girl herself, though they still continued to be good friends, I don't think she ever felt quite the same to Miss Edith. It was her first insight into the bitter truth that underlies all social intercourse,—that even our best friends differ from us in some of the beliefs that are dearest to us; and she could not but know that between herself and Miss Edith there was that mysterious gulf that yawns between Catholic and Protestant.

"True Blue."

Blue—or azure, as it is called in heraldry—has high rank as a color. In the dress of the Blessed Virgin it denotes humility, as white does purity; while in the garments of a pictured angel it stands for fidelity. Its use in heraldry indicates a reputation without a stain. "True blue" was originally a Spanish expression, referring to the superstition that the blood of people of aristocratic descent is azure instead of red.

The boys of Christ's Hospital, a London school for youths, are called "blue-coat boys," on account of the color of their long blouses. Many of the most famous men in the world have been "blue-coat boys." The little fellows are a common sight in the London streets.

The bedesmen, to whom the kings of Scotland distributed certain alms, were similarly called "blue-gowns," in reference to the color of their cloaks. Their number was always that of the king's years, so that a new one was added every birthday; and they were permitted to ask alms through the whole of Scotland. There have been no new bedesmen added since 1833, and it is a much longer time than that since Scotland has had a king all its own. The pursuivant-at-arms of England wears a blue robe, and is sometimes spoken of as "blue mantle."

Bonnets.

We are accustomed to consider bonnets as feminine headgear, but when a Scotchman speaks of his bonnet he means his seamless woollen cap. Certain local magnates who wore the famous braid bonnets were termed the Bonnet Lairds. The Highland cap rises to a point in front, and is known as the Glengarry bonnet. Sometimes the general name of blue bonnets is applied to all Scotchmen. Everybody knows the lines of Scott:

> "England shall many a day
> Tell of the bloody fray,
> When the blue bonnets came over the border."

During the reign of James V., of Scotland, a gold coin which bore the head of the King was called a bonnet-piece, in allusion to the little Scotch cap he wore.

The use of the word is not limited to the Scotch. The red cap of liberty worn by French revolutionists was called the bonnet rouge. Further back in history all bankrupts wore a green cap; and to say that he "wore a green bonnet" meant that he had made a sad failure in business.

PLEASURE soon exhausts us and itself also; but endeavor never does.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

With Authors and Publishers.

—It is pleasant to announce a translation of "The Method of St. Sulpice," which is considered one of the very best catechetical works extant.

—Mr. R. Washbourne will soon publish a new and cheaper edition of Scaramelli's "Directorium Asceticum." This excellent work has long been out of print.

—A life of Sir Kenelm Digby, by one of his descendants, is announced by Longmans, Green & Co. The biographer is the author of "The Life of a Prig," etc.

—The late Mr. Du Maurier's place on *Punch* has been taken, it is said, by Mr. Bernard Partridge. That the editor and three of the leading cartoonists of the premier comic weekly of London should be Catholics, is a peculiar but not the less striking proof of the wondrous change that has been wrought in England in recent years.

—Messrs. Benziger Bros. have added to their Library of Popular Instruction an excellent work by the Abbé Durand explanatory of Catholic Ceremonies and the Liturgical Year. Its usefulness is enhanced by nearly one hundred illustrations, and it is issued in cloth binding and in paper covers. Considering the need of the instruction afforded by this little book and the low price at which it is sold, we feel that we can not recommend it too highly. The other volumes of the Library of Popular Instruction are "Catholic Belief," "The Sacramentals of the Church," and "Explanation of the Gospels and of Catholic Worship."

—The American Book Co. has just published three books that will be of use to students of the ancient languages. The "First Greek Book," by Professors Gleason and Atherton, is remarkable chiefly for certain novel features in its plan—the second aorist is met very early in the book; and the dual, as likewise the contract nouns and adjectives, appear much later than is usual. The type, both Greek and English, is beautiful.—"Latin Lessons," by Professor Coy, is in the Ollendorf method, and aims to lead the pupil, as soon as possible, away from the mere grammar-forms to continuous readings.—"Stories from Aulus Gellius" is intended for students, who, while still in a very early stage of their Latin studies, have a fair knowledge of syntax. There is a carefully prepared biographical introduction, which is easily worth the price of the book; and the selections from "Noctes Atticae" are in every way admirable.

—The excellence of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* is so uniformly high that it is hard to single out any particular number for special praise. We wish, however, to call the attention of the reverend clergy, parents, and the directors of our colleges and convents to an announcement which appears in the current issue of that enterprising and most valuable publication. The December number of the *Review* will contain a symposium on "Reading Matter for Catholic Children,"—a subject of obvious importance. The editor has secured an expression of opinion from some of the leading Catholic writers of America, and the publishers' side of the question will also be ably presented.

—A good book for the so-called Bible Christian is "The Kingdom of God on Earth," by R. Belaney, which has been revised by Father Eyre, S. J. This little work is divided into five chapters, which deal with the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Angels, the Preaching of the Gospels, Prayer, and the Pope and Rome. The style is simplicity itself, and the plan of the author is to marshal a host of strong texts around his subject and weld them together by a plain, sensible commentary. To Catholics the most interesting pages will probably be the remarks about missionary work, in the last chapter. The booklet is in paper covers and is beautifully printed on good thick paper. Thomas Baker, publisher, London.

—We can not help thinking that the Rev. Nicholas Tolpa, of Baltimore, Md., was ill-advised when he undertook the preparation of a work on the celibacy of the Catholic clergy. However, if the circular announcing it is not misleading, it will be a book of curious interest. We are informed that it is

"written for Americans and for the educated," and that "it is composed in a special manner, neither following the Bible nor the Scriptures of the Holy Fathers." The author assures us that his forthcoming volume is "something new in the line of Catholic literature, there having been never written anything alike, so that the work will be a revelation in and surprise for many readers;" and furthermore that "it will bring a new period of understanding the misfortuned celibacy." We can credit the assertion that this new book will be of great interest—a revelation and a surprise,—but we do not know what to think of the declaration that this production "will captivate and irritate the reader." There is the gratifying assurance, however, that "this work will be started to be printed within the year 1896." Price only $1.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Catholic Ceremonies and the Liturgical Year. *Abbé Durand.* Benzigers. Cloth, 50 cts.; paper, 25 cents.

The Kingdom of God on Earth. *R. Belaney.* Thomas Baker. 30 cts

Pope Leo XIII. *Justin McCarthy.* Warne & Co. $1.25.

Manual of the Forty Hours' Devotion. Am. Ecc'l. Review Co. Flexible cloth. 20 cts.

A Key to Labor Problems. *Léon Harmel.* Catholic Truth Society. 10 cts.

"Quo Vadis." *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* Little, Brown & Co. $2.

The Vocation of Edward Conway. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Mr. Billy Buttons. *Walter Lecky.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Cochem's Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. *Preface by the Rt. Rev. C. P. Maes.* Benzigers. $1.25.

A Woman of Fortune. *Christian Reid.* Benziger Bros. $1.25.

A Striking Contrast. *Clara Mulholland.* M. H. Gill & Son. $1.25.

New Faces and Old. *Rev. Francis Finn, S. J.* B. Herder. 60 cts.

On the Road to Rome, and How Two Brothers Got There. *William Richards.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts., *net.*

Ada Merton. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* B. Herder. 75 cts.

Essays Educational. *Brother Azarias.* McBride & Co. $1.50.

The Conspiracy of the A. P. A. *J. Alex. Edwards.* P. J. Kenedy. 25 cts.

Demon Possession and Allied Themes. *J. L. Nevius, D. D.* Revell & Co. $1.50.

Protestant Fiction. *James Britten.* Catholic Truth Society. 80 cts., *net.*

Goffine's Devout Instructions. *Preface by Cardinal Gibbons.* Illustrated. $1.00.

Social Problems. *Rev. Morgan Sheedy.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

How to Speak Latin. *Stephen W. Wilby.* Murphy & Co. 75 cts.

Jack Chumleigh; or, Friends and Foes. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Murphy & Co. $1.00.

The Temptation of Nora Leecroft. *Frances Noble.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

Claudius. *C. M. Home.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

The Last Christmas-Tree. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. 75 cts., *net.*

Amy's Music Box. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner Co. 38 cts., *net.*

A Tuscan Magdalen. (Poetry.) *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. *Net*, 75 cts.

The Divine Redeemer and His Church. *Rev. Edward Douglass, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

The Spirit of the Dominican Order. *Mother Drane.* Art & Book Co. $1.00.

Devotion to the Miraculous Infant of Prague. J. Schaefer. 10 cts.

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ALMA REDEMPTORIS.

Moderato. Edm. Kretschmer. Op. 33.

Sopran. *pp* Al - ma Re - dem - pto - ris ma - ter, *mf* quæ per - vi - a

Alt. Al - ma Re - dem - pto - ris ma - ter, quæ per - vi - a

Tenor. Al - ma Re - dem - pto - ris ma - ter, quæ per - vi - a

Bass. Al - ma Re - dem - pto - ris ma - ter, quæ per - vi - a

p cœ - - li por - ta ma - nes et stel - la ma - ris, *mf* suc-

cœ - - li por - ta ma - nes et stel - la ma - ris, suc-

cœ - - li por - ta ma - nes et stel - la ma - ris, suc - cur - re ca-

cœ - - li por - ta ma - nes, ma - nes et stel - la ma - ris, suc-

cur - re ca - den - ti, sur - ge-re qui cu - rat po - pu - lo: tu quæ ge - nu - i - sti, na-

cur - re ca -den - ti, sur - ge- re qui cu - rat po - pu - lo: tu quæ ge - nu - i - sti,

den - - ti, sur - - ge -re qui cu - rat po - pu - lo: tu quæ ge - nu - i - sti,

cur - re ca- den - ti, sur - ge- re qui cu - rat po - pu - lo: tu quæ ge - nu - i - sti,

tu - ra mi -ran - te, tu - um sanctum Ge - - ni - to - - - rem, na-

na - tu - ra mi-ran - te, tu - um san-ctum Ge - - ni-

na - tu - ra mi-ran-te, tu - um

na - tu - ra mi-ran-te, tu - um san - ctum, na - tu - ra mi-ran-te,

pp *rit.* *p a tempo.*

tu - ra mi-ran - te, tu - um san -ctum Ge - ni - to - rem. Vir - go pri - us ac po-

pp *rit.* *p a tempo.*

to - rem, tu - um san - ctum Ge - ni - to - rem. Vir - go pri - us ac po-

pp *rit.* *p a tempo.*

san - ctum, tu - um san - ctum Ge - ni - to - rem. Vir - go pri - us ac po-

pp *rit.* *p a tempo.*

tu - um sanctum, tu - um san - ctum Ge - ni - to - rem. Vir - go pri - us ac po-

mf *f* *mf*

ste - ri - us: Ga- bri - e - lis, Ga - bri - e - lis ab o - re sumens il - lud A - ve,

mf *f* *mf*

ste - ri - us: Ga- bri - e - lis, Ga bri - e - lis ab o - re sumens il - lud A - ve,

mf *f* *mf*

ste - ri - us: Ga- bri - e - lis, Ga - bri - e - lis ab o - re sumens il - lud A ve,

mf *f* *mf*

ste - ri - us: Ga- bri - e - lis, Ga - bri - e - lis ab o - re sumens il - lud A - ve,

p *pp rit.*

pec-ca - to - rum mi - se - re - re, mi - se - re - re.

p *pp rit.*

pec-ca - to - rum mi - se - re - re, mi - se - re - re.

p *pp rit.*

pec-ca - to - rum mi - se - re - re, mi - se - re - re.

p *pp rit.*

pec - ca- to -rum mi - se - re - re, mi - se - re - re, mi - se - re - re.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1. 48.

Vol. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 5, 1896. No. 23.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Cockle and Wheat.

BY THOMAS J. KERNAN.

ACROSS the furrows of his fertile field
The master cast his seed with generous hand;
And bright-eyed Hope smiled over all the land
As springing blade and tender shoot revealed
The verdant promise of a golden yield.
When lo, one sunny morn the watchers scanned
The blowing corn, and, as by magic wand,
The treacherous cockle flaunted unconcealed.

"An enemy's," the master said, "this deed.
But let them grow, the cockle and the grain,
And let them share the sunshine and the rain;
And I will watch, and seeming give no heed,"
(O mark the lesson well, ye foolish men!)
"Until the harvesting shall come, *and then!*"

Our Patronal Feast.*

FOR a truth the dogma of the Immaculate Conception is in itself, like all dogmas, coeternal with the great everlasting Truth, *I am.* But, chronologically speaking, its first intimation is coincident with the very first promise of a Redeemer in the Garden of Eden, when God, in cursing the serpent, said: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed. She shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." Long before Christian theology had been formulated and reduced to a system, this text of Scripture was acknowledged by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church to be a palmary proof of the Immaculate Conception of the woman who was to be, of herself and in her seed—to wit, the Messiah,—at perpetual enmity with the serpent, and who was to crush his head. For they reasoned, and categorically too, that to be at perpetual enmity with the serpent was to be in perpetual grace, even from the first instant of her conception,—passive, of course.

Probably the most beautiful commentary extant upon this text is that given by St. Proclus, the worthy successor of St. John Chrysostom. Following the dramatic instinct of the Greeks, yet keeping dogma in view the while, he represents the demons—satellites of the ancient serpent—as conspiring against the Woman-Virgin. "What, then? Shall we refrain from plotting because she has been made worthy of a great charge? Shall we recede from the natural enmity because she is mantled with supernal

* In preparing the contents of the present number of our magazine, we were reminded of this able article, written years ago by one who is now with God; and concluded that nothing could be more pleasing to our readers than this notice of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, its heroes,

aid?" Comparing her, farther on, with Eve, he again describes the demons as saying: "And is the struggle again imminent with this second Eve? Must the line of battle be formed against the unpolluted woman?" And this is how Gregory of Nyssa speaks of the second part of the text above adduced—"She shall crush thy head." In a similarly dramatic spirit with Proclus, he represents an angel welcoming the Blessed Virgin on her assumption into heaven: "Hail, therefore, and exult! Hail, and trample the head of the serpent! Hail, O full of grace! for the curse hath passed away, corruption is cast out; sadness hath departed, joy abounds; the good things predicted of old by the prophets are with us." Do I draw an unwarrantable conclusion when I say that the history of the Immaculate Conception began in the Garden of Eden, and that Moses, of God inspired, was its first champion?

I assume it to be already manifest that my purpose in this paper is, not to establish the dogmatic thesis of the Immaculate Conception (though, by the way, the above reasoning is an apodictical argument), but simply to show that the dogma has been, so to speak, a household subject in the Church from the genesis of the human race down to that memorable 8th of December, two and forty years ago, when Pius IX. made it an article of faith. And, to confine myself still to the Old Covenant, and relying on the Fathers of the Church as competent and authoritative interpreters, who but Mary Immaculate is understood in the figure of Noe's Ark, which triumphantly rode the deluge tide? Of Jacob's Ladder, reaching from earth to heaven? Of the burning but not consuming bush, before which Moses was bidden to loosen the sandals from his feet? Of that inexpugnable tower from the face of the enemy, shield-hung a thousandfold? Of that enclosed garden, inviolable and incorruptible? Of that glorious city of God whose foundations are in the holy mountains? Of that august temple of God, of refulgence divine, and full of the glory of God? The ancient prophets touch the sublimities of divine poetry when they call her the "Spotless dove," the "Holy Jerusalem," the "Lofty throne of God," the "Ark of sanctification, and the house which the eternal wisdom built unto itself"; the "Queen who aboundeth in delights, and, leaning upon her Beloved, went forth from the mouth of the Most High," perfect, beautiful, dear to God, without stain.

Ecclesiasticus is beside himself with holy rapture when he represents her as saying: "And so I was established in Sion, and in the holy city likewise I rested; and my power was in Jerusalem. And I took root in an honorable people, and in the portion of my God His inheritance; and my abode is in the full assembly of saints. I was exalted like a cedar in Lebanon, and as a cypress-tree on Mount Sion. I was exalted like a palm-tree in Cades, and as a rose-plant in Jericho. As a fair olive-tree in the plains, and as a plane-tree by the water in the streets, was I exalted. I gave a sweet smell like cinnamon and aromatic balm; I yielded a sweet odor like the best myrrh." Again: "I am the mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope." There is dogmatic grandeur in the following verse, and it admirably epitomizes Mary's place in the great mind of God: "From the beginning and before the world, was I created; and unto the world to come I shall not cease to be; and in the holy dwelling-place I have ministered before him." Had Solomon never penned the Canticle of Canticles, the above alone

and immortal promulgator. It was an inspiration from on high which led the hierarchy of our country to choose Mary Immaculate as Patroness of the United States; and American Catholics should be distinguished for devotion to the Blessed Virgin under this title, a most satisfactory explanation of which is here afforded.—ED A. M.

would have entitled him to be called the poet of the Blessed Virgin in the Old Testament. Of this last poem I will only say that its name alone is its best eulogy, and that it must be read in the light of the infallible interpretation of the Catholic Church.

Let us come to the New Testament. We have left the land of prophetic vision regarding Mary. She has merged from prophetic into actual existence, is born into the flesh, has waxed from childhood into girlhood, thence to womanhood; and is, withal, the maiden-wife of a man called Joseph. St. Luke narrates the rest with Gospel simplicity. "And in the sixth month the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee called Nazareth, to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the Virgin's name was Mary. And the Angel being come in, said unto her: Hail, full of grace! The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women." This is introductory to the annunciation of the coming Redeemer.

Let me remark here that God does nothing incidentally, being *actus purus*. Hence the stupendous coincidence of the Angel's implying the Immaculate Conception in the very announcement of the Redeemer is only according to our comprehension, and not according to the divine intelligence. But there the coincidence is more palpable still than that which accompanied the promise of a Redeemer four thousand years before, in the Garden of Eden. "Blessed art thou among women!" And when the Maiden was troubled at this manner of salutation, being meek and lowly of heart, mark with what ineffable sweetness the Angel reassures her, yet repeating the astounding eulogy: "Fear not, Mary; for thou hast found grace with God." Not in the immediate past—oh, no!—but away back in beginningless time.

Of a surety the Immaculate Conception is vindicated in the Gospel. Would you hear how John—Mary's own son after the tragedy of Calvary—speaks of her? In that vision of Patmos he saw "a great sign in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." The most beautiful picture of Our Lady in existence, some *savants* say, is that of Murillo; and he limned her as "clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars"; and he called the picture "The Immaculate Conception."

Need I cite the ancient Fathers of the Church as vindicators of the Immaculate Conception? It is hardly necessary; for my reasoning thus far has been guided by their spirit. The great St. John Chrysostom, Gregory of Nyssa, Proclus, Joseph the Greek hymnographer; Prudentius, Origen, Ambrose, Sophronius of Jerusalem, St. John Damascene, Andrew of Crete, Augustine, the angelic Thomas and the seraphic Bernard,—all these bore luminous testimony to Mary Immaculate. I pass over the discussions in the Middle Ages between the Dominicans and the Franciscans about the *terms* of the doctrine. Suffice it to know that the doctrine was held universally from a very early date in the East, where the Festival of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated. If the conception were other than immaculate, no such celebration would be tolerated in the Church. Alexander VII., Sixtus IV., Pius V. and Gregory XV., in turn, published decrees,—some affecting the discussion of the doctrine, others the celebration of the feast.

Pope Alexander VII. had declared, in his Constitution *Sollicitudo omnium Ecclesiarum*, that "it is an ancient belief of Christ's faithful with regard to His Virgin Mother, that her soul in the first instant of her creation and union with the body was, by a special grace and privilege of God, preserved free from the stain of

original sin; and it is in this belief that they honor and celebrate the Feast of her Conception." And the Council of Trent, in its decree concerning original sin—to wit, that all were conceived therein,—expressly declared that it did not intend to include the Immaculate Virgin. But for the immortal Pius IX. was reserved the glory of putting the question forever beyond the pale of discussion; and from the very beginning of his reign—that is in 1847—he set himself to work toward making it a dogma of faith. To this end he instituted a commission to study the matter thoroughly. It was from his exile in Gaeta (1849) that he addressed his letter to all the bishops of the world, asking their minds, singly and separately, on the matter. Of the six hundred and twenty bishops addressed, only four objected to the promulgation of the dogma; and even these confessed that the belief in the doctrine, and the devotion consequent upon such belief, were common among their flocks.

On his return to Rome, the Pontiff instituted a double commission of cardinals and theologians—the one *general*, the other *special*,—the object of which was to discuss the subject down to the merest form of words. The labors of this commission took up two years. Later he instituted a *most special* commission, the object of which was to prepare the formularies of the definition itself. At last he convened all the archbishops and bishops of the world; and on the 8th of December, 1854, he proclaimed *ex cathedra*, and in the presence of bishops representative of every tongue and clime upon earth, that "the doctrine which holds the Most Blessed Virgin Mary in the first instant of her conception to have been preserved free from all stain of original sin, by the singular grace and privilege of Almighty God, and through the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the human race, to be a doctrine revealed by God, and therefore to be firmly and constantly held by all the faithful."

Thus was the beautiful title woven in the liturgy of Holy Church: *Regina sine labe originali concepta!* Thus, too, did Pius IX. satisfy a longing which he himself declares, in the encyclical letter *Ineffabilis Dei*—which promulgated the dogma,—moved him *vel a teneris annis* (even from his most tender years). It was no sudden emotional impulse which led the Italians to give him that title by which he shall be known to a remote posterity, *Il Pontefice dell' Immacolata*—The Pontiff of the Immaculate Virgin.

The visitor to St. Peter's in Rome will notice several slabs let into the wall on the left-hand side of the great apse. Thereon, in letters of gold, are inscribed the names of the archbishops and bishops of the world who participated in the solemnities attending the promulgation of this great dogma. And the American visitor will notice with pride the illustrious names of Kenrick of Baltimore, Neumann of Philadelphia, Hughes of New York, and others now with God.

Well, the spirit of the devotion to the Immaculate Conception moved these men, and their colleagues later; and with one voice they chose Mary Immaculate as the Patroness of these United States. So the 8th of December is our feast-day by excellence. England has her St. George, Scotland her St. Andrew, Ireland her St. Patrick, Wales her St. David, Germany her St. Boniface; but our Patroness is Queen of all Saints—*Omnium Sanctorum.*

By the Virgin Mary Life itself was introduced into the world; so that she is not only the Mother of Life, but the Mother of all who live.—*St. Epiphanius.*

Who is more powerful in appeasing the wrath of the Judge than thou, who didst merit to be the Mother of the same Redeemer and Judge?—*St. Anselm.*

The Romance of a Man of Business.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

IT was a beautiful evening of the Maytime—the Maytime in old Ireland. In a certain little seaport of the south, even the poverty of the humbler quarter of the town seemed to "spruce up" a trifle to give welcome to the spring. Here were a few blades of green growing up at the door of the Connells' cottage,—a bit of sod that the children named Queen Maeve's Kerchief or the Fairies' Garden, and fenced round with shells from the beach; there a shy pink-tipped daisy peeped out of a chink in the wall, or between the uneven, moss-grown steps of the ladder-like lanes leading "up above,"—as the inhabitants of the hollow designated the region upon the brow of the hill, which, in its straggling picturesqueness, appeared to their eyes a kind of earthly paradise, whose comparative prosperity they might contemplate "from below," but which was not for them.

"'Tis not alone in the gardens above that the spring has set her mark," said old Widow Desmond, as she sat on the low step of her dwelling in the twilight, chatting with Mrs. Connell, a very comely woman with a year-old child in her arms. "See just here, even underneath my own window, a blossom like a piece of shining gold; and so brave and pretty is it I can almost forgive its color, as if it were that same. When the Maytime comes thus, so gentle and sweet, casting here a good handsel and there a good handsel, I do be thinking 'tis as if the Blessed Mother of God—as if the Holy Virgin herself, as it were, passed through the town when all were sleeping,—passed graciously among us, bidding her handmaiden, the May, scatter tokens of her blessing everywhere. Sure from morning until evening 'tis as if the whole place was lit with her smile; and small wonder if flowers sprung up in her blessed footsteps."

"Small wonder indeed that you do be dreaming over your beads, ma'am, and you sitting alone so much the whiles your girl is away at her task at the convent, the neighbors about their concerns, and even the children off gathering dulse along the shore," responded her friend, with a humoring air, shifting the fretting baby from one arm to the other. "Yet I'll not gainsay you but that Our Lady is mindful of our needs, and obtains for us new help and fresh courage in the spring. Her smile and her blessing be upon us all, and especially on those that are bound across the seas!"

At this allusion the older woman sighed and nodded her head with a melancholy significance; at which the other, fearing she had said too much, hastened at once to change the subject.

If the widow's loving old eyes could have followed her thoughts, they would have descried, strolling slowly along in the twilight that was bright as a softer day, a pretty, modest girl of about seventeen years of age; and a manly young fellow, some years older, well-built and strong, with a frank, honest countenance, whose mobility of expression denoted an impulsive, generous temperament. They were evidently dear to each other; and a silence had fallen between them, as if their hearts were too deeply moved to admit of their talking quietly.

On they went, along the crest of the hill, whose hanging gardens showed early vegetables already an inch or more high, and where the lilacs and the old-fashioned shrub known as "boy's love" were fair to see; past a few old grey houses that still wore an air of respectability, and whose various walled-up windows were reminders of the exactions of the tax-collector under the penal laws; past the chapel and residence of the parish priest;

beyond the ivy-grown college of other days; the ancient church restored but for an alien worship; the whilom manor, with its Elizabethan gables and vines of climbing roses, so often the home of misfortune; on by blooming hawthorn hedges, to the almost levelled ramparts of the medieval town, where exquisite wild flowers ran riot in prodigal profusion; on to the old burying-ground.

It was a strange place to choose for the scene of a parting interview, as the girl, perhaps, often thought with a shudder afterward; but on this May evening its tranquil seclusion seemed to invite them to enter and cast the burden of their first real grief—that of impending separation—at the foot of the great cross standing in the centre of the enclosure; there to plight their troth, with its great arms raised above them as if in benediction.

"'Tis a peaceful spot wherein to sit down a while. No fear of our neighbors hereabouts repeating, by way of gossip, our words of farewell; and I trust their nearness will not make you uneasy," said Matthew Dailey, half-apologetically.

"No, no!" hastily answered his sweetheart, finding her voice at last. "If we had no trouble to fear other than could come to us from the dead, we should be happy indeed."

They went in, therefore. It was like a broad, fallow field, with last year's stubble choking the young grass. Except in the newer corner, the once rounded mounds had become flattened; most of the headstones were broken or defaced; a number lay upon the ground, and many of the inscriptions were well-nigh obliterated. For it was an old, old burying-ground, and those who had once cared for these lonely graves were now long dead themselves or far beyond the sea.

Having paused a moment beside the cross to murmur a "Lord have mercy on all who lie here!" the girl, continuing on a few steps farther, presently sank down upon a bank formed by a heap of crumbling masonry, a fragment of the wall of the abbey that flourished here centuries ago. At the other end of the scarcely distinguishable outlines of the foundations rose the sole remnant of the stately edifice which remained standing—the beautiful chancel window, over whose lanceolated arches and graceful mullions the twining ivy wrought new traceries that rivalled the delicate carvings of stone a close inspection would reveal.

Matthew gazed at it, but not with the interest of the antiquary. He was thinking simply that it made a charming background against the sky for a picture he would remember always. Turning, he seated himself on the bank also; and the two young people began to converse in a desultory but earnest manner, watching the while the rosy light which, at this season in the old country, lingers above the western horizon for hours after sunset.

Although at times Kathleen assumed a tone of raillery, or a laugh broke from her lips, the one was a little forced, the other died away in a low sound suspiciously like a sob; for even her native coquetry and the apparently lively spirits and sportive mood in which she had set out on this ramble had deserted her before her companion's gravity and earnestness. Where was the use in teasing the poor lad and he going away, it might be forever, on the morrow? What the good of keeping up a pretence of not caring when the ocean would so soon divide them? Time enough to be putting that on before friendly but gadding neighbors in the weary days of waiting that were to come.

And so it was that Matthew learned to know the brave, true heart of the girl he had chosen to be his wife better, perhaps, in that brief half hour than in "a twelvemonth of Sundays" had he remained at home. Yet, man-like, having made sure

of the present, he must needs begin to torment himself about the future.

"You won't be after forgetting me, Kathleen, when I'm gone away? You won't be putting me out of your mind and taking up with one or another who may come dallying round you? If you do, for certain I'll know it,—I'll know it, dead or alive," he added, pointing his stick at the surrounding desolation.

From the girl's eyes flashed a reproachful gleam, which would have augured ill for his peace if, alack! this were not the good-bye. Under the circumstances, she contented herself with merely saying, in an injured tone:

"Oh, but it is unreasonable you are, Matthew! I don't know if ever I'll be able to please you, after all. Small heart I'll have for galivanting about, to be sure; and what would I want with such doings and I a promised wife? But, it is not in-doors I'll sit, crying my eyes out, be certain; but come and go with a civil 'Good-morning' or 'Good-evening' to this one and that one, the same as any self-respecting girl. If that doesn't suit you, and you can't trust me, you'd better leave me free; for I've no mind to be bound to you elsewise."

Thus brought up short, and compelled "to listen to common-sense," Matthew, in great distress and confusion, protested vehemently that she pleased him always and that he trusted her implicitly; even going so far as to declare everything she did would be right. And who could fail after this to be appeased?

All too soon came the time of parting. To be sure, when at an early hour the next morning all his neighbors and friends walked with him not only quite to the end of the town but a good piece beyond, to see him off, Kathleen was there with the rest, and, like them, wished him God-speed and good luck, with a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye. She was there because he had besought that his last glimpse of home might be her dear face. When they waved farewell to him as he looked back, just before passing the turn in the road, it was the gleam of her red kerchief that he watched for and saw last; but his real good-bye to her was spoken in the shadow of the churchyard cross.

Before sunset of the day he left his native place, Matthew Dailey was sailing away to America. And that was twenty years ago,—twenty years and more.

II.

The first letter Matthew sent home from "the States" told of his fortunes. "Shortly after landing at Castle Garden," he wrote, "I fell in with an old gentleman, the head of a New York wholesale business house, of good standing. He hired me as a porter, and I am striving to give satisfaction." A later one said: "I get on well with my employers, thanks be to God! The firm consists of the old gentleman and two nephews. The nephews are a sight better at spending money than earning it. Himself, along in years as he is, and the head bookkeeper mostly manage the business. The old gentleman has taken a liking to me, somehow; and, finding out that I could write a fair hand through the bit of schooling I got in times past, and my having a smattering of accounts from my apprenticeship at the stationer's in Cork, he has put me under the bookkeeper to help in a way and learn what I can."

Soon to the young man's aged father (his mother had been dead some years) began to come drafts of money in the letters; then he brought one of his two brothers to America. The next spring Kathleen was prayed to make ready and come out, according to her promise,—herself and her mother; for well she knew never had it been in his heart to part them. And upon their arrival, he and his dear *colleen* would be married in the little church hard by where he now lodged. Through all his work he was always looking forward to that happy day.

But Kathleen wrote back that her mother was not getting her health at all, and had no notion for America now. She could not urge her against her will to part from friends and neighbors and the old place for a new land, to spend the remainder of her days among strangers; and, though it grieved her own heart sore to have to say it, they had better wait a while longer. Perhaps ere another twelve-month her mother, having picked up somewhat, would be of a different mind.

When the year rolled round again, the dear old mother was still ailing, and strangely indifferent to all else but her prayers and the dread of exile from familiar scenes. Of course it was "not in nature, nor to be thought of," that Kathleen could sever her from them then; and she told him this in a little tear-blotted scrawl, and offered to set him free, since there was no knowing when they could ever be married.

In reply, he did his best to write bravely, begged her to forgive his selfish impatience, and declared he would wait for her till doomsday if necessary. Yet, although he was acknowledged to be "uncommon good at the writing," missives rarely flew to and fro between the Irish emigrant and those at home. Engrossed from Monday morning till Saturday night in the duties of the occupation by which he earned his bread, Matthew had scant time at his disposal. Not a day passed without his thinking of the girl who had given him her love; and during his long Sunday walks he was fond of imagining himself rambling again by her side, and relating to her all that had befallen him since they parted; but he seldom sat down to tell her these things on paper.

To his faithful little sweetheart, "the putting pen to paper" being still more of an undertaking, the choice of material and words was to be naïvely considered. Of what use to mention the trifling incidents of the day to one "away far in America," or allude to plans deferred? Accordingly, the letters which passed between them grew fewer and fewer. It was understood that "whenever it should pleasure her to come," Kathleen would find him eager to keep his promise to her; but, she admitted, she hated to be writing when it was to be forever putting him off.

Thus some years went by. Meantime Matthew continued to rise in the estimation of his employers. The senior partner, finding he could be depended upon, gradually began to entrust him with matters of more or less importance. After a while his position became that of confidential clerk; and when the house opened an agency in Chicago, he was sent thither to fill a responsible position in the new establishment. He promptly wrote to Kathleen of the increased brightness of his prospects and his removal to another city; but, by some unfortunate mischance, this hurried communication never reached its destination.

Time went by. Of whom should he inquire for news of her, since a second letter to herself had likewise failed to win a response? His father had passed away; his sister was a "nun in the convent" in another part of Ireland; one of his brothers with him, the other gone farther West. Finally he bethought him of his cousin Kate, who had married "a boy from county Waterford" and lived up at Lismore. From her at length came the intelligence that the Widow Desmond—"God rest her soul!"—had died some time before. The daughter, poor girl, left all alone, was overcome with grief; but, rousing herself at last, set out for America with the Connells, who were emigrating. Word had come back by some means that, on the steamer going across, they fell in with a man who, having made his way and done well in the States, had been home during the summer, looking for a wife, 'twas said. He was returning with-

out one, but appeared greatly taken with Kathleen. The writer did not remember his name,—was "doubtful of its being mentioned"; but she volunteered the opinion that if Matthew heard nothing of his old sweetheart, likely 'twas because she had thought better of it, and a match had been made up between herself and the stranger.

Months after this a young man from home whom Matthew had met in New York, coming to Chicago, hunted him up. He and Mrs. Connell were related; and he had actually seen her, and, it chanced, heard from her own lips of a pretty girl who came over with them, and had since married and gone with her husband to Delaware "or some place thereabouts."

"Let us say no more about it!" interrupted poor Matthew, brusquely; and thus what seemed to him the most precious chapter of his life was closed.

If he wanted consolation, however, he had not far to seek for it. In the Catholic family with whom he boarded was a daughter—a lively, dashing girl,—who from the beginning of their acquaintance had shown a liking for the eligible young man. He had early told her of Kathleen, and later often talked to her of the little Irish girl who was soon, he trusted, to be his wife. When all his air castles now came toppling down about his head, she it was who sympathized with him. What wonder that he should grow to find an attraction in the companionship of one who had always a smile for him and ignored the ill-humor and moroseness which had of late possessed him?

His second wooing was as matter-of-fact as possible,—as unlike the first as the life of the great, stirring metropolis of which he had become a part was unlike that of his tranquil old native town, with its crumbling houses, picturesque lanes, and blooming gardens. But, conscious that she was settling herself well, Anna Farges was entirely satisfied. They were married, and Matthew proved a kind and indulgent husband.

In the commercial world his advancement was rapid. The senior partner of the original firm, when dying, bequeathed him a small share in the business. Ere long he was able to purchase a larger interest; and after a few years he returned to the East as one of the managers of the New York house.

(To be continued.)

The Rulers and People of the Black Mountain.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

I.

IN the centre of Europe, where, owing to the thousand facilities that now make travelling so easy, the picturesque element must necessarily tend to disappear, there still exists a people retaining its national spirit and customs in all their primitive strength and quaintness. The home of this people is the region situated between Austria on the one side, and Turkey on the other. It is known to us as Montenegro; in the Sclav language Tsernagore, or the Black Mountain. The inhabitants of this land are a singularly brave and hardy race. They are passionately devoted to their prince and to their country; and their proudest boast is that, amidst the rocky fastness of their mountain home, they have succeeded in keeping at bay the power of the Ottomans.

Those who have read the history of the brave little state can well realize at the cost of what tremendous sacrifices this end was attained. During five hundred years a mere handful of men, poor and isolated, held in check the superior forces of the Turks, and valiantly preserved the independence of their country. No wonder that the Montenegrins glory in their past history, and tenderly cherish a

land whose freedom was bought with the blood of their best and bravest. The brief outlines of the history of the Tsernagore are of interest:

When the great Servian Empire was destroyed by the Turks at the battle of Kossovo—where, in 1389, Lazarus, the last Emperor of Servia, perished,—ten million of Christians fell under the yoke of the conquerors. Among the petty princes who had hitherto paid tribute to the Servian sovereign, one only made a gallant stand for his independence; and, by prodigies of endurance and courage, succeeded in preserving it. This was the Prince of Zeta, who, according to tradition, was of Provençal origin, being descended from a companion-in-arms of Louis of Anjou, belonging to the family of De Baux. At the head of a handful of determined men, he entrenched himself in the region of the Zeta, a district extending from the mountains of Herzegovina to the Lake of Scutari, and which consequently included a greater extent of territory than does the actual principality of Montenegro. He was soon joined by a large number of Christian warriors who had escaped from Kossovo, and at their head he boldly resisted the power of the Crescent.

The independence so gallantly proclaimed by the chieftain of the fourteenth century was no less bravely preserved by his descendants and successors. After the family of De Baux (or Balscha, as they were called in Sclav) the Tsernoiewitch assumed the government of the principality; and a prince of their race— Ivan the Black—distinguished himself by the extraordinary heroism with which he defended his tiny state against his Turkish neighbors. His name has remained legendary throughout the country, and poems and ballads relating his exploits are still sung in the long winter evenings by the faithful mountaineers.

In 1516 the form of government of the country underwent a change. The Prince of Zeta—or Montenegro, as the region was commonly called — was then George V., of the house of Tsernoiewitch. He was of a very different metal from his warlike ancestors. His mother, Caterina Orio, was a Venetian, and a strain of softer blood mingled in his veins with that of the stern Sclav chieftains. Moreover, he married a Venetian—another Caterina, of the great family of Doria; and among the wild mountains of the Tsernagore she pined for the Venetian palaces. Yielding to her influence, her husband decided to abdicate, and to abandon the people whose perils and sufferings his ancestors had shared during a hundred years.

He carried out his resolve in 1516. But before deserting his post he endeavored, in a certain measure, to provide for the welfare of those whom he was leaving; and, in order to counteract the evil of the bitter rivalries of the principal chieftains, he assembled his people and solemnly gave up the reins of government into the hands of Babylas, Bishop of Cettigne. He knew the deep respect of the mountaineers for religious persons and things, and believed rightly that the prelate's sacred dignity would secure general acceptance of his authority.

The form of government established by the last Tsernoiewitch continued to exist for three hundred years,—years of deadly peril and ceaseless warfare, during which the Montenegrins, led by their prince-bishops, preserved their independence at the cost of superhuman efforts.

Various exciting episodes marked this period of continual struggle. In 1687, the Turkish armies having penetrated as far as Cettigne, into the very heart of Montenegro, the monks of a convent built by Ivan the Black shut themselves into their monastery; and, all resistance being hopeless, allowed themselves to be killed in an explosion rather than fall into the hands of the Mussulmans. Some years after, in 1702, Danilo Petrowitch,

the Vladika, or prince-bishop of Cettigne, ordered a general massacre of the Turks; but twelve years later the infidels took their revenge and murdered the principal Montenegrin chieftains, whom they had enticed into their camp. Then, having again made their way to Cettigne, they burned down the town and carried off two thousand prisoners.

This was the last occasion on which the banner of the Crescent floated over the plain of Cettigne. The undaunted mountaineers nobly set to work to rebuild their capital and repair the damage done by the invaders; but they were miserably poor, and the prince-bishop resolved to implore the assistance of Russia. Peter the Great responded to his appeal by a gift of ten thousand silver *roubles*, and from this moment dates the close friendship that exists between the tiny state of Montenegro and its huge neighbor,—a friendship publicly proclaimed to the world by the Tsar Alexander III., when, at the ceremony of his coronation in 1882, he drank to the health of "Nicholas Petrowitch, Prince of Montenegro, the only friend of Russia."

Out of gratitude for the signal service the Vladika had rendered his country by securing the support of Russia, the Montenegrins decided that the princely dignity should henceforth be vested in the Petrowitch family, to which he belonged; descending from uncle to nephew, as the prince-bishops were not allowed to marry.

One of the most illustrious of these Vladikas, of the Petrowitch dynasty, was Peter I., surnamed the Saint, who ruled the principality from 1782 to 1830. The chief part of his reign was absorbed in ceaseless struggles with the Turks, during which the hardy mountaineers displayed, as was their wont, undaunted courage and perseverance, which were often crowned with success. The Vladika was at once an able general and a wise administrator; during the brief intervals of peace that occasionally followed some signal victory gained over the Ottomans, he devoted himself to visiting every village of the wild country committed to his care.

When Austria was invaded by the French troops of Napoleon I., the Vladika found himself involved in new difficulties. Both Napoleon and his lieutenant Marmont were struck by the indomitable energy of the Montenegrins, and openly showed their desire to secure the alliance of a people whose courage had become legendary. The prince-bishop, however, was anxious, above all, to guard the hardly won independence of his subjects; he received the advances of the French somewhat coldly, and declined Marmont's offer to make a road through the country and to send a French consul to Cettigne. Several hostile encounters having taken place between the French troops and the mountaineers, Marmont expressed a wish, in the interests of peace, to have a personal interview with the prince-bishop. The latter, accompanied by a body-guard of his subjects, consented to come down from his mountain fastness to Cattaro. The interview was rather stormy. Marmont reproached the Vladika with the cruelties committed by his soldiers, who had beheaded their French prisoners. "What seems to me still more strange," replied Peter Petrowitch, "is that you French people should have publicly beheaded your rightful King."

The Vladika Peter died in 1830. His last words were to implore his subjects to live together in union and friendship, to defend their liberty and love their country. The memory of this great patriot is still fondly cherished among the wild mountains he loved so well.

His nephew and successor, Peter II., reigned from 1830 to 1851, and did much to organize the interior administration of the country, to improve its constitution, and regulate its finances. He showed great firmness in repressing not only the

perpetual invasions of the Turks, but also the quarrels and family feuds which were the curse of the country. He was a poet of no mean order, and devoted all his spare time to literature; his verses were inspired by the heroic feats of his subjects. On his death-bed, the poet-prince begged to be buried on the mountain called Lochven,—a tall grey peak rising above Cettigne.

The reign of Peter's nephew, Danilo Petrowitch, marked an important change in the government of Montenegro. The supreme power had hitherto been vested in the prince-bishop, who was at once a spiritual and temporal ruler. Under Danilo, the government became purely secular; and the line of succession was hereditary, passing from father to son in the Petrowitch dynasty. To the Bishop of Cettigne was entrusted merely the ecclesiastical administration of the country. Under this new arrangement, Danilo, being a layman, was free to marry. His wife, Darinka Knechitch, was the daughter of a wealthy Triestine merchant. By her he had an only child, the Princess Olga.

After a reign of nine years, marked by a signal victory over the Turks at Grahovo, and by many interior changes and improvements, Danilo died in 1860. He was shot on the quay at Cattaro by a fanatic whom he had expelled from the principality; and, his daughter being unable to succeed him, his rights passed to his brother Mirko, a valiant soldier, surnamed the "Sword of Montenegro." Mirko, however, declined to rule; and renounced his claims in favor of his son Nicholas, a youth of twenty, whose education had been the subject of much care on the part of the late Prince. Realizing the absolute necessity of being in touch with the outer world beyond his mountain walls, Danilo had sent his nephew to study in Paris. Here the youth enlarged his views and ideas,—without, however, losing in the slightest degree that passionate love of his country, the chief characteristic of his race.

The young sovereign was just twenty when his uncle's death and his father's renunciation placed him at the head of his people. A few months later he married Milena Voukotitch, the daughter of a noble Montenegrin family, by whom he has had three sons and seven daughters. Aided by the advice of his father, Prince Nicholas proved himself from the first an able and courageous ruler. He had many difficulties to encounter; and the early years of his reign were spent in continual warfare with the Turks, the hereditary enemies of his country.

In 1876, his little army having lent its valuable assistance to Russia, the ties between the huge Empire and the principality became closer and more intimate. The treaty of San Stefano, and subsequently the Congress of Berlin in 1878 and 1880, considerably modified the position of Montenegro in the political world, and added several valuable possessions to the Prince's territory. He was given the fertile country round Podgoritza, and the parts of Antivari and Dulcigno on the Adriatic; and, above all, his place among the sovereigns of Europe was distinctly recognized. This recognition was still further emphasized by the celebrated toast of Alexander III.

Since these events the Prince's position and the political importance of his country have been still more clearly defined. Of his two eldest surviving daughters, Princess Militza married Peter, Grand Duke of Russia; and Princess Stana married George, Duke Lenchtenberg, who likewise belongs to the imperial family. Only last year the gift of thirty thousand guns sent by the young Tsar to Prince Nicholas gave a new proof that he had inherited his father's regard for the "friend of Russia."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

To Saint Francis Xavier.

As sunlight on thy native hills
Is changed to amber wine,
So light of friendship in thy heart
Enkindled love divine.

Loyola touched to ardent flame
Thy eager, restless heart,
And kept alive thy burning zeal
By love's own artless art.

And thou didst bear that holy fire
To far-off India's strand,
Thy crucifix a talisman
In thy uplifted hand.

And there, 'neath palms and balsam trees
And budding mango sprays,
Thy words enkindled faith's bright torch
To light earth's sin-dark ways.

Do thou, O gentle Saint, we plead,
Touch our hearts into flame,
That, with a zeal like thine, our lives
May glorify God's name!

The Inn of Malediction.

In the month of April, 1854, I found myself in the mountainous region of L'Ardèche, detained by a slight accident to the coach, which broke down in front of the only inn of which the village could boast. And a curious, desolate-looking inn it was,—high and narrow, of solid stone; the front pierced by innumerable small windows, reminding one of a fort rather than an abiding-place for travellers. The only entrance was through a *porte cochère*, which afforded a slight glimpse of the interior office, mostly in ruins. The whole structure presented an aspect of misery and dilapidation.

While the blacksmith and the driver of the coach were busy with repairs, I walked over to a great stone in front of the entrance of the inn, which served as a bench; and, seating myself upon it, I began to murmur of the dire misfortune which had compelled me to pass two or three hours in so uninviting a place. While thus employed an old man made his appearance. He came from the direction of the village, extending his hand for alms as he approached. Here was at least a distraction by which I resolved to profit.

"The people hereabouts are not very well off, my friend," I remarked,—"that is, if one judges by what one sees." At the same time I placed a piece of silver in his hand.

"I don't know, sir," he answered. "Some are well off enough; others, like myself, are poor and infirm."

"I formed my opinion chiefly from the ruined appearance of yonder inn," I went on, pointing to the building in front of me.

"Oh, the inn!" said the mendicant, looking cautiously about, lest some one should be listening. Then he added in a lower tone: "That inn is accursed, sir."

"Accursed!" I exclaimed. "And will you tell me why, my friend?"

"Oh, yes! willingly," said the old man, seating himself on another stone, close to the one I occupied. "If you will excuse me, I will sit down. My old legs easily tire standing, though I do not mind walking in the least."

"Certainly, certainly. Take your ease when you can, my good man; you surely have earned it by age and poverty."

Once more he looked around him.

"I do not wish any one to hear me," he said; "especially Club Foot. But I saw him walking toward the vineyard just now, and there is no one left in the house when he is absent but the poor old mother, and she is deaf."

"Not a prosperous inn, I fear," said I.

The old man shook his head.

"No, sir," he answered. "Nor does it deserve to be; nor will it *ever* be," he added with emphasis: "For, as I told you before, it is accursed."

"And who is Club Foot?" I inquired.

"The master—or the landlord, if you may so call one who has but few guests," replied the old man. "It is part of the curse—or it came with it—the club foot. It is a punishment, good sir,—one that has descended from father to son since 1794. It has been going steadily on, each generation becoming poorer and poorer; and before twenty years have gone by, if you should come this way—I shall be in my grave then,—you will see the whole place given over to the owls and bats, that already scream and moan from many of its broken windows."

"Heaven forfend that I should be compelled, either by necessity or for my sins, ever again to visit so desolate a place!" I said. "But now that I am here, I am impatient for your story, which I hope you may be able to finish before they are through with the coach, in which I must resume my journey."

"As to that," was the reply "it is not a long story. This inn, which, as you see, is thickly studded with little windows, was at one time a convent, belonging to a community of pious nuns. There were few poor people here in those days: everybody had plenty. Those who were able worked; the nuns visited the sick and infirm, and helped to lay them out when they died. Those who were too old to earn their daily bread and had no one to provide for them, came every day for soup and bread to the convent. But the Revolution broke out; the nuns were obliged to fly, and the convent was offered for sale by the government. At first no one would bid on it, but finally it was bought for a trifle by the great-grandfather of the present owner—a well-to-do though avaricious man. But he had not always been blessed with the goods of this world: in early youth he had been a recipient of charity from the nuns whose convent he now appropriated to his own use, without gratitude or scruple. I tell you, sir, it was a great blow to the good people of the neighborhood.

"Not having any use for the chapel—a large, one-story building in the rear,—and wishing to put the ground under cultivation, he prepared to demolish it. The front and two side walls had already been partially destroyed: only the rear wall remained intact. In the middle, where the altar had been, high up in a niche stood a statue of the Blessed Virgin, which was called Our Lady of Good Luck. An odd name, to be sure; but here the people came when they wished for success or good crops or a safe voyage—what you will. And the fame of the statue had gone far and wide. Therefore when the workmen had reached the spot where it stood, they paused and looked at their employer, who, reading their thoughts, said: 'Well, boys, we can not go any farther until we pull down that outlandish image.' But the men stood still, unwilling to touch it with destructive hands. 'What!' cried the master, angrily. 'Do you still cling to the old superstitions? For me, I am a good Republican: I worship only Liberty.' He mounted a ladder, and, while the others drew back in horror, he made an effort to displace the statue. But he could not move it unaided, and then he became still more enraged. 'Come on, some of you!' he cried. 'Help me to throw down this thing, or I will denounce the whole pack of you!'

"But of all that motley crowd—some of them evil men—there was only one who dared to come forward. Seizing another ladder and a rope, he prepared to assist in the work of desecration. By this time a great multitude had gathered. What they thought they dared not say; but I know that many a heart breathed a silent prayer at sight of the dreadful work they were about to see performed.

"The two men were mounted on the ladders,—one at each side. I can see them yet; for I was there myself—a boy of

ten,—and I have never forgotten it. The master was directly in front of the statue, the workman at his left. Each took an end of the rope, threw it behind the statue and prepared to pull it forward. But just at that moment, while they were in the very act of dislodging it from the niche in which it had stood for ages, both ladders swayed toward each other till they met in a point directly underneath the holy image. At the same moment it fell, and they with it—crushed into a jelly, out of all resemblance to human beings. That is how they found them after the cloud of dust had subsided; for the statue was also broken into minute pieces. But that was some half hour later; for at first all fled in terror, and it was with the greatest difficulty that any one could be induced to remove and prepare the mangled remains for burial.

"The wife of Maitre Faucher gave birth soon after to a son who had a pair of club feet. He inherited the convent, of course, and turned it into an inn. But it brought him only ill luck; for he inherited the curse also. After he married, and became in turn the father of a son afflicted like himself, he was found one day in the barn hanging to a rafter. He had committed suicide. His son grew to manhood, married also; and *his* son, the present owner, is afflicted in like manner. *His* father drowned himself in the mill-race; and I should not be surprised any morning to hear that the present Maitre Faucher had committed the same terrible deed. He is avoided by all, his affairs go badly, he does not succeed in anything he undertakes; he is sour, morose, ugly, and a cripple."

"Under the circumstances, I do not wonder that his views of life should not be cheerful," I responded. "And yet, my good friend, all these Fauchers, accursed though they be, seem to have found women willing to marry them."

The old man chuckled as he said:

"Monsieur, there will always be found women in this world who would marry Satan himself, if they saw him coming bodily from the pit, provided he had his hands full of gold and silver. But as for me," he continued, pocketing the franc he had been balancing on his finger while he related the story, "poor as I am this day, and poor as is little Minette, my granddaughter, I would rather see her dead than married to the son of mine host of the Inn of Malediction."

An Undisguised Jesuit.

BY THE REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

THOSE who know not the Jesuits say many unkind things of them. The very name of Jesuit has become, in the language of the world, synonymous with what is crafty or deceitful. Some of us were brought up with the Jesuits, taught by them, and know them intimately. The world would believe us if, with it, we cried: "They are worthy of death. Away with them! Crucify them!" But the world will not believe us when we say: "What harm have they done?" We know well they have done no wrong. We ourselves were brought up under their gentle care, taught by them, and have known them all our lives; and we deeply admire them. But, as one hard fact is worth a bushel of argument, we bring forward the life of one of them—Father Milleriot, who died at Paris in the beginning of March, 1881.

He was born at Troyes in 1798, and was eighty-three years of age at the time of his death. That is a sufficiently long span to testify to one's worth. At an early age he turned his thoughts to the Church; and when only twenty-two was appointed professor of rhetoric, delighting his pupils by his lectures and uniting with them in their games. In the course of a few years he was appointed rector of the College of St. Stanislaus.

Up to this time he was a man little known outside the walls of his college, and had no wish to be known. But an accident happened in the year 1832 that brought him into public life. The cholera had broken out, and the populace were in a wild state of ferment and terror. It was rumored that a wholesale system of poisoning was going on; and, acting as only a crowd will act, without ground or authority, an infuriated mob seized one evening on one of the merchants of the city, who had been calumniated, and were proceeding to cast him into the Seine. The young rector happened to be passing at the moment and saved the man's life.

Immediately afterward M. Milleroit disappeared, from what cause or motive no one knew. For twelve years he remained in obscurity; but in 1844 he reappeared at Sevres, and was now a Jesuit. Possibly his motive in disappearing and joining the Jesuit Order may have been that he was struck by the action of the poor unruly crowd on the banks of the Seine; that he saw during his conversation with them that evening that, beastly in the aggregate as they appeared, every individual among them had a human heart, with all the sacred emotions that belong to it; and that every soul there (oh, it is a wonderful thing to think! Realize it as you pass through the crowds of a large city) bore on it the stigmata and imprints of the Crucified. At any rate, he determined to devote himself to the poor despised mob.

The priest was a man of middle height, hardy and slight; genteel in his gait, familiar in his addresses; with a voice that, from gracefully and neatly reciting Greek or Latin classics, had to grow accustomed to the accents and language of the uneducated, and to assimilate itself to them. Everyone came to know him. He was looked upon as a type—almost a legendary figure. Those who met him casually were amused by his sallies; but those who knew him intimately, and were able to guage the depth of charity that lay hidden beneath this assumed exterior, admired and venerated him; while all loved him.

Two things mainly divided his time: preaching and hearing confessions. He arose regularly at three o'clock in the morning, made his two hours' meditation, said his Mass, then went to St. Sulpice. At six he began to hear confessions there, and continued without intermission till ten. 'Tis said that hearing confessions is a great tax on the mind; that the attention must be ever on the alert, listening to what is being said, weighing it in the balance, and begging for light to direct souls in the path of righteousness. Sings the poet Longfellow:

"O Blessed Lord, how much I need
  Thy light to guide me on my way!
So many hands that, without heed,
Still touch Thy wounds and make them bleed;
  So many feet that day by day
  Still wander from Thy fold astray.
Unless Thou fill me with Thy light,
I can not lead Thy flock aright;
  Nor without Thy support can bear
  The burden of so great a care,
But am myself a castaway."

If furthermore there be taken into account the different manners and characters and dispositions of those coming to confession, and the gentleness on the part of the priest to adapt himself to all these,—like St. Paul, to be all to all in order to win all to Christ; if, then, this strain be supposed to continue uninterruptedly for hours—listening, questioning, exhorting, instructing, from six until ten every ordinary day of the week, not to count evening sittings on Saturdays and on the eves of feasts,—it will be acknowledged to be severe work. He himself reckons that he had heard on an average eighty thousand confessions a year; and these confessions were generally men's, and especially those of long delay.

If a woman came who had but some of the little everyday faults of housekeeping

or breaches of family peace to accuse herself of, he would say: "That is all? Now, my child, will you kindly go to your own priest?" But if some person came and said to him, "Father, it is thirty years since I went to confession," then might be seen a reproduction of the father of the prodigal. "Oh, yes, my son! I was looking out for you. Welcome! It is never too late." And he trembled with gladness.

His penitents were all of this kind; and so well was his predilection known among the saints and the sinners, and so well known also the class of penitents that gathered around his confessional, that a pious woman being advised to go to him, shook her head, saying, "I must look to my character." M. Veuillot was said to be among his chosen band of penitents; but wicked tongues found a reason in the great journalist's early life, and so they made a pun—"The universe [*L'Univers*] goes to him."

Father Milleriot reserved two days in the week exclusively for men. On one of these days a woman came to the confessional. "What do you want, my child?" asked the Father. "This is the men's day."—"Father, it is fifty years since I was at confession."—"Ah, that is another thing!" answered the good priest, with a deep sigh. "Fifty years! Why, you are equal to a man!"

It sometimes happened that, enlightened from on high, he would walk up and accost a total stranger. "You are coming to confession, are you not?"—"Ah, but, Father—" The priest quickly resumed: "Yes, I know you want to go to confession, and you were looking for me. All right. We will settle all that in a few minutes." And, greatly astonished, the impromptu penitent went to confession and returned glorifying God.

The afternoon was always reserved for visiting the sick. One day he went to see a patient. This man had been all his life a follower of Voltaire, quoted the great cynic's sayings, and gloried in his scepticism and blasphemy. He fell ill; he lost the use of his speech and was unable to walk: his tongue and one side were paralyzed. It was his wife that had begged Father Milleriot to visit him. The priest ascended the stairs, sat down by the bed and began to exhort the patient. He was listened to for a while, the man wondering that any one should have the audacity to speak of religion to him; but soon, his impatience getting the mastery of his wonder, he took up his stick and began to belabor the priest about the shoulders and back. The Father never stirred—did not even move his head; and when the sick man, growing tired, stopped, the priest quietly said: "You have settled that little affair of mine well; now let us think about yours." The sick man, who was at heart good-natured, in sorrow for what he had done, burst into tears, and in a few days died a most edifying death.

When the good priest was not visiting the sick or distributing alms, he went on free afternoons to look after strayed sheep, and especially those persons who, though unmarried, lived together. He counselled and advised the parties, and soon brought them to the church to have their union sanctioned and blessed. He preached in the evening; and we can readily believe that one who had spent the earlier portion of the day amid such scenes could not but preach thrilling, soul-stirring sermons.

Under the Commune Father Milleriot continued as usual to go every morning to the Chapel of St. Agnes. It was only on the 20th of May that he consented to wear, according to law, the dress of a layman. About that time, as he was walking through one of the streets on his way to a sick person, he saw coming toward him two of the Fédérés. "Now," he thought, "I am going to be taken! But, at any rate, I'll be first with them." So going up to them, and laying a hand on the shoulder of each, he remarked in a

pleasant way: "I arrest you! Look here, gentlemen! I am Father Milleriot. I am going to a poor woman to give her a passport to Paradise. If some of your comrades meet me, they may challenge me. Will you come with me, and then all will be right?" They were so tickled by the situation that they turned and accompanied him to the door. "Now I set you free," he said, once more smiling. And the two, involuntarily lifting their hats, went away laughing, declaring to themselves that it was a good joke, and that he was "a d——l of a good fellow."

He was, however, really arrested one day. A captain of one of the Volunteer regiments came up, laid his hand on his shoulder and said: "Who are you?"—"I am the poor man's father, and I have distributed this year over 15,000 francs in alms. Who are *you?*" Taken aback by the answer, the other withdrew his hand and let him pass.

One day, about the end of April, 1871, he was walking along the Place de la Concorde. The mob surrounded him and called on him to cheer for the Republic. "And is this republic of yours good?"—"Oh! yes, it is good."—"Then hurrah for the good republic!"—"No, no! Cheer for the Republic—our own Republic—the republic of all of us."—"Hurrah for all of us! Hurrah, neighbors! hurrah!" He smiled at them; they laughed and let him go.

But old age began to show upon him; and, like all good hearts, he kept his store of gayety to the end. "You are working for heaven, I suppose?" he said one day to Father Pilot.—"And are not you?"—"No, I am not."—"What, then?"—"I am working for purgatory. In the morning I am sending souls there who otherwise would have gone to hell; and in the evening I'm trying to get them out of it." And he held up his rosary, which he was continually reciting—in the streets and everywhere—for the poor souls.

When his last illness had come, the Father Provincial was counselling him to receive the last Sacraments. "And so the final moment has come?"—"I do not know," replied the Provincial; "but it is as well to be prepared."—"Ah! I have often said it," observed Father Milleriot, "and with the same ease that you do now. To-day I understand it. I am pleased with your advice. It is easy to grace, but not so to nature." Delirium from time to time came on, and in his wanderings he was going over the old ground: "I am going to absolve you, my child. Yes, I will pray for you."

His beautiful death was thus. About ten o'clock in the evening he begged absolution from the Provincial; the brethren knelt and prayed, reciting the Litany for the Departing Soul. At midnight they heard the dying priest murmur: "In peace—in peace!" They were his last words. At half-past twelve they looked in his face, they felt his pulse—he was dead!

A Little Plea for the "Converts."

BY ONE OF THEM.

HAVE you ever thought what it means to be a convert? Suppose a woman loves devotedly and marries the man of her choice, going with him—such are the exigencies of the case—to make a new home in some far-off land, away from all her own people, her friends, her early associations, into a strange life. She is happy—far happier with him there than she could have been at home with everything else without him. But was not the parting a terrible wrench? Then, too, if her people opposed the match, as is often the case, was it not terribly hard to wound those she loved so dearly? And would she not be inhuman if she did not miss very bitterly all those so dear for many years?

This is a true illustration of a convert's life—its happiness and unhappiness. The time comes when she feels she loves Our Lord and His holy Church better than her own people, and she wrenches herself away from early associations, her loved ones, her home—maybe what had been her all,—and bravely goes away to follow Our Lord.

Her Catholic friends—if she is so fortunate as to have any—say to her: "Aren't you perfectly happy to be in the Church?" Of course she says, "Yes,"—they would be scandalized if she didn't; but she knows she's *not* perfectly happy any place. She wouldn't be any place but *in* the Church for anything, but how can she be perfectly happy when those she loves are perfectly miserable? "Oh, never mind! You'll convert them all," is the next thing said. And she smiles sadly as she reflects upon all the nice story-book girls who convert multitudes and live the lives of angels. Tortured and worried, and nervous always lest she may "give scandal" to her Protestant friends, the convert feels that her life is anything but edifying, and her friends are likely to be far more agreeable to live with than she is. Nerves are anything but adjuncts to sweetness.

"Now that you have the Sacraments, you will be all right, you poor child!" the next one says—a really kindly friend who tries to understand. "But I can't get to the Sacraments," is the reply; and the convert thinks of the last time she tried to go to Holy Communion. She walked a mile and a half, sat in a frigid church, took cold. The priest could not say Mass (there was only one priest, and he had a Requiem later). She walked home, was ill for days, and everybody said: "This is what comes of church-going!"

Sneers and arguments—these are easy things to bear; but when it comes to determined coldness or tears of grief from those who are just as sure they are right as she is sure they are wrong,—that is what breaks the convert's heart.

Then, perhaps, there comes a time when her tortured heart is tormented with doubts. Such times come to all—at least all who think,—and from many who love Our Lord sincerely goes up the cry: "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!" She does not doubt the fundamentals, of course. She is quite satisfied that the Church is the only true church; her great desire is to live and die a good Catholic. Setting aside doctrine, *et cætera*, she knows she never knew a ray of comfort until inside the blessed fold of the Church. She is going to stay in it, if it kills her; but there are so many things which come very hard to a convert, which a "born Catholic" has grown up with and thinks nothing of. For instance, the Friday fasting. Now, you good Catholics, whose whole household, from mistress to maid, has fish,—you think it is shocking to mind a little thing like that. But here is a little story,—a true one:

A young girl I know—a convert, a warm-hearted, affectionate creature—lives in a Protestant family. Her people do not mean to be unkind, and, as she herself pathetically says: "They're ever so much nicer than I am." On Friday, never having been accustomed to making any difference in their table, they do not have fish or eggs. She religiously goes without dinner, has a sick-headache, and the result is a fit of nervous exhaustion which lasts several days. Of course her confessor will tell her not to try to fast in these particular circumstances; and then her over-sensitive Calvinistic conscience torments the poor child because she does not live up to the tenets of the Church she so dearly loves.

Here is another incident, also a true one: A young convert is asked to take her old mother to church, and feels she ought to refuse, although she has heard Mass already herself. The mother, being as devout in her way as the daughter, starts

off to church alone. She is in a strange city, unaccustomed to finding her way about, and soon gets lost. She does not return for four hours, and meantime the daughter is imagining a hundred accidents. She starts out to look for the poor old lady; and when she does finally appear, the convert is so wrought up that she is nearly ill. This is exactly the moment for which Monsieur le Diable has been waiting. "You foolish girl!" he whispers. "Do you think Our Lord wants you to be so wretched and to make everybody else so? You can love Him in a theatre, why not in another church?" and the convert can only say: "Well, I don't know; but, at any rate, I *didn't* love Him in any other church." And she determines again to stand by her faith, no matter what comes. And then her Protestant friends all rejoice and whisper: "If we just let her alone, she'll come back soon and see *the error of her ways.*" Her Catholic acquaintances remark: "She's over her 'first fervor.' I knew she'd get over it. Converts take things so hard! She'll settle down soon."

If it ever comes to pass—that awful thing which every human being who knows the truth should pray against every day—that a convert loses the faith or lacks the courage to continue in it, the born Catholic says: "It's too bad! But what could you expect? She was *only a convert!*"

Only a convert! Oh, think what it means to fight day and night; to shed tears of grief and loneliness; to give up what, perhaps, is all that has made life dear, to gain the blessed privilege which came to *you* by inheritance! Dear Catholics, born with a silver spoon in your mouths, indeed you have been kind; but be kinder still, and try to realize what it means to be "only a convert."

CHARITY
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.
—*Prior.*

Something that Calls for Action.

WITH the laudable view of counteracting the influence of dime novels and sensational story-papers, the public school-teachers in many country districts have established libraries for the use of their pupils, who are urged to read what is thus provided for them, and to avoid the sensational literature for which, until their taste has been formed, they manifest a decided preference. The boys hanker after stories of bandits and pirates, and the girls delight in a class of novels recounting elopements and adventures in what is called high life. As soon as young people learn to read they are apt to devour everything printed that comes in their way. To provide them with what is pure and stimulating, and while gratifying their taste for reading, strive to elevate it, is certainly a most praiseworthy endeavor.

Children have a great regard for what they see in print. The books they read are as oracles to them; the characters that figure in the printed page are heroes and heroines, friends and models; while the author himself becomes an authority whose opinions are never questioned, and whose statements, of whatever kind, are accepted as substantiated truths. To have seen anything in print is enough to fix it in the youthful mind as a fact not to be disputed. Hence the importance of putting the right sort of literature into the hands of young people when they begin to read. First impressions are not easily removed, and it is no exaggeration to assert that the after-life of many a boy and girl depends in great measure upon the books provided for them.

We praise the devotedness of teachers who form libraries for the use of school-children, and who try to preserve their young charges from the contamination of low literature. Alas that the antidote should ever be worse than the poison!

But this may easily happen, unless the teachers are trustworthy and the books are carefully selected.

Within a week two Catholic children attending a public school in Indiana brought home a book to read which, for ignorance and bigotry, is far ahead of anything that has lately come under our notice. It is a profusely illustrated volume, entitled "The Story of Liberty," from the pen of Charles Carleton Coffin, and published by Harper & Brothers, of New York. The book is described as a true narrative, and is addressed to the boys and girls of America. No doubt it is to be found in school libraries all over the United States. The worst dime novel we ever saw is utterly harmless compared with this rare collection of lies and calumnies. All the old charges against the Church—refuted a thousand times by Protestant as well as Catholic writers—are here set forth anew "for the boys and girls of America," by Mr. Charles Carleton Coffin and Messrs. Harper & Brothers. We had marked certain passages of the work for quotation, but they are too outrageous for reproduction here. The youthful reader is informed (page 224) that the Jesuits believe it right even to commit murder provided the act is done for the good of the Church; on page 201 it is asserted that the Pope of Rome claims full power to pardon sins before they are committed; the stupid story about Luther discovering the Bible is repeated on pages 175–6, and so on. Think of filling the minds of young people with falsities like these! Many of the illustrations are of the sort that appear in anti-Catholic books of fifty years ago.

It is generally thought that the Franklin Square publishers are not what they used to be; but this "Story of Liberty," in which Catholics are so grossly insulted and their religion so outrageously vilified, would seem to show that they do not object to be known as open enemies of the Church. They certainly will be until proof is afforded that this infamous publication is suppressed. Catholics ought to be strong enough in this country now to prove to Messrs. Harper & Brothers that it is no longer profitable to publish anti-Catholic literature of the Maria Monk order. It is as easy for a firm as for an individual to acquire a reputation for bigotry; and bigots are sure to be shunned, once they are known as such.

Parents whose children are necessitated to attend public schools, pastors in country places, and all Catholics who have the honor of their religion at heart, should see that all such books as "The Story of Liberty" are denounced as they deserve, and employ every lawful means to prevent their circulation.

Notes and Remarks.

The Manitoba school question is settled. The lion has lain down with the lamb, but—the lamb is inside the lion! There never seemed a school controversy more likely to be honorably adjusted. Both principle and legal technique favored the Catholic side, yet it can not be said that that side won. The Catholics of Manitoba now have a sort of Fairibault plan on their hands. There is to be no religious instruction in the schools; but, if our teachers desire it, and neither pupils nor parents object, a half hour may be taken up after school in imparting the knowledge most important to the children. We do not see how this can in any wise be construed as a victory for the Catholic party, though the imperial court of last appeal decided the case in their favor. Nor, whatever else it may be, is it a *victory* for the Protestant majority. They have defied the Constitution of Manitoba and repudiated their promises before the world. Yet it was the Catholic voters of Canada who permitted this thing, and a Catholic premier who consummated it.

Consistency, whether in men or nations, is as precious as a jewel—and far more rare. But the most mischievous of all incon-

sistencies are those by which a majority discriminates against a minority just because the minority is helpless; and when in addition to this the larger number persistently refuse to correct the inconsistency, we do not see how they can escape the charge of bullying and cowardice. At a gathering of distinguished men who met to honor Bishop Keane before his departure from Washington, the Protestant Dr. Rankin, president of Howard University, said: "It is not recorded that infidelity ever established asylums or hospitals. And if government be driven from assisting charitable institutions because the daily devotions or the consolations to the sick and dying are Christian of whatever type, in order to be consistent it must forego Christian services in its halls of legislation—in the army and navy; and bury our dead heroes without a word of prayer." There are no people in the world more just than Americans; and when they come to recognize certain acts of injustice in their true light, reformation will promptly follow. But it ought to move in the right direction. We would not have all the chaplains dismissed because the Catholic Indian schools have been deprived of government assistance; but we are justified in demanding that a government which pays the preachers out of the public purse ought to give some practical help to the Sisters, whose work is incomparably harder and better.

Fortunately, the "cremation fad" has never won favor with Catholics either in Europe or America; but, as matter of information, we quote the reply of the learned Bishop Hedley to a correspondent who asked for a clear statement of the position which the Church has taken in this matter:

There is nothing defined by the Church on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of cremation in the abstract; and it is easily conceivable that, under certain circumstances, the Church might, in deference to medical and sanitary authorities, allow the bodies of the dead to be burned. But the ancient Catholic and Jewish tradition is to lay the body in the earth. This expresses and symbolizes that "sleep," as St. Paul calls it, which is to be ended by the "trumpet of the Resurrection." It is the traditional and immemorial signification of belief in the resurrection of the body; and it is the basis of a ritual which embodies prayer for the dead, and which proclaims our fellowship with our brethren who are gone before. As a fact, although in this country many advocate cremation without in any way denying the resurrection of the body, it is found that on the Continent it is chiefly promoted by anti-Christian societies, who intend thereby to weaken belief in the life to come. Hence the Holy See has forbidden Catholics to practise cremation, or in any way to advise or countenance it. No one could be buried with Catholic rites who left directions that his body should be cremated.

Science has not yet advanced one solid reason for the adoption of so barbaric a custom as cremation. Since the days of Abel, men have loved to fancy the dead as sleeping a peaceful sleep under the green sod and the bright sky. Cremation is repugnant both to sentiment and to sacred tradition; religion and poetry are both bound up in the tomb.

A French exchange reports a conversation recently overheard in a railway carriage. One traveller, looking up from his paper in which he had learned of the depopulation of France—the increase being in five years only 140,000, or just the increase for the first three months of the current year in England,—exclaimed: "Why, there are no more children!" — "Undeceive yourself," said his neighbor. "As an offset to your opinion, let me tell you that I see around me more children than ever."—"What fortunate district do you belong to, and who are you?" — "I am a Frenchman and the governor of a prison," was the answer. Godless schools, in the final analysis, are only stepping-stones to the penitentiary. How are the young to practise morality when the religion which alone can inculcate it is sedulously banished from their youthful training? How can society hope to plant thistles and garner figs?

The American National Pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land, under the direction of Mr. Francis H. Throop, will leave New York on January 16. There is no good reason why piety and pleasure should be total strangers to each other, and Mr. Throop has found a laudable way of uniting them in these pious journeys. The success of the summer pilgrimages suggested the idea of another during the cold weather, when per-

sons in delicate health might visit spots of sacred or historical interest, and also escape the rigors of winter in a Northern clime. The route of the pilgrimage is *via* Gibraltar to Genoa, and then through the principal Italian cities to the Nile. At Port Said the pilgrims will embark for Jaffa, where they may make a retreat with the Franciscan Fathers. After seeing the chief points of interest in the Holy Land, they will return to Rome by way of Constantinople and Athens. The return journey to New York will begin toward the end of March.

This pilgrimage, we are glad to note, is not a "money-making" venture. The cost is exceedingly low; though the accommodations, we are told, are excellent. It is no slight advantage to an inexperienced traveller to have the annoying details of a trip arranged by an expert, and to be assured of trustworthy and sympathetic companions while visiting the sacred places of the Old World.

There is no lack of intellectual activity at the University of Louvain. Until recently no fewer than twelve reviews, devoted to various branches of learning ranging from Thomistic philosophy to agriculture, have been published at the University. Another important publication, *La Revue Sociale*, is now to be added to the list. Its object is the study of the most pressing social questions of the day; and its editorial staff comprises some of the best-known names in European scholarship. The familiar complaint that universities benefit none but the rich has, evidently, no application to Louvain. Nothing, indeed, could be more important for the poor than the study of social problems—the dissemination of right ideas about trades-unions, wages, and hours of labor.

The energetic editor of our Quebec contemporary, *La Vérité*, was in attendance at the Antimasonic Congress at Trent. If Masonry in Canada makes less vigorous strides than in some other countries, it is due—at least so far as French Canada is concerned—to the active and unceasing war upon it kept up by M. Tardivel. He comes in for a large share of opposition, criticism, and even malignant calumny, from some of his Quebec fellow-journalists from time to time; but his thoroughly Catholic heart must have been consoled for all such trials, incidental to a fearless and conscientious editor, by the kindly welcome accorded to him by the Sovereign Pontiff on the occasion of his visit to Rome.

Bishop Keane may be succeeded in the rectorship of the Catholic University, but we venture to predict that he will never be fully replaced. The Holy Father has named the Rev. Dr. Conaty, of Worcester, Mass., to the headship of the University; and it is safe to say that a better choice could not well have been made. The new rector is one of the most energetic priests in the United States: a tireless worker for education, temperance, and every other good cause. He is a man of superior mind, of scholarly habits, of blameless life; he is eloquent of speech and enthusiastic in temperament. With characteristic whole-heartedness and courage he takes up the burden of his new office, which is just now one of special difficulty. We congratulate both the University and its rector, and wish them the fullest measure of success.

Mr. George T. Angell, who has devoted his life and, we believe, his fortune to the promotion of kindness to the animal creation, is now seventy-four years young. His noble career has been full of labor; and, as editor of *Our Dumb Animals* and promoter of innumerable humane societies, he is still one of the most active boys in Massachusetts. In the latest issue of his paper, Mr. Angell asks: "In what other country of the world are the chances for a poor man's son—whether of native or foreign growth—to succeed in life so good as in America?" After citing the cases of Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Boyle O'Reilly, Patrick Donahoe, and Consul-General Collins, he continues:

> When we went to Chicago in 1870, among its most prominent citizens—president of one of its largest banks, park commissioner, etc., etc.,—was a little Irish boy who used to attend our school in 1846, when we were teaching and studying our profession. How well we remember trading with Vice-President and Governor Morton, of New York,

at his little country store in Hanover, N. H.; and subsequently how, when we visited Montpelier, Vt., to address the legislature, the Governor of the State took us by the hand and informed us that when he was a little boy he used to carry the fish and the bate for us when we went trout-fishing! He was then Governor, and has since been United States Secretary of War, and is now United States Senator.

It was on Mr. Angell's celestial name, by the way, that that inveterate punster, Dr. Holmes, rung so many changes in a brief letter. "Do your flatterers," he inquires, "speak of all the rest of mankind as being a little lower than the *Angels?* Are you not told several times a week, on an average, that no woman could resist your suit, as she could not refuse to be changed into an *Angel?* Have you ever corresponded with *Deville*, the famous phrenologist? I presume he is descended from the same stock as yourself, but that some ancestor of his must have fallen and had his name changed."

The horse is evidently fated. Unless inventors can be placed under some restraint, the English classics a few centuries hence will be bespangled with notes explaining the nature and appearance of the "ancient American horse." The first blow was the electric street-cars, then came the bicycle and the horseless carriage. With the invention of the "motor horse"—a sort of swift-moving engine that can be attached to any vehicle—the plot thickens. The flying-machine would be the last straw. The disappearance of one of man's best friends will be a disaster not only to those who raise the horse, but to all producers of hay, oats, and corn, of which he is the chief consumer.

So many people seem willing to speak of the faults of the Italians at home and abroad that it is refreshing to meet with one who has much to say in their favor. The number of Italians in the United States is said to be at least a million. One-third of them congregate in the large cities, and about one-half of them perform hard manual labor. It is also stated that fifty per cent of them are illiterate. But a remarkable characteristic of this people, as noted in a prominent secular journal, is that they are seldom seen begging in this country. They are not often found depending on charitable institutions, and they seek alms rarely. Italian vagrants are almost unknown in the police courts of large cities; and this circumstance is the more notable in view of the fact that most of our immigrants from Italy hail from the southern provinces, where mendicancy is common. The makers of Italian guide-books—and the gullible readers of them—explain the multitude of beggars by the flippant remark that "the Italians have infinite capacity for leisure"; but they do not explain how it happens that these same peasants, transplanted into a better field of labor, become suddenly industrious and flourish as the bay-tree.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Francis Westerholt, of the Diocese of Cleveland; and the Rev. John P. McIncrow, of the Diocese of Albany, who lately departed this life.

Mr. Joseph T. Bray, whose happy death took place on the 16th ult., in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. Mary R. Williams, of Indianapolis, Ind., who passed away on the 11th ult.

Mrs. Mary A. Culhane, whose life closed peacefully on the 13th ult., at Binghamton, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary Quinn, of Newport, R. I., who was called to the reward of an exemplary Christian life on the 7th ult.

Mr. Peter Rasmussen, who died suddenly in New York city last month.

Miss Emma McDonough, who died a holy death at Rome, N. Y., on the 20th of October.

Mrs. Bridget Mulligan, who passed to her reward on the 26th of October, at Harrison, N. J.

Mr. James C. Ward, of Dayton, Ohio; Mrs. Ellen Lang, Suisun City, Cal.; Mary Haigh, Leicester, England; Martin and Julia L. Bourke, New York city; Mrs. M. A. Kelly, Alameda, Cal.; Mr. Richard Nagle and Mrs. Bridget Kerrigan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Peter Brady, Reading, Pa.; Miss Anne McKeon, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Charlotte M. Moore, South Orange, N. J.; Miss Madge McDonough, Rome, N. Y.; Mr. Michael Hanley, Mr. Martin Pender, Mr. John Dignam, Mr. Henry McKeohn, Mr. John Keeffe, Mrs. Anne McCabe, Mrs. Bridget Cox, Mrs. Bridget Ward, Mrs. Margaret McGraw, Miss Bella Maxstadt, and Miss Eleanor T. Graham,—all of Albany, N. Y.; also Mrs. Honoria Hogan, Rathkeale, Co. Limerick, Ireland.

May they rest in peace!

Ragged-Robin.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THERE is a story often told
To youthful plants and flowers
When shadows fall o'er hill and wold
And song birds seek their bowers;
When bees have sought the honeyed cells,
And ravens cease to quarrel,
Some learned flower the story tells,
Nor fails to point its moral.

It seems in days long passed away,
Within a garden shady,
Where wandered many a courtier gay
And many a noble lady,
A plant had birth, and spent its youth
Among the blossoms fragrant,
Whose tastes and ways, to speak the truth,
Were low and rather vagrant.

Sir Robert was the name he bore,
And many a gentle chiding
At first he had for straying o'er
The garden paths, and hiding
Among the box plant and the yew;
But as the days passed over,
Despite all wise advice, he grew
The more and more a rover.

No interference would he bear,
He laughed at every warning;
He wandered here, he wandered there,
All admonitions scorning;
Till, finding threat or prayer could not
To better conduct move him,
The master of this favored spot
Forth from its precincts drove him.

Now, travel-stained and tattered, he
Pursues his course erratic,—
Now lodging 'neath a willow tree,
Next in a hawthorn attic;
Or rest he finds where gorses blaze
And winds the brambles sob in.
And he is known where'er he strays
As the outcast Ragged-Robin.

The Giant's Quest.

MANY hundreds of years ago there was a great king, who lived in a beautiful palace. He had horses and carriages, and hundreds of slaves, and everything that the heart of man could desire. There were no such flowers as those which grew in his gardens. The fountains which watered them played in a thousand showers of living light; they were like sparkling diamonds in the bright Eastern sunshine. The waving palms moved languidly in the soft west wind, fanning the crested nightingales, as they sang their sweetest songs to the setting sun. The great white elephant, with his gorgeous trappings, waited beneath the thick peepul-trees in solemn silence for the coming of the king. The camels, which followed in the royal train, knelt in humble submission to receive their burdens. Little children, bright as the flowers which they strewed before the king, moved joyously before him. They were followed by a troop of foot-soldiers marching to the sound of martial music. Then came a squadron of cavalry; the neighing of the horses, and the clang of the steel armor of the riders,

rising above the sharp sound of the dunkâ, which announced the presence of the Rajah himself.

The whole cavalcade moved on through the long avenues of feathery palms and trees which might have grown in Paradise. The fruit of the mango flecked the dark green foliage like spots of gold. The plantains hung in giant bunches, and the air was perfumed with the scent of sweet orange-blossoms, fragrant limes, and the sacred champac. Flocks of green parrots flew screaming through the gardens, the sheen of their plumage equalled only by the emeralds which sparkled in the turban of the king.

It was a right royal sight, I ween; and so thought Rhoostum the giant, who, having travelled over half the world in search of a master worth serving, resolved then and there to offer his services to Dunya, the Maha-rajah of Zumeen-ghur.

Rhoostum himself was a brave fellow to look upon. Towering high above all the soldiers of the body-guard, he strode forward and put his hand upon the neck of the great white elephant; and the haughty head of the noble brute was bowed beneath the might of that powerful hand, owning him lord and master. When the Maha-rajah saw this, a thrill of wonder passed through his royal frame, and at any cost he determined to enlist the services of so powerful a giant. He asked Rhoostum if he would serve him, and what his wages should be. The giant told him that he cared naught for riches: he sought only to serve a noble master who owned no superior. Dunya, whose name rang from one end of the earth to the other, proclaimed himself to be *the* lord and master of the world; and the loud applause that arose from the throngs of his retainers echoed back the words that Dunya was indeed the lord of all.

Rhoostum demanded no further proof. From that moment he became his most devoted slave, and right faithfully he served him. But one night, as he stood behind his royal master, the golden bangles which adorned the Rajah's wrists slipped forward; and the giant saw deep scars, which had been concealed beneath them. In great astonishment, Rhoostum asked what those scars were, whence they came, who had dared to put fetters upon the hands of so mighty a monarch.

A silence like the lull that precedes a storm at sea spread through the banquet-hall; the half-uttered jest was hushed; the music ceased; the voices of the merry guests grew still; and the Rajah, rising in fierce wrath, uttered the name of the Evil One, and was about to leave the untasted feast when the strong hand of the giant was laid upon the royal shoulder, and none dared resist it; for at that moment the dark form of Satan was seen in the midst of the hall, and, without exception, all bowed down before him. Rhoostum, throwing down the badge of his royal master, followed Satan.

"What thou art I know not," said the giant, "whence thou comest I know not; whither thou goest I wot not; but all these slaves of the world,—aye, even the Maha-rajah himself, own thee for their liege lord. I will henceforth serve thee."

And, striding through the long lines of frightened retainers, Rhoostum went out into the dark night, through the cold forest, over the steep mountains,—on, on, with rapid step and ceaseless toil. Ever before him stalked the form of the Evil One. At last the giant thought that he had found a master whom he could serve.

Darker grew the night, wilder the scene; the moon and stars were hidden beneath the blackness of darkness. Suddenly a fierce storm burst over the thick jungle. The crashing of the thunder and the blinding flashes of the forked lightning might have almost made a stouter heart than that of Rhoostum fail; but yet he faltered not.

As suddenly as it had begun, now the storm ceased. Distant wailings, as of souls in pain, died away on the sobbing wind; all sounds of agony seemed hushed and stifled by some fierce hand. The dark, muffled form of the Evil One stood still; he signed to the giant to come nearer.

"Thou art the first of earth's sons," he said, "who hast not trembled beneath my power. Serve me, and I will promote thee to greater honor."

"For honor I care not," said Rhoostum; "but I seek a master who owns no master. Art thou such a one?"

A fiendish laugh rang through the air as Satan answered:

"St. Michael the Archangel dared not rebuke me. The world owns no other master. Hell trembles beneath my frown. None is my master."

"If thou ownest no master I will serve thee forever," the giant said.

And they went on, on, on again, over hill and dale, over sea and land. And the flowers faded, and the bright stars grew pale, and all things trembled before the dark master and the giant slave; and Roostum thought that he had found at last the master whom he sought to serve.

But as they journeyed on, over a dark mountain, they suddenly came to a sharp turn in the narrow way, where stood a granite cross. An expression of mingled agony and hate, and more than mortal fear, passed over the still beautiful yet awful face of the fallen angel. A shiver of anguish thrilled through that stricken angel-form; and, with a deeply muttered curse, Satan fled. In wonder, Rhoostum gazed upon the retreating spirit as it was lost in the darkness of the unfathomable abyss; and, throwing himself down beneath the shadow of the Cross, the giant sighed deeply, as he said, half aloud:

"Ah! could I but find the King whose mysterious sign made even so great a monarch flee away in fear, I would serve Him; for surely He is Lord of lords and King of kings."

Once more he set forth alone, despairing of finding his unknown Lord; yet he sought Him day and night, in the palaces of kings, in the crowded thoroughfares of the world's great cities, in the pathless deserts; but he found Him not. And, wearied with his fruitless search, Rhoostum the Strong took up his abode by the side of a lonely ferry, where day and night he passed his time in carrying over belated travellers, who tried in vain to wade through the rapid ford, or to row against the swiftly-flowing stream.

One night the river rose unusually high; the melting snows from the mountain heights had swelled the uncontrolled torrent, and the steep banks scarcely contained its seething waters. The wind shrieked wildly among the forest trees as they rocked beneath its furious blows. Leaving the shelter of his hut, Rhoostum went out into the darkness to see if he could help some benighted wanderer. But no one had ventured to face the fierce war of the elements. He was about to return, when he heard the voice of a little child:

"Christopher, Christopher, carry me over the river."

Clear above the roar of the waters, high above the shrieking wind, rose that still, small voice; and for the first time in his life the giant's brave heart trembled at the unwonted sound of that childish cry. Stooping down, groping among the dank weeds, the giant found a beautiful Child, wrapped in a robe of dazzling whiteness. In mingled wonderment and awe he tenderly lifted the Holy Child upon his shoulders. Pondering what might be the meaning of the new name of Christopher by which the Child had called him, the giant descended at once into the water. No sooner had the cold waves touched his feet than the storm subsided — the wild winds hushed, the calm moon burst

through the dark clouds, the bright stars threw their golden rays upon the still waters; soft music, songs of angels, echoes of unearthly harmony, trembled on the air.

But suddenly the giant faltered. The stream was still, but he could not wade through it; his burden was light, but the limbs of Christopher trembled; the night air was cool, but great drops of sweat ran down the face of the giant. He trembled, he feared,—he could not go on.

"What art Thou?" he asked at last,—"what art Thou? Tell me, O Thou sweet one! No such burden have I ever borne before. O my Lord, what art Thou?"

Suddenly they were at the shore.

"I am thy Master, O Christopher!—King of kings and Lord of lords. I am Jesus Christ, whom thou seekest."

And the head of the giant was bowed, and the knees bent in adoration, and the strong voice quivered; and Christopher confessed Jesus, his Lord and his God, whom to serve is to reign.

When the Pope was a Boy.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

It was springtime in Italy, seventy-nine years ago. The Southern sun beamed radiantly from a sky whose charming blue was broken by never a cloud; its golden rays played brightly on the rolling waves of the Mediterranean, and shrouded in a luminous haze the jagged summits of the Apennines.

A light and elegant carriage, drawn by a span of beautiful horses, rolled swiftly along the route from Anagni to Carpineto. Ensconced in the carriage alongside of his tutor was a boy seven years of age, Vincent Joachim Pecci, whose ardent glances drank in the whole magnificent landscape. The little fellow looked fragile and almost too tall for his years. Graceful brown curls fell upon his neck and played about a face that was interesting, though not especially handsome. From the marked pallor of his countenance it it was easy to guess that he had just recovered from a severe illness, that must have confined him to his room for many weeks.

"How beautiful it all is!" exclaimed the boy, clasping his hands together; and he inhaled long draughts of the perfumed morning air. "How wise and good of the great God to make everything so splendid and so charming—mountains and valleys, forests and rivers, and the blue sky above us!"

It was indeed a delicious garden spot of earth through which the carriage bore them, and the grand panorama unrolling before the ravished eyes of Joachim was well calculated to affect his delicate and sensitive nature.

The tutor smilingly observed his young companion, whose enthusiasm had brought a tinge of color to his cheek, and said to him:

"My dear Joachim, we should recognize the Creator in His works. This all-powerful God, who is goodness itself, has spread open before us the great book of nature, in order that by reading it we may learn to love and admire the Author of so many marvels. The little blade of grass that springs up in the meadow and the almost invisible flower that blooms by the wayside reveal to us the infinite Being as truly as does the mighty roaring of the thunder or the furious clamor of the ocean. We should feast our eyes upon the beauties of nature merely to let them afterward impress our souls. Indeed, those who know how to appreciate the beauty of this vast universe, masterpiece of God's handicraft, have, as a general rule, good and tender hearts. Only such souls as are cloyed and dulled by sin and vice can gaze on nature's beauty with careless, inattentive eyes."

Suddenly the harmonious tranquillity of the morning was broken by a discordant note—a cry as of one in pain. The travellers looked out, and saw, just a few rods ahead, a poor child in rags lying on the roadside, exposed to the fierce rays of the sun. He was sobbing bitterly; and as the carriage approached, he endeavored to rise and walk on, but sank back again upon the ground, for his right ankle was all swollen.

The carriage stopped; and the young traveller, jumping out, asked the little sufferer what the matter was. The boy, a poor young goatherd, replied:

"About ten minutes ago a milk-cart came down the hill here at full speed. I hurried to get out of the way; but before I got across the road I was thrown down, and one of the wheels went over my ankle. Without stopping to help me or paying any attention to my cries, the milkman drove on. And, oh, how my ankle hurts!"

Another spell of sobbing followed this explanation.

Joachim immediately pushed his way through the hedge that bordered the road, and, hurrying down a sloping bank, dipped his cap in a brook, bringing back to the little goatherd enough water to quench his thirst; then taking his white linen handkerchief, he bound it around the inflamed ankle. The little foot, brown as a berry, peeped out of this unusual wrapper like a weather-beaten stump out of a field of snow.

"Where do you live?" asked Joachim.

The lad mentioned a village several miles away in the mountains.

"Well, you can't go home now. You'll have to come with us to Carpineto. Your ankle will be attended to there."

The goatherd smiled his thanks; and, assisted by his young benefactor, rose to his feet and hobbled toward the carriage.

"What are you about, Joachim?" asked the tutor, in surprise.

"What am I about! Why, doing what every Christian ought to do,—assisting the unfortunate."

"And are you going to bring him home? What will your papa and mamma say?"

"They will say that I did well. Can we leave this poor little sufferer here all alone? Wouldn't anybody else do as I am doing?"

So saying he helped the lad into the carriage; and, getting in himself, arranged one of the cushions under the swollen ankle. The tutor gave his pupil an encouraging tap on the cheek, and the horses set off with redoubled speed to Carpineto.

Joachim's mother at first opened her eyes pretty wide at sight of the unexpected guest, whose exterior was not very attractive; but as soon as she heard the sad story she at once sent for the family physician, who in a short time was able to relieve the suffering lad.

Joachim was jubilant, and in his large, beautiful eyes there twinkled tears of tenderness and joy.

"Did I not do right, mamma?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, my dear boy: you acted nobly," was the reply, as the proud and happy mother brushed back the brown curls and kissed him fondly.

We don't know whether or not the young goatherd of 1817 is still alive; but, as mountaineers are a hardy race, he possibly is; and, in that case, we are sure he often tells his little grandchildren how tenderly he was aided long, long ago by the gentle young Joachim Pecci, whom the world knows nowadays as Pope Leo XIII.

THE word salt was in Latin and Greek a common term for wit; and as the Athenians were noted for their sparkling thoughts well expressed, we have come to speak of "Attic salt" when we refer to bright and witty conversation.

Japan's National Flower.

The chrysanthemum, which is now so gorgeous and beautiful, was once but a common little Japanese daisy. Just as the wonderful roses of to-day have been cultivated from the single wild rose of the woods, and as the pansy is the child of the violet, so have the chrysanthemums grown finer and larger, until their own grandmothers, the daisies, would not know them.

In Japan the cultivation of flowers is the next thing to religion. And flowers opened the gates of that country to our civilization; for botanists, becoming interested in the *flora* of that far Eastern land, spread abroad the story of its wonders. Every blossom has a meaning to the Japanese. A half-opened bud, for instance, is the emblem of hope. "And," says a Japanese professor who has been lecturing at a flower show in Chicago, "there is a thought in every flower." He explained, too, why the chrysanthemum became the national flower of his country.

Japan, for many reasons, is called the Land of the Rising Sun; so on the flag was shown half a disk in bright colors. In time the rays were added; then the disk grew to its full, round shape. When artists made pictures of the sun, their fancy led them to vary the design; and some of their pictures looked so much like a big chrysanthemum that that flower became the floral emblem of the sun, which it resembled.

The Pipe of Peace.

Some of our young people who are fond of collecting Indian relics may have a peace-pipe among their treasures. The bowl is, I dare say, of highly-polished red marble, or pipe-stone; and the stem is made of a highly-decorated reed some two and a half feet long. It is an Indian tradition that long ago the Great Spirit called together all the Indian nations on a mountain made of red sandstone, and there moulded a pipe and smoked it; telling them that when they did likewise they must bury their war-clubs and scalping knives. The red color of the stone is said to represent the tint of their flesh, which was to be sacred and safe from danger when the peace-pipe was used. Another name for this pipe is the calumet. To present it to a stranger is an indication of good-will; and to refuse it is considered an insult, and treated accordingly.

> "Smoke the calumet together,
> And as brothers live henceforward,"

says the song of "Hiawatha."

"Bow-Bells."

To be born "within the sound of Bow-bells" means to be a genuine Londoner, a true cockney. The old Church of St. Mary-le-Bow has one of the most celebrated bell-peals of London. As long ago as 1472 a merchant of London bequeathed two houses to the parish, stipulating that their rents should be used to keep up the ringing of Bow-bells every night at nine o'clock, to act as a guide to travellers who found themselves far from home on an ill-lighted road.

In 1520 another man gave a bell which was still larger, and ordered that it should be rung each night to proclaim that it was time to cease from labor. As the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow was almost in the exact centre of the great city, we can easily see how convenient a guide its bells became to those who otherwise would have lost their way.

LUCK is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.—*Cobden.*

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Children of Mary," by the Rev. J. Spillmann, S. J., admirably translated from the German by Miss Helen Long, forms volume III. of the "Tales from Foreign Lands" series, published by B. Herder. This story is one of war and bloodshed, and yet it breathes a sweet piety which must make an impression on young hearts. The innocence of the two children, Mara and Marjub, their devotion to their friend Perecinski, the scene of their baptism, all combine to produce an interesting story of Polish and Russian life.

—"Ethelred Preston" is the title of a new volume which Father Finn has added to his attractive series of boys' books. There is not a dull page in it; and the action is so rapid and the interest so well sustained that a boy who begins this story will be loth to close it before he has followed the fortunes of the characters to the end. The scenes depicted are true to college life; and, though there is plenty of fun and adventure, there is a noble purpose underlying it all. We can not have too many books for boys on the style of "Ethelred Preston." Published by Benziger Brothers.

—It is probable that not a few copies of the newly-published biography of Father John Morris, S. J., will be sold in America. Mr. Gladstone says in a letter to the biographer that the account of the conversion of Father Morris is "painful to me with my convictions," but admits that the volume is a masterful piece of biography. It is a little curious, as the *Athenæum* points out, that although Cardinal Wiseman is as yet without a biographer, his secretary—for such Father Morris once was—has been made the subject of an elaborate study within a year of his death. A suitable life of Cardinal Wiseman, however, is forthcoming.

—The small child still holds the attention of the publishers of text-books. Ginn & Co. have begun a series of nature-studies entitled "All the Year Round," in which the history of birds and bees and flowers and the smaller animals is told in a way to interest the young folk. We do not deny the cleverness of "All the Year Round," but we regret that in telling the children all about these beautiful creatures no reference is made to the Creator. The gods of mythology are mentioned once in a while, but the true God is not so much as named in the book. It would be unpleasant to think that the secularization of our public schools had gone so far as to require the exclusion of all reference to the Deity; it is worse to know that the childish mind is filled thus early with stories about pagan gods and goddesses.

—The plays arranged for little girls by "Mercedes" are always entertaining as well as instructive. She has the happy faculty of making the characters speak like children, hence there is a naturalness in her school dramas which commends them to all. "Little Carrie's Quarter" will be welcome to those who are wondering what to prepare for the little folks' Christmas entertainment.

—The day of surprises in "religious evolution" is gone, but we confess to a pleasant feeling of wonder in reading these lines from the pen of the Rev. W. C. Smith, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, which recently appeared in the Canadian *Catholic Record:*

"O'er land and sea, love follows with fond prayers
Its dear ones in their troubles, griefs and cares.
There is no spot
On which it does not drop this tender dew
Except the grave, and then it bids adieu
And prayeth not.

"Shall God be wroth because we love them still
And call upon His love to shield from ill
Our dearest, best,
And bring them home and recompense their pain
And cleanse their sin, if any sin remain,
And give them rest?

"Nay, I will not believe it. I will pray,
As for the living, for the dead each day.
They will not grow
Less meet for heaven when followed by a prayer
To speed them home, like summer-scented air
From long ago."

We trust that the "religious evolution" of Brother Smith and all who stand where he stands may continue until they emerge into the full noontide of Catholic truth.

—Two pages of "errata" and "corrigenda" accompany a pamphlet by one Charles F. St Laurent on the subject of "Language

and Nationality in the Light of Revelation and History." This gentleman with the saintly name is one of many mischief-makers and malcontents who parted company with moderation, sense and breeding long ago, yet are discussed and quoted and taken seriously by people who mistake violence and insolence for intellectual courage. These mischief-makers and malcontents declare there are race enmities in this country, and they want to remedy the evil by fanning the flame into double fury. We have too many of these self-constituted critics waving the bloody shirt in the United States now. The home product of criticism is already too large, and we are in favor of a heavy protective tariff on the Canadian stuff. If Mr. St. Laurent really believes that certain bishops in this country are so full of race prejudice as to injure the interests of religion, we advise him to drop his pen and take to his prayers. Newspaper discussion and pamphleteering can not remedy evils of this sort.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Ethelred Preston. *F. J. Finn, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 85 cts.

Children of Mary. *Rev J. Spillmann, S. J.* B. Herder. 50 cts.

Catholic Ceremonies and the Liturgical Year. *Abbé Durand.* Benzigers. Cloth, 50 cts.; paper, 25 cts.

The Kingdom of God on Earth. *R. Belaney.* Thomas Baker. 30 cts.

Pope Leo XIII. *Justin McCarthy.* Warne & Co. $1.25.

Manual of the Forty Hours' Devotion. Am. Ecc'l. Review Co. Flexible cloth. 20 cts.

A Key to Labor Problems. *Léon Harmel.* Catholic Truth Society. 10 cts.

"Quo Vadis." *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* Little, Brown & Co. $2.

The Vocation of Edward Conway. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Mr. Billy Buttons. *Walter Lecky.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Cochem's Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. *Preface by the Rt. Rev. C. P. Maes.* Benzigers. $1.25.

A Woman of Fortune. *Christian Reid.* Benziger Bros. $1.25.

A Striking Contrast. *Clara Mulholland.* M. H. Gill & Son. $1.25.

New Faces and Old. *Rev. Francis Finn, S. J.* B. Herder. 60 cts.

On the Road to Rome, and How Two Brothers Got There. *William Richards.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts., *net.*

Ada Merton. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* B. Herder. 75 cts.

Essays Educational. *Brother Azarias.* McBride & Co. $1.50.

The Conspiracy of the A. P. A. *J. Alex. Edwards.* P. J. Kenedy. 25 cts.

Demon Possession and Allied Themes. *J. L. Nevius, D. D.* Revell & Co. $1.50.

Protestant Fiction. *James Britten.* Catholic Truth Society. 80 cts., *net.*

Goffine's Devout Instructions. *Preface by Cardinal Gibbons.* Illustrated. $1.00.

Social Problems. *Rev. Morgan Sheedy.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

How to Speak Latin. *Stephen W. Wilby.* Murphy & Co. 75 cts.

Jack Chumleigh; or, Friends and Foes. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Murphy & Co. $1.00.

The Temptation of Nora Leecroft. *Frances Noble.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

Claudius. *C. M. Home.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

The Last Christmas-Tree. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. 75 cts., *net.*

Amy's Music Box. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner Co. 38 cts., *net.*

A Tuscan Magdalen. (Poetry.) *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. *Net*, 75 cts.

The Divine Redeemer and His Church. *Rev. Edward Douglass, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

The Spirit of the Dominican Order. *Mother Drane.* Art & Book Co. $1.00.

Devotion to the Miraculous Infant of Prague. J. Schaefer. 10 cts.

Why I Became a Catholic (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Burns & Oates. 30 cts.

Cobbett's History of the Reformation. *Edited by Dom Gasquet.* Benziger Bros. $1.00.

The Yorke-Wendte Discussion. Monitor Publishing Co. 50 cts.

Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages. *Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M.* Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P.* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

The End of Religious Controversy. *Bishop Milner. Edited by Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A.* Cath. Truth Society. 35 cts.

The See of St. Peter. *T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G.* Catholic Truth Society. 50 cts.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

Lessons in Literature. Ainsworth & Co. $1.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser.* Cathedral Library Association. 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Way & Williams. $1.25.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. $1.40.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25.

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8*s.*

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury, Mass. $2.10.

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, $6.25.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.00.

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.50, *net.*

Christian Reunion. *William Delaney, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

Vol. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 12, 1896. No. 24.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Mother Most Fair.

O MARY, would that I might paint
Thy picture fair!
I see thy face in dreams,
Enframed in waves of hair
Like gold in shadow,—
A face that gleams
As pure as jasmine buds
Atremble in the moon's white beams.

O would that I might paint thine eyes
In all their changing loveliness,
Celestial violets sown on earth
When thou—God's thought—hadst mortal birth!
I see them full of dreams
Like shadow-clouds on streams,
When thou didst gaze
Into thy Boy's eyes,—deeps divine,
That, answering love, soft mirrored thine.
I see them darker, deeper grown
In Calvary days.
Deep, deep with dole,
They speak the anguish of thy soul;
And yet they harbor peace and prayer,—
Eternity is imaged there.

Ah! earthly brush could never trace
The beauty, Mother, of thy face;
And if 'tis fair in dreams to see,
O what must God and heaven be!

To live without suffering is to live without loving. To live and not love is to die.—*Mother Barat.*

The Rulers and People of the Black Mountain.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

II.

IT was on a bright August day that, coming from Bosnia and Herzegovina, we landed at Cattaro, a picturesque town nestling at the foot of the stern-looking mountain that forms the natural barrier of Montenegro. We had left behind us Serajevo, the Damascus of the West,—the ancient Bosna Serai, whose white minarets stand out so clearly against the deep blue sky; Herzegovina and its wild valleys; the Dalmatian coast with its islands and olive woods; Ragusa, the medieval city, half Eastern, half Venetian, where pink and white laurels flower in fragrant clusters at the foot of the ancient battlements. And now we had reached a new land,—one that, amidst the changes and vicissitudes of this busy century of ours, retains in a peculiar manner its Old-World customs and character.

On the landing-place of Cattaro a motley crowd of porters rush forward and surround us with profuse offers of service. After much conversation, we secure a carriage; and, leaving our heavy luggage at Cattaro, we begin our upward journey toward Cettigne.

The quaint little city of Cattaro, with its narrow streets and tiny squares, is shut in between the mountain and the sea. Over its great gate still stands the winged lion,—a memory of the days when Venice was Queen of the Seas, and when in all the Dalmatian cities, except at Ragusa, the mighty lion of St. Mark reigned supreme.

Just above the town, against the steep mountain side, is the path which until the last few years was the only means of communication between Cattaro and Cettigne. This path, rightly called the Ladder, is still used by the mountaineers when they come to Cattaro on business. As for us, we ascended the new carriage road, which has existed only about twenty years, and which is one of the finest specimens of engineering skill to be found in the world.

Slowly, under the burning sun, our horses climb the seventy-five zigzags that are formed by the road as it winds up the face of the mountain; and a panorama of strange grandeur unfolds itself before us: Cattaro and its white houses crouching beneath the stern, grey mountain; then the Bocche di Cattaro—a series of six inland gulfs and bays formed by the Adriatic—standing out, deep blue, against a framework of the same grey-colored, barren rock.

Around us, on every side, the aspect is striking in its rugged grandeur and desolation. Not a vestige of vegetation meets our eye; everywhere, as far as the view can reach, extend the same masses of rock. At the pass of Kerstac, on the summit of the steep ascent, we find ourselves at the frontier of the principality. Here is a wayside inn, where we stop to refresh ourselves and our horses; and here, on re-entering his own country, our driver resumes possession of his loaded revolver: a weapon which all true Montenegrins invariably carry in their belt, but which they are forbidden to wear beyond the limits of the principality.

Here, too, the aspect is the same. The district gives one the idea of a stormy sea that has suddenly been turned to stone. Between the waves of grey rock we distinguish here and there tiny patches of vegetable land, where maize and potatoes have been planted, and are cultivated at the cost of much patience and labor.

It is said that when the Emperor Francis Joseph visited Cattaro, he looked up in surprise at the rocky wall that forms the natural boundary of Montenegro. "Truly," he said, "my brother lives high up."—"The Turks have taken the earth from me," replied Prince Nicholas; "the Austrians have taken the sea: I have only the sky left."

At that time the Congress of Berlin had not added the parts of Dulcigno and Antivari to the principality. The few cottages that we pass on our way are wretched hovels, consisting of a single room, with a hole in the roof that serves as a chimney.

The village of Niegosch, in a wide valley, has a less miserable aspect. It can boast of being the cradle of the Petrowitch dynasty; and we are shown close to the road side, a house with green shutters and two small towers, where the reigning sovereign was born in 1841. Beyond Niegosch, the region has the same aspect of desolate grandeur as at the pass of Kerstac. The same ocean of grey rocks extends as far as the eye can reach; the same tiny specks of brown earth peep out here and there like an oasis in the bleak, barren wilderness. Once we chance to catch a glimpse of lake Scutari, a great sheet of silver in the far-away distance. At last the road begins to descend rapidly; and, about six hours after leaving Cattaro, we enter a wide valley, in the midst of which are streets and houses, and a few—very few—trees; all around is a belt of mountains.

This is Cettigne, the capital of the principality; a humble little capital enough

when we consider merely the size of its houses, very few of which, except the palace and our hotel, possess more than one story; but whose past history is rich in deeds of heroism. The memory of that brave struggle which, in their poverty and isolation, the good people of Montenegro sustained for five hundred years against their Turkish neighbors, invests their capital with the pathetic interest attached to spots made sacred by suffering and sacrifice.

Lounging about here and there are picturesque groups of Montenegrins. The men, in general tall and straight, wear a long white cloth tunic, tight at the waist but opening above and below to show the embroidered vest and trousers. Their caps, round and flat, are curious because of the meaning attached to their design and coloring. The cap itself is red, in remembrance of the blood shed at Kossovo five centuries ago; the black embroidery symbolizes the mourning and sorrow of the Sclav people under the yoke of the infidels; the golden sun that is represented emerging from the dark embroidery speaks of the gradual resurrection of the nation under the happy and prosperous reign of Prince Nicholas.

The inhabitants of Montenegro are essentially warlike. They have no regular army: every man from his childhood upward, the pope and the monk included, is a soldier. In moments of peril, at a mere word from the prince, the whole country would be up in arms. To the women, in this case, would be entrusted the care of supplying the army with food and ammunition. During the last war against the Turks this department fell entirely to their share, and they accomplished their task with great energy.

These hard-working women, so patient and uncomplaining, prove themselves in times of war simply heroic. In the last struggle against the Turks, the women and children had taken refuge in a tower, where for a time they bravely defended themselves with the guns that happened to be in their possession. Their stock of ammunition was soon exhausted—there remained to them nothing but a few barrels of gunpowder,—and, outside, the number of their enemies increased every instant. Their resolution was soon taken. They rolled the barrels of gunpowder in a heap in the centre, placed the children around them to conceal them; then they opened the door, and five hundred Turks burst into the tower. At that moment one of the women set fire to the gunpowder: a fearful explosion followed, and Christians and Moslems were buried under the ruins.

Upon our expressing surprise at the apparent contempt with which women so brave and so devoted are treated by the sterner sex, we were told that, far from resenting this treatment, the women prefer it to any other. Our informant is one who has made Cettigne his home; and who, having closely studied the manners and character of the people, and also their literature and history, is a competent authority on these subjects as well as the most obliging of *cicerones*. In proof of his assertion, he told us this story:

An innkeeper of the district had a daughter named Gordanne, whose beauty caused her hand to be sought after by several suitors, three of whom seemed especially ardent in pressing her to come to a decision. After much hesitation, she resolved to choose among them; and she requested them to appear, on a certain day and at a certain hour, at her father's house and there receive her answer. When the time came Gordanne placed herself in the doorway, in such a manner that it was impossible to enter without pushing her aside. The first suitor had been to Cattaro and learned the manners of the towns; he civilly begged the girl to let him pass and enter. She did so, murmuring to herself: "Thou shalt not be my husband." The second said, somewhat more curtly:

"Let me pass!" Again she made way, and again she murmured: "Neither will I marry thee." The third simply took her by the arm, pushed her roughly aside and walked in. "Thou art a true son of Montenegro," cried Gordanne; "and thee only will I marry."

Whether the story be true or not, it shows the mental attitude of the Montenegrin women toward their masters. In the eyes of these latter, war is the only occupation that is really noble. When a baby boy is born, its friends and relatives are unanimous in expressing the hope that it may "not die in its bed." To die in one's bed is a disgrace in the eyes of men whose history since Kossovo — five centuries ago—has been one long, uninterrupted struggle for life and liberty.

If at first sight Cettigne rather disappoints those who, having fondly imagined a capital city, find only a village, a longer acquaintance with the strange little town, seated up so high amidst the mountains, is full of charm and interest. It was our good fortune to find living at the hotel the French Minister, Monsieur Desprez, and his charming wife, *née* McClellan. To their kindness and courtesy we owed much of the enjoyment of our visit. It was they who showed us the curiosities of Cettigne: the Prince's palace, resembling a large private house in a provincial town; the great tree, with its wide-spreading branches, beneath which Prince Nicholas, like St. Louis at Vincennes, judges the differences of his subjects; the Tree of Justice—a pear-tree where criminals were hanged; the arsenal, full of guns, swords and flags taken from the Turks, etc.

The monastery of the Holy Mother of God, built in the year 1697 upon the ruins of a former convent, was at one time the residence of the Vladikas. It is now occupied by the Bishop of Cettigne, and contains the tombs of several princes; among others, of the great prince-bishop, Peter I., surnamed the Saint. His illustrious successor Peter II., the poet-prince, was, at his own request, buried on Mount Lochven, where his white tomb stands out against the sky, among the wild mountains.

Just above the monastery may be seen the Turks' Tower, or, as it is sometimes called, the Tower of Skulls. It is a round tower, situated on a steep rock; and here the Montenegrins were wont to expose the heads of the Turks whom they had killed. In 1850 a French traveller counted fifty of these ghastly trophies. By degrees the barbarous custom was abolished,—partly, it is said, owing to the influence of Princess Darinka, wife of Danilo.

Together with a passionate love for their country—a love intensified by the struggles they have gone through in its defence, — the Montenegrins are distinguished by their absolute devotion to their Prince. His authority is at once despotic and paternal, and the respect and affection which his people entertain for him are most complete. It is his habit every morning to stroll along the streets of Cettigne, stopping to speak to one or another of his subjects, most of whom he knows by name, and to whom he is bound by the close ties of race, of religion, and of the perils and the fatigues they have undergone together. It sometimes happens that, for a slight misdemeanor, a culprit is forbidden to kiss the Prince's hand for a week or fortnight, as the case may be; and this punishment is a cause of deep sorrow and shame.

Crimes prompted by anger or revenge are not uncommon in Montenegro, but robberies are almost unheard of; and, whereas a murder caused by revenge is regarded as a comparatively venial offence, the same deed committed for the sake of plunder creates an outburst of horror and indignation, and is punishable by death.

A visit to the prison is one of the most characteristic sights of Cettigne. In front of a low building, much resembling the

other houses of the place, we see groups of men lounging about, chatting together or with their friends, with no sign of a wall or of an enclosure anywhere. Only two things distinguish them from the other citizens: they have not at their belt the loaded revolver that forms an essential part of a Montenegrin's costume, and some of them wear chains that reach from one ankle to the waist. These are the prisoners, who, whatever may have been their offences, are still, it would seem, capable of deeds of devotion when the welfare of their country is at stake. We were told of a striking example of this.

During the last war against the Turks a considerable supply of arms and money was sent to Montenegro by Russia and deposited at Cattaro. The difficulty was to convey it from Cattaro to Cettigne by the steep mountain path. All the men of the principality had been sent to fight; only women, children, and cripples remained at home. The Prince then went to the prison, laid the case before the culprits, and, in the name of their country, bade them go to Cettigne and bring back the precious deposit. They started on the spot, with neither guards nor jailers to accompany them; fulfilled their task with promptitude, brought back the supply of arms and money untouched; and, having laid it at their sovereign's feet, returned to prison.

Through the kindness of Monsieur and Madame Desprez, we were present at a dinner given by them to the Crown Prince Danilo—a dark, handsome young man, in the picturesque costume of his country. The ministers of war, finance and state were present, wearing their national dress, with the loaded revolver at their belt; also the members of the diplomatic corps, and two native ladies, wives of the ministers, with the white dress and veil, the embroidered bodice, large dark eyes and subdued manners of the women of their race. It was far from being a common-place assembly, and a thousand times more picturesque and interesting than most London or Paris dinner parties. Seated side by side with the ministers of Montenegro were the envoys of Turkey; and it was curious to remember how, only a few years ago, the heads of Turkish soldiers, in hideous array, were set along the tower just above us.

It is impossible not to feel a warm interest in the future of this brave people; and Prince Nicholas, to whom some of our party had the honor of being presented, seems fully to deserve the love and respect of his subjects. He is a fine-looking man, a prudent and able ruler, and he has known how to secure for his tiny state an official and recognized position in European politics. Since we left Cettigne he has taken a step which must still further endear him to a certain portion of his most devoted subjects.

The Montenegrins belong, as our readers know, to the Greek Church; but in some parts of the principality there are many Catholics. At Antivari, which until lately belonged to Austria, there is a cathedral and an archbishop; and at Podgoritza, a town situated in the interior of the country, a new Catholic church has been built of recent years. But at Cettigne there exist barely a handful of Catholics; and if a priest happens to visit the little city, he has to say Mass in the house of an Italian shoemaker, where the vestments and church plate are kept. A few months ago Prince Nicholas gave the Catholics of Cettigne permission to build a church; and, though their personal resources are rather scanty, the presence of the Corps Diplomatique, many of whose members are Catholics, will doubtless facilitate the new foundation.

Who knows what the future has in store for Prince Nicholas and his people? Fifty years ago Montenegro was almost unknown; only from time to time vague tidings came that in a remote corner of

Europe a handful of brave men were battling for their lives and liberty. Now the principality has its recognized place in the political world; the great European powers have their representatives in the mountain city; Prince Nicholas treats on equal terms with his brother sovereigns, and his daughters have married into the imperial houses of Russia and Italy. It is not improbable that the transformation thus begun may continue; and that, with the vexed question of the Balkan peninsula always under discussion, an important and perhaps glorious destiny may await the Prince and people of the Black Mountain.

(The End.)

The Romance of a Man of Business.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

III.

ONE grey winter afternoon, ten years later, Matthew Dailey sat smoking and looking over the newspapers in the back parlor of his home on State Street. He had been for some time a widower. His two boys attended Saint Mary's College, and his little daughter was being educated at a convent within an hour's drive of the city. It was a legal holiday—Washington's Birthday; otherwise Mr. Dailey, one of the principal members of the firm of Crossman, Dailey & Co., would have been in his counting-room at this hour.

To glance at Matthew now, a prosaic, prosperous man of the world, one would naturally conclude he had almost forgotten that a certain, long-closed chapter of his life had ever been written in the day-book of time, or copied, as it were, into the ledger of eternity. As incongruous with his present existence would it have seemed as if a fragrant bit of hawthorn blossom had unaccountably got pressed in between the leaves of the pocket diary of mercantile transactions which formed the record of his daily thoughts, and may be said to have become his vade-mecum. For his life had come to be well-nigh all business. Its cares claimed not only every moment of the day, but haunted his active mind almost constantly. A student of the times says:

"The bane of business men in America is that they do not know when they are rich enough. In the Old World a man of affairs, having accumulated a moderate competence, hastens to retire, and thus secure leisure to enjoy the fruit of his exertions. With us, a millionaire continues to work on like a pack-horse, and as often as not dies in the harness."

With the future of his children to provide for, Matthew Dailey, according to our extravagant American estimate, may not have been quite well enough off to retire; but he had fallen into the habit of treading under foot, as it were, the small everyday blessings in his path, with the sunbeams that shone upon it, in the struggle toward an indefinable goal, which ever stretched farther and farther away.

He looked, as he was, a courteous, kind-hearted man; for granted the instincts of a gentleman, it needs but the advantages that come with easy circumstances to add the polish of gentle manners. A self-made man, he was in a measure self-educated also. Until the demands of business gradually engrossed all his time, he had been a great reader, with a taste for the solid and substantial, and had profited even more by the experiences of his varied and active life. In his speech, but softened a little, still lingered the richness of the Irish accent, which, we are told, was the current pronunciation of the English language in the days of Addison and the *Spectator*.

Such the portrait of the merchant as he sat in his cozy smoking-room. To snatch a brief hour of quiet thus was what he called solid comfort; and by the

name of "Solid Comfort" the room itself had come to be known in the happy-go-lucky household.

For servants there were the children's old nurse and her husband,—the former having charge of the housekeeping; the latter doing the chores, waiting at table, and attending to the errands. When things went wrong, the master invariably threatened to discharge the couple and engage as cook a pig-tailed Chinaman, after the example of his neighbor over the way,—a threat the good woman never condescended to notice, but to which the old man invariably responded, with a deprecatory shake of the head:

"Bedad, an' I hope never to see a rale Irishman, even an' he my worst enemy, come to such a pass as to have no one to do for him but a dirty yellow haythen. *Och*, *wirra asthrue*, the Lord bechune us an' all harm!"

Matthew's young daughter Nannie was just old enough to begin, during the vacations, to contrast their manner of living with the well-regulated establishments in which she sometimes visited. As for the boys, they had pretty much of their own way,—"so long as it did not interfere with father." And if they did not seriously abuse their liberty, the credit was due to the training they received at school.

On this dull afternoon Mr. Dailey was interrupted in his scanning of the newspapers by an explosion of noise in the hall. Suddenly the door of the room burst open and his sons—Tom and Jack—entered with a comrade. He looked up, a trifle annoyed.

"O father, we did not know you were here!" broke out Jack. "There's a book on the table that I wanted to show Phil. But I forgot,—you do not know him. This is Phil Barry, sir; he's only been going to the college lately."

Mr. Dailey turned a preoccupied glance upon the visitor. A word of greeting rose mechanically to his lips; but as the frank, honest eyes of the lad met his own, his expression changed to one of interest.

"How do you do!" he said, stretching out a hand to him cordially. "The friends of my boys are always welcome in this house; we shall always be glad to see you."

After hastily turning over the leaves of the book for a few minutes, the three boys hurried away again.

"An upright, manly little fellow, unless I am greatly mistaken in my reading of character as portrayed by the human countenance," murmured Mr. Dailey, as he took out his note-book and looked through it.

Why should he begin to think of years long past? He was not yet old enough to enjoy looking backward; his dreams—golden dreams in a literal sense—were usually of the present and future. What was there in common between the successful merchant and the young emigrant of long ago? How difficult to realize that they were the same person! Yet not quite so difficult to-day, somehow; for here, with his gaze fixed upon the figures and *memoranda* of the page before him, there arose to his mental vision a picture of blooming hawthorn hedges; of a churchyard lying about the ruins of an ancient abbey; of a youth and a pretty girl with trustful Irish eyes standing beneath a rude cross in the waning twilight of a May evening. A mist dimmed his sight. He quickly brushed it away; and, returning to his occupation, said aloud:

"Tut, tut! I have made a mistake against myself in calculating the profits of that pending sale to Thomson & Co. Unaccountable!"

Philip Barry came and went with the boys occasionally. Their father saw him only casually now and then; and, beyond the pleasant welcome which set him at his ease, had very little to say to him. But still that gentleman often found himself abstractedly studying the lad's bright, ingenuous face.

"Where did you say you lived formerly?" he asked abruptly one day.

"In Covington, sir,—a small town in Pennsylvania. It is not on the map."

"Ah, indeed!"

The name had not the slightest association for Mr. Dailey.

Holy Week followed close upon the breaking up of the winter. The weather was still uncertain, and there were few indications of spring.

Although Matthew Dailey was particular about sending his children to Catholic schools, and tried to salve his conscience by contributing generously when called upon in behalf of various charities, he had for years, unhappily, neglected the practice of his religion.

"Father, you'll be sure to come to Mass on Sunday, won't you?" said Jack one morning. "It wouldn't seem a bit like Easter to Tom and me if we couldn't look down the aisle and see you. You always go to church on Easter, don't you?"

"I mean to, at least," was the reply. "Ahem! at other times I'm so fagged out when Sunday comes,—so many things are continually coming up. But, yes: I try not to miss Christmas and Easter, any way."

During the Solemn High Mass on Easter Sunday, as he beheld his sons among the white-robed choristers, their youthful voices swelling the grand harmonies of the Paschal antiphons, the man of the world was not unmoved by the influences of the hour and place. The sublime services, the words of the preacher, the triumphant *Alleluias*, the altar with its many lights and its flowers whose sweet life-breath mingled with the fragrance of the incense, the star-like glow of the sanctuary lamp—that silent, eloquent "Come unto Me,"—all were so many forcible reminders of his duty. But, alas! so callous had Matthew Dailey become that the impression produced was but a fleeting one.

When Mass was over he waited until the greater part of the congregation was gone. As he passed down the aisle and neared the vestibule, he could see through the open door of the church that the skies were leaden, and a steady, dismal rain was falling. What a contrast between the dreariness without and the brightness and peace within!

At the doorway, shrinking back from the rain, stood a lady dressed in black.

"I'm awfully sorry I forgot the umbrella, mother!" said a boy who accompanied her. "Let me go home for it. I'll be back in less than quarter of an hour."

The lady demurred and hesitated. Her face was turned from Mr. Dailey, but as he approached he recognized the boy. It was Philip Barry.

IV.

"Good-morning, Philip!" said the gentleman, cheerily. "Have you no umbrella for your mother? Allow me to offer mine. No, no!"—as the lad objected—"I hardly ever use one, preferring just to button up my overcoat and trudge along unmindful of the rain. I can't imagine how I happened to bring one to-day, except"—and he laughed lightly—"on extraordinary occasions one does extraordinary things."

While he was speaking, Philip's mother had looked around to thank him. Instead of doing so, however, she stood staring at him in blank bewilderment and amazement. As he now glanced toward her, with a courteous bow and smile, his face changed suddenly; he started back, gazed at her stupidly for a moment, and then, recovering himself with an effort, said:

"I beg your pardon, Madam! But you reminded me so much of some one whom I once knew that I was taken by surprise."

"Yes?" she murmured, absently.

"Mother," interposed Philip, at a loss to understand why her usual ease of manner had deserted her, and conscious that his introduction was awkwardly tardy, "this is Mr. Dailey, whose sons go to the college."

"Can it really be the Matthew Dailey who left a little seaport of the south of Ireland for America one May morning long ago?" she stammered, regarding the stranger with a startled expression as if almost terror-stricken.

"My God—Kathleen! I would know your voice anywhere," faltered Matthew huskily, grasping her hand and struggling with his agitation. Presently, recalled to the realization that the boy stood by in round-eyed wonder, and several loiterers glanced at them with no small curiosity in passing out, the Matthew Dailey of the present—oh, this age of commonplace!—renewed the proffer of his umbrella; and a very nervous little woman walked away with him under it, Philip trudging along at her right hand.

"You have known sorrow, Kathleen," said Matthew, when he could again trust himself to speak.

"Yes," she rejoined, sadly. "My husband died four years ago. He was very good to me. May God reward him!"

It was like a meeting of very old friends. The chief sentiment of each was one of dazed surprise. Their paths in life, after having led far apart, had converged and touched for a moment. That these paths would but cross and separate again like the ways of countless others, was a natural supposition. That he had found the woman he had loved in his youth a widow did not affect him. She seemed as far removed from him as if the husband she had chosen (in his stead, he would have told himself,) still walked beside her.

With the joys and sorrows of half a lifetime between them, Kathleen on her part could, in her womanly pride, ignore his own apparent desertion of her. True, the thought had often come to her that there was something unexplained in the total severance of communication between them in the long ago; yet, after all, what did it matter now? In character as in feature there might still be some slight resemblance by which they could recognize each other; but, for the rest—the changes Time had wrought in thought and feeling were even greater than those of outward aspect.

So, beyond the dignified reproach—if reproach it was—in the proud allusion to the one whose strong arm and devoted heart had shielded her from a lonely struggle with the world, she made no mention of their personal past; while her companion also instinctively avoided it. Accordingly, their conversation while they traversed a few blocks together was of mutual acquaintances who had not been too closely allied to either, and whose histories now acquired an interest never suspected before. They spoke, too, of the parish priest and the little chapel, of the market-place and the beach, but never a word of hawthorn hedges nor the churchyard cross.

To young Philip, dallying behind, the occasion seemed not different from others he remembered, when his mother had unexpectedly fallen in with "neighbors from home"; although it was a revelation, to be sure, that she and the rich Mr. Dailey should have known each other in an era which he characterized in his boyish slang as "the years before the Flood." Could he have had an inkling of the recollections surging upon them as they walked along talking so quietly, how astonished he would have been! As it was, it appeared the most natural thing in the world when they reached the Elevated Railroad Station that, in resigning to Philip the office of escort together with the fateful umbrella, Mr. Dailey requested Mrs. Barry's permission to call upon her; and the visit was arranged for the same evening.

(To be continued.)

FAITH is as much the key to happiness here as it is the key to happiness hereafter.—*Ik Marvel.*

The Italian Fisherman's Song.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

OVER the crested waves
Sun sinking low;
Gliding by ocean's caves,
Rapid our prow.

Grey grow the deep'ning skies,
Purpling the sea;
Softly our songs arise,
Mother, to thee.

Advocate thou art sure,
Undefiled Dove!
Mother of God all pure,
Thee let us love.

He is thy Son, and thou
Gavest Him birth;
He is thy God, and now
Rules o'er the earth.

He as the Son of man
Needed thy care;
Yet as thy God He can
Answer thy prayer.

O'er the wild waters now
Darkening and dun,
Swift glides our vessel's prow,
Long sunk the sun.

Night is around us black,
Dangers increase;
One Star points out our track
Homeward to peace.

Dark is the looming sky,
Stormy the sea;
Pilgrims, we look on high,
Mother, to thee!

Waiting in faith and love
Pure hearts to bring;
Long we to greet above
Jesus our King.

Saints and the ransomed stand,
Mother, near thee;
Angels in mystic band;
Never more sea.

Perfect the peace and joy,
Never can pall;
Pleasures without alloy,
God all in all.

Milan and Its Cathedral.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

THE sojourn in Venice draws to a close all too rapidly, and its termination occasions me more genuine regret than has been felt in leaving most of the other famous cities that have thus far won my admiration. What a pity it is that my holidays may not be extended for an additional month, so that at least another week might be spent in this veritable home of the picturesque and the romantic! The longing, however, may not be gratified. The days are slipping by with provoking rapidity; there are sundry other cities on my programme that must be seen before I take the steamer for the return voyage. My collegiate duties recommence, alas! just a short month hence; and my inner consciousness admonishes me that on my reaching home punctually or tardily will probably depend another European tour during some future summer more or less remote.

I accordingly overcome the temptation to linger yet a day or two in Venice, step into a gondola to take a last pleasant ride to the railway station, and have my circular ticket visaed for Milan. Having selected a comfortable smoking compartment of the waiting train and disposed of my luggage, I exchange coat and hat for duster and travelling-cap, and proceed to saunter up and down the platform while awaiting the signal for departure. Only a few turns have been made when I see approaching me a clerical-looking gentleman, whom at first glance (though for no particular reason of which I am conscious) I set down as a Calvinist minister. A moment later I catch a glimpse of a purple stock; and a second glance at the gracious, if dignified, countenance above it inspires me with the belief that I have seen this gentleman, or at least his portrait,

before. If I am not mistaken, he is a Catholic Bishop of a diocese in the Eastern States. He affably greets me with, "You are an American priest, I believe?" To which I reply: "A Canadian one, my Lord; and you, I think, are Bishop W.?" My surmise proves correct, and we forthwith engage in pleasant converse. We have both chanced upon the same compartment, and have just taken our seats therein when there enters a third ecclesiastic, the sight of whom recalls an incident connected with my audience with the Holy Father.

The Vatican etiquette prescribes that priests who attend an audience shall wear the cassock and the Roman mantle; and elementary good taste teaches one that the necessary complement of such a costume on the streets of Rome is the regulation ecclesiastical hat—a low-crowned, broad-brimmed species of *sombrero*, which impressed me at once as being considerably heavier than is at all suitable to the torrid heat of an Italian summer. On the evening of the audience, however, no possible species of headgear could have disturbed my serenity or lessened the joyousness of my anticipations; and when my friend, Father G., proffered me his best hat to complete my full-dress appearance, I put it on with no thought as to its weight or becomingness. With no thought, either, in the excitement of the occasion, of pinning my card to the hat's lining, or otherwise marking the article so that I should know it again. As a natural result, when, at the close of the audience, I entered one of the antechambers and looked about me for my borrowed *sombrero*, I was at an utter loss to distinguish the one I had worn from six or seven others that lay on one of the tables. They all looked so much alike that the only test of identification which occurred to me was to try them on and discover which one fitted me best. Acting on this idea, and finding that all save one were too small, I donned that one without hesitation, and hastened to rejoin Father G., who had been awaiting me for an hour or more in an outer court of the Vatican.

In the course of the half hour's drive to our lodgings in the Via Giulia, I gave my companion a detailed account of the function of the evening, and was just concluding a graphic description of the scene in the throne-chamber when, his eye chancing to fall upon my head-covering, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Look here! Whose hat is that you have on?"

"Whose hat! Why *yours*, of course."

"Of course it is *not!* You have walked off with another man's hat."

"Well, if 'tis not yours, 'tis a facsimile of it."

"Not at all: mine is an Italian hat, and this one you are wearing is a French one."

"Do you mean to say there is any difference between the two styles?"

"Certainly there is. The Italian is three-cornered, while the French is merely turned up on the sides."

Upon this I took off the hat, and observed that it *did* differ a little in shape from the one my friend was wearing. I consoled him, however, by calling his attention to the fact that he had undoubtedly gained by the exchange: that this was an excellent hat, quite new, and presumably worth three or four francs more than the one he had loaned me. In strict justice, of course, he owed me those three or four francs; but, as I was "in funds" just then, I would be gracious and not insist on their payment. He laughingly accepted the inevitable, and in the course of a day or two I had quite forgotten the incident.

While chatting with Bishop W., however, in the train for Milan, I recognize in the bronzed countenance of the ecclesiastic who enters our compartment just

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before we leave the station, a French *curé* from Algeria, who was present with me at the audience with the Holy Father; and as he removes his hat and places it on the rack above him, I notice that the style is not French, but Italian. I thought of him, in Rome, as the probable owner of the hat I had brought from the Vatican; and now I am pretty sure that I conjectured the truth. A half hour later, when the *curé* has finished reading his Office, I interview him on the subject, and learn that he is indeed wearing Father G.'s hat; and that I have unwittingly provided him with a souvenir of Rome, while my Roman friend is daily covering his massive cranium with a souvenir of Algeria.

In the meantime our train has got under way; we have left beautiful Venice and the murmuring Adriatic behind us, and are now speeding rapidly through a district whose luxuriant fertility would arouse a spirit of envy in the bosom of the most contented Canadian farmer, and whose natural beauties afford me a tranquil delight that does not cloy throughout the journey. Bishop W. is our fellow-traveller during only a portion of the day; and when he leaves us there is no temptation to indulge in conversation with any other occupant of our compartment than the French *curé*. With him I have an occasional chat as the day wears on; but for the greater part of the time I am engaged in noting and admiring from my seat by the car-window the unending succession of garden-like farms and golden orchards and wide-spreading vineyards and olive-decked hillsides and old-fashioned towns and charming little villages, through which we rush like the very spirit of modern unrest, fleering and flouting at the placid contentment of the olden days.

Like every other portion of Italy, this country between Venice and Milan is storied ground, and interesting reminiscences cluster thickly around each of the larger cities on our route. Here, for instance, is Padua, with its seven-domed church erected in honor of the illustrious St. Anthony,—the birthplace of Livy, and certainly one of the most ancient of Italian cities, even if we reject the tradition which declares that it was founded by Antenor shortly after the fall of Troy.

Some thirty miles farther on is Montebello; and off to the right we can see the two castles of the Montecchi — a family which, as our guide-book informs us, is identical with the Montagues of "Romeo and Juliet." Another score of miles, and we reach Verona, built on the Adige, at the foot of the last spur of the Tyrolese Alps,—a beautiful city, surrounded by groves and villas, and rich in associations with Dante and Petrarch and Paul Veronese, and a host of other minor celebrities in the world of literature and art.

Once more a wide stretch of fair champaign, and there, to the right of Desenzano, we descry Lake Garda, near which is the battlefield of Solferino, where on June 24, 1859, the allied French and Sardinian forces fought the Austrians during sixteen hours, killed and wounded twenty thousand of their foes, lost sixteen thousand of their own troops, and brought about the peace of Villafranca. Brescia takes us back to the beginning of the sixteenth century, recalling the impetuous Gaston de Foix, who burned the city in 1512; then comes an uninterrupted run of fifty miles, and we arrive at the capital of Lombardy, *Milan la Grande.*

This historical city is an eminently pleasant one, and has well-grounded claims to both natural and architectural beauty. Its plan is the perfection of simplicity, and is especially convenient for the stranger who walks or rides about either the broader thoroughfares or the narrow and winding, though well-paved, streets that are commonly met with. Milan is practically a circle, of which the cathedral is the centre, and the outer wall, ten miles long, the circumference. An inner con-

centric circle, whose area comprises the most densely populated portion of the city, is girdled by a canal five miles in length; while a third circumference is formed by the Strada di Circonvallazione, a street that marks the outer boundary of the city proper. Once the tourist gets the bearings of his hotel from the cathedral, he may roam at will through the streets of Milan, and feel far more assurance of finding his way back without difficulty than a stranger in Boston can acquire in a twelvemonth.

Walking along one of the busiest commercial thoroughfares, I notice that here, as in Paris, a favorite occupation of the promenaders, especially the ladies, is the inspection of the great show-windows in the more fashionable shops. Paris has, of course, won from Milan the pre-eminence once enjoyed by the latter city as the purveyor of the world's most elegant finery. Three or four centuries ago, however, the fashions and styles of the wealthier classes of Europe were set by this capital of Lombardy,—of which historical fact, by the way, a curious voucher is furnished in our English word "milliner," a corruption of *Milaner*, or an importer of fashionable goods from Milan.

In the course of an hour my haphazard walk has brought me to the Arce della Pace, opening into the Piazza di Castello; and a grateful quarter of an hour is spent in admiring its size, the symmetry of its proportions, and the beauty of its material. Like the Arc de l'Etoile of Paris (to which alone it ranks inferior), it is a magnificent triumphal arch, built of white marble, and bearing the impress of Cagnola's genius and skill. Another promenade terminates at the Piazza Borromeo; and, gazing at the statue of the Saint from whom it takes its name, I recall the noble story of a career that will forever redound to the glory of Milan and of Christendom.

Where, in the annals of the Catholic episcopate, is there to be found the record of as brief a life so full of good works as that of St. Charles Borromeo! Eminent for his princely rank as well as for his extraordinary talents and thorough scholarship; created cardinal and archbishop when only twenty-three; entrusted with the management of one of the largest and most important dioceses of Europe at an age when most young men are scarcely emancipated from the crudeness and folly of boyish fancies, he gave the world a splendid example of childlike simplicity, unostentatious piety, modest urbanity, munificent charity, and withal of a firmness in checking disorders not unworthy of his great predecessor, St. Ambrose.

To St. Charles, it may be remarked, is due the honor of founding an institution which many of our separated brethren fondly imagine to be an outgrowth of Protestantism—the Sunday-school. He established such schools in every parish of his extensive diocese long before the vast majority of Protestant sects had attained to the dignity of a "local habitation and a name." A Christian hero of the highest type, when the horrors of the plague burst upon Milan in the calamitous year 1576, and the magistrates fled in terror from the stricken city, leaving him the full control of municipal affairs, he calmly took his life in his hand and went forth among his afflicted people, personally attending hundreds and hundreds of those whom friends and relatives had abandoned in the precipitate fear of deadly contagion. His herculean labors during that season of the plague broke down his constitution; and he died at the early age of forty-six, the best-beloved pastor that had ever fed Christ's flock since the days when the Apostles modeled their lives on that of Him they had known so well—their great exemplar, Jesus.

My thoughts are still busy with this story of Milan's most noble Prince and Saint as I retrace my steps hotelward; and I stroll along, heedless of the stately

buildings which line my way on either side; attentive rather to a pathetic picture which Fancy is sketching with skilful touches,—a picture of a benignant countenance bending over a plague-stricken unfortunate, and a gentle, fatherly hand wiping the death-dew from off a livid brow. I turn a corner, glance mechanically along this new street upon which I have entered—and there, about half a mile away, rises a mighty edifice that must surely be the most wonderfully beautiful, the most fairy-like solid fabric in the whole wide world.

It is the cathedral, of course; and for some minutes I stand quite motionless, with no desire to approach any nearer, or disturb the delightful sensation afforded by this first unexpected view. At this distance it reminds me, not so much of any other building I have ever seen, as of a gigantic iceberg that loomed up on the Northern Atlantic one morning some six weeks ago, evoking the admiring comments of all the passengers of the *Halifax City*. The berg was eight or ten miles off our course; but, looked at through the telescope, it suggested, in size, form, color, and the multitude of its crystal columns and pinnacles, just such a magnificent edifice as this wondrous structure before me. The resolution to postpone until the morrow my visit to Milan's paramount attraction can not cope with the temptation to inspect at once the thousand and one beauties of this massive and elegant pile; and I accordingly approach it with an eagerness more intense than I have experienced since I hastened through the streets of Rome to get a first view of St. Peter's.

What a marvellous piece of architecture it truly is! Has the genius of the sculptor elsewhere ever fashioned solid marble into so many and so varied forms, such delicate tracery, such complicated and exquisite carving, as adorn this majestic temple, clothing it with fairest beauty, mantling it as if with a vast network of finest lace embroidery? One stands astounded before the central portal, and gazes with mingled wonder and delight upon the myriad decorations—the buttresses and shafts and pillars and columns; the statues above statues and pinnacles above pinnacles that lead the eye gradually up to the veritable forest of slender spires that cover the lofty roof; and thence still further up to the glorious dome, where, three hundred and sixty feet above the pavement, is poised the gracious figure of the Madonna.

The interior of the cathedral, though less novel in appearance, is equally impressive. It is a vast area, four hundred and eighty-six feet in length by two hundred and fifty-two in width, while the breadth of the transept is two hundred and eighty-eight. The arches of the roof rest upon fifty-two pillars arranged in the clustered style; and although each pillar is formed of eight shafts, and each shaft is eight feet in diameter, they do not perceptibly obstruct the view. And what a view upon which to linger! Through the richly stained windows the August sunlight is pouring in a chastened, mellow flood, tinging side-walls and vault and multitudinous statues with ever-changing prismatic hues, and bathing the mosaic pavement of blue and red and white marbles in all the gorgeous dyes of a dreamland vision.

There are perhaps two or three hundred persons present in the cathedral, although at first glance it appears quite empty; and most of these are kneeling by a bronze railing in front of the high altar and immediately under the dome. Inside the railing lights are burning in elaborately wrought candlesticks arranged around a wire-screened opening in the floor. Through this opening one can perceive dimly the subterranean chapel in which reposes the body of St. Charles Borromeo. The great Cardinal's tomb is a treasure-

house of gold and silver and precious stones: gifts from emperors, kings, princes, queens, cardinals, and other among the great ones of State and Church. A plain gold cross is pointed out as the offering of Cardinal Wiseman, while a magnificent cross formed of unusually large emeralds testifies to the devotion of Maria Teresa.

No one can properly be said to have really seen the cathedral until he has ascended to the roof and spent an hour or two among its spires and statues. What a revelation such a visit gives one as to the determining motive and underlying purpose of all this varied and exquisite ornamentation and embellishment! Every minutest detail of each separate figure and pinnacle, every tiny leaf and vein of sculptured flower and plant, every inch of fretwork in cornice or in moulding, is wrought out with a delicacy and niceness that attests the painstaking tenderness of artists engaged in a labor of love. Who is it that sings,

"I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought"?

Yes, I fancy the sculptors who chiselled these multiform artistic marvels found the full and resonant echo of their whole thought in the finished masterpieces that adorn this roof of Milan's cathedral. But what that thought was is often, perhaps, misunderstood. Here is an American gentleman by my side who clearly has not read it aright. "What a lamentable waste of beauty," he suddenly exclaims,—"all these gems of sculpture hidden away up here, where not one in ten thousand will ever see them!"—"Pardon me!" I reply, "but I think you have missed the lesson of these perfect carvings. They were wrought, as the whole cathedral was built, for the honor and glory of God; and so long as *His* eye can view their finished beauty, they surely serve their purpose well."—"Well, yes; perhaps so," he rejoins. "I admit that that point of view didn't occur to me before."

I return to the cathedral more than once during my stay in the city, and would do so daily with increasing pleasure could I prolong my sojourn for a month. As this may not be, I pay hurried visits to the Church of St. Ambrose, and that of Santa Maria della Grazie; spend a brief hour in the Victor Emmanuel Gallery; drive out to the immense Lazaretto; and finally say good-bye to Milan as I take the fast express for Lyons.

The Romance of Philip Fairhurst.

BY MARY CROSS.

I.

"IT was the prime of summer time." Apples were ripening amidst thick green leaves, and hay was spread in long straight lines down each field. The scent of hay and flowers, the hum of bees and bleat of sheep added to the drowsy influences, to which Philip Fairhurst had succumbed; not even the excitement of deciding what he should do with the largest sum of money he had ever possessed had sufficed to keep him awake. It was his birthday: he had just attained the mature age of fourteen; and his father had given him a new crown piece, with the pleasant advice to do what he liked with it.

He thought that he wanted a great many things; and before he had decided what he should present himself with, he had fallen asleep. And under the apple-tree he had a curious dream. He dreamed that he was wandering about the old farm-garden, with its gay marigolds and nasturtiums, its cool rows of lettuce and tangles of peas, when out of the heart of a rose fluttered something which seemed like a white butterfly, but which expanded into a beautiful being with radiant robes and wings of snowy whiteness.

"I am the Angel of Charity," murmured the vision; "and I can give you a joy such as you have never imagined,—a power beyond that of king or conqueror; you may buy for yourself lasting treasures, lovelier than any you have ever imagined. Come with me for one short hour."

They sped away from the green lanes to the crowded slums of a city, where tall tenements frowned at one another across dark courts and alleys, to which no sunshine could penetrate. Along a narrow passage which seemed like a tunnel a door suddenly opened, and Philip beheld a miserable room, where a gaunt woman sat sewing beside the lifeless form of her mother. She had little time to indulge in natural grief; tears would only have rusted the needle or spotted the fine work, or wasted precious minutes that meant bread for the living and funeral decencies for the dead. Indeed, the one already bore a terrible resemblance to the other in ghastly whiteness and attenuation. Soon another door unclosed, and two neglected children waited for food, while a heart-broken, foot-sore widow crept upstairs with a tiny parcel of dry crusts. And in another room, with no furniture save a broken lamp and a crucifix, an old man lay moaning on a heap of rags, alone until his son should return from the hard day's work, with scanty earnings that all too soon would melt away. Men and women well-fed, well-clad, came and went. Some smiled, unseeing; others glanced, indifferent, uninterested, too well used to the sight of misery to be in the least touched by it; others shivered with disgust and murmured: "Their own fault! Why don't they go to the workhouse?" One denounced existing laws and rulers that permitted such things to be, thereby gaining for himself much applause; one with swift brush transferred the squalid scene to canvas; and his comrade, with swifter pen, weaved it into thrilling lines. But no hand was extended to help the sufferers, no voice whispered comfort or encouragement.

"The world is filled with this," said the Angel to Philip; "will you, too, look on?"

Struggling to reply, he awakened. At first he could not believe that he had only been dreaming. But there were the garden, the barn, and the meadow; the Angel and the city slum were gone. Philip pondered long and sadly.

"I won't spend my money yet," was the sum total of his reflections.

Twilight was deepening; there was a clear green glow in the sky, and beneath the dark purple of the mountains Windermere gleamed silver-still. Philip ran to the gate to watch for his father; and as he stood looking eagerly from side to side, listening for the roll of homeward wheels, he heard a low, pitiful crying almost at his elbow. A little girl was sitting under the hedge, crying as if her heart would break. She was bareheaded and barefooted; her shoulders stuck sharply through her garments like bones through skin. Philip asked what ailed her.

"I think father is dying," she faintly answered.

"Who is he? Tell me all about it. Who is your father?"

"Oh, just father! He's been ill ever so long. He came here to get work, but he isn't able to do anything. We have no food and no money."

"Don't cry any more than you can help," said Philip, soothingly; "but show me where your father is."

She rose slowly, trying to control her sobs in an old-fashioned, unchildlike way; and he gathered her thin hand—a mere wisp of skin and bone—into his own. They walked some distance thus, until they reached a bridge carrying the road across a stream. On its banks was a tumble-down, deserted cottage, green stains of damp creeping up the walls, and a forest of nettles clustering at the small, shattered window. The rotten door was

ajar. Philip caught a glimpse of wild eyes glaring fiercely from a white, pain-distorted face; and he drew back, afraid to venture farther. And in that moment he seemed to hear the Angel whispering: "Will you, too, look on?"

He grew very red, and shuffled the sand into small heaps with his feet, thinking of all the good things five shillings could command. It was hard to give them up; he did not often have money to spend; he had always wanted a knife with four blades, like the other boys'. Perhaps his father would do something for these poor people if he knew about them; it might be as well to ask him.

"Will you, too, look on?" whispered the Angel of Charity.

Philip grew a deeper red. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out his treasure.

"Look here, little girl," he said, "give that to your father. I can do what I like with it, and I like to do this." Then he ran away as fast as he could.

II.

Philip had grown to manhood through many changes and sorrows. Life so far had been a series of ups and downs,—the downs predominating. His parents were dead, and the old farm had passed into strange hands. His heart remained too big for his purse, and people said that he did not get on well, which meant that he had not the art of acquiring money. He had managed to establish a comfortable little business, when his partner absconded with all available funds, leaving him to face liabilities for which there were no assets. Worry and anxiety brought on a severe illness, from which he emerged with little more than sufficed to take him to a great city, where he believed he would have better chances than in the dreamy little country town. So he bade farewell to tarn and mere; and, amidst strange faces and strange scenes, began that weary struggle only too many know—that search for work which means livelihood. He grew pale and worn as days passed in the sickening alternation of hope and despair, each beginning and ending in the same apparently futile quest. It seemed as if he were doomed to tramp through the streets night and day until he died. How hard life seemed with this strife and stress!

It was a dismal night. The pavements were slippery with mud and rain, the air was raw and cold. Philip passed slowly along the street, and heard shouts of gay laughter proceeding from a brightly-lighted public-house. He had still a few coppers,—sufficient to ensure him a welcome there. Too sick to eat, he must drink. What did it matter that hitherto he had held aloof from the snare? He could not struggle forever; by some means he must dull and deaden his pain. Out of the shadows suddenly emerged a woman, clasping a baby to her frozen bosom.

"Oh, for God's sake, sir, spare me a penny!" she said. "I'm dying of cold and hunger."

He hesitated. His first impulse was to answer the poor creature's prayer; and then he thought of his own necessities—of the cruel pangs he was enduring and had endured. He reminded himself that he, too, was cold and hungry, and that no hand was extended to help him.

"For the baby's sake, if not for God's!" the mother pleaded, with trembling lips and eager, anxious eyes.

Out of the past a low voice echoed in Philip's ear, earnest, tender, appealing:

"Will you, too, look on?"

The Angel of Charity had not deserted him. He put his few remaining pence into the outstretched hand, and walked on, a tearful blessing in his ears. He was more faint and weak than he had thought; and as he essayed to cross the street his strength suddenly failed him, his sight grew blurred, his brain dizzy. He heard, as at an immense distance, a warning shout; then was dashed amidst a con-

fusion of hoofs and wheels; for a moment was conscious of new and intense pain, and then existence seemed to cease. When his senses returned he was lying in the ward of a hospital; from right to left stretched rows of trim white beds, and nurses went to and fro with that air of kindly cheerfulness which seems particularly to distinguish them. He vaguely understood that he had been knocked down and run over by some vehicle; but he was too weak to ask, or indeed to care, if he had been severely hurt and was likely to die. He submitted silently to the doctor's treatment, and swallowed what the nurse gave him without question. It seemed to matter very little what was done to him or what should befall him.

But inch by inch his strength returned, and with it interest in his surroundings—a longing for life and action, renewed effort and endeavor. All about him was patient fulfilment of duty, however distasteful; a calm confronting of all emergencies; a resolute battle against disease, which he found an admirable mental discipline. Lessons of fortitude were daily instilled by many a helpless sufferer. He was not maimed nor crippled; health and vigor were being restored, and with them hope and faith, and that first requisite of perfection—courage.

He had noticed, at first as in a dream, that amongst the visitors who came with books and flowers and kind words to cheer the patients, there was always one young lady whose very movements seemed in some undefinable way to express sympathy and understanding with the sufferers. She had a smile or sweet glance for all; and to Philip she spoke with a direct personal interest that was flattering, if bewildering, on the part of a total stranger.

He recovered more rapidly than he had expected, and would in a few days be allowed to leave the hospital. He had not told any one that he was homeless and penniless; that for him, as for so many, the city was paved with mud, not gold. He would bear his burden now with the cheerfulness which is part of the fortitude of patience. How true are Thackeray's words, that to endure is greater than to dare!

One afternoon he was relating fairy tales for the benefit of a boy who had been brought in badly scalded, when he became aware that his audience had increased. The young lady—already there was only one in the world for Philip—was standing near, surveying him with quiet interest.

"I am glad you are better," she said. "Nurse told me that you will be able to leave on Wednesday. She told me also that your name is Fairhurst. May I ask if you ever were at Ambleside?"

"Often indeed when I was a boy," he answered, seeing with eyes of memory the still, shining lakes, the light and shade on dark Helvellyn, the mist-wreaths low on Skiddaw.

"Did you know Fairhurst's Farm out there?" she pursued.

"It belonged to my father," he replied, surprised. "But why do you ask?"

"My father wishes to tell you that he is most anxious to see you; but, being an invalid, he can not come to you, and he hopes that you will go to him as soon as you are able. This is the address, and it is not very far away. Shall I tell him that he may expect you on Wednesday?"

Philip assented, wonderingly; and the lady took her departure. The address—"Henry Elliot, 5 Queen's Avenue,"—revealed nothing, as he could not recollect ever having known any one of the name; he was quite unable to account for the sudden, and he hoped, not unfriendly interest taken in him by a man whom, to his knowledge, he had never seen.

III.

It was the hospital ward no longer, but a quiet, respectable street, with tall trees on either side; a comfortable, unpretentious house; a pleasant, cheerful room; a

cat grown portly and serene in doing nothing save sleep and eat; and a man, bent and aged by infirmity, rising stiffly from an easy-chair to extend a welcoming hand to his puzzled and curious visitor.

"Philip Fairhurst, I believe? Sit down. You're not equal to much exertion yet, I see. I know what it is, having had years of illness to teach me. Take this chair beside mine. I've been looking for you long enough. When my daughter learned your name from the hospital people, and found them all praising your pluck and patience and consideration for others, I said: 'This is my man at last.' You were at Fairhurst's Farm, Ambleside, twelve years ago? Do you remember giving five shillings to a little girl you found crying on the roadside?"

Philip had not forgotten the episode of his birthday, but he had not thought that any one else would bear it in mind.

"Yes, sir," he answered, slowly; "I *do* remember."

"You took her home, and told her to give the money to her sick father, didn't you? You have seen Esther; she doesn't look much like the wretched little thing you were kind to twelve years ago, does she? But she is the girl, and I am the man who was lying agonized in that miserable hovel."

"Is it possible?" Philip ejaculated.

"It is indeed. I have never quite got over those times: they have left marks on body and mind that can't be effaced. But if I am crippled and sickly, I am not quite useless. I am happy; and had it not been for you I should be in a suicide's grave, perished body and soul; and poor Esther—heaven knows what or where! It is perfectly true, though you look as if you found it hard to believe. Every happiness I have had since, every grateful blessing I hear, is something more to your score—to the debt I owe you."

"I am still in the dark," said Philip.

"I'll try to get you out of it. You will remember at what low ebb I was when you gave Esther that money. I need not detail the circumstances which led up to my being in such extremity. It was partly my own fault, I dare say. Any how, I had got to the end of everything, and felt that I could bear no more. I sent Esther out of the way, simply because I could not kill myself before her eyes. I was on the point of destroying myself when she came in with the money you had just given her. Can you imagine what it meant to a man who hadn't a farthing in the world, and who hadn't tasted food for two days? Can you imagine how humbly and sincerely I thanked God and begged His forgiveness, and how grateful I felt to you—how different the whole world looked?"

He stopped, much affected. Philip, too, was deeply moved.

"We lived on your alms until I was a trifle better," Mr. Elliot resumed. "Esther had somehow found out who you were; but when I called at the farm, you had gone back to school. Your good father gave me some assistance; and I next got work in the town, and was doing fairly well, when news came of the death of my only brother in Australia. He had made his fortune out there; and, as he wasn't married, he left every penny of it to me. And but for you I shouldn't have been alive to claim it. I tried then to find you, feeling how much I owed to you; but the search was vain. However, you had shown me what timely aid may do for a man, and I came out of myself and my own shadow determined to seek and succor the needy. So out of your one act of charity a thousand have sprung; for one man's suffering relieved I won't say how many others have been helped. It is Esther's whole happiness to find poor homes we may save from ruin, troubles we can remove, burdens we can lighten. And but for you where would it all be? Don't you see now why I have been

so very anxious to find you and to show you your work?"

Philip could not reply: he felt overcome with joy that he had obeyed the dictates of charity and compassion,—had given up his own desires to relieve a stranger's necessity. It may be that eternity will hold just such glorious surprises for those who have heard the Angel's voice; that there indeed will be revealed and understood the harvest resulting from one kind act,—"Not one might fall unnoticed, fade unknown; but dropped a seed has grown a balsam-tree, whereof the blossoming perfumeth Paradise."

IV.

A year had passed since Philip, through Mr. Elliot's influence, had emerged from clouds which had seemed so impenetrably black. As a rich man's friend and favorite, he had found the way smooth, and had speedily obtained congenial occupation.

This evening he was standing with Esther in the firelight. Pussy was purring softly, and meditatively clawing up the nap of a cushion. Outside, wind and rain struggled for mastery, and the trees swayed to and fro in the strife.

"Father will be here in a few moments," said Esther, a trifle nervously. "It has been one of his bad days, but he will be glad to see you. He has missed you very much. Your visits have become few and far between, and that is all there is of the angelic about them. Seriously, may I ask the cause of your prolonged absence?"

"I can give it to you in two words: John Douglas."

At this abrupt mention of the junior partner of Philip's firm, a young gentleman who haunted Queen's Avenue, Esther blushed.

"I am not much wiser," she said; "and, as half the troubles of life arise from misunderstandings, it might be well if you would make your meaning quite clear."

"He is your lover, is he not? Ah, forgive me! I have no right to ask that question. But I know that he comes here for your sake. That opened my eyes to my own love for you. Do not be angry, nor think me presumptuous. I would not have hinted at its existence had not your father said: 'Tell Esther, and then there will be no mistakes to be discovered too late.' He knows me too well, I am glad to think, to fear that I would trespass on his goodness and his trust."

"Didn't he tell you that I had refused John Douglas?" asked the young girl, in a low voice.

"Refused him!"

"Surely it does not follow that because he wanted to marry me, I must therefore want to marry him? I—I don't think—I ever shall marry."

"Why?" asked Philip, miserably; for he read in her last sentence a gentle but effectual crushing of the small bud of hope he had been cherishing,—a checking of the words in which he would fain have told her how from the first he had loved her, seeing in her the beautiful ideal of his dream—the angel of womanly pity, ever pleading for the poor, the outcast and oppressed.

"Because the man I care for will not ask me. He can't forget that he first knew me as a starving child on the roadside, with a dear father crazed with misery; he does not want to have anything to do with a little beggar-girl—"

"Esther!" in an instant he was at her side, drawing her hands from her flushed and quivering face. "You said well that half our troubles arise from misunderstandings. All this time I have been wishing that my work was for you; that we were going hand in hand through life, as we did through the lane. All this time I have been saying to myself that there is only one creature in the world for my heart to cling to, and she has no need of me!"

Then Esther whispered softly: "But she *has* need of you, Philip."

Talks on Social Topics.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THE HOMELESS RICH.

"HELLOO, Jack!" screamed a newsboy, starting out of the *Clarion* office with a big bundle of papers.

A well-dressed man, who happened to be passing, stopped and turned around.

"O sir, I didn't mean you!" said the boy, quickly.

"So much the worse for me," answered the gentleman. "I haven't been called Jack for twenty years. What's your name, my lad?"

The newsboy admitted that "Shorty" was the only appellation he had ever owned, as far as he knew.

"Well, Shorty, every time you come around as I go to the bank and call me Jack, I'll give you a quarter."

And as the Honorable John Brandreth walked away he declared to himself that, since the days when he was plain Jack Brandreth, he had not been so happy as when the old home name greeted him by a happy mistake.

Shorty kept his part of the bargain, and at Christmas-time received a beautiful gold piece in return for a hearty slap on the shoulder which he ventured to add to his "Helloo, Jack! Merry Christmas, Jack!" And everyone is wondering what happiness has come to the president of the First National Bank. There is no secret about it: a little love—for poor Shorty really loves him—has done it all.

"There is no one to call me Charley now," said Charles Lamb in one of his few sad moments. I think we do not realize what an unwelcome wall we build between ourselves and those who have distanced us upon the race-track of life. Although people become aged or distinguished or even wealthy, they do not cease to be human. It would not be advisable, as a rule, to call respectable old gentlemen Jack or Tom, but we must remember that there is such a thing as the bitter isolation of success. The poor have many companions, for they have one another; while the rich are hedged about with a suspicion which is unthinking and forbidding. The man of genius pays his penalty by being misunderstood; the old man is alone because of death's harvest. But the old man may be compassed about with the shining host he is soon to join, and the man of genius finds comfort with the children of his brain and the society of the writers of all ages. It is the rich man who is really alone, and the Honorable John Brandreth but voiced the inward cry of many another millionaire when he begged Shorty to call him by his old familiar name.

It is at the blessed Christmas-time that the loneliness of the rich calls out to the tender-hearted. They are lonely enough at all times: the bolts and bars of their fine abodes and the dazzling splendor of their equipages keep at a distance the quiet neighbors, for whose society they often long, and with whom they would be friendly. If wealth has come to them late in life, it has brought with it unrest and suspicion. They know their own shortcomings, and torture themselves lest their lingual lapses and ignorance of social usages excite the ridicule of those in straitened circumstances who are to the manner and the grammar born. What may appear to be a ludicrous *hauteur* is often but fear of sarcastic tongues.

So do not, as you distribute your good words and loving wishes at the Feast of the Holy Babe, forget the lonely and the homeless rich. They can buy the most costly of gifts for themselves, to be sure; but how can a man want another hat when he already has a dozen? And what pleasure can he find in the richest of household furnishings when he is sick at heart of the splendor, and only longing for

a little of the simple daily bread of love?

The homeless rich—God pity them! The homeless poor have a snug corner in every charitable heart. The Tiny Tims are smothered with love, but the rich many times have none to fling them the simplest Christmas thought. We make the mistake of applying the word wealth to houses and lands and jewels, and boundless credit at the bank. But the man you call rich knows the falseness of your definition; for, put it aside as best he can, there is ever in view the last of earth—the day in which he shall take the long journey, leaving his hoard behind.

Notes and Remarks.

"After twenty years of peace, my army is growing restless. Would Germany remain neutral if I were to attack Austria?" According to a Viennese paper, the foregoing query was put to Prince Bismarck by Czar Alexander II. in 1875. Germany, it seems, would not consent to preserve neutrality in the contingency mentioned; so Russia made things smooth with Austria, and then proceeded to provide the necessary exercise for his tired soldiers by declaring war on Turkey. The astounding fact in connection with this story is its acceptance as truth by the diplomatic circles of Europe, and their failure to denounce the monstrous crime of involving whole nations in the horrors of protracted warfare, simply to relieve the inactivity of standing armies. If that motive be considered a sufficient one to justify a conflict, the war-trump will probably be heard again on European fields before the close of the century.

During his distinguished career Frederick Rogers (Lord Blatchfield) enjoyed the friendship of many of the most remarkable men of the century. His recently published "Letters" fairly bristles with eminent names, and there is no lack of good stories. One of the most interesting paragraphs in the book, however, is that which describes Rogers' visit to the great Italian novelist, Manzoni: "His breakfast came in—coffee and bread,—which he took at a table a little removed from us; going on with the conversation, with one or two interruptions, which were dispatched pretty summarily. Part of his argument was: The Gospel is not only for men of leisure and acquirement, but for the poor. Now, a peasant, whose allegiance the English and Roman Church each claim, can say to the English, 'You confess there was a time (previous to the Reformation) when you held what you now contradict. You say you were wrong. How, then, can you ask me to follow your teaching implicitly? God commands me to have an assurance—a full, undoubting faith in what I hold. I can not have this, except as based on an infallible guide.' He said he felt a kind of *effroi* at reading some account of the Queen of England's coronation oath, that the doctrine of Transubstantiation was abominable, etc. 'On what ground could a young girl pretend to anathematize with such certainty the whole Catholic Church? Was it on the strength of her own individual judgment, or on the authority of a church which did not pretend to be unerring?'"

It must be very galling to high-minded members of the Anglican communion to have the incongruousness of their state-ruled church brought out so conspicuously as has been done recently, in connection with the appointment of the new archbishop of Canterbury. The *Daily Chronicle*, of London, noted several glaring inconsistencies in the *modus operandi* followed in such matters; and when Bishop Temple was named by the Crown for the vacant see, it animadverted thereon in this fashion: "In due course the dean and chapter of Canterbury will meet and pray for divine guidance to choose a fit and proper man. They have to choose Bishop Temple, whether they consider him a fit and proper man or no."

The periodic revolutions in certain South American republics excite little attention, as a rule; but the newspapers have succeeded in making the late upheaval in Ecuador an

exception. Our readers may remember the report, widely circulated at the time, that the Bishop and priests of the Diocese of Portoviejo took up arms against Alfaro, the leader of the revolution. That report is now utterly discredited by one of those priests, who has lately arrived in this country. The facts appear to be these. Alfaro is an implacable enemy of all religion, and especially zealous in persecuting the Church. The clergy of Portoviejo, with the Bishop at their head, publicly characterized Alfaro's revolution as an anti-Christian movement, and were forced to flee for their lives. Instead, therefore, of meriting condemnation for unwarranted interference in the politics of Ecuador, they deserve the gratitude of all true friends of the Church and the republic for their courageous defence of religion. Alfaro has come out victorious for the present, and is wreaking vengeance on the unfortunate Catholics of Ecuador.

"A disputed question," says Archbishop Langevin, "can not be settled without the consent and agreement of both parties." That is an obvious truth enough, it would seem; yet Mr. Laurier, Prime-Minister of Canada, apparently ignored it in dealing with the Manitoba school question,—and, as a result, his "settlement" does not settle the difficulty in the slightest degree. Mgr. Langevin's action is the best possible commentary on this so-called adjustment of the differences between Catholics and Protestants in the prairie province. The Archbishop has ordered the separate schools (parochical schools maintained at the cost of Catholics alone) to be reopened. Our Catholic Canadian exchanges are unanimous in denouncing the attempted solution of the question that has been published, and it is certain that the end is not yet. Instead of Mr. Laurier's settling the Manitoba difficulty, it is quite within the range of probabilities that the difficulty may eventually "settle" Mr. Laurier.

The number of eminent men and women who mingled with the mourners at the funeral of the late Mr. Coventry Patmore is a proof of the universal esteem in which the venerable Catholic author was held. Mr. Patmore was emphatically of the old school; and he carried his contempt for things modern so far as to favor, we believe, only the ancient fashions in dress. Like Ruskin, he despised America because it has no ruins; and he referred to us as "New World-lings." For many years before his recent death he enjoyed a sort of dictatorship in English criticism; the old title *Arbiter elegantiarum* being peculiarly appropriate to him. Mr. Patmore's prose writings have the coldness, and the charm too, of finely-chiselled marble. Like Wordsworth's — though for a very different reason,—his poetry appealed only to the elect. It will be popular when the Millennium comes. Best of all, Mr. Patmore was a man of deeply spiritual nature, and his voice and pen were ever ready to serve the interests of the Church to which he was a convert. May he rest in peace!

The *Athenæum* is usually good-natured when speaking of things Catholic, but there is a suggestion of displeasure in this announcement, made in the current number: "A Roman Catholic—Mr. F. Urquhart—has been elected to a Tutorial Fellowship at Balliol. This is the first instance of a Romanist being elected to such a position. Strange to say, he is to be a tutor in History." "Romanists" were once plentiful enough at Oxford. They founded the University, taught in it and studied in it until an English King fraudulently deprived them of it with other church property. But it seems they are getting back into it by slow degrees. For a few hundred years history has been very badly taught at Oxford, but the selection of Mr. Urquhart seems to indicate a disposition to amend.

It is said that when Pius IX. was asked for relics by a party of Polish pilgrims, he answered that they had no need of them, "for every handful of the earth of your unfortunate country is a holy relic." The fortunes of Poland have hardly improved since the days of Pius IX.; and it is not a little surprising that people who have so much sympathy with Armenia shed never a tear over the martyrdom of Poland. A cor-

respondent of the *Literary Digest* asks, with some justifiable indignation:

> Why is it that American papers so persistently and so forcibly speak of outrages committed by Turkey upon Armenia and Crete, while they say not a word of the outrages committed upon Christian Poland? Why is it that while some of them go to the extent of inflicting moral chastisement upon one of their contemporaries for its defence of Turkey, they do not take the slightest pains to ascertain and bring to light the crimes inflicted upon a nation of 30,000,000 Christians, by Russia, Germany, and Austria? Why is it that while they blazon broadcast the news of the atrocities committed by Spain upon the Cubans, by Turkey upon the Armenians and Cretes, by England upon the Somalis, Matabeles, Mashonas, Zulus, Boers, and other petty tribes of the Dark Continent, they view with unconcern the sufferings and the misery of that nation which, by reason of its geographical situation and its spirit, received on its own breast and parried the numerous blows of the heathen Tartars, Mongols, Turks, and indeed of the no less heathen Russians (properly Muscovites) intended for Western and Southern Europe?

We think we can answer these indignant questions. It is because sectarian missionaries, of whom there are many in Armenia, have no hankering after martyrdom; though they can look with much fortitude on the massacre of Catholic priests and people in Poland. We have behind us the traditions of centuries of martyrdom. We make no outcry; for we are taught to look upon persecution as the fulfilment of Our Lord's prophecy—"They will persecute you, as they have persecuted Me."

One of the most imposing figures in the Catholic Church of France was the late Mgr. d'Hulst. As rector of the Catholic University of Paris and member of the French Chamber of Deputies, the deceased prelate had been for some years past much in the public eye, and had acquired a fame as honorable as it is widespread. Every enterprise looking toward the improvement of the condition, religious and educational, of French Catholics, enlisted his ardent sympathy and secured his powerful co-operation. Like the lamented Mgr. Freppel, whom he succeeded as deputy for Brest, he achieved distinction as a parliamentary not less than a pulpit orator. He was a model of every sacerdotal virtue, and there was something saintlike in his spirit of poverty and devotion to the poor. Our French exchanges are unanimous in deploring the untimely ending of a career so beneficent to France and the cause of the Church everywhere. *R. I. P.*

Thirty-five years ago—just after the publication of Father Faber's great work, "The Precious Blood,"—Miss Aurélie Gouette, of St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, founded the new contemplative Order of the nuns of the Precious Blood. During the intervening years convents have been established in different Canadian and American cities, the growth of the Order being so rapid as to delight the pious soul of the venerable foundress, who is still alive. Her joy has recently been notably increased by the solemn approval of her Order at Rome. In an age when the very divinity of Christ is so commonly called in question, and when the trend of social and intellectual life is distinctly away from prayer and contemplation, this new Order finds its appropriate setting, and will undoubtedly effect much for the Church—and for that society which probably regards the devoted nuns as misguided fanatics.

Catholic journalism in the United States suffers notable loss by the death of the Hon. Patrick Maguire, founder and editor of the Boston *Republic*, one of our foremost religious papers. Mr. Maguire was a self-made man, who by sheer force of character won a commanding place in public life. He went to Boston at a time when the sign "No Irish need apply" barred every pathway; but in a nature like his such opposition was only calculated to develop the best qualities of head and heart. A man of unswerving uprightness, he won the respect of his opponents and he stood ready to assist with purse or pen every movement that made for religion or patriotism. *R. I. P.*

A non-Catholic wrote after a visit to Lourdes: "I never was in a place where there was less concealment of any kind, and there was no attempt whatever to influence one in any way. I shall always think better of my Roman Catholic brethren for that visit."

Little Grub.

BY MARIE S. LILLON.

THEY always called her Little Grub—Bert and Mabel and Charles; strong, handsome, riotous children all three. No one thought pale, puny, deformed little Allie cared. She answered as meekly to the name as if she had never borne another and a prettier. When it was called, she patiently hurried her halting footsteps from nursery or garden; she laughed blithely when it summoned her to the plays they permitted her to join, and only shrank a little when the words sounded like a taunt.

They were not cruel children; they never meant to be unkind. They would not knowingly have given dear Alice the least pain. They often quarrelled among themselves, and sometimes fought—fierce, angry, childish battles,—when they shook one another, and pinched and screamed, until the elders were called to the seat of war, peace was declared, and punishment meted out to the small combatants. But no hand was ever raised against Alice. On the rare occasions when she went with them on their holiday walks, if she grew weary before they were ready to return, the boys clasped their hands together for a seat, and called out good-naturedly: "Here, Little Grub! We fellows will give you a lift." And, scoffing at the idea of weariness, they bore their burden through sunny fields and shady woods, across rippling streamlets and over breezy hills; and Mabel, prone to selfishness, brought to Allie half of the flowers and berries she had gathered. At picnic or party, or other childish revel, they always remembered the poor little sister at home: they saved a share of the feast for her, and never failed to give her a long and graphic account of all that was said and done.

But they were not sensitive. The pain of a blow they knew and dreaded; the pain of a taunt they had never felt and could not understand. They laughed at one another's small physical imperfections, and no one was hurt and no one cared. When Charley called Mabel "Old Spotty," in virtue of the line of faint freckles across her nose, she retaliated with "Little Snub," in allusion to his short nose, and thought no more of it; and Bert only laughed and shook his dark auburn curls when they called him "Brick Top."

And their father and mother, whatever they may have said, never taught them better. Dainty garments, embroideries, and costly bright-hued ribbons, such as Mabel wore, were given to Allie; but they were not fitted to her, as to Mabel, with the lingering tenderness that showed a mother's fond pride in the pretty task. For her as for the others were the good-night kisses, the morning greetings; but never the loving glances following each footstep; the light, caressing touches on hair and cheek,—the little endearments that mark each passing hour with tokens of parental love.

When the children were shown to guests, Allie, of course, came with the

rest. With her misshapen body shrouded in the arms of her father, her sallow face, so strange and unchildlike with its old look of pain and patience, half-hidden on his shoulder, she was introduced as "our sick little Allie." And if they were careless and thoughtless, they murmured an indifferent: "Indeed! Poor little thing! So unlike the others! Oh, what a pity!" And if they were kind and gentle, they pressed a light kiss on the pale cheek, or smoothed back the thin hair; and then Allie was carried away and seen no more.

No one knew that a beautiful soul looked out from the light, lustreless eyes; no one knew that the busy brain teemed with beautiful childish thoughts. A more tender love would have divined that, child though she was, Allie was gifted far beyond the others. But to her parents she was a sore trial. They were strong and handsome; Bert and Mabel and Charley were like them; and it was a bitter thought that *their* child, their youngest, was a deformed, sickly creature, with not one physical beauty. Good measure they gave her, as they counted such things,—it was their duty. Her bed was soft, her room was pleasant; there were pictures on the walls, and flowers blossomed in the windows winter and summer; she had birds, books and toys; she fared daintily every day, as befitted a rich man's child; and that was all. She dreamed her dreams and thought her thoughts and lived her life—alone.

The children were all taught their prayers, and had lessons in the catechism, and went to church and Sunday-school when it was pleasant. A certain amount of piety was respectable; it would never do for baptized children to live like little heathen. Neither was it wise, as the world counts wisdom, to give a large place in this earthly life to heavenly things. So the children, as they knelt with their mother morning and evening, repeated the sweet words of confession and penitence, of faith, hope, and love, with little thought of their meaning, as if it were a task given them at school, and were unreproved.

All but Allie; in her heart, planted by no mortal hand, tended by no mortal care, fair and sweet grew the beautiful plant of a heavenly faith. It budded and blossomed, and bore fruit abundantly, child as she was. When the others did not care to have her with them, she would pore for hours over a book of engravings that was her greatest treasure: the Annunciation, the Visitation, and the Nativity, — the quaint imaginings of the pious artists of olden days of the home-life of Nazareth; all the dear, tender old story—the three years when the merciful Saviour of men went about doing good; the terrible agony of the Passion and Crucifixion; then the solemn Entombment, the glorious Resurrection and Ascension. But she lingered longest over the pictures where the blind and the sick and poor cripples pressed around Him; and, with tender love and pity, He welcomed them, and healed them with a touch of His sacred hands. And she would clasp her thin hands, and her pale lips would move softly, while she gazed at the picture through a blur of tears, as she prayed that she too might be healed and made strong and beautiful as Mabel by a touch of those tender hands. Day after day she offered her prayer; and, though it was seemingly unanswered, her faith never wavered. Or she would take her prayer-book, kissing the golden cross on the cover with reverent lips, lingering with childish pleasure over the purple velvet binding and bright gilded edges, reading again and again, with a pleased smile, the inscription: "To Alice Atwood, on her fifth birthday, with her mother's love." Then, slowly turning over the pages, sweet with fragrance of the mignonette pressed between them, she patiently spelled out the words of comfort and counsel.

"See what I've found! Isn't it funny?"

called Allie, one day, examining a small object held in her hand—a chrysalis.

"It's nothing but a little bit of wood," said Charley, after one careless glance.

"No, it *ain't* wood," insisted Allie. "I can see something at one end that looks a little like a head; and there's other somethings, like legs, all folded up."

"Maybe it's a mummy-bug," said Mabel, interested at once; for she had been reading a book of travels in Egypt. "Maybe it died ever and ever so long ago, and the other bugs wrapped it all up just as they used to wrap folks up."

But Bert—who was something of a naturalist in his small way, and had got together a collection of bugs, bees, and butterflies, that Mabel, who hated long words and could never be induced to say entomological collection, called "Bert's Buggery"—pronounced it "a grub."

"Is that a grub too?" inquired Allie, looking at the strange creature with a wistful feeling of fellowship and pity.

"Gracious! ain't it ugly!" exclaimed Charley. "I'd throw the old dead thing away, if I's you."

"No, 'taint dead neither," contradicted Bert. "Keep it a while, and you'll see what a splendid butterfly you'll have."

"Don't you mind a word Bert says," insisted that small infidel, Charley. "He's just trying to fool you. Nobody ever saw a butterfly come out of such a looking thing as that."

"Well they do, now. Grubs always turn into butterflies. You can't find a grub that won't turn into a butterfly," replied Bert the scientific, with a little rising wrath. Even a *savant* of eleven does not like to have his knowledge scorned.

"How's he going to get out of there?" asked Charley, looking with more respect at the chrysalis, still held tenderly in Allie's hand.

"Oh—well—you know,"—stammered Bert; he preferred dealing in generalities rather than facts, as his stock of the latter commodity was pretty small. "Why, he'll just smash the old brown thing all to pieces, and come sailing in grand style. My! won't it be splendid to watch him!"

"Will he be white,—all pure, snow-white?" asked Allie, dreamily. Already the chrysalis—the ugly little "grub," as Bert called it,—seemed like a friend.

"No, not white,—not all white: he'll be gorgeouser than that," said Bert, with decision. "Some are white: they're mostly little fellows. But this one's going to be a regular whopper, red and yellow, with sky-blue spots, and maybe a good deal of white mixed in to kind of blend the colors. I'll tell you what I'll do, Little Grub: I'll give you my ivory box—the one with roses and lilies carved on the cover,—and you can put some cotton in it, and lay him on that; and put fresh leaves around him every day, so it'll seem like out of doors; and you'll see him turn into a butterfly, just as sure as sure."

As Bert said, so it was done. The pretty carved ivory box was the home of the chrysalis. Allie watched over it with great interest and love. She wondered, as she dreamed over her little treasure, if that was the way her prayer would be answered. Perhaps, like the chrysalis, she could only be beautiful by leaving her poor uncomely body. "It will be better so," thought Allie, looking curiously at her thin white hands, that every day grew thinner and whiter.

So Allie watched and waited; and Bert, feeling his reputation as a naturalist was at stake in the issue of the experiment, marked with prints of his grimy thumbs, in the most reckless way, the costly books on insect life in his father's library, as he hunted through them for items on the care of the beloved chrysalis. And he gave so many contradictory orders it was a wonder the seeming death did not become death indeed,—for Allie, whose faith in his wisdom was unbounded, did all he told her.

"We must watch him close," Bert said, often peering anxiously into the little box. "I want to see him come out; I want to catch him for my collection. I expect he'll be the wonderfullest thing there."

Allie always sighed a little when she heard him. Surely when the ugly grub became a butterfly, it should live its happy life in peace.

But, after all, Bert did not "see him come out"; for when Allie awoke late one lovely morning, the brown shell was empty, and a large butterfly floated slowly, on velvety, radiant-hued wings, about the room. She watched the lovely creature, smiling softly, happy and at peace.

Bert's wild exclamations of delight, when he came into the room brought the other children, who looked, questioned and wondered, were convinced, and ran out to play.

"You'd better tumble this old thing out of here," said Bert, taking up the box. "You can have something pretty in it now. I always meant you should keep it. And—and you won't mind if I have the butterfly, will you?" he asked, anxiously.

Allie took the box from his hand, laid the poor forsaken shell back in its soft nest, and closed the lid.

"Bert," she said timidly, without heeding his question, "I'll be like that in heaven? I don't mean that I'll look like the butterfly; but I'll be pretty, won't I? As pretty as you and Mabel and Charley?"

An idea of the truth came to Bert. He knelt down by the side of Allie's bed, in a childish passion of tears and sobs.

"O Allie, dear little Allie!" he cried, when he could speak,—"never again 'Little Grub.' I never thought. I didn't know you cared. Don't leave us, Allie; I love you just as you are."

After a time Bert went softly to the window and threw it wide open.

"We'll let him go and be happy," he said. "I couldn't bear to kill him now. I won't catch another butterfly all summer for fear I'll get *him*."

Just as Allie had lined with rose-leaves and mignonette the box that held her chrysalis, so now all that was brightest and fairest was brought to her room. The ripest fruit, the loveliest flowers, the birds that sang sweetest were for Allie. Bert's precious "collection" adorned her table, and Bert himself seldom left the room. Love made a tender nurse of the boy; he was always ready to read or sing or talk to her, or sit silent and watchful beside her as she lay by the window, in the sunshine, looking out at the garden.

When the summer was dead, on a peaceful day in the early autumn they stood beside little Allie to take their last farewell. The soft folds of her white robe hid the deformed body; the thin hands were clasped over pure, sweet flowers; all token of suffering was gone from the pale face, and it was glorified by the wonderfully beautiful smile of those who smile in the sleep of death.

As they closed the snowy casket, Bert leaned his head on his arms, blinded by tears of remorseful tenderness, thinking of the little ivory box put carefully away among his choicest treasures, with the empty brown shell of the chrysalis shut within it, just as Allie left it. A bird sang clear and sweet from the honeysuckle over the door; and, as Bert raised his head to listen, a butterfly floated through the open window and hovered over the cross of fragrant, snowy flowers laid on the casket; it flitted lightly from one to another, and then settled on a half-blown rose, the gorgeous wings slowly closing and unclosing. And poor heart-broken Bert, as he watched it, thought of the pure little soul, beautiful beyond all mortal beauty, happy forever in heaven, in the joy and the glory which, as the great Apostle says, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

The Monk of Lorsch.

Not far from the small town of Heppenheim, in the Bergstrasse, and near the river Wischniss, are the ruins of the old rich and powerful Benedictine Abbey, Lorsch. It was founded in the reign of King Pepin, had stood for centuries, and was held in high estimation by succeeding sovereigns. The large and beautiful buildings of the monastery first suffered by the horrible devastations of the Thirty Years' War, whilst the treasures and the costly works which it contained were lost and wasted by the vagabond hordes who passed that way.

Charlemagne, who was accustomed to wander about his large kingdom from one place to another, came on one occasion to the Abbey late at night. He not only wished to stay there till morning, but also to rest himself for a day, after the hardships of a long and fatiguing journey; for the mighty monarch was then already aged, and the labors and troubles of a very restless life had broken his once vigorous health.

The abbot and chapter respectfully and joyfully received their royal guest, whose piety reflected credit on his position, and whom they had to thank for countless favors as well as for many gifts. In honor of this visit, the day was concluded by a grand banquet.

It was midnight when Charlemagne, kept awake by tormenting thoughts, left his chamber in order to relieve his heart by prayer in the adjoining church. He paced along the consecrated aisles and knelt before the altar. The deep stillness that reigned around, the faint light of the lamp which filled the church with a mysterious twilight, heightened the impression of the sanctity of the place; and the Emperor prayed with deeper fervor than usual. Just as he was upon the point of retracing his steps, a sudden rustling behind attracted his attention. He looked round and saw with surprise the form of an aged and, as it appeared to him, blind monk, who, guided by a novice, tottered in from the cloisters. At a bench just before the Emperor the old man knelt down and said a long prayer, often interrupted by sighs. Charlemagne felt himself wonderfully attracted by his venerable appearance; he saw, as it were, before him the ideal of a holy man of God, and he almost fancied that his head was surrounded by a halo. Hidden behind a pillar near which he stood, he waited till the monk had finished his prayers and taken his departure, accompanied by his youthful companion. A few minutes later the monarch left the church and betook himself to rest.

The next morning he told the abbot about the incident of the previous night, and made careful inquiries as to the name of the aged monk; but could obtain no other information regarding him save that he had come there about a year before from a distant monastery, under the name of Bernard. He was a saintly soul, and had always carefully concealed his family name.

Moved by curiosity and interest, the Emperor asked to be admitted into the monk's cell; and now, upon examining the face of the old man more closely, he thought he recognized his features. Suddenly a train of memories rushed through the Emperor's mind, and the reverses of fortune stood out clearly before him. He recalled how the great Thassilo, sprung from a race of noble princes, once governed the people of Bavaria; how the Duke, incited by his wife, the daughter of the dethroned King of Lombardy, had revolted against him, the mighty Emperor and his lawful suzerain; and, after being defeated, was exiled to a distant monastery in the kingdom of France, there to pass his life in severe penance for his former faults.

All these memories flitted quickly through Charlemagne's mind; he fixed a searching glance on the melancholy features of the monk, and a tear of sorrow shone in the monarch's eyes. Then he drew nearer, seized the old man's hand and said:

"Holy Brother, you and I have often stood opposed to each other. However, those days of strife have long since passed away. Now we are both old men, when the earthly remembrances of the past and the thoughts of futurity press powerfully upon the mind. Duke Thassilo, I have bitterly repented the faults of my early years. It is Charlemagne who stands before you, who feels no more resentment, and who herewith begs your forgiveness. Let resentment be banished from your heart, if you have still any such feeling toward me."

A convulsive movement passed over Thassilo's face as Charlemagne announced himself; he then fell at the Emperor's feet, clasped his knees, and, with tears in his eyes, answered:

"I have greatly sinned against you, my Lord and King. Reparation and deep penitence will be my atonement till death. When I heard of your arrival at the monastery, my early life once more passed before me; but I then inwardly and most earnestly prayed to Heaven for pardon. That I might have your forgiveness was my last earthly wish, the fulfilment of which has at length taken place, and will soothe my dying hour."

Overpowered by emotion, Thassilo sank down fainting. Charlemagne was deeply affected, and retired, ordering that the most careful attention should be paid to the venerable monk.

Before his departure the next morning, the Emperor expressed a wish to see Thassilo once more. But the abbot informed him that during the night he had passed away, with his heart full of love and peace.

Brother Jonathan.

The quaint figure of Brother Jonathan represents the United States, as that of John Bull does England. This is the reason why. Once when Washington, after being appointed commander of the army of the Revolutionary War, was in sore need of money for arms and ammunition to meet the powerful foe he had to contend with, he called his officers together and asked for suggestions as to the best way of raising it, but none was offered. "If you do not know," said the General, "I must consult Brother Jonathan,"—meaning Jonathan Trumbull, then Governor of Connecticut. That great patriot was equal to the occasion: the money was forthcoming, and "Brother Jonathan" had henceforth his place in the pictorial history of his country. It would have been impossible for Washington to hold out had it not been for men like Governor Trumbull. When difficulties afterward arose, it became a byword, "We must consult Brother Jonathan." The term is often applied to the people of the United States as a body.

Badge-Men.

We hear much about people wearing a badge of poverty, and it is interesting to know that once there was really such a thing. In the reign of William III., of England, all persons who received parish relief wore a piece of red or blue cloth sewed to the right shoulder, on which was embroidered the letter P (meaning parish or pauper, as you please), with the initial of the parish to which the recipient belonged. This was to prevent imposture. Sometimes these poor persons were called badge-men, and there is a couplet by the poet Crabbe which runs:

He quits the gay and rich, the young and free,
Among the badge-men with a badge to be.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A welcome addition is soon to be made to the literature that has grown around the name of Dickens. It is said that the novelist's daughter had completed, before her death, a book entitled "My Father as I Knew Him," which is soon to be given to the public.

—We note with pleasure that Count Eduard Soderini's learned work on "Socialism and Catholicism" has been translated into English. Cardinal Vaughan contributes an introduction. It is to be hoped that this book will correct the false impressions created by another Italian work, Prof. Nitti's "Catholic Socialism," which was published and widely quoted last year.

—Mr. George Barton is doing a praiseworthy work by making known in detail the services rendered by our Sisters during the Civil War. It is a noble theme, and a less clever historian than Mr. Barton might grow eloquent in unfolding it. The Sisters do not have reunions and campfires to keep alive the memories of the most bloody lustrum in our history, but their "war stories" are as heroic and far more edifying than many that the veterans tell. We congratulate Mr. Barton and the *Catholic Standard and Times*, through whose columns the good deeds of these devoted religious are made known.

—A pamphlet of more than private interest is that entitled "Michael Anthony and Anne Shields Lambing, their Ancestors and their Descendants," written by a member of the family. The genealogy of the Lambings is carefully traced, and occasionally we get a glimpse of a beautiful Catholic family life. We are told, for instance, of the father of the two good priests who now labor in Western Pennsylvania, that "before Communion days, a preparation was always made by him of three or four days, in which selections from the 'Following of Christ' played the principal part; and the same practice followed Holy Communion." And again: "He was especially careful what the children read; and if he had not a pretty clear i lea what the book or paper was, it was immediately confiscated. An innocent old 'Robinson Crusoe' that had lost its backs through rough usage, once made its appearance in the house; but it was forthwith ordered home because he did not know what sort of a book it was. Young and old may smile at this, but it was an error on the safe side."

—The *Catholic Watchman*, of Madras, India, is not enthusiastic over Mr. McCarthy's "Life of Pope Leo XIII." It points out a number of inaccuracies which ought to have been avoided, and concludes its clever review with these sensible words: "The worst thing about the book is the apologetic tone in which it is written, as if it were an appeal to Protestants not to think too hardly of the Catholic Church. The tendency of the Protestant mind is to set itself up as a tribunal before which the Catholic Church is brought to be judged; and this book panders to that idea. Nothing in the life of Leo XIII. requires any apology, and a Catholic author ought to have written in a very different tone" We may add that Mr. McCarthy's book is not the only one that lies open to this criticism.

—One of the great forces making for the betterment of religious and social conditions in France is undoubtedly the great Catholic paper, *La Croix*. With a daily edition of nearly two hundred thousand, and a weekly one of four hundred and fifty thousand, it is doing much to disseminate Catholic truth and the genuine Catholic spirit among a people who have too long been exposed to the insidious poison which reeks from the rationalistic and indifferentist French journalism. *La Croix* is only one of a number of periodicals controlled by the Fathers of the Assumption, a missionary congregation devoted to the combating of prevalent error, and thoroughly imbued with a true appreciation of the apostolate of the press.

—In the Introductory chapter to his new volume entitled "Rome and England," Father Luke Rivington gives this estimate of an old author, which we quote for the benefit of those who accept history just as it is written:

There is one witness whom I have learnt profoundly to distrust, who has been a prolific source of

misstatement in our English historical literature, and that is Matthew Paris. Long ago Dr. Lingard pointed out, and in certain cases proved, the untrustworthiness of this monk of St. Alban's. Unfortunately, Mr. Green, in his admirable "History of the English People," leant on Matthew Paris to an extent which has marred his estimate of some personages and passages in mediæval history. He is immensely valuable for the letters which he has preserved, when he gives them in full; but his summaries, where they can be compared with originals, are quite untrustworthy; and his own comments are almost worthless, except for those who prefer the ebullitions of spleen to a statement of facts. The very epithet which Mr. Green uses of him is suspicious, viz., "patriotic." His patriotism generally consisted in misrepresenting the Holy See. We can love our mother country as well as our mother Church, the mother and mistress of all churches; but Matthew Paris began with a twist against his spiritual mother.

Father Rivington pays a high tribute to the collection of chronicles known as the "Rolls Series," which, he says, "must materially change our books of English history in the future."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Ethelred Preston. *F. J. Finn, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 85 cts.

Children of Mary. *Rev. J. Spillmann, S. J.* B. Herder. 50 cts.

Catholic Ceremonies and the Liturgical Year. *Abbé Durand.* Benzigers. Cloth, 50 cts.; paper, 25 cts.

The Kingdom of God on Earth. *R. Belaney.* Thomas Baker. 30 cts.

Pope Leo XIII. *Justin McCarthy.* Warne & Co. $1.25.

Manual of the Forty Hours' Devotion. Am. Ecc'l. Review Co. Flexible cloth. 20 cts.

A Key to Labor Problems. *Léon Harmel.* Catholic Truth Society. 10 cts.

"Quo Vadis." *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* Little, Brown & Co. $2.

The Vocation of Edward Conway. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Mr. Billy Buttons. *Walter Lecky.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Cochem's Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. *Preface by the Rt. Rev. C. P. Maes.* Benzigers. $1.25.

A Woman of Fortune. *Christian Reid.* Benziger Bros. $1.25.

A Striking Contrast. *Clara Mulholland.* M. H. Gill & Son. $1.25.

New Faces and Old. *Rev. Francis Finn, S. J.* B. Herder. 60 cts.

On the Road to Rome, and How Two Brothers Got There. *William Richards.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts., *net.*

Ada Merton. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* B. Herder. 75 cts.

Essays Educational. *Brother Azarias.* McBride & Co. $1.50.

The Conspiracy of the A. P. A. *J. Alex. Edwards.* P. J. Kenedy. 25 cts.

Demon Possession and Allied Themes. *J. L. Nevius, D. D.* Revell & Co. $1.50.

Protestant Fiction. *James Britten.* Catholic Truth Society. 80 cts., *net.*

Goffine's Devout Instructions. *Preface by Cardinal Gibbons.* Illustrated. $1.00.

Social Problems. *Rev. Morgan Sheedy.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

How to Speak Latin. *Stephen W. Wilby.* Murphy & Co. 75 cts.

Jack Chumleigh; or, Friends and Foes. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Murphy & Co. $1.00.

The Temptation of Nora Leecroft. *Frances Noble.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

Claudius. *C. M. Home.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

The Last Christmas-Tree. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. 75 cts., *net.*

Amy's Music Box. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner Co. 38 cts., *net.*

A Tuscan Magdalen. (Poetry.) *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. *Net*, 75 cts.

The Divine Redeemer and His Church. *Rev. Edward Douglass, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

The Spirit of the Dominican Order. *Mother Drane.* Art & Book Co. $1.00.

Devotion to the Miraculous Infant of Prague. J. Schaefer. 10 cts.

Why I Became a Catholic (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Burns & Oates. 30 cts.

Cobbett's History of the Reformation. *Edited by Dom Gasquet.* Benziger Bros. $1.00.

The Yorke-Wendte Discussion. Monitor Publishing Co. 50 cts.

Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages. *Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M.* Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P.* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

The End of Religious Controversy. *Bishop Milner. Edited by Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A.* Cath. Truth Society. 35 cts.

The See of St. Peter. *T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G.* Catholic Truth Society. 50 cts.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

Lessons in Literature. Ainsworth & Co. $1.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser.* Cathedral Library Association. 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Way & Williams. $1.25.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. $1.40.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25.

The Outlaw of Camargue. Benzigers. $1.25.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8s.

The Saints of Mount Carmel. Carmelite Convent, Roxbury, Mass. $2.10.

History of the German People. *Johannes Janssen.* B. Herder. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, $6.25.

Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained. *Philip Bold. Edited by Fr. Eyre, S. J.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.00.

Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. *T. W. Allies.* Kegan Paul & Co. Demy 8vo, $3.50, *net.*

Christian Reunion. *William Delaney, S. J.* Fallon & Co. 50 cts.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

Vol. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 19, 1896. No. 25.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Waiting.

CLOSE to the altar we gather at even,
Waiting a blessing from Him who is there,
Chanting the soul-cry of *O Salutaris!*
Telling our worship in love and in prayer;
While to the King, as a type of our homage,
Riseth sweet incense upon the still air.

Close to thee, Mary, we longingly gather,—
Thee who wert chosen to be the Word's shrine;
Drawn are the altar-veils hiding the Presence,
Yet hath fair Hope all her tapers ashine;
Advent is waning, our hearts sing *Venite!*
Waiting to worship the Infant Divine.

A Look Around Us and a Glance Within.

IF a work on the plan of Bossuet's "Variations" were to be written nowadays, it would require several volumes. What changes we behold among "our separated brethren"! A prominent Presbyterian is quoted by *The Mid-Continent* as saying, in deep distress: "I do not know what has come over the Presbyterian church. There is a spirit of restlessness and dissatisfaction everywhere." The growing neglect and ignorance of the Bible is bitterly complained of by a correspondent of the New York *Sun*, who declares that "utterances from the pulpits of the nation savor more of the things of this life than of the life that is to come. One listens in vain for the glorious and comforting language found in the Sermon on the Mount."

The right of private judgment, the very groundwork of Protestantism, is now openly condemned. The *United Presbyterian* rebukes an independent minister in these stern words: "Independent churches and independent preachers, who bow to no regularly constituted authority, are worse than ecclesiastical tyranny." But denunciations of this sort would seem to be to no purpose. The Rev. H. C. Myers, of Schuyler, Nebraska, who used to be a Methodist, is now the head of a denomination to the membership of which any one is eligible, "no matter what his religious views may be." Brother Myers wants "a creedless church"; and so does the Rev. Dr. Kent, formerly a Unitarian. Edward Everett Hale, another Unitarian, is distinctly contemptuous in his reference to Protestantism. He does not say of what his own denomination is an outcome, but in a recent discourse he characterizes the sects as "miserable little offshoots of the Roman Church."

In view of all this—and very much more—*The Pulpit of the Cross*, which is Anglican, asks, "Where is the disintegration of Protestantism going to end?" The reverend editor, not considering himself a Protestant any more than Dr. Hale, pre-

ceeds to describe "the downward course of the sects toward creedless agnosticism." In the same number of his paper he publishes a plea for the validity of Anglican orders, which he considers as impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar, Leo XIII. to the contrary notwithstanding. He loses sight of the fact that Anglicans who refuse to accept the ruling of the Bishop of Rome on any point of doctrine would, in the great majority of cases, refuse the ruling of their own bishops; so that their refusal to abide by the Pope's decision regarding Anglican orders proves nothing except their ignorance of the binding character of the authority of the successor of St. Peter on all who profess and call themselves Christians.

But let us see what *The Pulpit of the Cross* has to say about the sects. The Anglicans are never so vigorous as when denouncing sectarianism, and they are as orthodox betimes as the Pope himself. Could anything be more inconsistent than this exhortation of an Anglican to seek the sure refuge of the Church?

"When any body of Christian religionists have pursued the down-grade tendency of unbelief so far that they have come to that stage of devolution where the corner-stone of their agreement is a common denial of the existence of any such thing as absolute and unchangeable truth, where 'the keynote of the organization is a disbelief in creeds,' how long, we wonder, will it take them to arrive at the last fatal plunge into the black sea of infidelity? Is it not high time for sincere and orthodox believers in the Protestant churches to take alarm at this unmistakable trend of sectarianism toward unbelief?—to forsake the uncertain and shifting sands of individual judgment, and to seek the sure refuge of that Church built upon the rock of ages, which is the keeper of 'the faith once for all delivered unto the saints'?

"Has not the religious history of the past three centuries demonstrated the fatal mistake that Luther, Calvin and Zwingli made in assuming that the Bible and the Bible only, as they or any other individuals might see fit to interpret it, is an all-sufficient guide in matters of faith and morals? At the very outset these three men could not agree on their interpretation of the Scriptures, and parted wide asunder; and the process of division and re-division and division of division has gone on steadily ever since....

"It is the Church of the living God, and not a book, however divinely inspired, that is 'the pillar and ground of truth.' The Catholic Church, 'built upon the foundation of the Apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief stone,' is the ever-living witness and conservator of the faith, the guardian and defender of ultimate and changeless truth against all the assaults of the adversary whenever and wherever made. The foundation on which Luther based the Augsburg Confession and Calvin his elaborate Institutes was the Bible, as the infallible Word of God; but their lineal descendants of to-day deny the inspiration of the Bible, and are adrift, without even this anchorage, on the restless sea of purely human speculation.... Not only do the ministers of the larger Protestant bodies openly dissent from the cardinal doctrines of their particular denomination, but the rank and file of the laity are impatient of theological dogmas, and want only ethics and humanitarianism preached to them. So feeble has their hold on positive truth become that, like the Athenians, they are ready to give ear to every new doctrine and philosophy, which the ingenuity of the father of lies can invent.... In divorcing the Word of God from the Church, which is the living embodiment of that Word, the self-will of man ruthlessly put asunder that which God hath joined together, and the result has been most disastrous. In vain did the Sage of Geneva elaborate his cast-iron system of

Presbyterianism. It has not been able to withstand the wear and tear of the centuries, and already is crumbling to pieces.

"Lutheranism in Germany, the home of its founder, has been the prolific mother of an innumerable progeny of rationalists and sceptics. The historians of an after age will liken the career of Methodism to the sudden ascent of a rocket into the sky, attracting all eyes by its scintillating brilliance, which for a brief space made the whole ecclesiastical firmament radiant with a shower of fire, only to burst with a loud explosion and scatter into a hundred fragments. What a spectacle to make angels weep is the religious condition of New England, the Promised Land of the Pilgrim Fathers! What has become of the orthodoxy of the Puritans?...

"With the human sea strewn with the wrecks of so many doctrinal formularies and the flotsam and jetsam of creedless congregations, driven hither and thither by shifting wind and changing tide, one might wonder whether the Lord at His second coming would find the faith still on the earth, did not the Church of the Living God stand like a light-house amid the blackness of the night, firm and steadfast, because built upon the Rock of Ages."

All this would be well enough coming from a Catholic; it could not be more orthodox. The writer really believes that "the great Anglican communion," as he calls it, is a witness to the "faith once delivered to the saints"; though the rest of the world regards the Anglican Church, now more than ever, as the creature and slave of the State. He can not see, though it is plain as day, that there is no body of doctrine in regard to which Anglicans can be said to be at one, or in defence of which they can eliminate gainsayers; and no authority to deal with emergent questions. Was it witnessing to the Catholic faith to hold continuously for three hundred years as a "blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit" the Sacrifice of the Mass? It is amazing effrontery—there is no other term for it—to declare, as so many Anglicans do, that the truths in defence of which Catholics without number sacrificed their fortunes and their lives were ever taught by the Establishment. What this was as late as the "forties" is matter of history.

The leopard can not change his spots, nor can the sects rid themselves of their characteristics. Being the works of men, they are subject to change, like everything human. It is not surprising that they should now combat what they formerly advocated, or impugn what was once held sacred. The only wonder to a Catholic is that the inconsistencies of Protestantism do not appeal to all its adherents. The decay of Christian faith is the natural result of sectarianism, and its continuance must swell the ranks of the agnostics. The number of converts to the Church from the sects, truth to tell, is by no means equal to the number that lapse from Protestantism into indifferentism or infidelity.

It is sad indeed that at a time when disintegration has set in among Protestants everywhere Catholics should not everywhere present a solid front; that their lives should not all be such as to prove the divinity of the religion which they profess. We are in danger of becoming a divided host ourselves in this country. A spirit of faction has taken possession of us. A decade of years ago all was harmony. The Church grew, prospered, and gained continually in power and numbers. A more encouraging condition could not be imagined. But a lamentable change, evident to the least observant, has since come over us. Peace has been destroyed, and progress arrested, as far as it is possible. In our dissensions decency has been outraged, charity wounded, truth and justice violated. As a result, the cause of religion has suffered in many ways, and non-Catholics are confirmed in their deep-seated prejudices against the Church.

Of the sin of unbelief we will not speak. "Ignorance is no excuse," as St. Ambrose says, "when we have neglected to learn what we were obliged to know." But for those who would judge of the effect on our separated brethren of the squabbles which have so long been rife among American Catholics, we quote the following words from *The Holy Cross Magazine* (Anglican). It says in its present issue: "One would be glad to believe differently about the present working of the Roman Church in America, but the conviction is forced upon the minds of all who study the current events that the methods of secular politics are being largely adopted in what is called the cause of religion; while two warring factions are fighting a most un-Christian battle, and fighting to the death,—the prize being ecclesiastical ascendency in the United States of America."

The cause of religion has suffered,—no doubt of it; the strife has been most un-Christian, we admit. But ambitious, uncharitable, peace-disturbing, mischief-making, strife-breeding men, lay or clerical, are not representative Catholics. There must ever be cockle as well as wheat in so vast a field; both must endure until the final harvest. The Church of God is not to be judged by the ungodly actions of those who wear her livery. The light of truth shines with steadfast ray for all who will see it; the city seated on a mountain can not be hidden. Security for salvation is to be found only in the Catholic Church; she is the sure anchorage of the soul. Those who call her mother and do not live up to her teachings are none of hers, though they should work wonders in her name.

NEVER try to suppress a generous impulse or to crowd out a genuine feeling. Despair or discouragement is the only fruit of dry reasoning, unenlightened by the heart.—*Rahel Levin.*

The Romance of a Man of Business.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

V.

A FEW hours later Matthew Dailey found himself in the miniature drawing-room of an unpretending little flat on Cooper Street. He felt decidedly out of his element and as if in a dream,—a very singular dream for a man whose thoughts ran principally upon monetary matters.

Without her bonnet, and with her dark hair gathered in a loose knot, as she had been wont to coil it, Kathleen looked more like the picture he remembered so well—the youthful face and figure outlined against the evening sky of the Irish May. If he had raised his eye-glass he would have seen that Time had left its traces upon the soft hair as well as upon brow and cheek. But why should he raise his eye-glass, and thus render himself more unfamiliar to her than his grizzled locks and his mustache already made him? Yes, Time had dealt more gently with her than with him, he reflected. The light-hearted, spirited girl had become a sweet and graceful woman, with just enough of her old sprightliness left to lend a charm to her manner.

But a glance at the wedding-ring upon her hand—a hand whiter and more delicate than when she had learned to make lace at the convent—reminded him that she was quite a different person from the Kathleen of old; and the significance of her black gown meant to him only that she was free to give and receive the explanation which was the object of his visit. This being the case, it was impossible to continue discussing trivial matters indefinitely, especially as the elderly lady who lived with her as companion was dozing in a rocking-chair in the dining-room; and Philip had, with unintentional

consideration, taken himself off to spend a half hour with a comrade who lived on the next street. Plunging directly into the subject which the little widow had up to this point evaded, Mr. Dailey said therefore, with a faint smile and striving to speak indifferently:

"Well, it is all past and over, and there have been many changes since those days. But, as we have met so strangely again, there is one thing I must ask you, Kathleen—you will allow me to call you so just for now,—one thing I have never been able to understand. Why did you throw me over? I was not worthy of you, I know; but"—his voice trembled in spite of himself—"how did it happen, Kathleen?"

"How did it happen!" she repeated, straightway sitting very erect and giving a slight gasp; then, with the least possible lapse into her girlish speech and manner, and an old-time flash from her eye, she added coldly:

"In truth, it's yourself, Mr. Dailey, can best answer that question. But, since all's past and over, as you say, is it not wisest to let bygones be bygones?"

"Kathleen, I have no wish to distress you, much less to blame you," he went on, blunderingly. "Only—"

"*Blame* me!" echoed Mrs. Barry, looking as if she would like to show this self-righteous gentleman the door. "Pardon me, my dear sir! but if my life has been so favored that I can afford to let bygones rest, it is not for you to recall them."

She paused, indignant, and fanned herself with her handkerchief as he had seen the girl Kathleen do with the red kerchief she used to wear about her neck.

Matthew felt his temper rising; but, perceiving they were at cross-purposes, he replied, a trifle sadly:

"When in that long ago I wrote you of my removal to Chicago, I hoped in the near future to be able to make a hurried trip back to Ireland. I thought if I could only see you—then the news of your marriage came, and after that I felt I could never endure—"

It was Mrs. Barry's turn to regard him with astonishment.

"When, sir,—what did you write?" she asked.

And then the reiterated assurance that he had indeed written called forth all the story. Kathleen—the Kathleen of that far off time—had waited patiently for the letter that had gone astray. Not receiving any answer to the sorrowing missive telling him of her mother's death, yet still believing in him, she took passage for America with the Connells, thinking if once on this side of the ocean it would be an easy matter to communicate with him. During the voyage they made the acquaintance of Philip Barry, the man who afterward became her husband.

The face of her listener clouded at the allusion; but Kathleen, appearing not to notice, told how kind this friend had been to her. Upon their arrival in New York, he and James Connell had gone at once to Matthew's address, only to learn that the occupants of the house knew nothing of him, the place having recently changed hands.

"But, oh! why," exclaimed Mr. Dailey, excitedly,—"why did you not write to me to the care of Crossman & Co.? A few lines directed to them would have been forwarded to me promptly."

"Unfortunately, Matthew," she replied simply, "I never knew the name of the people by whom you were employed."

It was only too true. Strange as it seemed to the methodical business man of to-day, although the young emigrant frequently alluded to his employers in his letters home, either through inadvertence or because he judged it immaterial to those so far away, he had failed to mention the name of the firm. The only address they had was that of the boarding-house.

In his heart confounding his callow

stupidity in the matter, he listened while her sweet, low voice told how Philip Barry, loving her himself, yet knowing that she was pledged, lent the Connells all possible aid in their efforts to reunite her to Matthew.

"Perhaps if he had been more accustomed to New York, they might have been successful," she went on. "But when they had followed up any number of Matthew Daileys only to find themselves in the wrong, at last, disheartened and in very self-respect, I bade them be in peace and search no more."

She lived on with the Connells, supporting herself by means of her needle. At intervals Philip came to and fro from Covington, and after a time took courage to speak for himself once more. Again she refused to heed him; but finally, between the constant urging of her friends, her own loneliness, her womanly resentment at Matthew's supposed neglect and forgetfulness, and gratitude for Philip's devotedness and affection, she consented to marry him.

"And well I learned to appreciate his goodness, so kind and thoughtful as he always was," she remarked in conclusion, wiping her eyes.

VI.

The emotion of the little widow aroused in the breast of the usually cool and self-possessed Mr. Dailey a slight jealousy and sense of annoyance. Striving to maintain his composure, however, he told his own history as it has been already narrated; and Kathleen was well assured that they had been parted in their youth rather by the force of circumstances than through the fault of either. Later, therefore, when in taking leave he asked if he might call to see her occasionally for the sake of old times and friends, what wonder that she extended her hand to him with frank cordiality and something of her girlish trustfulness, and answered: "To be sure!"

From that memorable evening Matthew Dailey became a frequent visitor to the cozy little drawing-room in Cooper Street. Previously, although many pretty caps—and widows' caps among them—had been set for the wealthy and good-looking widower, he had resolved not to marry again. He had grown accustomed to his semi-Bohemian manner of living, to the ease of "solid comfort," and had, he told himself, no time to spare "for such tom-foolery as love-making." Besides, he shrank from putting a step-mother over his children.

Now, however, it was surprising how his notions had changed. To do him justice, he still remembered the interests of his children; but to whom could he so safely entrust them and the happiness of his home as to the sweet and gentle woman whose character, as he had seen during these intervening weeks, had so fully developed the promise of her youth? Prosperous, and almost always successful in everything he undertook, having made up his mind again to ask Kathleen to marry him, he had no doubt of her answer. In the brief fits of abstraction which, like a mirage of his youthful hopes, sometimes appeared, to disappear as quickly upon the horizon of his busy day, he now seemed to find a new pleasure in his wealth and prosperity.

Philip Barry had been well-to-do. For years it was the proud boast of the good man that his wife lived as a lady should, and had "no call to turn a hand to any manner of work" beyond the simple ordering of her household. And in the charm and grace of the refined and tactful woman of to-day was evidenced the aptitude with which the quick-witted young Irish girl, with an ambition to justify her husband's pride in her, and the thirst for information of a bright, intelligent mind, had improved the opportunities at her command. Adversity came later; Barry's affairs became involved; and finally the

small sum left to his widow was just sufficient for the maintenance of herself and little Philip, and to provide for the education of the latter.

Even in their best times, however, Kathleen, although surrounded by every comfort, had never known wealth. And Matthew Dailey was glad it was so,—glad that even at this late day he could confer upon her a greater happiness, according to the world's estimation, than she had ever known before. He remembered how Anna—good, devoted, even pious in her way, as she was—had loved diamonds, rich dress, and display; how she had once taken to heart his refusal to buy her a jewelled bracelet on the ground, true at the time, that he could not afford it; how the regret for this refusal haunted him afterward. His little daughter's favorite pastime was to deck herself in her mother's silks and ornaments. He supposed that all women delighted in such things. Well, now—thank God!—costly indeed must be the bauble that he would have to deny his wife. Kathleen should have whatever she wished for. A man of simple habits, he himself found the pleasure and stimulus of his life in his business; her part should be to spend a handsome income as she pleased.

Self-content and confident, he continued his visits; in no hurry to speak, but assuming an understanding between himself and his early sweetheart, whom he had so strangely met again. At length, however, he quietly made up his mind to settle matters.

It was an evening of late June, and Kathleen had announced her intention of returning to Covington for the rest of the summer. In the windows of the drawing-room were boxes of blooming plants and trailing vines, and beyond them he could see the tops of the trees in the park. The daylight still lingered; but Mrs. Barry had put down her work—a bit of lace she was making, for she still retained a fancy for the occupation by which she had once earned her livelihood.

"Kathleen," he began, with leisurely deliberation.

She flushed quickly,—perhaps because he had called her so; for since their first interview he had not ventured to address her by her Christian name.

"Kathleen," he repeated, "there ought to be small need of an explanation between us. You must know my object in coming here. I have prospered, and I am especially glad of it now for your sake. I may not be as apt at pleading my cause as I was twenty odd years ago; but, believe me, my love for you is as sincere as it was then. Marry me at last, Kathleen. Tell me that you will, and set a date before you go away."

The deepening twilight hid the glow upon her cheek. She did not reply; and he went on, perversely dwelling upon all he could offer her, in a way he would have shrunk from doing had he not been so carried away with the thought of the satisfaction it would be to him to lavish upon her the fortune which represented years of almost uninterrupted prosperity. He failed to observe her slight gesture of impatience, but her softened manner when he alluded to her boy did not escape his attention.

"Philip will be ever dear to me," he continued. "I will help him on as I hope to do for my own lads; and I am sure you will be good to them and to my little daughter. Still you do not speak. What is it, Kathleen?"

For a moment it seemed impossible for her to break the silence.

"Prosperity is not everything, you know, Matthew," she replied at length, in a low, steady voice; taking up her lace and regarding it with close attention, although in the dusk the pattern was hardly distinguishable. "And wealth is not everything."

"But with affection and respect added—

Kathleen, have you so entirely forgotten the old time?"

Apparently ignoring the appeal, and glancing around the room with a half sigh, she rejoined:

"I have been content as I am. Why should I change my life? O my dear friend, do not urge me further! Our ideas of many things are very different; I have seen it only too clearly during these past weeks. Let us say no more on the subject, I beg of you."

"But what is there against me?" he persisted, notwithstanding. "My life has been honorable, and whatever I have has been honestly gained. It is true I do not go much to church; but, then, my faith is unshaken. My time is so taken up with business—"

For a moment Kathleen hesitated. If he had let fall so much as a word of regret for the easy indifference with which he had allowed the cares of the world to hedge him round,—if he had expressed so much as a desire to cast it off, perhaps she would have put her hand in his and promised to tread with him the path he had declared should for her be strewn with roses, even though she knew it would also be sown with thorns. But as it was, she turned away from him, exclaiming:

"No, no! our lives are better as they are. Your world is not my world. If I tried to make it so, I might forget too—forget there is a higher life to struggle and strive for. I am grateful for what you offer to do for my boy, but he must learn to make his own way. So thank you kindly for the honor you would pay me, but do not say any more about it; and let us remain friends, if you will."

Utterly unprepared for this reception of his suit, Matthew Dailey was for a few minutes speechless through sheer surprise. Then, but ill controlling his irritation, he rose abruptly, wished her a pleasant visit to Covington, added that he should probably not see her again before her departure, and bowed himself out of the room.

Once in the street, he strode along hastily, as if in an effort to escape from his own vexation and chagrin.

"What a great fool I have been!" he soliloquized. "Well, there is no counting upon what a woman will do. Kathleen was willing to promise to marry me when I had nothing to bestow upon her but the love of an honest heart; and now, when I offer her all I've been working for during the best years of my life, she puts it aside with a wave of her hand. Is it because she does not wish to give up her independence? Pshaw! would she not be much more independent than at present, in her straitened circumstances? Has she vowed to remain a widow? She would have said so. No; she put it quite plainly: I do not come up to her standard. Thunderation! What would she have? In our brightest dreams during the old days we never looked forward to anything like—" he broke off suddenly.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

At Night.

BY ST. JOHN O'SULLIVAN.

I STAND, alone, beneath a tremulous sky,
The still, sidereal depths of night to scan;
And, while I watch, a starry caravan
From the horizon springs; and, mounting high,
It seems to gather form and to have grown
In number and in lustre of its suns;
The brighter guide the eye to lesser ones,
And these reveal a glory of their own;
But truly to unfold their grandeur's height
Is distant from the power that I command
As they are from the shadow of the night,—
As they above the reaching of my hand.
I pause to view the scene beyond compare,
And marvel at the Hand that placed them there.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

TWO HEROINES.

THOUSANDS of miles away from the abode of peace and charity, portions of the lives of whose inmates I have from time to time endeavored feebly to portray for the edification and sympathy of the readers of Our Lady's magazine, I can at any moment picture before my mind's eye the pathetic old faces, the bent forms and trembling limbs of those blessed among God's poor who have had the good fortune to spend their last days under the ministrations of the Little Sisters. I hear once more their kindly salutations, their expressions of patient resignation, of heartfelt gratitude to the self-sacrificing women who have dedicated their lives to the service of age and poverty. Witty sallies, too, recur to me, and merry words of cheer; for, in the main, these wards of charity have light hearts and a ready tongue.

Again I am kneeling behind the long rows of benches where—the men on one side, the women on the other—they are fervently reciting the Rosary. German, Irish and English are mingled in the pious responses; with here and there an occasional *Sainte Marie, Mère de Dieu*, or *Santa Maria, Madre de Dios*, bringing home forcibly to the mind that the charity of the Church of God knows no distinction of nationality or even faith; for close at my side a Lutheran Protestant is seated, calmly surveying the assembled multitude, and probably praying in his own fashion. In front of me a mulatto woman is kneeling, absorbed in her devotions; while almost directly opposite are two negro men, feeble and decrepit; one—a Protestant—sitting with head slightly bent, while his lips move slowly; the other slipping a pair of well-worn beads through his fingers, while, in the most musical of rich African voices, he devoutly answers the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary."

It is not unusual among the very poor, especially the Irish poor, to find two old women living together, sharing each other's burdens, and dividing the small income or alms that keep soul and body together. It is only when all other resources are exhausted—when old age, poverty, and disease leave them utterly helpless,—that they finally consent to enter that refuge, in default of which many of them would be obliged either to go to the poor-house or die of starvation. Therefore it often happens that, after many difficulties, the Little Sisters succeed in persuading two friends and companions like those to whom my story relates to accept the kind hospitality of the Home for the rest of their days; and in such circumstances they are very careful to represent to the poor old pensioners that they shall be allowed to associate with each other as before; and that, though in the midst of new scenes and companions, they will not be separated.

Such were the circumstances under which Mary Monahan and Katie Ryan had been received at the Home for the Aged in C——. They had lived together for many years in a large tenement house in the city, whither the Little Sisters came weekly to visit the sick and infirm; and from which, despite the poverty of the numerous dwellers in the immense building, they seldom went without a few dimes from the charity of the least poverty-stricken among them.

Mary Monahan, the elder of the two, was a woman of about seventy when they came to the Home. Tall, angular, with masculine features and a stern expression of countenance, the rigidity of her aspect disappeared whenever a rare and beautiful smile parted her lips, disclosing a set of white, perfect teeth that any young girl might well have been proud to own. She

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reminded one of nothing so much as a particular old maid who had spent her life in waging war against all kinds of household uncleanliness, real or imaginary.

The other woman, Katie Ryan, commonly supposed to be Mary Monahan's niece, was much younger—about fifty-five at most; but an asthmatic affection had long left her a confirmed invalid, unable for some years previous to their coming to the Home to help earn the scanty livelihood that served them both. She was an utter contrast to her companion. She must have been beautiful in youth,—a specimen of typical Irish loveliness. Short and buxom, with a complexion that still showed a clear pink and white through the wear and tear of years and adversity; while a pair of soft grey eyes looked timidly out from beneath long, dark lashes, giving a most attractive expression to her childish face.

The tender devotion between these two exceeded that commonly found even between mother and daughter; each deferring to the other in every respect, and anxious only for the comfort and pleasure of her companion.

One day an old woman who was sitting with them, curious to know the degree of relationship existing between them, inquired:

"Mrs. Monahan, are you aunt to Mrs. Ryan by blood or marriage?"

The two women looked at each other, both apparently taken unawares by the very simple and natural question.

"By marriage, replied Mrs. Monahan, tersely, after a few moments' hesitation; "though I don't know what concern it is of any one," she continued, in a tone which indicated that the question had disturbed her.

"There's no call to be so snappish about it," retorted the questioner, as she hobbled away to inform her companions of the "snub" she had received; at the same time, with many knowing shakes of the head, giving her opinion that they were either not related at all or that they were mother and daughter; one or both with a record that they could not afford to make public; with sundry other doubts and beliefs, in which her cronies agreed with her.

After a while it came to be an accepted thing among the inmates that there was really a mystery which the two women shared. There was, to be sure, a reticence about them quite unusual with women of their age and class; and, though kindly and affable in their manner toward all, neither of them invited intimacy. They seemed to be sufficient for each other.

In the winter of 1885 the elder woman had a paralytic stroke, and from that time until she died was unable to leave her bed. Her friend watched over her with unremitting care and fondness; weeping and lamenting often, in her emotional Irish way, that *she* had not been stricken and the other spared; wishing that she might be allowed to suffer instead of "Mary," who lay peacefully on her bed, helpless and patient, sorry only that she should be obliged to give trouble to the good Sisters and her faithful nurse; and declaring repeatedly, in her poor, broken voice, that she was "very, very comfortable." But she failed from day to day, till at length the doctor announced that she could not live much longer. The priest was summoned, and she made her preparation for death. Then it was that Kitty utterly refused to be comforted, giving way to the wildest lamentations and becoming hysterical in her grief.

The good Mother stood beside the bed of the dying woman, vainly endeavoring to assuage the sorrow of her devoted friend.

"Oh, don't talk to me, good Mother dear!" she exclaimed. "'Tis well I know you're for my good, but I can't help it,—I can't help it! When she goes I'll be losing more than father or mother, or sister or brother, or husband or child.

Where would I be—what would I be to-day but for her? She that lost a good home on account of me, that saved me from poverty and disgrace and shame and misery; she that did for me with her two hands whilst she was able; she that I thought would bury me in the end. Oh, vo, vo, vo, that I must see this day!"

"Hush, Kitty!" said a weak voice from the bed. "What will the good Mother think at all, at all? Restrain yourself, *alanna!* I'm happy. Sure you wouldn't keep me longer than God wills."

"Oh, I oughtn't,—I oughtn't!" sobbed Kitty. "But I'm selfish and weak, Mary. There's one thing I'll do. I'll tell the good Mother the whole story before you go. You'll not leave this till she knows what a saint of God she had under this blessed roof."

"No, no, Kitty! pleaded Mary. "You won't do that, *asthore!* And you're only making her suspect every bad thing of you by going on that way."

"Come, Kitty,—come!" said the good Mother at this juncture; for the cheeks of the dying woman had grown pink, and her eyes were shining with excitement and apprehension. Leaving the patient in charge of another Sister, she led the weeping woman away from the infirmary, bidding her go to the chapel to find consolation for her breaking heart.

But poor Kitty's feelings had been so wrought up that quiet and even prayer were impossible until she had relieved her mind of its burden. Kneeling on the floor, her face in the good Mother's lap, she begged her to listen to the tale she had to tell. The gentle nun could not further oppose her; and when she returned to the infirmary, she bore with her the knowledge of the life-history of the two women,—a knowledge which gave her, for the one fast approaching eternity, a feeling of admiration mingled with the reverence that always attaches to an act or a life of devoted heroism.

"And did you quiet her, good Mother dear?" asked Mary, as the Sister once more took a seat beside her.

"Yes," was the reply. "I left her lying on the bed, promising to call her at once in case you should take a sudden change for the worse."

"I won't," said the sick woman, in a soft, low voice. "I'll not die suddenly. I'll just go out gradually, as the candle flame dies. And don't give a thought to what she said in her distracted grief, good Mother. Sure you've only to look in Kitty's face to know that she's like a child—as simple and—"

"She has told me all, Mary," said the good Mother; "and I think Our Lord has a beautiful throne prepared for you in heaven."

The dying woman started. "She did that, good Mother! She told you! Well, if she did, I must tell you again; for she gave it her own color—as *she* saw it. It's my duty now to tell you *my* part of it. Maybe you won't think so much of me then, good Mother, as you do now,—no, no! You couldn't."

"Spare yourself, Mary," said the Sister. "You are so weak, and you are too humble. What does it matter now?"

"O good Mother dear, let me tell you!" she pleaded. "Sure she was but a slip of a girl, and always a child, some way. Such a weak, coaxing, innocent creature, good Mother. I'll go slow. I'll take a sup of the wine before I begin, to strengthen me; but I can't die leaving you to think Kitty what she's not. Oh, what did she tell you at all?"

"She told me that she went away with your husband, and described your heroic charity toward them afterward."

"She saw only the outside and heard the words of my mouth. She never knew, or none but God's priests in confession knew, the thoughts of my heart and the purpose of my mind. And that, with the help of our Saviour and His Holy Mother,

I'll tell you before I go to His judgment-seat. I know you'll be kind to her as ever when I'm gone, good Mother; but I can't die till I give you the *right* story."

There was nothing else to be done. A new strength came to her voice and a new light to her eye as the pallid, stern-featured old woman, her hand clasped in that of the religious, related her story.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Tales that Tim Told Us.

TIM'S OWN STORY.

TIM had been with us about seven years when he came into unexpected good fortune. He had a brother somewhere in the West who was well-to-do. When he arrived in America he had gone directly to this brother; but, from certain remarks let fall in unguarded moments, we became aware that the "greenhorn" had not been warmly welcomed by his sister-in-law,—"a black Protestant." The word "black," our mother explained to us, was not meant to indicate a woman of African descent, but to express the depth of bigotry in which his brother's wife lived, moved, and had her being. For his brother Tim appeared to have a strong affection; his grief at the news of his death being in no sense due to the fact that he had been remembered by a bequest of five hundred dollars.

From the day he heard of the legacy till he received it, Tim talked incessantly of a purpose he had cherished for years; although until there seemed a prospect of its realization he had never expressed a desire in relation to it. It was that, if he could ever accumulate enough money, he wished to spend his last days at the Mercy Home, where, for the sum of one thousand dollars paid, or its equivalent in property, old and feeble men were ensured a comfortable living so long as life remained. It was an attractive spot. Instead of the large, barracks-like building usual in such places, cottages of four and six rooms had been erected, with gardens around each, which the old men took great delight in cultivating, vying with one another as to which could be made the most attractive. Each had his own room, neatly furnished, where that privacy could be enjoyed which is not possible where many are together, as is generally the case in public institutions.

Up to the period of the bequest Tim had only longed, never dared to hope, for the attainment of his heart's desire. But now all his suppressed yearnings broke forth. He had a trifle saved already—something like two hundred dollars; he would be more economical than ever; he would, with my father's permission—for he had much spare time,—do odd jobs here and there for the neighbors; he would walk to town always. "Sure, 'tis a fine thing for the health, winter or summer."

"And, children," he would say, after dwelling on the delight of independence, and portraying the satisfaction with which he would enter his new abode, all swept and garnished for his coming,—"children, you're not to think, any of you, for as much as a minute, that it's longing to get away from you I am. Oh, it would grieve me sore to think you thought it! But my sight is growing poorer every day; and the rheumatism in my knees and back is so bad that times when I am weeding the garden, 'tis to fall backward my length on the ground I do be doing before I can straighten myself at all. I'm close to seventy, and we're not a family of long livers. My heart will be sore at leaving you; but you know—for you're all sensible children—that it only stands to reason a man must have a few days' rest at the latter end of his life—*if he can;* and 'tis a fine thing to have a place to make his soul, and time to do it."

On one of these occasions Rebecca, much moved, stole her hand quietly in his, and asked him, in a low and tremulous voice, how soon he expected to go.

"Oh, it will be a matter of two or maybe three years yet, darling! You'll be big enough by that time to come to see me your lone, or maybe with Eddie here, if he only gets more careful about racing across the streets."

Hearing that the parting was still comparatively distant, Rebecca brightened up again; and, with a smile that showed her pretty dimples at their best, declared that three years was such a very long time she felt sure she would be "most grown up."

When it came to taking measures for the investment and security of his little fortune, my father was surprised that Tim did not defer to his advice, as he usually sought it in his doubts or perplexities. He suggested loaning it on good security, but Tim would not hear to this; he had made up his mind, and could not be changed from his purpose. A new savings-bank had been recently organized, in which some acquaintances of his had deposited their little store, and Tim proposed to do likewise. My father felt somewhat doubtful of the concern, because they paid a much higher rate of interest than is customary in such associations. But, as he had no evidence to bring forward in support of his opinion, he was obliged to exercise some caution in his remarks. He did say, as a final argument:

"These are new people, Tim,—strangers here. They may be all right, but we don't *know* them."

"Maybe not, sir," said Tim, not without emphasis. "But there's no one I heard of can say the least word against them that's *definite*. And I'm thinking—leaving yourself and some others out, sir,—that it's jealousy that's at the bottom of it; and maybe a little shame, sir,—I'll make so bold as to say."

"Jealousy! How so, Tim?"

"Of the fine offices, and the handsome way they're fitted up, sir, in the Star Building. I'm told they are the finest offices in the city. And I'd not be at all surprised, sir, if there's them—neighbors of ours here on the hill, sir,—that's ashamed and a little spiteful when they see how the new men aren't aiming to keep everything to themselves, but are willing to give a good rate of profit to the poor, sir."

My father said nothing.

"You're not vexed with me, sir, I hope?" inquired Tim.

"Certainly not," was the reply. "I am thinking only of your interest, not being concerned myself one way or the other."

"Thank you, sir! But do you know the man himself?"

"The president of the bank, Tim?"

"Yes, sir."

"No: I have never seen him."

"Well, sir, he's a gentleman out and out. When I went in it with James Mulrain, he came from behind the gold railings and took me by the hand, sir,—*took me by the hand.* He's a fine-looking old gentleman, with a handsome beard the breadth of his chest."

"You have deposited the money then?" said my father, ignoring both the appearance and cordiality of the president.

"Yes, sir," replied Tim. "Where was the use of making two jobs of it?"

"Well, I have nothing more to say, of course; and I hope you have done a good thing with it, Tim."

For some months thereafter, during the winter and spring, Tim would regale our youthful ears with imaginary situations in the new home that was to be: how he would sit from morning till night, if he chose, smoking his pipe, with his meals carried into him on a tray; how, if he did *not* choose to remain within doors, he might go out and work a couple of hours a day in his little garden-plot; how he had no doubt but that it would be the

finest there; how the other men would be coming to him for suggestions and advice. There was to be a particular style of rocking-chair—one he liked very much, and which he felt assured my mother would present him as a parting gift; white curtains, hemmed by Rebecca, at the windows,—thin stuff with round dots in it. "And if they object to the like on account of the washing, Bridget here would do them up for me in no time." Hugh and I were to furnish an umbrella stand of our own manufacture,—a length of terra-cotta pipe, painted gaily, and set just inside the door."

We caught the spirit of his humor, and, oh, how many times did we not furnish and refurnish that room! How the flowers bloomed in the little vase before the picture of the Sacred Heart! How brightly burned the fire in "the Franklin stove," which Tim was sure would form part of the furniture! How spotless the floor, how gay the rugs upon it! How the windows shone! Remembering it all now, it seems to me that Tim was the simplest child among us.

It was the 3d of July, 1881. We were lying or sitting, as pleased us best, under an old apple-tree close to the arbor where our mother was sewing. Tim had gone on an errand to town.

"I wonder why Tim stays so long?" said my mother, who had sent him with a note to a friend.

As she spoke I saw him slowly ascending the steps, fanning himself with his straw-hat. He looked very pale.

"What is the matter, Tim?" I inquired. "Are you sick?"

"'Tis very hot," he answered, with a smile, as he turned to mother. "I did your errand, ma'am," he went on; "and the lady bid me tell you it was all right. She couldn't write, ma'am: she was on the steps going out."

"Very well," said my mother. "It was not necessary."

"I'll sit and rest myself a while, children," said Tim, throwing himself on the grass and leaning his back against the tree; still fanning his face, which looked very white and drawn. My mother soon noticed it.

"Are you ill, Tim?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," he replied; "but I've a piece of bad news."

"For us?" she inquired, in some alarm.

"Oh, for everyone!" said Tim. "The President is killed, ma'am; shot dead, or dying—it's not known rightly which as yet—by a crazy man in the depot at Washington city."

"It can not be!" exclaimed my mother, starting up. "Oh, surely, Tim, it must be a false report!"

"I think not, ma'am," he said, quietly. "The whole city is full of it."

My mother burst into tears. They were contagious; and soon the whole company, including the cook and chambermaid, who had heard our exclamations, were wildly interrogating Tim, who still sat, pallid but calm, with the tree at his back, endeavoring as best he could to answer their questions.

"'Twill be in the evening paper,—you'll see it for yourselves," he said at last. "I've told you all I know. The best you can do, girls, is to go back to your work and say a heart's prayer for the poor man, that he may die in peace and the grace of God—if he's not dead yet. I was against him in the election, and there was many another along with me; but that's a different color entirely. Come away on, children, and let your mother go in and lie down a bit. 'Twas a great shock I gave you, ma'am. Go to your room and lie down now."

"I think I will take your advice, Tim," she said, and left us.

"Come away on to my room," said Tim, after my mother had gone. "We'll say a decade for the poor man that's got his death this day, and another for the

wife and children he's leaving lonely after him. And, when that's done, maybe you wouldn't begrudge another for a poor man that met with a great disappointment this very day also. 'The prayer of the innocent availeth much.'"

We followed him to his room. Tim knelt in the middle, his long mission Rosary, used only on special occasions, in his hand. We surrounded him, on our knees, tearful and overawed. It seemed to us, since the dreadful news, that the world had changed; that it bore some terrible import to us—something more than we yet knew or could understand.

"A decade for the murdered President, James Garfield," announced Tim. It was recited with extraordinary fervor. "A decade for the poor wife and orphan children." This was said with not a few tears on our part. "A decade for a misfortunate old man that came to sore grief this day through his own folly, in not taking the advice of those that knew and had sense and wisdom and experience." I am afraid this decade was said with some distractions. When it was finished, we arose from our knees.

"Go your ways and play softly now, children," said Tim, motioning us out. "Remember the solemnity of the day; and don't fire any of them big crackers, or none of the little ones either, till you see the master. I've a few prayers to say myself, and I need to compose my mind."

Dinner was over, and our father and mother stood long in consultation on the piazza. Tim sat in his doorway, smoking silently; the children quietly seated at his feet. At length we saw father and mother walking slowly toward us.

"That's terrible news we had the day, sir," said Tim, when they were within speaking distance. "And is the President alive yet or did he die?"

"He is not dead yet," said my father. "This has been a day of bad news. I have some for you, Tim, I am sorry to say."

Tim smiled. "None, sir, I'll engage, that I didn't know before yourself, maybe. Ill news travels fast."

"Ah, you have heard, then!" said my mother, sadly.

"About the savings-bank, ma'am, and all the money gone? Yes, ma'am, I *did* hear of it; and I made sure it was true before I left town."

"And yet you said nothing about it?"

Tim raised his eyes to heaven. "'The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the Name of the Lord!' And God forbid," he added reverently, with an expression that illuminated his plain face for the moment like a ray from Paradise,—"God forbid, I say, that I'd be bringing my own little troubles to the front on a day like this, when He's seen fit to visit us with a *national calamity*." Then, resuming his customary manner, with that roguish twinkle of the eye that must have served him well in many a strait as boy and man, he said: "Here I am—thanks be to God!—in as good a home and with as little to do as ever man of my age and condition could wish or hope for. And here I'll stay, with God's help and your permission, sir, till you take me away out of it to bury me. And whether it be in the poor lot or elsewhere, it's little I'll care, so that you put me in blessed ground and have a Mass said for my sinful soul."

. . . . . .

In a large old family lot in the beautiful cemetery of L—— there are a number of graves sunken almost to the level of the ground; for they were made many years ago,—graves of uncles, aunts and cousins who died before we were born. There lie also our father's parents, whom we scarcely remember, they died so long ago. For a decade ground had not been broken in the carefully kept enclosure, and then in one year two graves were made at short intervals. They are still fresh and green; for it is not so very many years ago.

One is Tim's grave; he lies at the feet of little Rebecca, who went to heaven six months after him. As we turned away from that quietest of quiet spots, the City of the Dead, on the still, cold, white December day when we laid her in her last resting-place, it was some comfort to our stricken souls to know that the good old man was lying close to the tiny feet whose first steps he had guided, watching them with love and pride until the day his own were stilled and motionless forever..

Mr. Marion Crawford on Divorce.

LONG ago it was written that "He who speaks much shall seldom be without sin"; and the saying might with equal truth be applied to men who write much. Mr. Crawford has filled many volumes with print; and it would indeed be remarkable if, writing for the general public (as he does), he should not sometimes run counter to Catholic instinct or offend Catholic feeling. In the case of "Casa Braccio" the sensibilities of Mr. Crawford's coreligionists were deeply wounded, though the author expressed sincere regret that it should be so; and in his latest volume there is some very curious "theology." But it ought to be remembered for Mr. Crawford that in many places throughout his books he makes loyal profession of the faith even when that profession is not strictly required, and that he defends the dogmatic and moral code of the Church with spirit and ability.

The serial now running in *The Century Magazine* offers so striking a proof of this statement that we may be pardoned for quoting some striking paragraphs from it. One of the leading characters in "A Rose of Yesterday," whose husband is in an asylum for the insane, is brought face to face with the question of divorce; whereupon Mr. Crawford suspends his story to moralize thus through two pages:

"Twenty-five or thirty years ago divorces were so rare as to be regarded in the light of very uncommon exceptions to the general rule. The divorce law itself is not yet forty years old in England, nor twenty years old in France. In Italy there is no civil divorce whatever at the present day; and the Catholic Church grants only what are not properly divorces, but annulations of marriage, in very rare cases, and with the greatest reluctance.

"Even in America everyone can remember how divorce was spoken of and thought of until very recently. Within a few years it was deemed to be something very like a disgrace, and certainly a profoundly cynical and immoral proceeding. To-day we can most of us count in our own acquaintance half a dozen persons who have been divorced and been married again. Whatever we may think of it in our hearts, or whatever our religious convictions may be on the subject, it has become so common that when we hear of a flagrant case of cruelty or unfaithfulness, by which a man or woman suffers, the question at once rises to our lips, 'Why does she not divorce her husband?' or, 'Why does he not divorce his wife?' We have grown used to the idea; and if it does not please us, it certainly does not shock us. It shocked our fathers, but we are perfectly indifferent.

"Of course there are many, perhaps a majority, who, though not Roman Catholics, would in their own lives put up with almost anything rather than go to the divorce court for peace. Some actually suffer much, and ask for no redress. But there are very many who have not suffered anything at all, excepting the favorite 'incompatibility of temper,' and who have taken advantage of the loose laws in certain States to try a second matrimonial experiment. In what calls itself society there seems still to be a prejudice against

a third marriage for divorced persons; but, at the present rate of advance in civilization, this can not last long; and the old significance of the word 'marriage' will be quite lost before our youngest grandchildren are dead,—in other words, by the end of the next century, at the furthest.

"There are various forms of honorable political dreaming and of dishonorable political mischief-making nowadays, which we are accustomed to call collectively 'socialism.' Most of these rely for their hope of success upon their avowed intention of dividing property and preventing its subsequent accumulation. Marriage is an incentive of such accumulation: it perpetuates families, and therefore keeps property together by inheritance. Therefore all forms of socialism are at present in favor of divorce, as a means of ultimately destroying marriage altogether. A proverb says that whosoever desires the end desires also the means. There is more truth in the saying than morality in the point of view it expresses. But there are those who desire neither the means nor the end to which they lead; and a struggle is coming the like of which has not been seen since the beginning of the world, and of which we who are now alive shall not see the termination.

"The Civil War in the United States turned upon slavery incidentally, not vitally. The cause of that great fight lay much deeper. In the same way the social war which is coming will turn incidentally upon religion, and be perhaps called a religious war hereafter; but it will not be declared for the sake of faith against unbelief, nor be fought at first by any church, or alliance of churches, against atheism. It will simply turn out that the men who fight on the one side will have either the convictions or the prejudices of Christianity, or both, and that their adversaries will have neither. But the struggle will be at its height when the original steady current of facts which led to inevitable strife has sunk into apparent insignificance under the raging storm of conflicting belief and unbelief. The disadvantage of the unbelievers will lie in the fact that belief is positive and assertive, whereas unbelief is negative and argumentative. It is indeed easier to deny than to prove almost anything. But that is not the question. In life and war it is generally easier to keep than to take; and, besides, those who believe 'care,' as we say; whereas those who deny generally 'care' very little. It is probable, to say the least of it, that so long as the socialists of the near future believe assertively that they have discovered the means of saving humanity from misery and poverty, and fight for a pure conviction, they will have the better of it; but that when they find themselves in the position of attacking half of mankind's religious faith, having no idea but only a proposition to offer in its place, they will be beaten.

"That seems far from the question of divorce, but it is not. Before the battle the opposing forces are encamped and intrenched at a little distance from each other, and each tries to undermine the other's outworks. Socialism, collectively, has dug a mine under social order's strongest tower, which is called marriage; and the edifice is beginning to shake from its foundations, even before the slow-match is lighted."

It was, perhaps, bad art in the famous novelist (whose theory, by the way, is that a novel is simply "a pocket theatre" whose function is only to amuse) to crowd this little lecture in between the scenes; but it is a good lecture and altogether characteristic of Mr. Crawford. Our non-Catholic friends seldom hear such things from their pulpits, so it is well that they should sometimes read them in books. But the reflections which Mr. Crawford's words are calculated to arouse in the minds of sincere Protestants must be

painful. Protestantism can not hope to stem the current which threatens to sweep the world into moral and social chaos; for did not most of the sects have their origin in sinful marriages? And can the Protestant clergy, complaisant though they be, ever bring themselves to declare and their congregations to believe that divorce is an evil thing? Not Protestantism, not philanthropy, not devotion to public order can master the selfishness and passion which lie at the root of the divorce evil. There is need of sacramental action upon the heart of man, and the only power which commands that action is the Catholic Church. In the next century, when Mr. Crawford's war takes place, the friends of law and order, the foes of immorality, divorce, and moral anarchy, will be mustered under the banner of Catholicism!

Dr. Aumaitre's Own Account of His Child's Cure.

MY third daughter, Yvonne, was born July 7, 1894, at Gourmalou, near Pornic (Brittany). To my inexpressible grief, I perceived that the little creature came into the world with a terrible deformity—with both feet turned in,—two club-feet. I felt the blow doubly: as a father and as a physician; for I was well aware how powerless are all the contrivances of human art to cure this natural infirmity. Of course it was necessary to conceal the sad truth, at least for a while, from the mother. After a few days she had to be told, and we both wept bitterly over the state of our poor deformed baby; though we only loved her the more because she was not like other children.

Needless to add, all that could be attempted for her relief was tried without delay. Several eminent surgeons among my friends examined her carefully; all agreed that nothing could be done for the present, but some held out the hope that later on she might be able to walk. These were melancholy prospects for the future of our darling Yvonne. Day and night the most painful thoughts forced themselves upon our minds and distressed us beyond measure.

When the child was fifteen months old we resolved, after consulting other surgical authorities, to have her operated upon. My esteemed friend, Dr. Boiffin, of Nantes, performed the operation with the utmost skill. The little patient was, of course, put under the influence of chloroform; and we watched with breathless suspense the operation, which consisted in cutting the two Achilles tendons, to endeavor to straighten the feet. An apparatus had to be applied to each leg and foot; the knees were naturally affected by the deviation of the feet: the little creature's limbs could turn about like those of a puppet. Alas! the apparatus produced no improvement: on the contrary, the fatigue caused by it made the limbs dwindle away.

To overcome this alarming thinness, I took the child to Dr. Saquet, of Nantes, who practised scientific *massage* upon the muscles of the legs and feet. The result was hardly perceptible. Two wooden soles, with an iron rod running on the outside, were used to support the limbs and to straighten, if possible, the feet. But in spite of all these contrivances, though held by each hand, the little one could not stand for more than a few minutes at a time, much less could she make *one step alone:* her lower members were lifeless.

Such was her condition when I took her to the Bureau des Constatations at Lourdes, where I arrived June 24, of the present year, accompanied by my wife, my two other children, and my father-in-law—M. Desgeline, ex-president of the Chamber of Commerce at Nantes. After having had recourse to all human means, without the slightest improvement, we determined to

undertake the journey to the world-renowned sanctuary in the Pyrenees, and implore Our Lady of Lourdes to grant a cure which medical science was unable to effect.

With what lively faith and deep emotion we knelt before the Grotto on the day of our arrival, and with prayers and tears earnestly besought a miracle! On the next day the little cripple took her first bath in the piscina, after assisting at eight o'clock Mass, when my wife, my father-in-law, and myself received Holy Communion. Oh, that Mass in the crypt!—with what piety we assisted at it, and how fervently we prayed, moved to our inmost souls while imploring so signal a favor, and surrounded by that heavenly atmosphere where one feels raised above poor humanity! The Divine Sacrifice ended, we renewed our petition at the Grotto; then my wife, and the child carried by her nurse, went directly to the piscina, I remaining in prayer at the Grotto.

On the first immersion Yvonne struggled and cried much. The same evening she got a second bath; as yet there was no visible improvement. Dr. Boissarie saw the little one making most pathetic attempts at walking, her mother and the nurse holding her by each hand; her legs were literally like cotton and constantly gave way. On the morning of the 26th, after Mass, the child was again plunged into the piscina; and at once, on coming out of it, began to walk *alone* for the first time in her life; moving stoutly enough, like a child making its first steps, in fair equilibrium. The instantaneousness of the fact makes it particularly interesting. We were speechless with emotion, and had no hesitation in recognizing that our prayer was granted, our most sanguine hopes realized. On that day Dr. Boissarie saw the child walk alone several times.

On the 27th, after Mass, Yvonne was again bathed, and afterward taken to the Bureau des Constatations. Dr. Boissarie removed the iron rods, leaving only the wooden soles that served as ordinary shoes. The little girl walked still better; the knees and ankles had recovered their natural position and movements.

To sum up the facts. Here is a child afflicted with two club-feet, considerable emaciation of the members from the hips downward, relaxed articulations of the knees, having been subjected to an operation with a negative result, besides the *massages*, who suddenly recovers strength enough to walk steadily without help, not having much passed the age at which children usually begin to walk. All this happened instantaneously after the third bath in the piscina. According to the opinions of all physicians consulted, the child could not have been expected to walk for several years to come. The point I wish especially to emphasize is that Yvonne is not yet two years old, and the sudden recovery of the power of walking can not be explained scientifically. All effort of the will is out of the question; suggestion is impossible; faith, imagination—every agent so frequently put forward to explain miracles is absent here. A child of that age can not be hypnotized. All we can do is to recognize frankly the evident facts, though unable to explain them humanly; and to proclaim the great power and goodness of Our Lady of Lourdes and the magnificence of the graces obtained through her intercession.

In describing the cure of my little girl, so near to my heart, I mean to express my eternal gratitude to our Blessed Mother.

[Signed] DR. AUMAITRE.

To condemn him who does not deserve it, even in the mind—even by a passing thought,—is to break the great law which has established the union of souls here below, and to which Christ has given the sweet name of *charity*.—*Emile Souvestre.*

Notes and Remarks.

Prof. Goldwin Smith has been confiding to the Canadian press his views on the Manitoba school question and its hypothetical settlement. Incidentally, he appreciates the Catholic point of view in this matter of education. He says: "The thoroughly devout Catholic, no mere safeguards or hours reserved for doctrinal teaching will entirely satisfy. He wants the Catholic atmosphere, the Catholic surroundings. He wants the child's whole character moulded upon the Catholic model." The learned Professor is quite correct, as he also is in the sentence immediately following the foregoing:—"Nor is it very easy to see how you are justified in compelling him to send his child to your school, as you must do when you take from him, by the school-tax, the means of sending his child to a school of his own."

It is not a particle easier to see the justice of this course of action in our own country than in Canada; and the following attempt of Prof. Smith's to justify such action on grounds of "public policy" must prove as futile here as there:

> Our public school system, overriding paternal right and conscience, rests on considerations of public policy superior to natural justice. To bring it into exact harmony with natural justice is as impossible as to square the circle. In legislating to satisfy the requirements of public policy, you must get as near to natural justice as you can, and put up with the divergence that remains.

We hear frequent warnings against the pride of knowledge, but why doesn't somebody raise his voice against the pride of ignorance? A "preacher" or a newspaper scribe who should gravely announce that the world is flat would be considered a candidate for the lunatic asylum; but the pulpit and press of the United States are eternally offending our ears and taxing our patience by allusions to the "intolerance" of Catholics, the hide-bound narrowness of dogma, and the persecuting and anathematizing spirit of the Church. It is to no purpose that theologians explain that our duty is to hate heresy, not heretics; that intolerance of error is one thing, and intolerance of persons in error quite another. It is useless to refer to Ireland—that country that has been most persecuted for the faith,—and to say that, although Ireland is the most Catholic country in the world, no Protestant has ever suffered annoyance by reason of his faith. As the eminent non-Catholic, Mr. Mallock, writes in one of his books. "There is probably no point about which the general world is so misinformed and ignorant as the sober but boundless charity of what it calls the Anathematizing Church. It is the simple statement of a fact. Never was there a religious body except the Roman that laid the intense stress she does on all her dogmatic teachings, and yet had the justice that comes of sympathy for those that can not receive them. She condemns no goodness; she condemns even no earnest worship, though it be outside her pale. The holy and humble men of heart who do not know her, or who in good faith reject her, she commits with confidence to God's uncovenanted mercies; and these she knows are infinite."

What purports to be a copy of a letter found in the holy sepulchre of Our Lord at Jerusalem was recently brought to the notice of Bishop Cameron, of Antigonish, N. S. The "prayer" cost ten cents, was said to be a source of marvellous benefits to those who had it about them, and—significant fact—woe would assuredly come to all disbelievers in its efficacy. Bishop Cameron has exposed himself to the risk of being subjected to this woe; for he denounces the "letter" and its exploiters most vigorously. "The man who got the thing printed and put a price on its supposed sacredness ought to be in the penitentiary. As for the wretched, fraudulent thing itself, we say again, '*Burn it!*'"

Even the Turk is entitled to justice; and the oft-repeated testimony of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, painter and novelist, ought to be heard at least. Mr. Smith has spent many years in Turkey. He is even now fresh from the scene of massacre; and he has declared with reiterated earnestness that the sorrows of Armenia are the inevitable consequence of the teaching of Protestant "missionaries,"

who plant "the seeds of rebellion in the minds of children" attending their schools. We hold no brief for the Turk — we are unutterably shocked by his wanton cruelty and brutality; but we know, from their conduct in countries nearer home, that most of the sectarian "missionaries" are less apt to "convert" the natives than to subvert local peace and order. Mr. Smith is a good Protestant, with no abnormal affection for the Turk; hence the force of his testimony against the preachers. Hence, too, the force of this tribute to the Catholic missionaries of America. We find Mr. Smith's words quoted in the *Pilot:*

In contrast to the conduct and teachings of the American missionaries is that of the Catholics. The latter have made 62,000 converts, and not one of their missions or schools has ever turned out the kind of man who, in the name of liberty, would bait a Turk into butchering women and children. Such things are not taught by the Catholic missionaries, who are mostly Italian and French. They teach the love of God and country, and as a consequence are a blessing to the land that has not only sheltered but welcomed them.

"Keep to your *casinos* while drinking, and never move among civilians in a semi-tipsy condition. Avoid rows; but if you are forced to use your weapons, do it thoroughly." As the advice of some fire-eating officer of the old school of military life, this would perhaps be intelligible; as the deliberate counsel of Kaiser William to a staff of officers who, as it is, are none too careful of civilians' rights, the words can be characterized as nothing else than superlatively rash. The youthful German ruler is occasionally erratic, and would do well to hold himself in hand when he notices the fit coming on.

The world has always been partial to biographical literature, even when the subject of the biography has not been especially pre-eminent in letters or science or art. Heretofore, however, there have existed well-recognized limits to the life-story of any individual whom the biographers have undertaken to present to a world more or less interested in the hero's history. Even Boswell, undoubtedly the most outspoken of the fraternity, observed some reticence in his exhaustive portrayal of Dr. Johnson. Now it would seem that a new departure has been taken. A French specialist in mental diseases has just published a volume of three hundred pages, dealing with the physical and mental conditions of — Zola! The work is spoken of as a naturalistic biography; and it must be a singularly disgusting contribution to even end-of-the-century literature, if there be any truth in this extract from the New York *Sun:*

There is a poetic justice in the selection of the chief of the naturalists as the first victim of this new form of biography. His most outspoken descriptions in "Pot Bouille" or "La Terre" are less explicit than his physician's professional account of the novelist's body and mind. Calling in a dozen specialists to help him, Dr. Toulouse examined M. Zola thoroughly from head to foot; his tissues were analyzed chemically; he was subjected to an inquisition into his habits, his illnesses, and antecedents, more minute than that of a life-insurance company.

Verily, the vagaries of scientists are incomprehensible. Zola was more than sufficiently known to mankind — since a man writes himself—before Dr. Toulouse undertook him; and the knowledge was unsavory, too.

It seldom happens that an archbishop lives to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration, but this rare experience has befallen twice within a few years. The venerable Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, was the only American prelate to enjoy this distinction; and our Australian exchanges come to us this week with accounts of the episcopal Golden Jubilee of the Most Rev. Daniel Murphy, Archbishop of Hobart. The venerable jubilarian was born on the day when the battle of Waterloo was fought; and, after a careful education, offered his priestly life to the Church in the southern hemisphere. At the age of thirty—when he had barely attained the canonical age—he was consecrated bishop, and the years since then have been full of hard and fruitful labor. His people were poor, as may be judged from the fact—rather humorously announced by the Archbishop on the day of his Jubilee — that the corner-stone of his cathedral had been laid seven times and the work as often discontinued. Dr. Murphy's prompt mother-wit, the birthright of his race, has often stood him in good stead in his contests with

keen Oriental sophists. It is said that the powerful Prince Nizam, the chief of the Parsees, liked to visit the prelate and set up a friendly dispute. One day he attacked the Bishop with his favorite argument for Pantheism: "Can you subsist without God?" Dr. Murphy promptly replied in the negative. "Therefore," added the Parsee, "you are part of God." With astonishing quickness, the Bishop rejoined: "Can you subsist without air?" Nizam said he could not. "Then," remarked Dr. Murphy, "you must be part and parcel of the atmosphere that surrounds you?" Nizam clapped his hands, and often told his friends afterward how he was worsted by the Bishop.

Notable New Books.

ESSAYS PHILOSOPHICAL. By Brother Azarias. D. H. McBride & Co.

The second volume of the *Reliquiæ* of Brother Azarias appeals to a more limited circle of readers than the first. Formal philosophy frightens many people even when, as in the case of these essays, it is specially prepared for the popular mind. But it is to be hoped that, despite the vulgar preference for what is called light literature, there is still a large number of serious readers eager to profit by the work of this Christian scholar. One who was a much better poet than philosopher sang that "the proper study of mankind is man"; and the learned and pious Bishop Keane, who writes a valuable introduction to this volume, expresses the same thought more convincingly: "Philosophy and religion have the same object: the universality of things; man the central fact of all; God the origin and end of all; the right relations between man and God and all."

The essay which begins this volume—"Aristotle and the Christian Church"—is the most widely known and perhaps the most valuable product of the author's pen. Setting out with a statement of the attitude of the Church toward philosophy, Brother Azarias follows the stream of Aristotelian thought from its source through its tributaries, its eddies—even its temporary stagnations—in the East and the West. The wide reading and comprehensive view required for this is itself amazing. Then he exerts his remarkable power of analysis to set forth the limitations of the Stagirite, whose philosophy crept into Christian apologetics because it was the accepted philosophy of the world; and, as the author truly says, "the Church speaks to each age the language that each age best understands." The relations of the Schoolmen to Aristotle are carefully sifted, and the study concludes with a eulogy of St. Thomas.

We have given a running analysis of this essay partly because of its intrinsic excellence, but especially because it is likely to do a much needed work in helping stray philosophasters back into "the way in which they should go." We regret that we have left ourselves no space to consider the other four essays which make up this interesting and valuable book.

NOTES ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. By the Rt. Rev. Edward Bagshawe, D. D. Benziger Bros., and Kegan Paul & Co.

This volume is composed of the notes compiled by the learned Bishop of Nottingham during a course of lectures to col ege students. It may be described as the maximum of theologic thought in the minimum of expression. It is not a large book, but it contains almost a complete statement of moral theology in the most concise form. Bishop Bagshawe has accomplished a task of no small difficulty, as any one who has tried to "boil down" theology without sacrificing correctness of expression will readily understand. We know of no work which will prove more helpful to those who are fitted to use it; but, in our opinion, all catechists are not so fitted. Priests and such laymen as have made a course of theology, and who need only "notes"—suggestions which they may amplify, explain and illustrate in the class-room,—will find a treasure in this book.

The work is divided into four parts; the first dealing with the general truths of faith, such as Creation, the Incarnation, the Trinity, etc. Part II. treats of grace and prayer. Part III. is devoted to the Ten Commandments and the Precepts of the Church; and

Part IV. is a practical treatise on the Sacraments in general and in particular. These headings, however, give only an inadequate impression of the volume, which contains all that the faithful need know about the teachings of the Church. The book is beautifully printed, from large, clear type, on good paper.

TAQUISARA. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co.

So great is the difference in the two volumes which make up Marion Crawford's latest novel that they seem like entirely distinct works, which must be looked upon as a defect in the artistic structure of the story. The first part is full of action: indeed the movements toward the climax are almost breathless in their swiftness. Passion, dishonesty, suicide, attempted murder, on one hand; innocence and almost impossible ignorance in worldly matters on the other, are the animating motives of a story of unflagging interest. There is a hint of love in the introduction of Gianluca, a mild sort of hero, for whom a noble Sicilian, Taquisara—a hero indeed,—conceives a beautiful friendship; and while we question the moral effect of dwelling on such characters as Mathilde Macomer and Bosio, they present wonderful possibilities to a writer like Marion Crawford.

Part second leads up by rather slow movements to another climax, which but discovers new complexities. The dialogue in this volume is as long drawn out as is Gianluca's illness; and the accident at fencing is not a surprise, after having been warned twice of the pointed foil. Don Teodoro is a delightful type; and, somehow, he makes us think of the Curé d'Ars or the Abbé Constantin, until we learn of his moral cowardice,—a trait which dominated him from his youth, and yet which could not be suspected from his long life of service for others. After the *denouement* he is no longer real to us—he is one of Mr. Crawford's creations.

Perhaps we should not look for theological correctness in novels, yet it is surprising to find a Catholic who places the binding power of the Sacrament of Matrimony in the priest's blessing. The lovers in Manzoni's "Betrothed" could have given a lesson in theology to either Taquisara or Don Teodoro. The actions following the priest's confession are barely possible but not at all probable.

As a whole, the novel is strong and full of local color; it suggests the atmosphere of Italy—the United Italy of to-day,—which the author makes clear is not the *régime* after his own heart. "Taquisara" will doubtless take its place beside Crawford's best-known works—namely, his stories of Italian life; and its chief claim to lasting recognition lies not so much in the love tale it unfolds as in the story of a strong and tender friendship—"a love surpassing woman's,"—which is lavished upon Gianluca by Taquisara.

ROME AND ENGLAND; OR, ECCLESIASTICAL CONTINUITY. By the Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A. Burns & Oates.

We have noticed with much interest and amusement that the most doughty champions of orthodoxy in England during the past few years have been men with a long personal knowledge of the Anglican "system." It may be only one phase of the proverbial zeal of converts, but we have observed that Father Rivington and others, who, like him, spent many years in the Anglican ministry, are conspicuous for their zeal in proclaiming that ministry "a figment based upon a fiction." The author himself summarizes the present work in the following syllogism:

(1) There can be no real continuity between two religious bodies, one of which has persistently held that the government of the Church was committed by Our Lord to St. Peter and his successors, whilst the other maintains that "the Church of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm." (2) The Church of England, as now by law established, maintains the latter position, and has maintained it since the middle of the sixteenth century; *whereas the Church of England, from the days of St. Augustine of Canterbury onward, held that the government of the Church lay with the Bishops of Rome as successors of St. Peter by divine appointment.* (3) Therefore the Church of England, as now by law established, is not continuous or identical with the *Ecclesia Anglicana*, or Church of England founded by St. Augustine or St. Gregory the Great. *That* Church of England must be looked for elsewhere; it will be found only where the doctrine is held that St. Peter and his successors, the Bishops of Rome, are regarded as the rulers of the Universal Church.

This work is devoted almost exclusively to proving the words of the minor premiss,

which we have printed in italics. There is absolutely no room for quibbling about any other point embodied in the syllogism. We have always admired Father Rivington's method of controversy, and only say that his latest work must be ranked among his best. Unlike most documents in the Anglican discussion, this book will be of interest to the whole world, as touching on a vital point of Catholic teaching.

LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH. By Josephine Marié. Catholic Library Association.

This beautiful little book, clothed in white and lavender, is a loving tribute to the dead, and a source of comfort to those who mourn a dear one lost. It deals with matters doctrinal first; and, while giving the teaching of the Church regarding death, in the chapter entitled "He hath enlarged the gates of death and hung lamps over them," it has words of comfort for those whose loved ones have passed through the dark portals. The help we can render them, the communion earth holds with heaven, and the power of prayer, are among the consoling thoughts dwelt upon. The key to the title of the book is found in chapter vii, wherein the author touches upon the truth we hope some day to see verified—namely, that the union of souls in heaven is the eternal consummation of their love on earth.

THE SCIENCE OF SPIRITUAL LIFE. By James Clare, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

This valuable addition to religious literature is based upon the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, which may well be considered an unfailing guide to perfection. Father Clare has given us the words of that great master of the religious life, and to them has added explanations and commentaries which must make them doubly practical to all Christians who seek their aid.

The points for meditation and the accompanying reflections render this work especially suitable for annual retreats, missions, etc., when the mind and heart are given entirely to the contemplation of eternal truths. We commend the book to religious and to those who are in the world and yet not of the world.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Joseph Halter and the Rev. John L. Steffan, of the Congregation of the Resurrection; the Rev. John Hannan, of the Diocese of Cleveland; the Rev. James Rogan, Philadelphia, Pa.; the Rev. Mark S. Gross, St. Paul's Church, Washington, D. C.; the Rev. George Beranek, C. SS. R., Baltimore, Md.; the Rev. William O'Callaghan, Tralee, Co. Kerry, Ireland; and the Rev. Francis McCourt, Connellsville, Pa., who lately departed this life.

Sister M. Regina, of the Sisters of the Incarnate Word; Sister Agnes, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister Mary Damian, of the Sisters of Charity of the B. V. M., who were called to the reward of their selfless lives last month.

Mr. John J. Sugrue, whose happy death took place on the 11th ult., at New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Marie E. Davis, of Baltimore, Md., who died a precious death on the 11th ult.

Mr. Joseph Henley, who passed to his reward on the 26th ult., at New Rochelle, N. Y.

Mr. James Martin, of Albany, N. Y. who breathed his last on the 6th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Catherine Mulhare, whose life closed peacefully on the 28th ult., at Antioch, Cal.

Mr. Thomas J. Eustace, of New York, who piously yielded his soul to God on the 3d inst.

Mrs. Eliza Ballentine, who died suddenly on the 22d ult., in Baltimore, Md.

Miss Mary Bloeker, of Austin, Texas, who went to receive the reward of a fervent Christian life on the 26th ult.

Mr. Henry B. Wood, of Woodland, Cal.; Henry J. Gallagher, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Joseph Croy and Miss Agnes Cloherty, Newport, Ky.; Mr. Peter Lynn, Meriden, Conn.; Mr. William Flanagan and Mr. William Flemming, Philadelphia, Pa.; Marcellus Eams, Walla Walla, Wash.; Mr. Dennis Smith and Mr. James Maginn, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. M. J. Howley, Honesdale, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Drady, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. Flora Parker, Santa Clara, Cal.; Mr. Charles McCarron, Co. Donegal, Ireland; Mrs. Mary Scheringer, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. John W. Shields, Mr. Patrick Lynch, Miss Eliza Claffey, and Mrs. Katherine Connors, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Caroline Condry, Hyattsville, Md.; Mr. James McCann, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Elizabeth Devine, South Boston, Mass.; Mr. Francis J. McHugh, Lafayette, Ind.; Mrs. Thomas Wheeler, Atwater, Minn.; and Miss Ellen McCarthy.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

How the Daisies Came.—A Legend.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

LONG, long ago, when all the world
Lay wrapped in winter's mantle white,
The Spirit of the woods unfurled
Her magic wand and brought to sight
A myriad dainty sprites. Said she:
"Choose what your lot in life shall be."

Then spoke the rose in accents low:
"I wish to be a flower so fair
That all the world my form shall know;
And e'en the gentle summer air
Shall woo me, love me, think of me
As queen; and dews shall drink of me."

Next spoke a fragile little sprite—
A modest lily sweet and fair,
Whose tiny bells were spotless white,
Ringing a chime as if to prayer.
Shyly her dainty head she hung:
"I must be pure all flowers among."

A haughty hollyhock then raised
His voice. "I want to grow up tall
And straight and proud; my beauty praised
In accents loud by one and all;
Not loved, but praised, admired I'd be,—
That's all I want in life," said he.

Syringa flung her petals wide.
"I'll blossom snowy white," she said;
"I am the flower for a bride
To wreathe about her radiant head."
Then dandelion wished that he
Gay as the sun itself could be.

The water-lily breathed a sigh
Of languor as she said: "I ask
Upon the cool wave's breast to lie."
The sunny clover wished to bask
In sunshine; on June's balmy air
To scatter sweetness everywhere.

Then rose a winsome little maid,
With golden curls and merry smiles.
"I want to grow," she brightly said,
"Down by the road, where oftenwhiles
Children will stop and look at me,
And pull me if they like, you see.

"I want to be so bright and gay
That all who pause to see me there,
Sturdily growing day by day,
Without a thought of grief or care,
May feel quite bright and cheery, too,
Beneath the summer sky of blue."

The Spirit raised her head and smiled;
In accents sweet, she gently spoke
Caressingly unto the child;
It seemed as if her tones awoke
The echoes of the woodlands dim,
As of some far-off vesper hymn.

"Dear little sunny head, I give
To you your fervent wish," said she;
"In whatsoever land you live
Or make your home, you still shall be
A common wayside flower, to cheer
The paths of all who wander near."

She placed upon the golden hair
A coronet of petals white,—
Than Guinevere's a crown more fair,
Crowning the winsome little wight.
Thus, when the flowers had their birth,
The cheery daisies came to earth.

The Childhood of St. Philip Neri.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

IN the sixteenth century the Church was exposed to very severe trials. At its beginning Martin Luther, the so-called reformer, raised the standard of revolt against the Pope, Christ's Vicar upon earth; and, alas! many Catholics joined his ranks. But if the rise of Protestantism was a great grief to the Church, that holy mother was not without compensating consolations. Some of her greatest saints were born about the period of the Reformation, and the works which they accomplished for the evangelization and sanctification of the world were wonderful.

In 1515 one of these saints, celebrated throughout the world for the last three hundred years, first saw the light of day in a charming city of Italy,—a city so pleasantly situated and so replete with natural and architectural graces that it has been called "Florence the Beautiful." If ever my young friends have the good fortune to enjoy a journey beyond the ocean, they will assuredly agree with the writer that St. Philip's natal city well deserves its surname.

Those who have read anything about St. Philip's character as a man will not be surprised to learn that he was in his early years an extremely lovable child. Even in his fifth year he practised the virtues of piety and obedience with a perfection that was noteworthy; and doubtless his parents foresaw that he was to be a good man; although they did not probably imagine that he would become the most famous of their family, and that his name would be a household word all over the earth.

Little Philip's education was entrusted to a skilful tutor, who was at the same time an exemplary Christian. This was a most excellent advantage for the boy; for the most important part of education is not the acquisition of abundant stores of literary and scientific knowledge, but rather the imbibing of right principles of morality and virtue.

We are told that Philip made rapid progress in his studies, and that he did so was owing to two reasons. In the first place, God had given him talent; and in the second place, he was attentive and industrious. Some of our young folks whose teachers have reason to complain of their slowness in acquiring knowledge may attribute their backwardness to a lack of talent; but in all probability it is not so much the ability to learn that is wanting as it is the will to be diligent and studious. Ordinary talents with steady industry always lead to excellent results in school or college, especially when accompanied with prayer.

Philip was very loath to become guilty of the smallest fault. One day he and his sister Elizabeth were reading together the Psalms of David—as used to be the custom in Catholic families much more in old times than it is nowadays,—when a younger sister sat down near them and tried to distract them. Philip pushed her away, with no intention of hurting her; and received from his father a rebuke for doing so. The poor boy thought he had committed a great sin, and such was his sorrow that he burst out crying.

In general, however, his dealings with his sisters was the reverse of unkind. He made allowance for faults that came from thoughtlessness rather than malice, did not take every little word or action in bad part, did not sulk and pout when they offended him, and did not hesitate when he happened to displease them to beg their pardon and "make it up." In fact, he showed his sisters all the affection that it is so pleasant to see between the boys and girls of the same household.

Like most other boys, our Saint in his

youthful days had a nickname by which he was habitually called. And what do you suppose the name was? Simply, "good Philip." He well deserved it, too; for he was attentive and respectful to his elders, and so amiable with companions of his own age that his playmates didn't think it possible for "good Philip" to be cross even if he tried.

That Divine Providence took especial care of the future Saint may be seen from an incident that occurred when Philip was eight years old. While he was one day playing in his father's yard a strange donkey wandered through the gateway. Philip immediately got up on its back to have a ride; but in trying to turn the animal around he backed the donkey too close to the cellar stairway, and down they fell to the bottom, Philip underneath. A servant who saw the accident uttered a cry of alarm, and hastened to rescue the boy, expecting to find him with his limbs, if not his neck, broken by the fall. Much to her astonishment, he was not hurt or even bruised "the least little bit."

While still a mere child Philip became noted for the virtue which signalized his after-life—devotion to prayer. He prayed to God in all his needs and troubles, quite as a matter of course,—as though it were (as indeed it is) the most natural thing in the world to ask His aid whenever we need it. Whenever he had difficulty in understanding his lessons, he asked God to enlighten him; and found that the hard things became easy and the obscure ones clear. If he was in danger, if he lost anything, if he wished for anything, his first impulse was to pray. There can be no question that most of our young folks ought to give more time, and especially more attention, to their prayers than they do. I advise them to cultivate St. Philip's confidence in the power of prayer,—to turn to our Father in heaven for help and assistance just as often as they need aid of any kind, whether spiritual or temporal.

The Dane's Vengeance.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

A few summers ago I had a family of neighbors called Sparro, who lived in an alley behind my house. The father of the family—Mr. Passer Domesticus Sparro—was a good fellow, but he talked too much. He could say more and do less than any one I ever knew except myself. I never learned where he picked up that imposing "forgiven name," as our colored washerwoman called it.

He had been raised—or, rather, he had grown up like a weed in a neglected lot—on the streets of Chicago, and he came over here to Indiana in a grain-car like a tramp. That, of course, was no crime. I have known some very good folk, in mirrors and out of mirrors, who never will be rich.

Mr. P. D. Sparro married Jennie Brownrig, in our parish. Jennie used to sing in the church choir on weekdays. They would not allow her to sing on Sundays; so she would go in by a broken window, hoyden that she was, and sit on the choir-rail and sing to her heart's content on every weekday. I never admired her voice. There was plenty of it, but it was short as a donkey's trot, so far as extent of register is concerned.

P. D. fell in love with her eyes at first. They were snappy, and as black and bright as choke-cherries in the rain. He liked her best in a brown gown she much affected—brown set off her complexion best,—but, I must confess, these gowns were not so free from dust at times as became the raiment of a young lady. Once I noticed the train all frayed; but P. D. was satisfied.

She was always meek and sweet when he was in her presence; but if he had consulted me I could have told him a fact

or two about temper; and as for foolhardiness and tomboyism—why, I have seen Jennie jump from a third-story window and catch the lightning-rod on our house; then drop four feet at a time and catch it again, and go down to the ground in that way. Do you think a person like that was fit to be the mother of a family?—but this is downright gossip, and I never belonged to a sanctuary society in my life.

"And, then," P. D. and Jennie were married. It was a quiet affair in the early morning. They were not fashionable folk, this pair. If they were, they would have been married at noon, and *high* noon too, not at your ordinary plebeian noon.

P. D. was a handy fellow, and he did not much admire building-associations and contractors. He erected his own house, and Jennie superintended the work. No member of the American Association of Architects could have done better. It was not a very beautiful house, but it was cosy, even if there was not much room in it for a grand piano.

When they were selecting the wall-paper they had their first quarrel. P. D. came in one warm spring day, hot and puffing under a load of old newspaper, which he flung down on the floor.

"There, Jen," he exclaimed, "is jes the boss wall-coverin'!"—I regret to say that P. D. did not use the best language; but you must remember that he grew up on the streets of a city.

Jennie looked at him.

"Well, not on your life, old man!" she ejaculated, not without marked indignation, as Thomas Carlyle would say.

"W'y, w'at's troublin' yeh?" inquired P. D., sulkily. "Do yeh want to call in a watchmaker and have this here hotel gol'-plated?" he continued, sarcastically

She said loftily:

"Passer Domesticus, don't get gay?"—I must not give the entire conversation, because you would not understand the dialect.

P. D. was obliged to remove the newspaper, and Jennie herself decorated the walls with an original design in hangings made of express-package twine which she got at a "bargain counter." This counter, by the way, happened to be kept on a sidewalk while a milliner-shop was undergoing repairs; and the twine was a cheap remnant,—I think she got it for nothing.

After the house was finished I was obliged to go away from home for some time; and the day after my return, as I was passing Mrs. Sparro's house, I heard a youngster calling: "Hello, Mister!"

I looked up, and there was a baby Sparro. I knew him at once from his resemblance to his parents. He was chubby as a young rabbit, and he held his head sidewise, like a bird, as he talked. That afternoon he came up to my house, and I gave him a piece of bread and molasses. We became cemented friends.

The education of Dick Sparro (for such was his name, as the Duchess says in her novels) was not careful except in boxing. He could "do" anything of his own weight in the alley; and this assertion has the merit of accuracy, because he has tried everyone who would fight with him.

There was an old widow lady—Mrs. Maus,—the next-door neighbor of the Sparros, and Dick bothered her continually. I do not think Mrs. Maus was a German, despite her name. If she were of German blood, her family had been in America a long time. Perhaps they did come over in the same ship with the Hessians during the Revolution, but I could never find out the real history of her race.

When she would go out in the early morning to get a little meat or some oatmeal for her breakfast, down would rush Dick, shouting: "Mrs. Maus, Mrs. Maus, deh Pirate's comin'!" And the poor old lady would be scared half crazy. She would rush back into her house, and shake with nervous prostration for an

hour. She wore an odd brown dress too,—about the color Mrs. Sparro affected, but it had a long train.

The Pirate was the rough character in the Sparros' alley. He certainly was a depraved rascal. Winter and summer he wore the same old yellow fur coat, and the tail of it was short. He had fierce, white mustaches like a French burglar, and these stood out as stiff as if they had been waxed. There was a scar over his left eye that made his face very sinister. The boys called him "Tom Kat, the Pirate"; but no one knew much about him. He used to live on a canal-boat; and this nautical fact, together with his universal wickedness, gave him the nickname, the Pirate. I myself could testify in any court of justice that the fellow was a confirmed chicken-thief. He had no home: he seemed to lie about anywhere. The only thing I ever heard in his favor was that he did not drink whiskey; but I suspect the reason for this was that he had no money.

During the time of which we speak a Danish friend of mine was staying at my house. Mr. Hans Andersen, like most Norsemen, was a giant, good-natured and handsome. I do not remember when I saw a man who had teeth so white as his teeth were. He was a quiet individual, but he seemed to have a special dislike for the Pirate. Sometimes the Pirate, who was vain of his voice for no reason that I could discover, would climb up on our fence at night and sing a serenade to the moon. "*Guarda che bianca luna*," I think he called the production. This song used to enrage the Dane. One night Mr. Andersen rushed down through the garden, without a hat on his head; and if the Pirate had not jumped from the fence in a most undignified manner, and shot out of the alley between the legs of the policeman who patrols our block, startling that peaceful man almost into apoplexy, there would have surely been a dead Pirate for the coroner to sit upon the next day

Well, one Monday morning in July, when the sun was lately up, mopping the dew from our front yard, Mrs. Maus started out to get her oatmeal.

"I do trust," she said, "that nasty Pirate is not abroad this blessed mornin'." Then she lifted her absurdly long train so that it would not get wet by the dew, and she started down the alley.

Dick had just left his bed, and he sat at the door whistling. He saw Mrs. Maus, and the young villain grinned.

"Jes watch me give the ole lady a duck-fit!" he said to himself. He jumped down behind her and shouted, "O Mrs. Maus, deh Pirate! deh Pirate!"

This time, sure enough, there was the Pirate, but Dick did not see him. He was crouching just within our garden-gate, which the milkman had left open. I might remark also that Mr. Andersen from my back porch had also seen the Pirate. Andersen crept down the garden path quietly. I was at a window in the upper part of the house, and I could see the alley and all the characters in this tragedy.

"Mrs. Maus, deh Pirate!" yelled Dick.

The Pirate crouched.

"Oh, for Heaven's sakes alive, where?" cried poor Mrs. Maus.

"Behin' yeh!" shouted Dick.

The Pirate gave one spring—there was a squeak and a scream. The little sparrow was under one paw and the poor old mouse was under the other; and Mrs. Sparro and her husband were flying about in the air over the murderer's head, crying pitiably.

Then at the gate loomed up the giant frame of the great Dane (my dog—Mr. Andersen); there was a thunderous roar, a broad leap, the mighty jaws snapped on the Pirate's neck like the crash of a shutting wolf-trap. Dick Sparro fluttered up to his nest; Mrs. Maus tumbled into her hole under the barn; and the Pirate—who was a cat—gave one kick and never

said another word. Then the dog shook the dead rascal, flung him into the gutter, and walked up quietly to breakfast.

I went down to the gate, and I saw Dick sitting on the edge of the nest. His mother had cuffed him soundly with her wing for the fright he had given the family, but he did not mind that.

"Gee!" he said to me. "Yeh ought teh see how scared Mrs. Maus was when deh Pirate grabbed her. *I* wasn't scared a bit."

Little Things.

Mr. Longfellow in one of his poems tells a beautiful story of Charles, the great Emperor of Austria and Spain. Before a beleaguered Flemish city the Emperor had pitched his tent, and so long had the siege held out that a bird had built her nest at the top of the royal pavilion. The courtiers were indignant at such a desecration of the splendid velvet tent, embroidered with gold and studded with costly jewels. But the haughty Emperor stayed the rude hand that would have destroyed the little home.

"'Let no hand the bird molest,'
Said he solemnly, 'nor hurt her.'
Adding then, by way of jest:
'Golondrina is my guest,—
'Tis the wife of some deserter.'"

So they left the tent standing; and until the cruel siege was over—

"So it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone
Which the cannon-shot had shattered."

It is a kindly act to remember of that stern Emperor, whom men feared rather than loved, and from whom they expected rigorous justice rather than tender thoughtfulness. Some one says we are all

"Building nests in Fame's great temple,
As in spouts the swallows build."

And it is just such gracious acts as these that one would like to have remembered after death.

Those who knew Father Ryan, the poet, say that, absorbed as he always was in some new enterprise, he never forgot the little courtesies of life. Once, when preaching to a large audience, a tiny child went toddling down the aisle, and before he could be stopped pulled at Father Ryan's robe. Stooping, the kindly priest raised the little fellow to his arms and continued his sermon, holding him, as some one said, "like Saint Anthony holding Our Lord." How much such an act must have impressed all who saw it!

There is a man who by those who know him is always spoken of as "grand," so noble is he in all the sterling qualities which go with those who

"—bear 'midst wrong and ruth
The grand old name of gentleman!"

He is at the head of a large Sunday-school, and it had been his habit to visit for a few moments each Sunday the classes of the very tiny children, saying a few words to each one; but one Sunday he was compelled to be absent. The following week he was in his place; and as he neared the small children he heard an excited rustle, saw little faces peering over the benches in eager expectancy, and heard a childish voice whisper: "There he is! There he is! Oh, I was *so* 'fraid he wouldn't come!" That grand man, whom prominent business men from all over the land welcome and look up to, told this simple anecdote with tears in his kind large eyes; and that child's speech he thought the greatest compliment he had ever received in his life.

"Only great souls," observes a French writer, "realize how much grandeur there is in being good"; and only Christlike souls realize the greatness of little things. Life is so made up of "trifles light as air"; and 'tis the little, simple, kindly deeds, the daily thoughtfulness for others, which make the rough places smooth.

"Little things
On little wings
Bear little souls to heaven."

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Rev. C. v. Welden, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., has translated from the French a very practical treatise on "Choosing a Vocation." It is intended as a guide to young people who, though desirous of doing the will of God in a general way, have no thought of the vocation which He intends for them.

—"Leo XIII. and the Reunion of Christendom," an address by Cardinal Vaughan; a sketch of Mother Margaret Hallahan, by Lady Amabel Kerr; and "Shrines of Our Lady," a lecture for use with the magic-lantern, are among recent publications of the English Catholic Truth Society. It is gratifying to think of all the good that is being effected by this admirable organization. If there were only some way of seconding its efforts in the United States!

—The *Catholic Universe* has received well-merited praise for its efforts towards the reformation of the public library of Cleveland. The department labelled "Catholic Books" —as is often the case—lacked many works most highly valued by the faithful; and the obliging librarian sought to supply the deficiency, it would seem, by filling the Catholic shelves with A. P. A. literature. All this is changed now, thanks to the *Universe*, which is one of the few—a dozen or so, perhaps—religious papers that are doing real service to the Church in the United States. We congratulate our valuable contemporary and wish it many more years of prosperous and useful life.

—The Catholic Truth Society has issued a capital leaflet for distribution among thinking Protestants. It deals with seven objections to the Church, which are shown to be groundless in the fewest possible words. Nothing could be better suited for circulation in places infested with anti-Catholic lecturers than this letter, which concludes with this sensible advice: "Ascertain for yourselves what Catholics *really* hold from *Catholic* sources, and not from Protestant tracts or Protestant friends Why should these know more about Catholics than Catholics themselves? When I want to know what *you* hold, I go to *Protestant* books or people. It is not common sense to go to a man's opponent for a true account of his character. At least one should hear his friends *as well*. Thus a man of intelligence studies *both* sides, and becomes capable of judging."

—A new Irish poet who has earned gracious commendation from the critical press is Nora Hopper, author of "Under the Quicken Boughs." The London *News* calls this a remarkable book of verse, and adds: "It has all that such literature should have in liberal measure—fire, tenderness, descriptive felicity, and a sort of unforeseenness, which is the strongest note of real feeling."

—Readers of THE AVE MARIA, more perhaps than those of other Catholic periodicals, can fully appreciate this tribute which the *Pilot* pays to one of our valued contributors:

> Mrs. Mary E. Mannix has written and is writing over her own name and one or more pen-names some of the best poetry appearing in our Catholic periodicals . . . . She has produced a series of lyrics, and narative poems, original in thought, faultless in technique, which entitle her to lasting fame among our poets. She ought to collect these poems into a volume, so that her work may be judged in its beautiful entirety.

—A late issue of the New York *Evening Post* gives considerable editorial space to a vulgar sneer at Catholic fiction in general and certain recent very deserving books in particular. The writer makes a great show of ponderous humor. We will do this remarkable critic the justice to say that if he fails at being humorous, he succeeds amazingly in being ridiculous. He finds it tremendously funny, for instance, that there should be any Catholic fiction, and he breathes forth his æsthetic soul in sarcasm intended to wither these "tracts in the guise of a novel." It is hard to deal seriously with a humorist, but as we have done violence to our feelings by laboring through the *Evening Post's* humorous harangue, we feel that we have earned the right to make some suggestions. To the gentleman who writes about "Catholic Novelists" we say that Catholics like religion in their novels and magazines for the same reason that makes them like it in their

churches and in their schools. It *means something* to them, it is important; and it is for home consumption on week-days as well as Sundays. To the proprietors of the *Evening Post* we say that if they deem it proper to publish literary rubbish in the guise of criticism, it is their right to do so; but Catholic readers and advertisers who have learnt to love the people who write fiction that is religious as well as interesting, will find a way to show how little they appreciate the very extraordinary humor and criticism to which editorial prominence is given in the *Post*. To those Catholic parents who need the suggestion, we say that as they feel the necessity of Catholic schools for their children during the *most docile* period of their lives, they ought to feel equally the need of Catholic novels and magazines for these same children during the *most dangerous* period of their lives. Papers which sneer at religious reading ought to be kept out of the house, and the much despised "Catholic novel" admitted.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Science of Spiritual Life. *Rev. J. Clare, S.J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Essays Philosophical. *Brother Azarias.* McBride & Co. $1.50.

Love Stronger than Death. *Josephine Marie.* *Cath. Library Ass'n.* 50 cts.

Notes on Christian Doctrine. *Rt. Rev. Edward Bagshawe, D. D.* Kegan Paul & Co. $2.00.

Rome and England. *Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A.* Burns & Oates. $1.00.

Taquisara. *F. Marion Crawford.* Macmillan & Co. Two volumes. $2.00.

Ethelred Preston. *F. J. Finn, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 85 cts.

Children of Mary. *Rev. J. Spillmann, S. J.* B. Herder. 50 cts.

Catholic Ceremonies and the Liturgical Year. *Abbé Durand.* Benzigers. Cloth, 50 cts.; paper, 25 cts.

The Kingdom of God on Earth. *R. Belaney.* Thomas Baker. 30 cts

Pope Leo XIII. *Justin McCarthy.* Warne & Co. $1.25.

Manual of the Forty Hours' Devotion. Am. Ecc'l. Review Co. Flexible cloth. 20 cts.

A Key to Labor Problems. *Léon Harmel.* Catholic Truth Society. 10 cts.

"Quo Vadis." *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* Little, Brown & Co. $2.

The Vocation of Edward Conway. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Mr. Billy Buttons. *Walter Lecky.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Cochem's Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. *Preface by the Rt. Rev. C. P. Maes.* Benzigers. $1.25.

A Woman of Fortune. *Christian Reid.* Benziger Bros. $1.25.

A Striking Contrast. *Clara Mulholland.* M. H. Gill & Son $1.25.

New Faces and Old. *Rev. Francis Finn, S. J.* B. Herder. 60 cts.

On the Road to Rome, and How Two Brothers Got There. *William Richards.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts., *net.*

Ada Merton. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* B. Herder. 75 cts.

Essays Educational. *Brother Azarias.* McBride & Co. $1.50.

The Conspiracy of the A. P. A. *J. Alex. Edwards.* P. J. Kenedy. 25 cts.

Demon Possession and Allied Themes. *J. L. Nevius, D. D.* Revell & Co. $1.50.

Protestant Fiction. *James Britten.* Catholic Truth Society. 80 cts., *net.*

Goffine's Devout Instructions. *Preface by Cardinal Gibbons.* Illustrated. $1.00.

Social Problems. *Rev. Morgan Sheedy.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

How to Speak Latin. *Stephen W. Wilby.* Murphy & Co. 75 cts.

Jack Chumleigh; or, Friends and Foes. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Murphy & Co. $1.00.

The Temptation of Nora Leecroft. *Frances Noble.* Catholic Truth Society. $1.00.

Claudius. *C. M. Home.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

The Last Christmas-Tree. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. 75 cts., *net.*

Amy's Music Box. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner Co. 38 cts., *net.*

A Tuscan Magdalen. (Poetry.) *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. *Net*, 75 cts.

The Divine Redeemer and His Church. *Rev. Edward Douglass, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

The Spirit of the Dominican Order. *Mother Drane.* Art & Book Co. $1.00.

Devotion to the Miraculous Infant of Prague. J. Schaefer. 10 cts.

Why I Became a Catholic (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Burns & Oates. 30 cts.

Cobbett's History of the Reformation. *Edited by Dom Gasquet.* Benziger Bros. $1.00.

The Yorke-Wendte Discussion. Monitor Publishing Co. 50 cts.

Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages. *Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M.* Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P.* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

The End of Religious Controversy. *Bishop Milner.* *Edited by Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A.* Cath. Truth Society. 75 cts.

The See of St. Peter. *T. W. Allies, K. C. S. G.* Catholic Truth Society. 50 cts.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

Lessons in Literature. Ainsworth & Co. $1.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser.* Cathedral Library Association. 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

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THE CHRIST CHILD.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

Vol. XLIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 26, 1896. No. 26.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

The Christmas Babe.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

WHAT! wouldst Thou come? My house is bare,
Unworthy that Thy feet come there;
Roofless and sad and all defiled,—
Yet wilt Thou come, Thou Christmas Child?
Then enter. None will ever say
That when Thou camest I barred the way.

But come not in Thy Godhead, then,
Nor comeliest of the sons of men,
Lest I should die of shame. But come
A Child new-born from Mary's womb.
I shall not fear to kiss His feet,—
A new-born babe is harmless, sweet.

Come from the rain, come from the cold,
Into a stable, as of old.
I close the cracks, and hay I shake,
Thy bonny bed, Thou Bird, to make.
Sleep, then, Thou dear and lovely Son,
Because the stable is Thine own.

See, I kneel down beside Thy nest,
As did of old the simple beast.
I sillier than the beasts that die,
Lower than those kind folk am I.
Yet wilt Thou have Thy will? Then come
Into Thy stable and Thy home.

To love something more than one's self—that is the secret of all that is great; to know how to live for others—that is the aim of all noble souls.—*Emile Souvestre.*

The Lesson of the Manger.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

AS the successive seasons speed down the changing year, they bring in their flight days of sorrow and days of jubilation,—mournful anniversaries, when a tide of bitter recollections floods the soul with the waters of woe; joyful anniversaries, fraught with gladsome reminiscences that add new beauty to external objects, and prompt the heart to kindly word and generous deed, and song and anthem and unbounded glee. Such days come to all nations and to all individuals. History marks these eventful epochs in the annals of empires, and Memory is the historian who regulates the calendar of each separate life.

As with nations and individuals so it is with the Church. In the ecclesiastical calendar, too, are found these red-letter days, when our holy mother calls upon her children to participate in the sorrow, or partake of the gladness, incident to the event she honors. Through every month of the passing year the Church has scattered her beautiful festivals,—special days upon which, with all the pomp and solemn grandeur that subdues the heart and inspires devotion, she commemorates her

glorious or her sorrowful mysteries, *her* sad or joyous anniversaries.

Now it is Good-Friday; and, her temples unadorned and bare, her ministers clad in sombre robes, with extinguished lights and empty censers, she wails out the plaintive strains of her lamenting *Miserere*s — her funeral dirge o'er the Saviour's tomb. Anon it is Easter; and, her altars all aglow with myriad lights and beauteous flowers, and gorgeous drapery of cloth of gold, with ministers arrayed in splendid magnificence, amid clouds of perfumed incense undulating to the joyous harmonies of deep-toned organs, she peals forth the jubilant anthem of her *Alleluias*—her song of triumph o'er the risen God.

So, too, with the festivals of the Blessed Virgin and the saints. Now we rejoice at the glorious Assumption, now we mourn over the Seven Dolors. One day is All Saints', and our grateful voices hymn the glory and the unimaginable bliss of our brethren in heaven, the beatified elect who have won their palms; the next is All Souls', and our triumphant pæans of exultant praise give way to doleful plaints of pitiful commiseration and pleading cries for speedy mercy on the faithful souls of purgatory.

Thus it is throughout the year. Feast follows feast in matchless order and beauty; each successive link of the grand procession bringing with it, to hearts that are well disposed, some special favor; each leaving behind it some notable grace to mark its happy passage. During the past twelve months we have watched these feast-days, like beauteous evening-stars, rise above the horizon of our daily lives, soothe our troubled spirits with their chaste and mellow light, and fade from view in the morn of another day. We have seen them — now singly, then in clusters — come and go; until at length there has dawned upon us the last bright festival of the Church's calendar,—last in order of time, but in beauty, in grandeur, and in importance first among all feast-days: Christmas, the jubilee festival of the Christian year.

With the passing of Advent all occasion for penitential gloom disappears; and the grateful heart of the universal Church, overflowing with superabundant joy, takes up the exultant song with which angelic choirs greeted the first fair Christmas; and throughout the farthermost regions of the inhabited world—in stately basilicas, in magnificent cathedrals, in splendid city churches and humble village chapels—countless voices echo the glad refrain: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will!" Yes, it is here, the thrice-blessed birthday of our Divine Redeemer; the joyous anniversary of that memorable midnight, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, when the wondering stars looked down on a quiet Judean village and witnessed the most stupendous event they had ever beheld since first in their infancy they sang the glory of the Creator.

The Word made Flesh has at length come upon earth; or, as St. Paul phrases it, "The grace of God our Saviour has appeared to all men." And why? To instruct us, according to the same Apostle, "that, renouncing impiety and worldly desires, we should live soberly and justly and piously in this world, waiting for the blessed hope." He comes, in a word, to teach us the science of salvation, the most important of all sciences—or, rather, the only one it behooves us to acquire; the only one whose knowledge will avail us aught in the real business of our transitory lives: the attainment of the one thing necessary.

This science, in St. Paul's thought, consists in two things: one, the avoidance of the obstacles to salvation: "renouncing impiety and worldly desires"; the other, the performance of the works of salvation: "living soberly and justly and piously in

this world." This is the twofold lesson that the Man-God has come upon earth to teach,—and teach, not by precept alone, but by the most complete and perfect example. To learn this lesson, and learn it well, should be our object during this holy season, when, in company with the lowly Shepherds whom the first Christmas found holding their night-watches on the starlit hilltops, we "go over to Bethlehem to see this Word that is come to pass." Kneeling by the blessed Manger, be it ours to implore of the Divine Infant lying therein — apparently so helpless, but in reality so omnipotent—not only the grace to mend our opinions, but the greater grace to mend our lives, and to perform the works that ensure the achievement of the end for which we have been created.

And, first, the obstacles to our salvation. What are they? They are undoubtedly the riches, honors, and pleasures of this world, and the inordinate affection we bear them. This affection it is that St. Paul styles worldly desires. The experience of all ages has shown only too clearly of how many crimes these unfortunate desires have been the source, how insurmountable an obstacle they have proved to millions of immortal souls sent on earth for no other purpose than to make this life a fit preparation for the next; how great the multitude whom they have damned and are still daily damning. Now, it is just this affection, this concupiscence, this inordinate desire for wealth, pre-eminence, and pleasure, that the Son of God teaches us from His very birth to cast out of our hearts.

What a condemnation of our ordinary mode of thought is not the sight of that poor weak Babe of Bethlehem! We are accustomed to look upon poverty as a dread evil, and are continually striving either to escape from its bleak regions or to mount to heights it can never reach. True, when in indigence, in misery and necessity, we may limit our aspirations to a comfortable competence. But once we acquire this competence, our wants increase; and we toil on, eager for affluence, which in its turn proves incapable of satiating our insensate desires.

We seek honors, too, with avidity. We long with an eager longing to rise above the level of the common crowd and to be a star in the little world around us. We sigh for positions that will distinguish us from the class in which we move; and ardently wish to appear, even when we can not really be, pre-eminent among our fellows. This longing for honor, like that for wealth, knows no limit. It may be that we say, and perchance believe, that such and such a position would satisfy our ambition. But supposing that position attained, another height attracts our gaze: we sigh for a loftier place; and even though we rose step by step to the very summit of earthly grandeur, the desire would still, as experience shows, survive our elevation, and grow only the more violent because of its lacking an object.

As for pleasure, how many are there not who make of it a very god, and bow down before it in sincerer worship than that which they accord to their Creator! How many grasp at it even when its possession and enjoyment import a direct violation of the most sacred laws of God and man! How many, without going to this extreme, deem — or act as if they deem—life to be merely an opportunity for constant recreation, and so spend their days in seeking continuous comfort and ease and amusement! How many of us, in short, ignore in practice what in theory we believe—that this world is a vale of tears; that man is doomed to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; and that prayer and mortification are incumbent on all who have tarnished the robe of their baptismal innocence!

Thus it is that we place wealth, honors,

pleasures, as the world's greatest goods. It will be instructive to see how they are regarded by our Model in the Crib of Bethlehem. He has left His abode of supernal glory to teach us the science of salvation; and—alas for our false estimate of these gifts of earth!—He condemns them in His own most sacred person; and, casting them down from the high places they hold in men's opinions, He enthrones in their stead poverty, humiliation, and suffering. In vain do we scan the Gospel account of our Saviour's birth in search of these things we value so highly. Do we look for wealth? He is born in a stable-cave; His cradle is a manger; His bed, coarse straw, which He shares with cattle. Do we seek for honor? Except a few humble shepherds who come to render Him their simple homage, nobody thinks of Him; earth knows Him not. And if we search for pleasure, what shall we find? What but sufferings real and many? In the obscurity of night, in the depth of the most inclement of seasons, a feeble infant, He is but ill protected from the rigor of the weather.

In thus surrounding His birth with indigence, humiliation, and the deprivation of the most ordinary comforts, Our Lord evidently intends to convince us once for all that it is not in the prerogatives of rank and social position, not in the amassing of worldly wealth, not in the gratification of sensual appetites, but rather in detachment from all these, that Christians are to discover the secret of true happiness in this life and a guarantee of eternal bliss in the life beyond the grave. To doubt this doctrine is clearly to mistake the lesson of the Christmas Manger.

Jesus Christ came upon earth not merely to redeem us, but also to show us the road leading to salvation; and we can scarcely question His having chosen the one most proper to conduct us thither. If He had judged that riches, honors, and pleasures would lead us to the desired haven, He would certainly have taught us by His example to seek them; He would have presented Himself to us in the midst of all the splendor and glory, the magnificence and luxury, that could bewilder our vision and captivate our senses. His clothing Himself with conditions directly opposed to these is obviously a proof that it is by humbling ourselves, by mortification and suffering, by contemning as He did the goods of this world, that we are to save our souls.

This, however, is not the only lesson we are taught at the Crib of Bethlehem. It is not enough to avoid the obstacles to salvation—to "renounce impiety and worldly desires": we must, in addition, perform the works of salvation—"live soberly and justly and piously"; works, according to the explanation of St. Bernard, of temperance and Christian moderation with respect to ourselves; of justice and Christian charity with respect to our neighbors; of religion and Christian piety with respect to God.

Works of temperance and Christian moderation with respect to ourselves. This duty is comprised in the holy violence it costs us always to maintain ourselves in order and govern ourselves well in all conjunctures; to make our conduct wise, right, pure, and regular, according to the spirit of our Redeemer and exemplar. For in the course of life how many combats have we not to wage against our own inclinations and our own sentiments! how many impetuous movements to resist! how many particular judgments to depose! how many repugnances to overcome! how many desires to repress! how many efforts to make in order to do, to abstain, or to suffer! In a word, how often and upon how many subjects must we not only renounce the world and all exterior concerns, but also deny and immolate ourselves! An evangelical war this, the standard of which

is raised by the Infant whom we worship as our God; a war in which we must engage, and on His side, if we desire to participate in the glory of His victory; a difficult war indeed, but one that must be kept up if we would restrain those passions which will otherwise hurry us on in the ways that lead to ruin.

Works of justice and Christian charity with respect to our neighbor. Of justice, in rendering to each that which is his due; of charity, in adding to duty a beneficent will—an inclination to do good,—a desire to oblige and grant favors; patience in supporting injuries, and a prompt disposition to pardon. All these characteristics are to be seen in our Model. He is born in the actual exercise of the most exact justice—in the homage which He pays to secular power, even though it be pagan and inimical to His law. For if our Blessed Lady quitted Nazareth and came to Bethlehem, it was simply in submission to an edict of Augustus Cæsar, commanding all his subjects to repair to their native towns that a census might be taken. She obeys in order that she may practise, and cause her Son to practise as well, the grand maxim which He Himself was one day to preach: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's"; thus teaching us how inviolable are the rights of our neighbor, and how we should respect them in any and in all things.

Nor is this all. He is born, this amiable and adorable Saviour; and His birth is the effect of the most ardent and disinterested charity. He comes to deliver from death and load with favors creatures the most vile and unworthy, sinners and enemies of His Father. How do we imitate His boundless love? What is our charity and in what does it show itself? Where are its provident and beneficent cares? What does it give? What does it bear? What does it suffer? Yet this charity is one of the most marked characteristics of Christianity, and hence one of the most necessary of virtues. "By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another."

Works of religion and Christian piety with respect to God. This is the principal thing. It is this to which all else must lead—the glory and the worship of the Father. This is the essential and last end of the coming of the Redeemer. "Behold Me, My God!" He cries from the humble Manger. "I come to do Thy will. It was by the transgression of that divine will that Thy glory was wounded. I come to repair the injury, to honor Thee with an honor befitting Thy supreme dignity." Thus, in truth, does the living Lord come among us to honor and glorify His Heavenly Father, whom we have outraged beyond our capacity either of understanding or of reparation.

And we, who are subjected to this same Father by a dependence so much more natural and complete, in what do we glorify Him? In our sentiments, our words, our actions? What acts of religion, what exercises of piety do we perform? Or *how* do we perform them? They are indispensable duties; but duties which we neglect, or of which we acquit ourselves imperfectly,—duties which we often consider irksome, slavish, and burdensome. Who receives the incense of our worship? Do we not ofttimes forget that if we are told to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," we are not less forcibly commanded to "render unto God the things that are God's"? Now, the thing that is God's, that belongs to Him preeminently, is honor; and God's honor is that we adore Him, that we serve Him, that we obey His law, that we revere His mysteries, that we be faithful and assiduous in singing His praises, in celebrating His glories, in invoking His name, in hearing His word, in frequenting His altars, in receiving His Sacraments, in shunning the evil that He forbids, and

in omitting nothing of the good which He commands.

"The grace of God our Saviour has appeared to all men," and we have heard the lesson He would have us learn. It remains for us only to conform our lives to His salutary doctrines. Our obvious duty is to prove ourselves consistent beings, by practising those virtues which we believe and know to be necessary to our sanctification.

The world rejoices during this bright season. Its countenance is wreathed with beaming smiles; it outstretches its hand in a cordial grasp, and its voice is gladdened with a genial warmth. "Merry Christmas!" says the world, and "Merry Christmas!" sings the Church—"*Adeste fideles, læti triumphantes!*" Yet this joyous Christmastide will be a truly merry, truly happy one for us only in so far as we allow the lesson of the Manger to sink deep into our hearts and influence our conduct. Thrice blessed those of us who con the lesson so thoroughly that, through all the coming years, we shall be able to look back on this Christmas of 1896 as the period when, in verity and truth, we "renounced impiety and worldly desires," and resolved, with heartfelt earnestness, to "live soberly and justly and piously"; for such only may repose in tranquillity, confidently "waiting for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

FERVOR consists in these three things: regularity, punctuality, and exactness. That is, doing our duty to God by rule; doing it punctually at the right time; and exactly,—that is, as perfectly as we can.—*Cardinal Manning.*

SUCCESS rides on every hour. Grapple it, and you may win; but without a grapple it will never go with you. Work is the weapon of honor, and who lacks the weapon will never triumph.—*D. Mitchell.*

Christmas in Other Lands.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

"Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pur and sweet,
And still it le s as once it led
To the Mes h's feet.

"O Father, may that holy Star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light!"

CHRISTMAS, the joy-bringer, the star-eyed day of days, is here. While every heart is full of thankfulness, and every mind of sweet thoughts of the blessed feast at home, a description of a few customs pertaining to its celebration in other lands may interest some of THE AVE MARIA'S many readers.

To get the true flavor of the French Christmas, one must go up into the Burgundian hills or among the fisher-folk of Brittany. In the centre and south of France the houses are all darkened during the first watch of the night,—the most ancient and popular ceremony of the feast taking place between eleven o'clock and midnight. It commemorates the mystic hour when over the little sleeping village hovered the angel band, singing to the Shepherds. The singers that awake the French villagers have not angelic voices, it is true; but they play well their part, and their singing helps to prepare a feast for the poor.

In the blue-skyed troubadour land of Provence, the strolling band, pausing before a house, knocks thrice upon the door. Before unbarring, "Who goes there?" demands the master from within. Three louder knocks are then returned for answer. Once more the master of the house cries out: "Who goes there at such an hour?" Whereupon, after a short prelude of vigorous knocking, they begin the Noël song—a song to the Blessed Virgin, praying hospitality in memory of that night when shelter was vainly sought in Bethlehem. Instantly the door

is thrown wide open; and the band, rushing in, finish their singing standing grouped before the blazing fireplace in the kitchen. Then each one, approaching the mistress of the house, holds out his basket with the simple, touching words: "In the name of the Blessed Mother!" To one she gives nuts and raisins, to the next apples and eggs, to another a fowl; saying each time: "For the love of Jesus!" Merrily then they depart, to repeat the ceremony at every door.

No one knows the origin of these Christmas songs; some of them dating back to 1400, when Latin and French words were quaintly mingled in them. They have given their name to a certain form of music—the Noël. The word has several significations. Etymologists differ much as to its origin. Some derive it from the old word Nouel, which, in their mystic rites, the Druids had the habit of uttering as a cry of joy: "Nouel! Nouel!" At all events, Noël for a long time was used as an exclamation of gladness. We often find it in descriptions of public rejoicings. In the fifteenth century, on the entrance of Charles VII. into Paris, an ancient historian says that the streets were filled with crowds in holiday attire, joyfully shouting, "Noël! Noël!" Popular enthusiasm, whether glad or mournful, seems to have found expression in the word; for there is an old verse relating to the death of Charles VII. where it occurs:

> "Les uns aux fenestres étoient,
> A voir le dit feu roi passer,
> Puis les enfans s'agenouilloient
> En criant 'Noël!' sans cesser."

Some authors affirm that Noël comes from *nox*—the night; others believe that it is derived from *natalis*. In the Middle Ages they wrote "Noex" to designate the feast; and "Noël," or "Nouel," to signify the joy-cry. It may be remarked that Noël, or a corruption of the word, is used by many nations. In Sweden and Ireland it is called Jul; in England, Yule; in Finland, Joulo; in Lapland, Jouls; the ancient Saxons called it Geol; the Celts, Gwele.

After the morning Mass, in every French city and hamlet comes the *réveillon*, or repast,—for the very poor the one feast of all the year. In humble Alpine villages the table is illumined by a wax candle; at other times the flame of a pine splinter furnishes the only artificial light. The dish *par excellence* is a meat soup, thickened with pastry in fantastic shapes; in Burgundy and Brittany, a soup of chopped cabbage. In Marseilles every family has a little Bethlehem in the corner of the parlor, round which tapers are kept burning till Twelfth-Night. In the sea-coast towns of Normandy, the boys march through the streets at dusk, with lighted torches, singing a mournful strain—"The day is done. Noël is going away. Good-bye, Noël!"

To French children Christmas is not embodied in a Santa Claus; St. Nicholas, the good Bishop and the children's friend, of whom our Santa Claus is a direct descendant, having his fête-day on the 6th of December. It is to the "little Jesus, tender and sweet," that they address their petitions for gifts. Instead of hanging up a stocking Christmas Eve, they place their shoe (or shoes, when they base high hopes on previous good behavior) close up in the chimney-corner. Alas for the poor peasant mother who has not the wherewith to fill the crying void of that little stubbed *sabot!*

The custom of the Christmas-tree comes from Sweden and Norway. Thence it spread through England, Russia, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, and lastly France. Since the Franco-Prussian war, there is cut each December a Christmas-tree which has a sad interest for the French people. It is a giant evergreen from the forest in Alsace, near Mulhouse, which is transported to Paris, with as much of its native soil clinging to its roots as ten-

der hands can leave there. *L'arbre des exilés*,—"the tree of the exiles," who do not bow to the decree surrendering their beloved province to German rule. Set up in one of the largest halls of the city, covered with tapers, flowers, flags, and toys, early on Christmas morning all the Alsacian children resident in Paris—some four thousand—gather about it to sing the old songs of peace and good-will.

In Norway, the land of pines, they are not satisfied with one tree: the room is transformed into a miniature forest of green and feathery firs. Besides the gifts for the little ones, there is something for each of the family and guests, securely wrapped and tied. The opening of the bundles occupies a merry hour. After presents and acknowledgments have been exchanged, promptly at ten o'clock begins the feast. The *place d'honneur* among the eatables is generally accorded to a boar's head. Ranged about it are the roasts, the fish, and the national dish of rice boiled in milk. For the servants are provided quantities of sugared barley, roast carp, white bread, and libations of beer. The poor are never forgotten.

The traveller is sure of a cordial reception everywhere on Christmas. In certain parts of Norway the innkeepers decline all remuneration for food or lodgment given on that blessed day. Even the animals receive more generous rations; and the peasant who finds himself without grain to scatter for the birds, will beg it for them at the door of the rich when he would not ask food for himself.

The Englishman's idea of Christmas as a day of family reunion the French transfer to the Epiphany. It is the ambition of everyone in France to pass the Feast of the Kings, and eat his royal cake, in his own castle, with all his own about him. The day has lost much of its religious character, save in certain parts of La Beauce. There the good people have changed nothing; and the fortunate Parisian who has an opportunity to assist at one of their ceremonies would readily believe himself transported to the Middle Ages. Before the feast begins, the oldest, most respected of the guests is chosen to preside. Previous to the cutting of the traditional cake, the youngest son of the family is lifted upon the table. As the host cuts the first slice, he asks the child: "For whom is this piece?" And the boy replies: "It is God's share." The slice—a very generous one—is thereupon laid by, to be given to the first poor person who shall ask food. As a half score are usually waiting outside, they give warning of their presence at the proper moment by singing a dolorous strain, wishing a happy New Year to the guests, and ending by demanding "*la part au bon Dieu.*"

Customs vary in different provinces. In Vaucluse, a chariot laden with burning fagots and brush is drawn through the streets by eight mules. A youth, attired in a wet sheet, stands in a triumphant pose among the smoking ruins.

At Dinan, "Kings' Day" is marked by a dramatic entertainment. The life of Herod is recited in verse; and a little child, representing the Jewish Innocents, has his head, apparently, severed from his body by a wooden sabre.

In La Finisterre, when the *galette*, or cake, is divided, the share of the absent ones is religiously preserved. In La Berri it must be cut by a virgin's hand.

But one might indeed fill a volume with the quaint customs of the simple people of those Old-World villages,—strong, happy in the true faith; sharing their little with those having less. However bare their dwellings, one will always find a pictured Holy Mother to look up to in the time of sorrow or thanksgiving. The hours of their days are marked by the Angelus bell; and the months of their years, by the holydays. "Ah!" they say, "Christmas is gone. We fast, we pray, and then—then it will be Easter!"

Stabat Mater Speciosa.

TRANSLATED BY LIONEL BYRRA.

STABAT MATER speciosa,
Juxta fœnum gaudiosa
Dum jacebat Parvulus.
Cujus animam gaudentem
Lætabundum et ferventem
Pertransivit jubilus.

O quam læta et beata
Fuit illa immaculata
Mater Unigeniti!
Quæ gaudebat, et ridebat,
Exsultabat cum videbat
Nati partum inclyti.

Quis jam est qui non gauderet
Christi Matrem si videret
In tanto solatio?
Quis non posset collætari
Christi Matrem contemplari
Ludentem cum Filio?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
Christum vidit cum jumentis,
Et algori subditum.
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Vagientem, adoratum
Vili diversorio.

Nato Christo in præsepe,
Cœli cives canunt læte
Cum immenso gaudio.
Stabat senex cum puella,
Non cum verbo nec loquela,
Stupescentes cordibus.

Eia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim ardoris
Fac ut tecum sentiam.
Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum
Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas:
Prone introducas plagas
Cordi fixas valide.
Tui Nati cœlo lapsi
Jam dignati fœno nasci
Pœnas mecum divide.

STOOD the Mother sweet and holy,
Joyous by the manger lowly,
Where she loving vigil kept.
O'er her soul, its measure filling
With a glad ecstatic thrilling,
Floods of purest rapture swept.

Oh, how blest and transport-laden
Was that fair, unsullied Maiden,
Mother of the Holy One!
How she joyed, her vigil whiling,
All entranced by that beguiling
Vision of her new-born Son!

Who hath soul so steeped in sadness
As to share not Mary's gladness,
Bliss that words can ne'er define?
Who but views with heart dilating
Christ's sweet Mother jubilating,
Fondling now her Babe Divine?

True, she sees that Babe fulfilling
Man's redemption, victim willing,
Housed with cattle—cold the while;
Yet, above His cries deploring,
Hears she myriad hosts adoring
Jesus in that stable vile.

O'er the Christ in manger lying
Angel-choristers are vying
Worthily to hymn their joy;
While, all mute and heart-astounded,
Stand the Maid and spouse, confounded,
Worshipping the wondrous Boy.

Fount of love, O Mother fervent,
Quicken me, thy sluggard servant,
Let me thine emotions share;
Make my heart a furnace, showing
Naught but love of Jesus glowing
Ever bright and brighter there!

Mother, hear my sore beseeching:
Deign to stamp His wisdom-teaching
Love-wounds fast upon my mind;
Let our smiles and tears be blended
O'er thy Son, the heaven-descended,
Manger-born for humankind.

Fac me vere congaudere
Jesulino cohærere,
  Donec ego vixero.
In me sistat ardor tui,
Puerino fac me frui,
  Dum sum in exilio.

Hunc ardorem fac communem
Ne facias me immunem
  Ab hoc desiderio.
Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara:
  Fac me parvum rapere.

Fac ut pulchrum Fantem portem
Qui nascendo vicit mortem
  Volens vitam tradere.
Fac me tecum satiari
Nato tuo inebriari
  Stans inter tripudia.
Inflammatus et accensus,
Obstupescit omnis sensus
  Tali de commercio.

Fac me Nato custodiri
Verbo Dei præmunire
  Conservari gratia.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
  Tui Nati gloria.

Of thy joy partaking ever,
Till life's close let nothing sever
  Me from Christ's communion blest;
Strengthen thou my weak volition,
Grant me of thy Babe fruition
  Whilst in exile still I rest.

With thine ardor set me burning,
Satisfy this eager yearning,
  In my heart thy Son enthrone;
Virgin, 'mid all virgins peerless,
Heed my prayer, nor leave me cheerless:
  Grant me Jesus for mine own.

Let me clasp that Infant charming,
In whose birth was Death's disarming,
  By whose advent life was won;
With such union fully sated—
All its longings sublimated,—
Let my heart, like thine elated,
Henceforth be inebriated
  With the beauty of thy Son.

To my prayer benignly yielding,
Grant me, Mother, through His shielding,
  Ne'er to lose thy Jesu's grace;
Grant, when ended life's brief story,
Safe for aye with thee in glory,
  I may see Him face to face.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

TWO HEROINES.

II.

"I WAS a proud girl, good Mother,—the only daughter of respectable and well-to-do parents in N——, Co. Tipperary. I was nicely reared, and had high notions about things, that maybe didn't befit me; but we are as our nature is, and it's hard to change. By reason of that and other things, I went without being married till I was past twenty-five; and that was considered old in those days. This boy was too rough, and that one too careless, and the other too fond of his own way or of his glass. 'Twas all equal, anyhow; and my father and mother fretted that I wouldn't be said by them, and marry and settle down when I had good offers.

"Finally there came a young man from Dublin selling goods, and my father made him welcome to the house. We lived behind the shop and were nicely fixed. He was younger than I—this strange man,—and he had a very taking manner with him. My father was greatly pleased with his ways; and, not to make my tale too long, the match was settled three days after he came to the town. The wedding was to be in the spring; and my mother went to work, spinning and sewing and making ready.

"I had a little cousin in Dublin, nurse-maid to a lady that came down to N—— once for the sea-bathing and took Kitty back with her. She was my mother's sister's child, and had been raised from

infancy under our roof. I was very fond of her. Being eight years older, she seemed a girl to me; and so she was—hardly seventeen. Nothing would do my mother but that Cornelius should find her out, and bring back word of her when he came again. Well, he did; and, as he kept coming and going all the winter, he'd bring a message now and then from her. The letters were dear in those times; and, to save the post, I'd give him a bit of a line to Kitty whenever he came.

"'Twas about Christmas-time when one day he arrived on a sudden. He told us he'd been to London, and that it was a grand city altogether. I minded afterward that he wasn't a bit uneasy in his ways, but just as light-hearted as ever. He was what you'd call a handsome man, with shining black hair and pink cheeks. Likely I wasn't made for the love of any man, good Mother; for 'twas my pride that was wrapped up in him, not my heart. And some way, down in the depths of it, proud as I was, I felt from the very beginning that it was my father's little penny he was after more than myself; for I wasn't the kind of girl the like of him would fancy,—him that was so fond of a gay song and a lively dance and a funny joke. I was a quiet creature always, and thought cold by them that didn't know me. Sometimes I wonder how I ever took up with him at all, unless 'twas a fine-sounding thing in my ears to be married to a bright, handsome boy from Dublin.

"Along toward Easter he came down and said he had bad news for us. Kitty had left her place of a sudden, and he could get no information of her. My mother fretted, and so did I; but—God forgive me!—she was not the first thing in my thoughts at that time; for all was for the marriage. I was to go up to Dublin after it, for that was his headquarters, and the girls were all envying me my good luck. But after it was over, and I settled in my own rooms in Dublin city, the first thing I did was to hunt up Kitty. My heart felt very sore when her lady told me she had got a beau some time during the past summer—a handsome young fellow, she said,—that seemed to turn the girl's head altogether from her work and her place. And in December she had gone away of a sudden, taking her box and all belonging to her; and that was all that was known.

"I went back to my lodgings with a heavy heart, expecting help and sympathy from Cornelius; but he gave me the first cross word when I told him of it, and bade me not bother in the quest of her. If she was all right, he said, she'd turn up some time; but he doubted *if* she was. Any way, she had treated those that raised her very ungrateful; and the less said and done about her, the better. So I sat down and wrote to my mother, as he bade me, that I could find no tidings of her.

"Very soon I had my fill of another sorrow: my father and mother both died of a bad sore throat that was going round that winter. Cornelius and I went down to sell out the little furniture and goods, and arrange everything. I found myself with two hundred pounds to my fortune; and when we went back again to Dublin, my husband wanted that I should put it in a small haberdasher's shop. He thought we could do well at that; he said it would be more comfortable, too, for him than to be travelling about as he was. Of late I had noticed him occasionally under the influence of drink, and I thought it came from being away so often and mingling with all sorts of people, as one meets travelling.

"Without more ado, I put the money in his hand, for him to bank it; and the next morning when I rose there was a note on the table saying: 'Mary, I'm gone to America. Don't search for me: you'll never find me.' When I got over the first shock I went down to the bank. I found

fifty pounds there to my credit; he had not been quite bad enough to leave me penniless. I had a great struggle with myself to know what would I do, and at long last made up my mind to go to London,—for my friends at home, I knew, I could never face again. What to do when I got there I left to the Providence of Almighty God and the help of His ever-blessed Mother. I had made but few friends in Dublin, and I stole away from it like a thief in the night,—ashamed to face those that might be asking me questions. I had a pang of conscience, moreover, that I had neglected Kitty so long. In London I felt sure I would find her, poor girl! And the hope of seeing her buoyed me up in my trouble.

"To London I went, and many an up and down I had there; but no sign of Kitty did I see, nor did I ever hear tell of her for two years or more. One rainy night I was hurrying home from the slop-shop where I sewed, when I met a woman coming out of a little court, a jug in her hand. She hadn't changed much, though her clothes were poor and faded. 'Twas my own little Kitty. She knew me at once, and I went along with her to the baker's for her jug of milk. Then I followed her up the dark, dirty stairs to a miserable excuse of a room. She opened the door. I saw a man lying on the bed.

"'Cornelius,' says she, 'who do you think I met? My cousin Mary, from N——.' There was no answer. She turned up the light and went over to him. Too late for my scorn or reproach, too late for my forgiveness had he wanted it, he lay there dead—my husband and the man that had deceived poor Kitty. Oh, it was then I had a terrible half hour, good Mother! The seven evil spirits seemed to be let loose in my soul, and I lashed her with bitter words,—her that had betrayed me and mine and ruined herself forever. She sat there beside the dead man, her head in her hands, and never a word came from her lips till I was done.

"'Mary,' said she then, 'the man that's gone to his God this night wronged you and he wronged me; let the Almighty judge him. But I'm not the guilty thing you think me, for I never knew he was married to you. When were you married?'

"'You poor unfortunate creature!' I cried, 'I was his wife well on to three years when you ran away from Dublin with him.' And then, as I thought of the deception that had been done by the both of them, I rushed out of the house.

"My passion was cooled by the morning, and my heart yearned for the poor thing, bad as I judged her; for the Blessed Mother of God had put kindly, forgiving feelings into my mind. I thought of the Magdalen; and I went out, in God's name, to meet Kitty again. It was still early in the day, but they had taken the remains away already, and Kitty was sitting alone in the poor little room. On her knees she asked my pardon for the wrong she had done me; on my knees I gave it to her, and I said:

"'Kitty, what's done is done; and I'm in a more Christian spirit this morning. If God ever put any one in another's way, He did it last night when I met you for the first time, after searching for you here in London so long. You both wronged me; but it is past now, and he is dead. You've had a hard time with him, and he has gone to a more merciful Judge than I am. There's only you and me left; and, with God's help, we'll be as we were.'

"And that's the whole of the story, good Mother. From that day to this we were never parted; and if ever a woman atoned for a sin by repentance, and kindness to all sinners, and meekness and sweetness and charity, Kitty is that one. Bring her here to me now, good Mother, if she's wakened; for I'm not easy when she's away from me, especially in these last hours of my life."

Kitty was called, and the good Mother went to other duties. All through that day she sat by the bedside, attending to every wish of the dying woman, jealous of every ministration in which she did not share. The Sisters came and went at intervals till Benediction time, when the two friends were left alone together. After it was over the good Mother hastened again to the infirmary. Kitty was on her knees, her arms clasped about the body of her departed friend, who had apparently just breathed her last. She was speaking in low, crooning tones, as one would to a little child. "Mary, Mary," she said, "that night thirty years ago when we met upon the streets of London I made a promise to Almighty God. I deceived you, Mary; but it was no sin. You know it all now, darling; and you know it was no sin. Mary, Mary *asthore!* I promised in that hour that no word of mine should add one blow to your breaking heart while I lived. The word I might have spoken I never spoke; but if I did wrong, you'll forgive me now from the peace of heaven, where you'll soon be, if you're not in it already. O Mary, Mary, my poor lonely heart would be light if I could only feel for a certainty that you don't harbor it agin me!"

The good Mother attached no significance to these words at the time; but she recalled them later, when Kitty herself lay dying.

Indian summer was on the wane when Mary Monahan went home to God, and her desolate friend and companion soon followed her. A slight cough developed into pneumonia, that insidious and relentless foe of the aged and feeble. A short time previous to her death, she sent for the good Mother.

"Good Mother," she said, "I have something to tell you before I go. Maybe it's a weakness in me; for perhaps I ought to let well enough alone. I often think to myself, as I'm only a poor, lone woman, it doesn't matter whether any one knows the truth or not; for there's no one to suffer by it now. But you've been so good to me, and were so kind to her that's gone before, I can't die easy—for I know my end is near—without telling you the truth of my story,—something that she never knew, good Mother; for I kept it from her. The day she died she told me you knew it all; and so you did, as she knew it; but *she* didn't know all. 'Twas *I* that was married to Cornelius Monahan, *not* poor Mary; and that's God's blessed truth."

"I do not understand, Kitty," replied the good Mother. "How could it have been so?"

"It *was* so, and I'll tell you how, good Mother. When he came to me first where I was living, he told me not a word of how he stood with Mary and her people. I thought he was only an acquaintance. He began saying soft things to me from the first, and coaxed me into marrying him quietly. He wouldn't let me tell my cousin, because he said he had had a misunderstanding with my uncle, Mary's father. 'Twas to keep me from meeting Mary that he took me up to London. As far as he could love any one, 'twas me he loved; but he married her for the money. He was a villain, good Mother; and I soon found it out, though I never knew how he had deceived us both till I met Mary in London city. I was married to him *six months before he made the sham secona marriage with her.*"

"And yet you allowed her to believe that *you* had been deceived—that she was his real wife?"

"Yes, good Mother, I did; and I know God will not count it agin me. I did it for her sake. But she knows the how and why now, and 'twill be all right when we meet. I kept my marriage lines, good Mother; they're in this old chamois bag about my neck. I'd like you'd look at them, good Mother."

With some difficulty she unfastened the bag—which was secured by a few strong stitches to the string of her Scapular,—producing at last a worn and soiled certificate of the marriage of Cornelius Monahan and Kitty Ryan. When the good Mother had read it, she replaced it in its receptacle, saying:

"I thought Mary a heroine when I heard her story, Kitty; but now, without taking away any of her merit, I believe you are a still more admirable one. It is only in heaven that such fidelity and self-sacrifice are rewarded."

And Kitty, looking up at her with eyes smiling though tearful, answered:

"'Twould have killed her, good Mother, if she knew. Mary was a very proud woman, and he brought her sorrow and shame enough as it was."

It was on a crisp, cold morning, two days before Christmas, that they laid the faithful Kitty beside her friend and comrade. A slight flurry of snow was sprinkling the scattered graves as those who had accompanied the funeral turned to retrace their steps.

"Poor Kitty!" said Sister Emilia. "We shall miss her at Christmas; she was always so full of devotion on that day. And Mary also."

"And I was just thinking," replied the good Mother, looking upward to the fast clouding sky,—"I was just thinking to myself what a happy Christmas it will be for those two together in heaven."

. . . . . .

All this and more vividly recurred to my mind the other day, as, turning over some old newspapers long stowed away and forgotten, I read in the mortality report: "Kitty Ryan. Aged seventy-two. Little Sisters of the Poor." Then and there I resolved that another story of Christian heroism should be recorded,—not the least, albeit the last, of the "Chronicles of 'The Little Sisters.'"

(The End.)

The Romance of a Man of Business.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

VII.

THE opulent merchant, even at this juncture, was not so self-complacent as to repeat definitely, even to himself: "Here I am, a man of position, respected by all who know me, not bad-looking, and a gentleman. See how I have raised myself, educated myself, achieved all I now enjoy by my own honest exertions! In all these things have I not made each passing year yield a good, solid dividend? What *more* would Kathleen have?"

Still, it must be admitted that some such thoughts marshalled themselves in defence of his self-esteem; for never had his pride been so wounded. Perhaps, after all, it suggested, he would not have thought of asking her to be his wife now, but for the reminiscences of his boyish romance, and the troth plighted so long ago in the shadow of the churchyard cross.

"Well, however events may have conspired to annul it in bygone years, at length she has been able to give that promise back to me!" he muttered "If I was, unwittingly, in any degree to blame in the past, I did all I could to make amends when the opportunity offered. Let it rest on that score. I have allowed too many things to distract me from business of late. There's that note of Crossing & Co. coming due to-morrow."

Taking out his memorandum-book as he passed an electric light, he jotted down some figures in it, returned it to his pocket, and proceeded on his way.

"Oh, money, money!" said Kathleen bitterly, when she found herself alone. "If we only could get on without it, what a heaven this earth would be! Isn't it his very prosperity that's crushing out the best and truest that's in Matthew Dailey? May the Lord lead him! But what right

have I, anyhow, to set myself up to judge him!" And, bending her head upon the window-ledge, the little woman indulged in a "good cry."

Annoyed with himself for having allowed even a small part of his time to be taken up by less practical matters, Matthew Dailey devoted his energies with additional zest to business; and, as the clerks in the office put it, "worked like a beaver," in spite of the warm weather. Perhaps it was the physical effect of the heat, warning him that even an active man in his prime, and with nerves of iron, can not go on prodigally spending his strength without feeling the strain sooner or later,—whatever the cause, during this summer, for the first time in his experience, he began occasionally to doubt whether "the flame was worth the candle." His children were away with friends in the country; and, being alone he fell into the custom of going down to Brighton or Manhattan Beach in the evenings. "It must be because of the heat," he told himself, that often when strolling by the water's edge, escaping if possible from the gay crowds, but followed still by the strains of the music, he caught himself putting to his inner consciousness the question: "On the whole, is all this toil, over-activity, and wearing excitement worth while?"

When returning to town, as he sat smoking on the deck of the boat, the same query seemed written in the reflection of the steamer's lanterns upon the dark water. How peaceful the sky was! Yonder stood the great city, radiant with myriad lights, reminding him of the ancient fable of the Goddess of Commerce bedight with her jewelled diadem and cestus. At this shrine he had worshipped during the best years of his life. It had been but pagan wisdom, truly. How garish the glare of those lights compared to the glow of the far-off stars!

The matter-of-fact merchant would have scouted the idea that the failure o a certain plan not altogether financial had led to this philosophizing. It had brought home to him, however, as nothing had ever done before, the realization that material prosperity is not invariably a factor of success; and, against his will, the clear tones of the sweet, unfaltering voice which had told him so in as many words, lingered in his memory. No, surely prosperity was not everything in his case. It had not been able to gain for him what he most wanted. He had heard incidentally that Kathleen intended to remain for an indefinite period in Covington. Perhaps they might never meet again; at all events, her answer had been final, and as such he accepted it.

But if his pride, and the sense that she had chosen deliberately, excluded from his mind all idea of attempting to induce her to alter her decision, they could not banish the influences called forth by the remarkable renewal of strong associations,—influences crowded into the background at first, when his main thought had been to win his youthful sweetheart again to promise to be his wife, but which now gradually began to make themselves felt. It was so strange, this turning back, as it were, of a page of his life; this being brought face to face, one might say, with a past self so entirely different from the present one.

Ah! in those other days Kathleen Desmond would never have said to this young man, whose features he scarce recognized as his own, "Your world is not my world; your way not mine." And why? For answer there arose before him a picture of the little community of his native town,—a reminiscence of a sturdy young fellow, industrious and striving for a manly independence; but with no greed of gain beyond the ambition to be able one day to provide a home for the true-hearted girl who had promised to share his fortunes. He saw himself on Sunday mornings

always at chapel without fail; and even now he wondered what good old Father John would say to a fellow who had not made his Easter duty. Such a thing had never been known in the parish, and the Matthew Dailey of that time would have felt verily a black sheep if he had gone to his duty but once a year. And, then, there was the solemn Midnight Mass at Christmas; the litanies and Benediction in the May evenings; the Rosary recited in the home or at chapel each night during the Lent; the innumerable ties of religion and kindliness that united friends and neighbors, and made the interests of one and all almost a family affair. No: even when he was setting out for America, Kathleen had not said their ways were not the same. Well, henceforth they would be farther apart than if an ocean rolled between them.

These recollections awakened other reflections. Conscience was speaking to him through the memory of the lessons and pious example of the good old priest who had baptized him; whose blessing seemed to seek him out from another world indeed, and to plead with him to return to the altar of his youth.

About this time it happened one afternoon that a business matter led Mr. Dailey to call on one of the Jesuit Fathers of —— Street. Father X's reception of him was so pleasant and kindly that what was meant to be a brief interview lengthened into a visit of an hour or more. Singularly enough for a man of his reserve, he began to speak of his own life; and, as he went on, many things manifested themselves in a new light. In the end—how it came about the busy merchant could not have exactly told—that which from long neglect had appeared well-nigh impossible for him to bring himself to, now became easy. He found himself making his confession with the candor and sincerity of his boyhood. Shortly after, when he turned his steps homeward, it was with the sense that a weary burden had been lifted from his mind and heart; and the next morning, after Mass and Holy Communion, his spirits were lighter than they had been for many a day.

"Actually I seem ten years younger," he said to himself. "With God's grace this shall be a real turning of a new leaf."

Time passed, and Matthew kept his resolution. Beyond the fact that he now never missed Mass on Sundays and holydays, and was regular in his religious duties, there was not, however, much outward change in his life.

VIII.

Mr. Dailey's business, of course, still took up the greater part of his time; and in his counting-room he was the same exact, tireless man he had always been. The genuine difference was that now, in season and out of season, business was with him no longer paramount to everything else. It had ceased to be the main object of life.

A surprising number of new interests widened out before him. He began to feel more responsibility in regard to his children, and to discover that there are many ways of doing good in the world besides occasionally drawing a five or ten-dollar bill out of a well-lined pocket and giving it cheerfully when appealed to in the cause of charity. But, having seriously resolved to turn this new leaf, although he gave to it the same perseverance and energy which had so large a share in his worldly success, it must be admitted that the struggle was a difficult one. It is no easy matter to get out of a rut in which one has gone on habitually, taking little account of the miserable condition of the rest of the road. It is only when one abandons the track worn smooth by long use and constantly sinking lower and lower, that one becomes aware of the rough places along the way.

Then, too, more rigid with himself, Mr. Dailey was inclined to be so with

others also. As he paid more attention to his boys, he noticed their shortcomings. Their assertive independence and their impatience of any attempt at restraint—due in some measure to circumstances and his former indifference—were now an aggravation to him, and he was sometimes harsh with them when forbearance and patience would have served him better. Even his little daughter noticed during the vacations that, though various new rules and regulations had been made for the household, there seemed to be more friction than before. In fact, the more interest the good merchant took in his little home, the less satisfactory he found it. Once in a while, indeed, the thought occurred to him that it might all have been so different if Kathleen had not decided as she did. But, grown more diffident of himself, he did not presume that, simply because of his recent efforts to live up to his duty, he had any right to seek her anew.

Thus a year, two years, quickly passed; and it is quite probable this story might have finished in a very humdrum fashion but for a chance—or was it a providential incident as regards those with whom it has to do?

One evening in September Tom and Jack came home to dinner in high spirits.

"You can't think whom we met on the street to-day, father!" cried the former.

"O sir, I know you'll never guess!" interrupted Jack. "There was a block of carriages and teams on Broadway. When we saw a possibility of getting across, we made a bee-line for the opposite curb, and landed all right; only Tom bumped up against a boy who was standing on the corner—"

"And who should it be but our old chum, Phil Barry?" broke in Tom.

"He's here with his mother for a day or two. They are staying at the old place. Friends of theirs took the flat, you know. He couldn't come home with us, but we said we would go up there and see him to-morrow."

Mr. Dailey pushed aside his dinner untasted, and a few minutes later rose from the table and went into his library. An hour afterward the boys heard him leave the house.

"Wonder where the Governor's bound for?" exclaimed Tom. "He so seldom goes out in the evening."

His brother's thoughts were upon something else.

"Wouldn't it be jolly if Phil could come back to New York to live?" he said.

The unexpected news they had brought occasioned Matthew considerable mental debate. To have told himself many times that he and Kathleen were not likely to meet again was one thing when, added to the barrier she had raised, some hundreds of miles lay between them; but it was another affair when he learned that she was so near. He recalled her last words: "Let us remain friends, if you will." Why not? Why should he, like a hot-headed youth nettled by disappointment, reject such sincere and gentle friendship? Why should he not go and see her? He would like her to know he was not so careless a Catholic as he had been. It is but human to want to set one's self right with a person one esteems when there is an opportunity of doing so.

Having reached the conclusion to which his inclination pointed, he started without delay for Cooper Street, and was ere long once more in the small drawing-room, familiar yet altered, since there were now missing the tasteful belongings which had been especially associated with Kathleen. What if she were not here, after all? Perhaps there was some mistake. Possibly the servant who took his card did not understand for whom he had asked?

While these misgivings were vexing him the door opened and there appeared Kathleen herself. He rose quickly. As she

came forward to greet him with sincere pleasure and friendliness, she so resembled the Kathleen of other days, the love of his youth, that he forgot the little formal speech in explanation of his visit which he had been turning over in his mind,—forgot his wish to justify himself; and said, straightforwardly and simply, as he took her hand in his:

"Kathleen, I have come back to you like a doubtful penny. You told me some plain truths when I was here last, and I hope I have profited by your frankness. I am trying to do my duty as I was taught it by dear old Father John in the parish chapel at home. Will you not help me? I need you, Kathleen,—need you even more now than when in our youth you promised to share my lot. I ask you again to be my wife—to walk with me through the remainder of our lives as we walked together in that sweet Maytime, even to the churchyard, until we rest within the shadow of the cross. I do not deserve—"

Kathleen falteringly interrupted him.

"I have often felt that I had no right to be so hard upon you, Matthew," she said. "Yet I could not answer as you wished: I was too distrustful of myself."

"But now?"

"But now," she repeated, amid the least bit of a sunshower of tears, "I am distrustful no longer; for we shall be a help to each other."

"And you will try, Kathleen, to love me as you used to do,—even as I love you, *mavourneen?*"

"Dear! dear! but it's unreasonable you are, Matthew!" she replied, with her old arch smile. "Could you not be content, without forcing me to own that you are far dearer to me now than when we plighted our troth on that May evening so long ago?"

(The End.)

THE one who believes well is apt to work well.

A Thought for the Feast of Love.

THERE can be no doubt that Catholics themselves are blameworthy, to some extent, for the ignorance and misrepresentation of their religion so general among Protestants in this country. Americans are naturally fair-minded: they hate injustice. Let it be shown that any man or any cause has been wronged, and defenders are sure to come to the front. The "other side" is rarely refused a hearing. If Catholics were to combat all false statements regarding the Church, appealing to the sense of justice so strong in the American people, many pernicious errors would be dissipated forever. We do not give our opponents sufficient credit for good faith, and we are seemingly very indifferent about the honor of what we ought to hold most dear. A man will maintain his political principles with great warmth, defend his friends, safeguard his property, etc.; but the interests of religion are apt to be left to Providence. It is not known that Catholics are disposed to overlook mistakes or to suffer injustice in business transactions: errors of this sort are soon pointed out and redress demanded. The pocket is a sensitive spot. It is different with one's religion. But would it be different if our faith were as dear to us as it ought to be—if we loved it as we profess to do? Not a week passes that misstatements of Catholic doctrine and calumnies against the Church are not published: corrections and rebuttals are few and far between. And yet, in most cases, those who are in error would gladly be set right and willingly make amends. The President of Harvard College lately offered a most generous apology for unintentional reflections on the Irish in America; and it was made with all the publicity that could be desired. We can cite another case in point.

The firm of Harper & Brothers is sup-

posed to be unfriendly to Catholics and opposed to their religion, and at least one of its publications would seem to warrant the opinion. However, a condemnation of the book in these pages, at the instance of a zealous priest, elicited a courteous letter from the publishers, in which they disclaim responsibility for the author's statements, and declare that they have no desire whatever to assail the Catholic Church. They assure us that they have taken steps to remove every just cause of complaint in future editions of the book which we denounced.

Although still in the market, "The Story of Liberty" was published eighteen years ago; and Messrs. Harper & Brothers tell us that never before was their attention drawn to its objectionable features. It is true that they might have known such a book would deeply wound the sensibilities of Catholic readers, but there should have been a protest against it at the time of its appearance; and the protest would have been heeded then as now. The action of the publishers should relieve them of the imputation of an unfriendly spirit toward the Church, and it should serve also as a lesson to American Catholics. It proves the assertion that we ourselves are responsible for much of the misrepresentation of which we complain. If we would only cease wrangling among ourselves and bend our energies to the spread and defence of Catholic truth, there would be at least a lessening of the evil wrought by books like "The Story of Liberty," the number of which is greater and the circulation of which is larger than most people have any idea.

Considering the prejudices in which those outside the Church are nurtured, the instructions they receive, the literature they read, the sermons they hear, the calumnies that are current, not to speak of scandal and bad example, a conversion to the faith is something to excite wonder and admiration. There will never be a movement toward the Church in the United States such as that which led Newman and Manning and a host of followers out of the city of confusion, until American Catholics rouse themselves from their lethargy and unite to combat error and propagate the truth, proving the divinity of their religion by the purity of their lives.

This is a solemn obligation, and the close of the year is an appropriate time to consider it. We have begun the celebration of the great Feast of Love; and we should remember, as Cardinal Manning once said, that in giving us the perfect illumination of faith, God has laid on us the obligation of exercising the largest charity toward those that are disinherited of the great heirloom which we have received.

The Modern Chevalier.

SUCH was Lamoricière, drawing his sword in a just cause—the most august of causes; well knowing, and with that knowledge rendering his courage still more noble, that his good sword must be broken in a fight so unequal. No matter. Better that it should be broken in the service of God than that it should be inactive; and so he went forth with his war-cry, *Spes mea Deus*—"My hope is in God."

Such again was Pimodan, the chivalric Pimodan,—brilliant soldier, follower of the saints, of the martyrs of old, going straight to his death from the Holy House of Loreto, where he had that morning bathed his soul in the waters of penance and warmed his heart with eucharistic fire.

Such was young George d'Heliaud, who wrote at the approach of battle: "If I can always keep my conscience as pure as it now is, I shall be content. This is due to the prayers of my good father and mother." A few days afterward he lay dead, pierced by a bullet.

Such, once more, was the heroic Colonel Garesché, one of those chivalrous spirits of our own day. He was killed at the battle of Stone River, immediately after he had been attached to the army of the Tennessee, during the thick of the Civil War. He had a strange presentiment of his approaching death, but went bravely forth to meet it. Having asked and obtained permission to retire for a few moments, he was seen in a thicket in the attitude of prayer. On his return several of his fellow-officers observed the wonderful radiance of his countenance. A little later his head was shattered by a shell.

Yet again such was Giulio Watts-Russell, the hero of Mentana, who also went forth to his doom with the foreknowledge of what was awaiting him. Almost all of the night before the battle was passed by him in prayer. And yet he was only seventeen,—a gay, frolicsome youth, filled with high aspirations, the idol of a happy Christian home. But he thought it a grand and glorious thing to die fighting for the Pope and the noble principles such a death involved.

The young man who, resisting the warfare of the flesh with the spirit, comes forth a hero and a conqueror in battles not of sword and bayonet, but fiercer, more dangerous, and often more mortal, is of the same stuff. We have them around us; they are in the midst of us, yet we may not know them. Earth does not reward them, but Heaven will.

THIS brain of ours is a master-worker, whose appliances we do not one half know; and this heart of ours is a rare storehouse, furnishing the brain with new material every hour of our lives; and their limits we shall not know until they shall end—together—"*Dream Life.*"

THERE is an innocent ignorance which, if dangerous in some cases, is, in many cases, the highest safety.—*W. R. Alger.*

Notes and Remarks.

"Coventry Patmore is the only man who could make me a Catholic," was the confession which the venerable author, Mr. Ruskin, once made to a friend. Whatever we may think of Mr. Ruskin's idea of conversion, it is worth while hearing from one who knew him well that, in the case of numerous actual converts, the mere fact that Coventry Patmore was a Catholic first led them to discard their prejudices against the Church, and then brought them within its sanctuary. What nobler eulogy could be graven on his tomb? It is to be regretted that there was no Boswell around to take down his incomparable table-talk, to which the *Athenæum*, the literary oracle of England, thus refers: "Sometimes when he was dwelling on certain Roman Catholic doctrines and their application to life, his remarks upon the more recondite aspects of art were singularly striking, practically unchallengeable, and, in fact, distinct recoveries of lost secrets. Failing records of them from his pen, they must needs be lost again."

The funeral of the beloved and lamented poet was most simple and religious. "What am I that flowers should touch me!" was one of the final humilities of speech with which he passed away. Accordingly, no flowers were laid upon the coffin; but Mrs. Meynell, his poet-friend—worthy representative of that noble womanhood which Mr. Patmore had glorified in song,—dropped a simple laurel crown into the grave.

Among the more or less distinguished publicists who have attempted to point the moral of the recent electoral campaign is Mr. Goldwin Smith, whose views are embodied in a paper contributed to the current *Forum*. Mr. Smith discusses the various causes and occasions which, in his opinion, led up to the pronouncement of the issues of the campaign; and, it must be conceded, discusses them with the temperance and fair-mindedness naturally to be expected in a philosophical outsider. The quondam Regius professor of Oxford, however, has never been noted for optimistic tendencies; and one is not sur-

prised to discover that he by no means minimizes the dangers still threatening the stability of our institutions. Discoursing of that aspect of the election in which it was considered to be an uprising of the poor against the rich, he has this to say:

Wealth can no longer rest on a supposed [sic] ordinance of the Almighty distributing the lots of men. It can no longer rest on unquestioning belief in natural right. It is called upon to justify its existence on rational grounds. It must make itself felt in beneficence. It must avoid that ostentation of luxury which is galling to the hearts of the poor. It must remain at its post of social duty. If rich Americans in the hour of peril, instead of remaining at their posts of social duty and doing, according to their measure, what Peter Cooper did, continue to crowd in ever-increasing numbers to the pleasure cities and haunts of Europe, or spend their money at home in selfish luxury and invidious display, a crash will come, and *ought* to come. The French aristocracy before the Revolution left their posts of social duty in the country to live in luxury and frivolity at Versailles. Then followed the burning of their *chateaux*. American plutocrats who leave their posts of social duty for the pleasure cities of Europe will have no reason to complain if their *chateaux* some day are burnt.

Due allowance being made for Dr. Smith's constitutional tendency to look at the dark side of things, there is still in his quasi-prophecy sufficient probability to merit the attention of the moneyed classes of whom he speaks.

No admirer of Stockton can ever forget the housemaid in "Rudder Grange" who habitually read about gore and murders, ambushes and escapades, in a cheerful monotone. It appears that Agnes Repplier, too, has a housemaid whom she uses, after her interesting fashion, to point a moral in her latest essay:

There is no reason why books intended for the pleasure as well as for the profit of young children should be so melancholy and dismal in their character. Nothing is more unwholesome than dejection, nothing more pernicious for any of us than to fix our consideration steadfastly upon the seamy side of life. Crippled lads, consumptive mothers, angelic little girls with spinal complaint, infidel fathers, lingering death-beds, famished families, innocent convicts, persecuted school-boys, and friendless children wrongfully accused of theft, have held their own mournfully for many years. It is time we admitted even into religious fiction some of the conscious joys of a not altogether miserable world. I had recently in my service a pretty little housemaid barely nineteen years old, neat, capable and good-tempered, but so perpetually downcast that she threw a cloud over our unreasonably cheerful household. I grew melancholy watching her at work. One day, going into the kitchen, I saw lying open on her chair a book she had just been reading. It purported to be the experience of a missionary in one of our large cities, and was divided into nine separate stories. These were their titles, copied *verbatim* on the spot: The Infidel, The Dying Banker, The Drunkard's Death, The Miser's Death, The Hospital, The Wanderer's Death, The Dying Shirt-Maker, The Broken Heart, The Destitute Poor. What wonder that my little maid was sad and solemn when she recreated herself with such chronicles as these! What wonder that, like the Sotchman's famous dog, "life was full o' sairiousness" for her, when religion and literature—the two things which should make up the sum of our happiness—had conspired, under the guise of Sunday-school fiction, to destroy her gayety of heart!

So it seems that others than Englishmen "take even their pleasures sadly." The consumptive mother and the angelic little girls with spinal complaint are a vast improvement over the erotic and over-lively novels that many young people read; but Miss Repplier's main thesis stands proved. The day of the lachrymose story is past.

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou,"

has long been admitted as a truthful picture of woman,—that is, of woman as she used to be. If the "new" variety of that species is to increase, some later Scott will have to revise the couplet. We have often been disgusted with accounts of visits made to condemned murderers by flower-laden throngs of morbid women, whose charitable impulses, were they genuine, could certainly find more congruous expression; and now from San Francisco comes the sickening news that a pugilist, whose contest with an expert opponent had resulted in his being confined to a sick-room, was visited by a large number of the fair sex, who littered his room with flowers. Respectable women should be ashamed of such distinctly unwomanly extravagance.

A writer in the *North American Review*, whose reassuring name is Bassett, declares that "to the stranger entering Dublin or Belfast, it looks as if the island that gave

letters to England had been repeopled by Britons." To the stranger looking only upon the list of office-holders and landowners, it might indeed seem so; and if he were a student of history, the fact would occasion him no surprise. Mr. Bassett himself furnishes the explanation in these honest words: "Many schemes have been favored by the British Government for the repeopling of Ireland. Colonies composed of German and French Protestants received special inducements; and the doors were thrown wide open to the English, Welsh and Scotch farmers to settle upon the richest valley lands. It is due to this policy that the most fertile and prosperous parts of Ireland are occupied exclusively by English-speaking people."

The New York Sunday *Sun* publishes a long account of the celebration of a High Mass on board the American battleship *Baltimore*. Oh her way from China to the United States, the cruiser encountered a terrific typhon, which threatened her with destruction, and actually did do much damage. The *Baltimore* is one of the few American ships that have Catholic chaplains; and when she entered the port of Honolulu, it was proposed to offer up a High Mass in thanksgiving. The suggestion was eagerly welcomed by all, though only one-third of the crew are Catholics. The ship's carpenter built a special altar, and some of the men went ashore to gather rich tropical flowers to adorn it. A company of priests from Honolulu were invited to do service as a choir, and then the Holy Sacrifice was offered in thanksgiving to Him who is Lord of the land and the sea. The impressive surroundings on board the ship were made possible by the good-will which both officers and men bear to the young chaplain, whose good influence is said to be almost unbounded.

The editor of the *Northwest Review* has something to say about the familiar Christmas greeting, which is well worthy of attention. Some Catholics object to *merry* Christmas as savoring too much of a mere worldly gayety, not in keeping with the spiritual joy of the great Christian festival. But "merry," in connection with so Catholic a word as "Christmas" (Christ-mass), really means "happy." England was called "Merrie England" in the old Catholic days when the realm itself was styled Our Lady's Dowry—the dower of her who is the Cause of Our Joy at this blessed season. When the authorized version of the Bible was issued in 1611, the memory of those happy days was still living in the language; the word "merry" had not yet lost its spiritual significance; so the translators of James, v, 13, could write: "Is any merry, let him sing psalms." On the other hand, in 1885, after three hundred and fifty years of Protestant unrest, the jovial and carnal view of the old word had become so general that the revisers dropped it and wrote: "Is any cheerful, let him sing praise."

In the old sense of the word merry—solidly cheerful, deeply joyous, religiously happy,—we cordially wish our friends far and near

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Joseph H. Hess, of Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Craig, Providence, R. I.; Mr. William Beals, Newport, Ky.; Mr. John Ward and Mr. Stephen Keenan, Lonsdale, R. I.; Miss Ella McCarthy, Huntington, Ind.; Miss J. Redigan, Halifax, Canada; Mr. Edward Develin, New Orleans, La.; Mr. J. Markle, Wahoo, Neb.; Mr. John Markle, Harrisonville, Ill.; Miss Jennie Bailey and Mrs. Elizabeth Markle, Ottawa, Ill.; Mrs. Catherine Lewis, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Finnegan, N. Adams, Mass.; Miss Margaret M. Donovan, Millbury, Mass.; Mr. Patrick Stack, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. M. Fritz, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Elizabeth Kieran, Arroyo Grande, Cal.; Mrs. B. Summers, San Luis Obispo, Cal.; Mr. Edward Quigley, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. John F. Flanigan and Miss Mary Gilmore, Meriden, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Kelly, Waterbury, Conn.; Eleanor Brennan, and Julia Sullivan, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Mrs. M. E. Kueneman, Riverside, Iowa; Mr. Dennis Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Margaret McIntyre, Mr. Vincent Ward, Mr. John Creighton, and Mrs. O. E. Ryan, Galena, Ill.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

A Legend of Christmas.

BY AUNT ANNA.

TWIXT the midnight and the morn
Woke the bird that never sings,
Flapping wide his burnished wings,—
Crowed the cock, "Our Lord is born!"

Stirred the mournful raven then
In the solemn, silent hour
(Harsh, hoarse voice has he for dower);
Croaked the gloomy raven, "When?"

In the heavens the Star shone bright;
Upward gazed the faithful hound,
Stretched upon the frosty ground,
As he answered them, "This night!"

Shivering in the wintry air,
Turned the mild-eyed ox about
Wonderingly, as one should doubt,
Asking, in his deep voice, "Where?"

Ambled the sheep close to them,—
White-fleeced soft-nosed, harmless thing
(He had heard the Angel sing);
And he said, "In Bethlehem!"

"Let us find Him!" said the ass;
And along the hillside brown
Silently they wended down;
All slept,—no one saw them pass.

"THE Good Men of St. Martin" was a charitable organization founded in the 15th century by St. Antonino, Archbishop of Florence. There were twelve men in the band, and their mission was to aid the unfortunate poor who would not beg. The order still exists, and has its headquarters at the little Church of San Martino.

A Christmas in War Time.

A TRUE STORY.

BY CHARLOTTE CURTIS SMITH.

IN the year 1862 Dennis O'Hare enlisted in the ——th regiment of Wisconsin, and marched southward to join the army. All his friends marvelled at his going to war, for he left six children at home for his wife to support.

"Don't mind me and the little ones. With the help of God, we'll weather it through," said his brave-hearted wife.

"Hip, hip, hooray!" gaily shouted his four boys, as they stood on the top rail of the garden-fence to watch their father march away.

But the two girls clung to their mother's skirts and cried when they heard the music of the drums and fifes and the measured tread of the soldiers.

For two years the mother and the six children got on very comfortably. Mrs. O'Hare did plain sewing and washing and cleaning for the village people; so she paid her rent and provided for her six children. But in the autumn of 1864 the times were hard. The war made money scarce and prices high. Everyone suffered. The village people could not afford to hire good Mrs. O'Hare to sew or wash or clean, and consequently she could not pay her rent. To be sure she heard now and then from her husband, and there was always money in his letters

But with the small sum she received she could not pay her rent and buy food for the children too; so she fed her little ones and let the rent go unpaid.

But the landlord did not agree with Mrs. O'Hare's plan. He demanded his money; and one week he told her that she must pay the rent the following Saturday or leave the house. Saturday came and she could not meet the debt, so the cruel landlord moved her furniture out of the house into the street.

The poor mother with her little brood fluttered wildly about. Where could she go? Where could she find shelter?

"I know a good place to go," declared Dennie, her oldest boy. "There's an old freight-car beside the railroad track, about half a mile from the village. Let's move in there. Sure no one'll charge us rent for it."

"Anywhere—anywhere for a roof over our heads," his mother answered.

Immediately the children got a wheelbarrow and began moving the stove, tables, chairs, dishes, beds and bedding down to the old abandoned freight-car; and before sunset the O'Hare family and all their furniture were inside the car. Then the boys set up the cooking-stove, and the mother cooked a warm supper; and by nine o'clock the beds were set up. And that night the soldier's family slept soundly—except when a train went thundering by, jarring the little beds, and making the children imagine that some one was after the rent.

Life in a freight-car was great sport for the O'Hare children. Now all their work seemed like play. They were very busy until snow fell, banking the outside of the car with leaves and sand, and carrying sticks and dead branches for the winter firewood. There were windows in one end of the car, and the wintry sunshine shone inside, making the place warm and cheerful. And at night, when the wolves were howling in the distance, the children were not at all frightened: they felt that the passing trains protected them.

But there was one thing that worried the mother: how was she going to make a merry Christmas for her children? Every year until the father went to the war the children had received gifts and eaten a turkey dinner. Since the father left they had given up the gifts, but they had had the dinner. This year Mrs. O'Hare did not see how she could afford to buy even a chicken for Christmas Day. At night, after the children were in bed, she darned stockings and patched trousers and gowns, and at the same time puzzled and worried about Christmas. At last one day she told the children that she could not afford to have anything extra for the Christmas dinner.

Dennie and Maggie—the two oldest—took the denial quite heroically, but the younger children were sadly disappointed.

The morning before Christmas the little ones went to the woods and gathered evergreens to decorate the inside of the car; for they said that they wanted their home to look like Christmas even if they did not have a holiday dinner. That afternoon Dennie went to the village and brought home a letter from his father. In it was a small sum of money and a "Merry Christmas" for the wife and six children.

"But we'd better not spend anything extra for to-morrow, for fear we might be in want before spring," their mother told them.

"To hear that father is alive and well is all the Christmas *I* want," Maggie declared; and Dennie and the younger children agreed with her. So they went to bed happy and contented.

When they were asleep, their mother stole softly out of the car and walked up the track toward the village, to buy six sticks of candy; for she thought that she could spare the six cents, and the candy would be a great surprise to her little ones.

The night was extremely cold, and the snow on both sides of the track was as high as the mother's head. But she did not mind the cold nor the snow; she trudged steadily along to the village store, bought her candy, then turned homeward. When she slid the door and went on tiptoe into the car, she heard the heavy breathing of the children, so she knew that they were sound asleep. Then she lighted a candle which stood on the table. A slip of paper under the candlestick attracted her attention. She picked it up and unfolded it. In it was a five dollar bill, and on the paper was written:

"i kam fur to rob yous but whan i see yer neat little home and the greens i had no hart fur to do it so here is 5 dolars fur yer kriemas

"a friend."

The mother trembled when she thought of the peril that had threatened the children while she was away. She snatched the candle and hurried to the beds and counted her little ones: "Maggie, Mollie, Dennie, Barnie, Jamesie, Johnnie." Yes, they were all there. But who was the stranger who had come into the car a robber and had gone out a friend? This was a great mystery to the mother, and she worried all night about it.

The next morning the children were awake before sunrise, shouting "Merry Christmas!" to one another. They were wild with joy over the six sticks of candy. And when their mother showed them the five dollar bill, and told them about the stranger who had left it, they were not at all frightened of the robber; they immediately regarded him as their friend, and made the old freight-car ring with their shouts for the Christmas dinner.

After attending church in the village, Dennie went ahead to one of the farmers to buy a turkey, and Maggie went to the store for rice and raisins for a pudding. At two o'clock the mother and children sat down to their dinner; they thought of the father so far away, and it made the family a little sad; but eating Christmas dinner in a freight-car was so much fun that the children could not help being merry. So they laughed and talked, and clamored for the "drumsticks" and the "wish-bone" of the turkey; and they all wished that their strange visitor could have helped them eat the Christmas dinner.

But who was the friendly robber? To this day the O'Hare family do not know. Some of the village people thought that he was a deserter from the army, and others thought that he was an escaped convict. But, whoever he was or whatever he had done, he surely had a spark of goodness left in his heart, which kindled at the sight of the sleeping angels in the abandoned freight-car. The O'Hare children thought that the crucifix, the old picture of Our Lady, and the Christmas greens reminded the man of the merry Christmases of his boyhood and turned him from his evil ways, and perhaps he resolved henceforth to lead a better life.

In the spring Dennis O'Hare returned from the war, and the family moved back to the village. But the children could never forget the winter they lived in the abandoned freight-car, nor the friendly robber who gave them their Christmas dinner.

The Story Helen Heard.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

Sister Gertrude had asked Helen to help to prepare the Christmas Crib and decorate our little village church; so when the day was over, that maiden returned home weary and rather inclined to be cross with her young brother.

"I can not help it, mamma," she said. "I am as tired as can be."

Helen's mother looked into the fire thoughtfully for a few minutes; then

took her curly-headed boy on her knee, and, drawing her daughter to a low stool beside her, said:

"I knew two girls, Helen—not so much older than you are, dear,—who one Christmas worked harder, more painfully, to make beautiful a little church in honor of Our Lord's birthday. Shall I tell you about them until father comes?"

Helen's frown vanished and teasing Paul grew quiet, while the mother began:

"It happened some years ago; and in the place where they lived the church was very poor then: it had not even a statue of Our Lady. Mass was celebrated there but once in the month; and, with three other missions to claim his attention, the poor priest had no time to give to the ornamentation of his churches; so when he announced to the congregation one Sunday that he would be with them Christmas Day, these two girls, Claire and Frances, generously decided to make some effort toward appropriate festival decoration. They remained after the Mass on Monday morning—said in the early dawn, so the priest could take the train for home—to discuss the project; but as they viewed the plain altar, the bare sanctuary and walls, they realized its success would be somewhat doubtful.

"'We must do the best we can,' said hopeful Frances. 'But I do wish there were statues in those vacant places!'

"'If we even had one of the Blessed Virgin!' said Claire, disconsolately

"Then the two girls looked at each other, one thought in the minds of both.

"'Let us get one as a Christmas gift for Father Carew,' said Frances, after a pause.

"'O Frances, we can't!' said Claire.

"'But we can if we try. There is no one would refuse fifty cents or a dollar for a statue if we were to ask.'

"'How much would we need?' inquired Claire, catching some of her friend's enthusiasm.

"'We can get a very nice statue for twenty-five dollars,' replied Frances. 'I saw and priced them the last time I was in the city,' she explained, shyly.

"They talked about the matter for some time, and then carried it to Frances' mother, who not only gave it her approval, but started the subscription list with a generous donation. It was only three week till Christmas; and, as no time was to be lost, they started on their begging expedition that day. The congregation was composed largely of farmers, living many miles apart; and as Claire's father could furnish her with a horse, it was decided she should visit them, while her companion would call on the Catholics in and near the town.

"With much timidity and many fervent prayers, the girls went their different ways. Their maidenly delicacy shrank from the notoriety such work, never before attempted in the parish, would give them; nor did they know the spirit of the people well enough to estimate how the innovation would be received. Claire thought failure would almost kill her; but as the brief, balmy December day drew to a close, and she turned her horse's head homeward, she comforted herself with the thought that the prophecy of Frances would be fulfilled: she had collected one-fifth of the needed amount, and not one had refused cheerful assistance. It had been arranged that they should meet at Frances' home and compare the day's results; but, as she turned into the secluded street, Claire saw her friend standing at the corner, anxiously awaiting her coming.

"'What news?' asked Frances, as the horse stopped by her side and laid its nose on her arm for the customary caress. When she received her answer, a silvery laugh bubbled up from her happy heart.

"'You lazy girl!' she said. 'Why, I made fifteen dollars!'

"Claire could scarcely believe her ears.

"'It is true,' added Frances. 'I don't

know how it happened, but so many of the country people were in town to-day, and not one refused to help us. They all think it is a splendid idea. I have invited some of the young people to come in and help to decorate the church. Oh, everything will be just lovely! But, Claire,' she finished—and her face confirmed the words,—'I'm ready to drop. I'm so tired. I do not know how many miles I have walked this day.'

"'I rode fully twenty,' replied Claire, 'But we won't mind the fatigue, Frances, when we have our pretty statue.'

"The next morning found the girls at work again, and before the week was half over the remainder of the amount needed was in their possession. They had written to a Cincinnati firm about their intended purchase, and the next mail brought them cuts of many beautiful statues. After much deliberation, one of Our Lady of Mercy was chosen; for the extended hands appealed to the girls' hearts. Then they set about to make ready the church for its coming and the Christmas festival.

"Here again willing hands aided them; and in a short time great ropes of cedar festooned the bare walls, while large branches of graceful pine filled up the vacant places, and were as effective as the costly palms in richer churches. High over the one altar they placed a scroll with the words '*Gloria in Excelsis Deo.*' It was made of white muslin, and the letters were of gilt paper; but against the bank of green it looked very pretty. In the decoration of the altar the call on the inventive genius of the girls was severe; yet when all was finished—when the last candle was in place—the whole presented so fair a sight they felt they were amply rewarded for their days of hard work.

"But, with all the pleasurable excitement, there was anxious fear lest the statue should not reach them in time; but the day before Christmas Eve came the welcome message that it had arrived. The next morning the drayman—for the town had no express wagon—brought down the precious box. It was taken into the church (for, of course, the Blessed Sacrament was never there except during the brief stay of the pastor in the town); and the girls scarcely breathed while the lid was being removed. What if it had been broken on the way! Suppose it should not be as beautiful as they expected! But when the two stout negroes who brought it (and who, to tell the truth, were very curious to know what the coffin-like box contained) removed the top and gathered away the packing material, and the girls saw the lovely statue before them, they uttered a cry of joy and gratitude. The men carefully lifted the statue, placed it on the pedestal made for it by the village carpenter; and, when they were alone in the church, the two friends knelt and said the first prayer before that image of their Heavenly Mother, who, I like to think, can never forget this labor of pure love done so gladly for her and her Blessed Son."

"But what did Father Carew say?" asked Helen.

"He said nothing at first. When the heart is full, my child, words fail us. But the next day, before beginning his sermon, in trembling tones he thanked the congregation for their present to him, and the young people for their generous work. Then, in his own quiet way, he told them Our Lady's statue looked lonely without one of St. Joseph. No second word was needed by those good people; and before the pastor's return a companion statue was on the other side of the altar.

"All the people were at Mass that Christmas Day—some of them coming as many as twelve miles,—and all were delighted with the appearance of their little church and the beauty of the statue. Quite a number of the Protestant villagers dropped in for a few minutes to see the

decorations, several lingering until the close of the ten-o'clock services. And the next Christmas all the meeting-houses in that little village were decorated in honor of Our Lord's coming, and the day was more religiously observed than formerly. Thus you see, my Helen, how far-reaching for good or evil our simplest acts may be—there is father's step! Run, pet, and open the door."

Helen rose, but stooped to whisper in her mother's ear:

"I wish I hadn't been cross, mamma! I wish I had worked as willingly as did Claire and Frances."

And the good mother whispered back something that made the child's heart happy again. But it was some time before she became aware that Claire and Frances were her mother and Sister Gertrude.

Flower Lore.

Certain trees and shrubs were supposed to have the power of throwing out leaves or flowers at Christmas-time in holy joy because of the great event commemorated at that period. A kind of oak was wont to become green at the Feast of the Nativity; and you must surely have heard the story of the wonderful thorn-tree of Glastonbury.

The legend says that Joseph of Arimathea once visited Glastonbury, and there preached the Gospel to the inhabitants, who had never heard the good news before. On his arrival he felt fatigued, as he had walked with feeble steps up a toilsome hill, which still bears the suggestive name of Weary-all-hill. Here the Saint planted his hawthorn staff firmly in the ground, where it at once took root, and grew into a flourishing tree, bearing buds and flowers even in the depth of winter. On this spot he intended to build a Christian church for the use of those who had believed his message; but his purpose was frustrated, and the edifice was ultimately erected farther inland. The original thorn produced by the growing staff has been destroyed; younger trees, however, have succeeded it, which it is pretended are descended from it, and possess the same virtues as the parent plant.

The ceremony of decking houses and churches with evergreens and flowers at Christmas is of great antiquity, and was observed in many countries hundreds of years ago; just as we still find a similar custom observed at New Year,—showing us that the origin of the observances is the same in each case.

The Song of Santa Claus.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

FOR twelve long months I've wandered far,
From furthest east to west;
'Neath Southern Cross and Polar Star
I've roamed in busy quest;
I've sought for gifts beyond the main,
My youthful friends to please;
I've traded with both Swede and Dane,
And with the Japanese.

And, now that hills and vales in rime
And frozen snows are clad,
I've treasures rare from many a clime
For every lass and lad.
I've dolls of German parentage,
With bright and sleepless eyes,—
Brunettes and blonds of every age,
Of every style and size.

My pocket-knives right plainly show
In England I have been,
My ships, let winds blow high or low,
With crowded sails are seen.
I've fairy tales in bindings gay,
Where wondrous deeds are wrought;
I've red-roan steeds and chargers gray
From Arab deserts brought.

I've reindeers from the frigid zone
With antlers branching high;
And tigers tame from forests lone,
And lions, too, have I;
I've tops and balls, I've fifes and drums,—
And Santa Claus will share
With his young friends, when Christmas comes,
His treasures rich and rare.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Ruskin used to say of Coventry Patmore, now gone to his reward, "You can not read him too carefully; as far as I know, he is the only living poet who always strengthens and purifies."

—A volume dealing with Cardinal Newman's university work in Ireland has just been issued for private circulation. It contains documents now brought together for the first time. There is a valuable introduction by the Rev. Father Neville, of the Oratory.

—A correspondent of the *Casket* calls attention to the Catholic papers that seek to evade the duty of giving credit for matter culled from the columns of their exchanges by the plan of slipping the name of the exchange into the body of the article quoted. Constructively this method of crediting is almost equivalent to the absence of credit—to journalistic piracy,—which, by the way, is no infrequent sin of Catholic editors at home and abroad.

—We congratulate the London *Weekly Register* upon the worthy tribute it pays to the memory of that great Catholic man of letters, the late Coventry Patmore. Its leader entitled "Poet and Mystic" is a brief but satisfying analysis of the genius which glorified home life; and the facsimile reproduction of Mr. Patmore's own copy of "The Toys," as well as the portrait supplement, will, no doubt, be treasured as mementos of the minstrel who lived poetry as well as wrote it.

—That the establishment of a paper free from any of the glaring faults of the existing secular press is not such an easy matter as certain optimists suppose, is proved by the following extract from the *Sun's* report of a meeting of the Presbyterian Ministers' Association convoked to discuss "The Ideal Newspaper." The Rev. John A. Roche said that he wished to recall a bit of history bearing upon a proposition made by the Rev. Dr. Burrell to start a piously managed newspaper. He told how a body of thoroughly religious men had cast about to build up a truly good newspaper; how they sent to Philadelphia to get a truly good editor, and surrounded their journal with every possible safeguard against things of the flesh and the devil. "And now," asked the speaker with tremendous effectiveness, "what has become of that ideal newspaper? My brethren, that newspaper is now the New York *World!*" One duty in connection with this subject is obvious. No self-respecting citizen should be a party to the vileness of the new journalism by purchasing copies of its disreputable, uncleanly and indecent exponents.

—It is a gratification to present in our present number an admirable translation of Giacomo da Todi's strangely neglected *Stabat Mater Speciosa*, a hymn as exquisite and even more tender than its companion hymn, the *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*. A comparison of our translation of the former with those of Dr. Neale and a few other non-Catholics will show the great superiority of Lionel Byrra's work. One or two English versions of this hymn that we have seen by Catholic writers are very imperfect. An attempt to adapt the *Mater Speciosa* to the devotional use of Protestants could only be a flat failure. Catholic readers will note the intimate relation between the two hymns.

—It would seem that the governments of England and America have found a peaceful as well as honorable way to settle the "Venezuela difficulty." The episode, however, will stand in history as the occasion on which the Monroe Doctrine was firmly and finally asserted by the New World and accepted by the Old. Whatever be the outcome of the official negotiations now pending, the future historian will be called upon to pass judgment on the case and the manner of its solution. One of the documents he may consult with most profit is a volume entitled "The Boundary Question between British Guayana and Venezuela," by the Rev. J. Strickland, S. J. It was compiled from the archives of the Capuchin missionaries, who were the first to set foot on the disputed territory, and whose testimony, as one of the High Commissioners has declared, is of the highest value.

—We have had cause to refer so often to *The Critic's* seeming injustice to Catholic books and authors that we feel obliged to notice the astonishing prominence of Catholics in the issue of December 5. There is a fair and adequate review of Justin McCarthy's "Life of Pope Leo XIII." and of M. Huysmans' remarkable account of his conversion—"En Route." There is a long, if not over-appreciative, obituary of the late Coventry Patmore, and a gossipy notice of the friendship existing between Miss Louise Imogen Guiney and Miss Alice Brown. Besides, there are large portraits of the Holy Father, of M. Huysmans, and his translator, Mr. C. Kegan Paul; of Mr. Patmore and of Miss Guiney—all Catholics. Now, if the editors of *The Critic* will give Catholic books fair treatment—a competent and unbiassed reviewer, who will judge the author's work from the author's point of view—we shall be their devoted admirers again.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office, or to the publishers named. Foreign books not for sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Science of Spiritual Life. *Rev. J. Clare, S.J.* Benziger Bros. $1.60.

Essays Philosophical. *Brother Azarias.* McBride & Co. $1.50.

Love Stronger than Death. *Josephine Marié. Cath. Library Ass'n.* 50 cts.

Notes on Christian Doctrine. *Rt. Rev. Edward Bagshawe, D. D.* Kegan Paul & Co. $2.00.

Rome and England. *Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A.* Burns & Oates. $1.00.

Taquisara. *F. Marion Crawford.* Macmillan & Co. Two volumes. $2.00.

Ethelred Preston. *F. J. Finn, S. J.* Benziger Bros. 85 cts.

Children of Mary. *Rev. J. Spillmann, S. J.* B. Herder. 50 cts.

Catholic Ceremonies and the Liturgical Year. *Abbé Durand.* Benzigers. Cloth, 50 cts.; paper, 25 cts.

The Kingdom of God on Earth. *R. Belaney.* Thomas Baker. 30 cts

ope Leo XIII. *Justin McCarthy.* Warne & Co. $1.25.

Manual of the Forty Hours' Devotion. Am. Ecc'l. Review Co Flexible cloth. 20 cts.

A Key to Labor Problems. *Léon Harmel.* Catholic Truth Society. 10 cts.

"Quo Vadis." *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* Little, Brown & Co. $2.

The Vocation of Edward Conway. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Mr. Billy Buttons. *Walter Lecky.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Cochem's Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. *Preface by the Rt. Rev. C. P. Maes.* Benzigers. $1.25.

A Woman of Fortune. *Christian Reid.* Benziger Bros. $1.25.

A Striking Contrast. *Clara Mulholland.* M. H. Gill & Son $1.25.

New Faces and Old. *Rev. Francis Finn, S. J.* B. Herder. 60 cts.

On the Road to Rome, and How Two Brothers Got There. *William Richards.* Benziger Bros. 75 cts., *net.*

Ada Merton. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* B. Herder. 75 cts.

Essays Educational. *Brother Azarias.* McBride & Co. $1.50.

The Conspiracy of the A. P. A. *J. Alex. Edwards.* P. J. Kenedy. 25 cts.

Demon Possession and Allied Themes. *J. L. Nevius, D. D.* Revell & Co. $1.50.

Protestant Fiction. *James Britten.* Catholic Truth Society. 80 cts., *net.*

Goffine's Devout Instructions. *Preface by Cardinal Gibbons.* Illustrated. $1.00.

Social Problems. *Rev. Morgan Sheedy.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

How to Speak Latin. *Stephen W. Wilby.* Murphy & Co. 75 cts.

Jack Chumleigh; or, Friends and Foes. *Maurice Francis Egan.* Murphy & Co. $1.00.

The Temptation of Nora Leecroft. *Frances Noble.* Catholic Truth Society. $1.00.

Claudius. *C. M. Home.* Catholic Truth Society. 75 cts.

The Last Christmas-Tree. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. 75 cts., *net.*

Amy's Music Box. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner Co. 38 cts., *net.*

A Tuscan Magdalen. (Poetry.) *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* Kilner & Co. *Net*, 75 cts.

The Divine Redeemer and His Church. *Rev. Edward Douglass, C. SS. R.* Art & Book Co. 75 cts.

The Spirit of the Dominican Order. *Mother Drane.* Art & Book Co. $1.00.

Devotion to the Miraculous Infant of Prague. J. Schaefer. 10 cts.

Why I Became a Catholic (Religio Viatoris). *Cardinal Manning.* Burns & Oates. 30 cts.

Cobbett's History of the Reformation. *Edited by Dom Gasquet.* Benziger Bros. $1.00.

The Yorke-Wendte Discussion. Monitor Publishing Co. 50 cts.

Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages. *Geo. Haven Putnam, A. M.* Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. *Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P* Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cts.

The End of Religious Controversy. *Bishop Milner. Edited by Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A.* Cath. Truth Society. 75 cts.

The See of St. Peter. *T. W. Allies. K. C. S. G.* Catholic Truth Society. 50 cts.

Christian Ethics. *Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.* McBride & Co. 50 cts.

Lessons in Literature. Ainsworth & Co. $1.

Chapters of Bible History. *Rev. H. J. Heuser.* Cathedral Library Association. 50 cts.

Studies in Church History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* Vol. III. Pustet & Co. $2.50.

The Color of Life. *Alice Meynell.* Way & Williams. $1.25.

A Life Spent for Ireland. Leaves from the Diary of W. J. O'Neill Daunt. T. Fisher Unwin. $1.40.

Marcella Grace. *Rosa Mulholland.* Benzigers. $1.25.

Alethea: At the Parting of the Ways. *Cyril.* 2 vols. Burns & Oates. 8s.

OUR LADY'S CRADLE SONG.

M. C. Gillington. H. Pascal.

Adagio.

VOICE.

1. An - gel wings are wav - ing white Thro' the sha - dows of the night;
2. Ere the kings from a - lien lands, Bear - ing treas - ures in their hands,

PIANO.

mf legato.

Soft - ly on Thy moth - er's breast Sleep, my Sa - viour, Sleep and rest!
Hith - er haste on ho - ly quest, Sleep, my Sa - viour, Sleep and rest!

Ere the shep-herds from the hill, Won - der - ing and prais - ing still,
Thee a - while, O Light of light, Earth - ly dark - ness veils from sight!

Flock to see Thee man - i - fest; Sleep, my Sa - viour, sleep and rest!
Here, in mor - tal na - ture drest, Sleep, my Sa - viour, sleep and rest!

mf *p*

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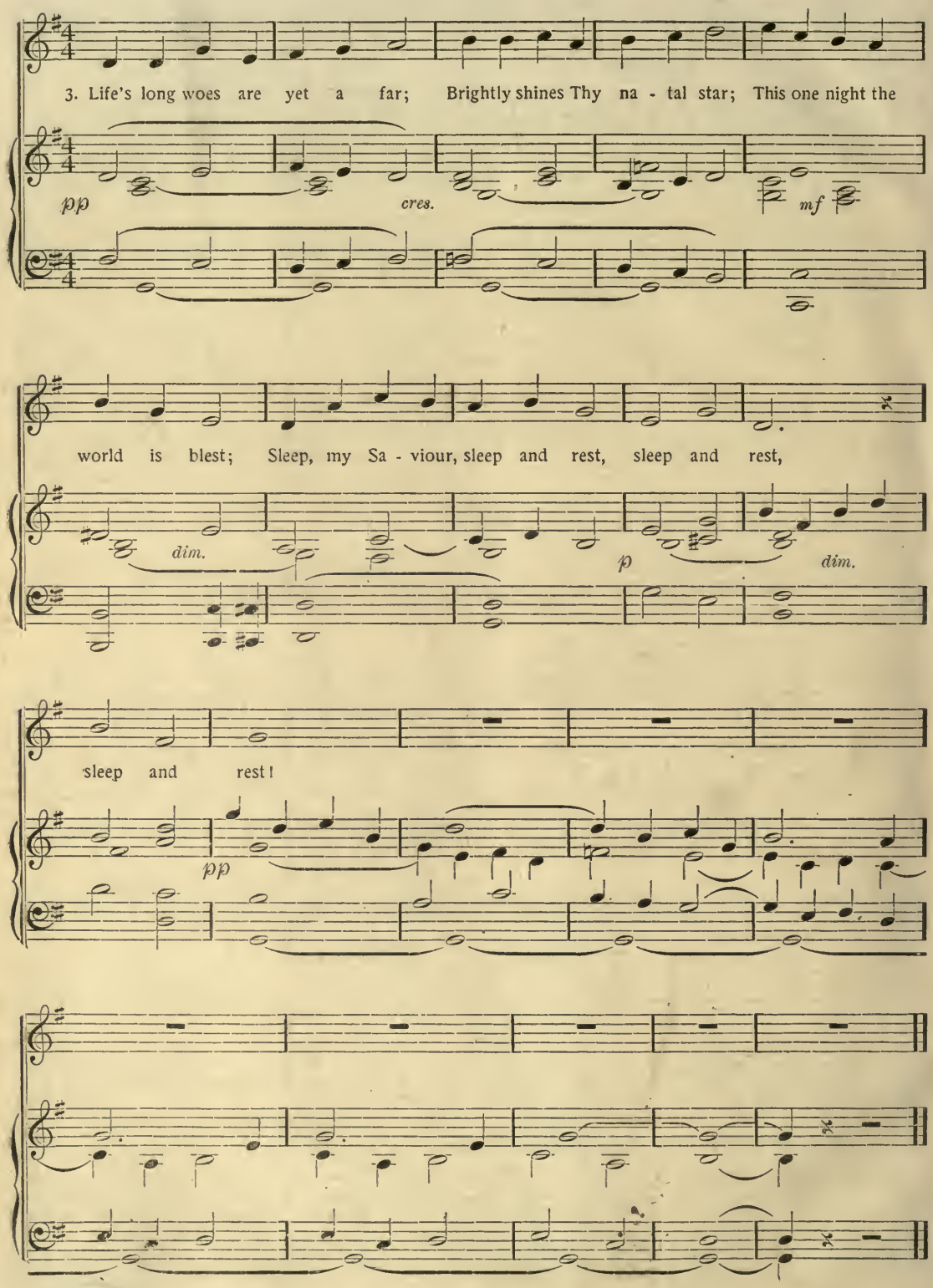
3. Life's long woes are yet a far; Brightly shines Thy na - tal star; This one night the
pp
cres.
mf
world is blest; Sleep, my Sa - viour, sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
dim.
p
dim.
sleep and rest!
pp

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